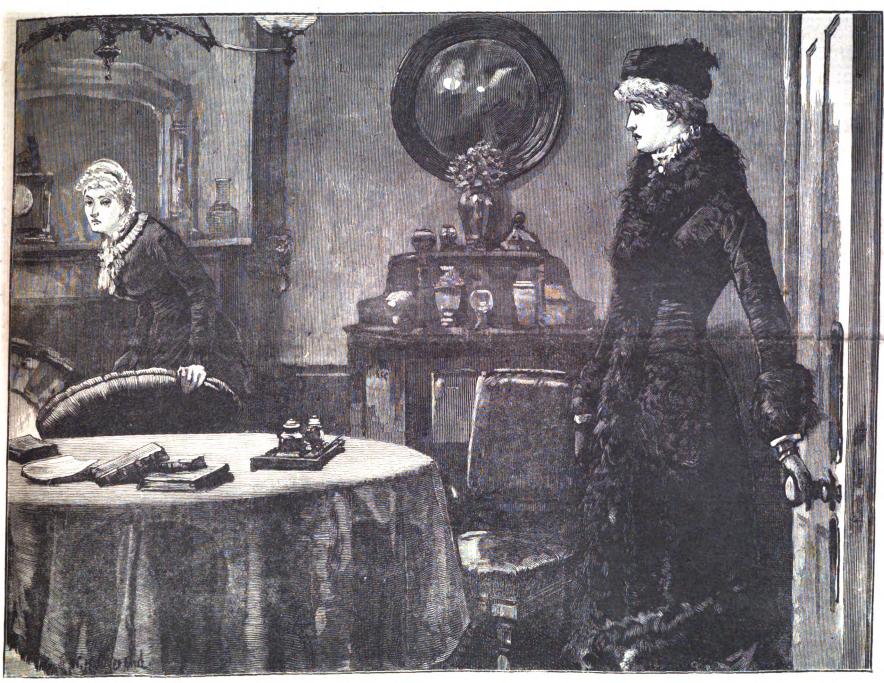
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"Mother, you do not know, then, that I am your daughter."

Y O L A N D E.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

THULE," "WHITE WINGS," "SHANDON BELLS," ETC

CHAPTER XXXV. DIR, O STILLES THAL, GRUSS ZUM LETZTENMAL!"

HE train roared and jangled through the long black night; and always before her shut but sleepless eyes rose vision after vision of that which she was leaving forever behind her girlhood. So quiet and beautiful, so rich in affection and kindness, that appeared to her now; she could scarce believe that it was herself she saw, in those recurrent scenes, so glad and joyous and light-heart-d. That was all over. Already

* Begun in Harper's Bazar No. 2, Vol. XVI.

it seemed far away. She beheld herself walking with her father along the still valley, in the moonlight; or out on the blue waters of the loch, with the sun hot on the gunwale of the boat; or away up on the lonely hill-sides, where the neighborhood of the watercourses was marked by a wandering blaze of gold—wide-spread masses of the yellow saxifrage; or seated at the head of the dinner table, with her friends laughing and talking; and all that life was grown distant now. She was as one expelled from paradise. And sometimes, in spite of herself, in spite of all her wise and firm resolves, her heart would utter to itself a sort of cry of despair. Why did he refuse her that bit of a flower to take away with her? It was so small a thing. And then she thought of the look in his eyes as he regarded her; of the great pity and tenderness shining there; and of the words of courage and hope that he had spoken to her as she left. Well, she would show herself worthy of his faith in her. She would force away from her those worthy of his faith in her. She would foce away from her those idle regrets over a too-beautiful past. A new life was opening before her; she was content to accept whatever it might bring. Who could grudge to her this long, last review of the life she was leaving forever? Farewell—farewell! She was not even carrying away with her a bit of a leaf or a blossom, to awaken memories,

in the after-time, of the garden in which she had so often stood in the white clear air, with the sunlight all around her. Well, it was better so. And perhaps in the new life that she was entering she would find such duties and occupations as would effectually prevent the recurrence of this long night's torture—this vision-building out of the past, this inexplicable yearning, this vain stretch-

building out of the past, this inexplicable yearning, this vain stretching out of the hands to that she was leaving forever.

Toward morning she slept a little, but not much; however, on the first occasion of her opening her eyes, she found that the gray light of the new day was around her. For an instant a shock of fear overcame her—a sudden sense of helplessness and affright. She was so strangely situated; she was drawing near the great, dread city; she knew not what lay before her; and she felt so much alone. Despite herself, tears began to trickle down her face, and her lips were tremulous. This new day seemed terrible, and she was helpless—and alone.

was helpless—and alone.
"Dear me, Miss," said Jane, happening to wake up at this moment, "what is the matter?"

"It is nothing," her young mistress said. "I—I have scarcely slept at all these two nights, and I feel rather weak, and—and—not very well. It is no matter."

[Continued on page 326.] [Continued on page 326.

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THE JAPANESE FAN. By BESSIE CHANDLER.

Others may sing of the budding trees,
The greening grass and the balmy breeze,
Of the robin's song, and the other things
We have learned to expect with recurring springs:
Others may sing of them—those who can—
I sing the song of the Japanese fan.

Of the Japanese fan, with its wild, weird birds; Its strange and peculiar flocks and herds; Its sunsets and thunder-clouds-gloomy foreboders Of storms that are coming; its peaked pagodas; Its flowers of a species quite unknown to man, But which flourish and thrive on a Japanese fan.

Then there are the women, those curious creatures, With their fortified heads and their queer bias features; And there is the bird lightly poised on a twig, The twig very little, the bird very big; And those intricate tangles, without form or plan, That gleam from the sides of a Japanese fan.

In the background we often see Mount Fusiyama, As sacred an object as Thibet's Grand Lama; The shrubs and the bushes most likely are tea, But the cross-legged gentlemen—who can they be, Vacantly gazing as hard as they can, While sitting around on a Japanese fan?

Perhaps they are gods—they have rather that air; Perhaps 'tis a rule of art over there, Which no one dare break lest he be undone. That the gods cross their legs and the storks stand

For thus, since their importation began, They have always appeared on a Japanese fan.

Whatever they're meant for, I bless one and all, pin them around over As I carelessly stick them in jars and in bowls, And cover adroitly the black stove-pipe holes: Now matter how bare be the desert, I can Make it bloom like the rose with the Japanese fan.

O Japanese fan, if you only had feet, I'd lay down before them a rich tribute meet In praise of your beauty and use, and the grace With which you can cover an unsightly place; And believe me, I'll sing as lond as I can, Long may you wave, O Japanese fan!

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1883.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN OFFER TO YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS.

For the best original drawing to illustrate Alfred Domett's "Christmas Hymn"—the draw ing to be suitable for publication in Harper's Magazine, and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age — Messes. Habper & Brothers offer an award of THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, upon the honorable understanding that the suc-cessful competitor shall use the same for the pros-ecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience

of the recipient for the purposes specified.

The drawings must be received by Messes.

Harrer & Brothers not later than August 1, 1883, addressed "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York"; and cach must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a scaled name, age, and residence of the artist, in a scaled envelope accompanying the drawings, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the pub-lication of the drawing.

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A.; MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A.; and Mr. Charles Parsons, A.N.A., Sa perintendent of the Art Department, Harper & Brothers, will act as judges of the competition.

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for Harrer's Magazine of December, 1883; and should other drawings submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page Harper's Weekly, \$300; one page Harper's Bazar, \$200; one page Harper's Young People, \$100.

If the judges should decide that no one of the drawings is suitable, Messes. Harper & Brothers reserve the right to extend the limit of time and re-

open the competition.

Two Christmas Hymns by Alfred Domett have been published. That published in 1837 is the one for the illustration of which artists are invited to compete, and a printed copy of it will be sent on application to

> HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

😭 Our next Number will contain a Patternsheet Supplement, with numerous full-sized patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of Infants CLOAKS, DRESSES, SLIPS, and LINGERIE; LADIES SPRING and SUMMER MANTLES, STREET and House Dresses, Bonnets and Parasols: Spring and SUMMER SUITS for Boys and GIRLS OF ALL AGES; NURSES' COSTUMES; Lounge Rugs and Pillows, Work-Baskets, and other pretty Fancy Articles; with choice literary and artistic attractions.

THE STREET ARAB.

W HEN we consider how valuable every child is to its parents as a part of their life and love, how valuable every individual is to the State as an element of its wealth and safety, how valuable to the commonwealth is the welfare of each one, and finally how valuable to the race in general is the improvement of each generation in intellect, morality, and physical health, one of the marvels of the age is the profound indifference generally manifested to the condition of the great body of children

who compose the coming generation. "It is none of our business," says the stranger who sees the gamin pursue his general calling of growing up to wickedness. "There ought to be a missionary to attend to this, says the mother in Israel who would rather her own children should die than use the vocabulary she hears in the public children's mouths at every street corner. "They're not my children, that I need concern myself," says the man urged to consider truant "I have enough to do to see to my own family," says the woman urged to ask to vote at municipal elections where something in the matter might be done. "Why should I be obliged to pay a school tax to educate other people's children when I have none of my own?" says the bachelor or the childless Benedick. And each and all seem to think that they are neither called nor chosen in the affair, and are of the unanimous opinion that what is everybody's business is nobody's business.

But there is just the point. If it were once completely understood that it is everybody's business, it would then be seen that it is anybody's business, and the matter would come home to each individual conscience, and possibly receive attention. These children of the gutters are not of another and different race, but are just as much a part of our social condition as the fine lady who rolls along in her coach, or the lovely damsels sweeping by us with gentle movement, warmed with rich blood, and clothed with rich stuffs, as the man of culture sauntering down the steps of library or gallery, as the millionaire carrying great enterprises over seas and continents for the advancement of humanity and his own bank account. Nor are they at all a passive part, for evil is never passive; it is an active and fermenting force, and the very circumstance of their existence, and all the acts of that existence, what they are and what they do, are like a foul leaven in the bread of our life; and by just the amount of that evil of theirs is the average good of our social condition lowered, and the whole race, moreover, kept back from advancement.

That these little street Arabs are not at school, acquiring such instruction as they can, is a reproach either to our laws that do not compel their attendance, or to our officials who do not execute the laws; and if the laws are not executed because these little people are shrewder than the officers, and can evade them and avoid them, the reproach is only by so much increased, and the average of our excellence again and further lowered by the misfortune of the unworthiness or stupidity of our officials.

Evil, moreover, is contagious. The good mother who does not feel it any part of her duty to her family to care for these children who belong to somebody else can not keep from her own children's eyes the sight of these waifs, can not keep from her children's ears the sound of their voices, can not hinder both the taste and the morality of her children from thus being made appreciably of less value than would have been the case were there no children of grime and poverty about to scatter seeds of sin widely as the feathers of the dandelion are blown-seeds falling to bear fruit, it may be unconsciously, and it may be through the attraction that slang and all forbidden phrases have to the hearing, and all forbidden sights to the imagination.

Nor is the evil confined to these little beings as children, nor to their possible injury to the well-kept and well-cared-for children of the community. These little creatures grow up to be men and women, to be the fathers and mothers of members of a generation in their turn, a generation of children worse than their progenitors by all the swift geometrical progression of sin downward, till the mind recoils from contemplating the stages and terraces of receding civilization which the thing involves.

It is evidently, then, a subject for no flippant or surface consideration to determine on some steps, or if such steps are determined by others, to help their design forward, that shall put such a portion of the community, that now is and is to be, under better influences than those to which they are now subject, counteract the work of the wretched forces that invest them, and make from material now worse than worthless citizens who, if they do not raise the tone of the next generation, shall not depress it either actively or quiescently, as they must do if left as we now see them.

Every mother, then, owes it to her children, nearly as much as she owes them any other duty, to do her little utmost in raising from their sad environment such evidences of sin and sorrow and bad administration somewhere as those of which we speak, if raising only by means of changing their state and condition to something better, till the tribe of evil ceases to exist and another thing has taken its place. And if parents owe this effort to their families, in whatev-

er small degree they find themselves able to make it, certainly every citizen owes a corresponding effort to society. We should think but ill of the community that allowed festering filth and garbage to accumulate and remain in the streets, whether we made it a matter of health and prudence or of pleasure; and the analogy is apparent between the positive and material slime and the moral and intellectual slime manifested in the presence of these young vagabonds, homeless, unfed, untaught, and existing only as a constituent of present harm and future ruin. Surely the statesman, the political economist, the physiologist, may find attention to the matter as remunerative in good results as altercations are on wiredrawn theories concerning financial systems, or international coinage, or the origin of disease. It is a disease to be cured, a source of wealth to be opened, a part of the temple of the nation either to be built on sound foundation or to have its supports rot away from beneath it.

THE VISITOR.

THERE are two classes of visitors, as ev-1 erybody knows—the invited and the uninvited. When the last writes us that we may expect her-which usually happens on the very most inconvenient moment in the year, though in truth it would be difficult to tell when her visit would be least inopportune-she takes the precaution to follow her letter too quickly for us to adjourn her; or she drops down upon us without any premonition, quite as a matter of course, like a poor relation, and proceeds to make herself thoroughly at home without more ado. Naturally we do not expect any great amount of diffidence on the part of a person who is bold enough to intrude upon the privacy of another without special request, and we are therefore but little surprised when we find her investigating the upper story of the house, or devising means for invading the rooms that have been closed to her, or interviewing the servants; when she demands eatables not upon the table, and tells us about the luxurious surroundings of her last hostess; when, knowing the breakfast hour, she willfully lies in bed till that meal is spoiled, till all the delicacies prepared for her delectation have lost their relish and become indigestible; when she is impatient if something is not being done for her entertainment; when she complains of the temperature of the dining-room in warm weather and the torment of the flies, the persistence of the mosquitoes, without seeming to realize that they are annoyances to which she has voluntarily subjected herself; or when she is curious about our work. At the same time that she aggravates us with her peculiarities, her audacities interest and amuse us; we find ourselves wondering what she will do or say next, and if she has exhausted her impertinences. The guest, on the other hand, who writes us that she can not come to us at the date we arranged, and instead of taking it for granted that we may have made other plans later, mentions another day for her appearance, understands nothing of the etiquette of visiting, and shows a lack of good-breeding, which she would be loath to confess. But to make amends for the short-comings of these visitors, there are those whose genial presences make us forget the offenses we have suffered, who believe that the hostess has some privileges in her own house, who like to take pot-luck with us, who have the tact to make everybody comfortable so long as they are under the roof, and who make us wish that life were one long visit—people who disguise the ennui which happens to afflict them, and who make visiting such a fine art that we are obliged to acknowledge time spent with them is a holiday, "a feast of reason and a flow of soul."

DIET FOR INVALIDS. BY JULIET CORSON, MILK AND CREAM.

IT is no modern discovery that milk is a valuable medicinal agent, nor was our present civilization needed to demonstrate its curative properties. The hill of Badenweiler still shows the ruins of the old Roman fortress built to protect classical epicureans from the ravages of Northern barbarians, and from savage Tartary we have

inherited koumiss

In normal health the frequent use of milk as a beverage, especially in summer, is preferable to that of the iced drinks which are generally employed to excess. When milk causes constipation its deleterious effects may be neutralized by adding a pinch of salt or a table-spoonful of brandy to each glass. Hot milk seasoned with pepper and salt will often check a tendency to diarrhea. When milk is not readily digested it may be eaten with bread or boiled rice, or as a beverage mixed with barley-water, or cooked with barley in the form of barley-milk, for which a recipe was given in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 46, Vol. XVI. Barley-milk is useful in fevers and all

forms of gastric inflammation. The frequent use of small quantities of uncooked milk in such conditions is now advised by many physicians. It is especially valuable in allaying the feverish thirst which is one of the distressing symptoms of gastric derangement in summer. Arerint notes its value in both chronic and acute gastro-intestinal diseases, and mentions a case in which acute cramping pains were relieved by the use of a gill of warm milk every fifteen minutes, after laudanum had failed to afford relief.

Dr. Doukin, of London, successfully employs a diet of skim-milk in diabetes. Dr. Chambers says that a systematic milk diet is invaluable in Bright's disease. The proper dietary for sufferers from these diseases will be given hereafter. In nerv. ous disorders and insomnia the value of milk is beyond question, as it is in all diseases arising from imperfect nutrition, and especially those pechildhood, such as rickets and scrofula. Rich milk and cream are excellent for consump.

The "goat's-whey cures" of Switzerland have a classical reputation for the relief of all diseases of the chest and stomach. The whey is taken warm in large quantities early in the morning, and is also used for baths; its laxative effect is neutralized by the free use of farinaceous food, The altitude and the pure atmosphere of the cures undoubtedly enhance the efficacy of the diet. Asses' milk, which is light and nutritious, is an

excellent food for dyspepties.
When, a few years ago, koumiss was extensively heralded as the proper beverage for consump-tives, it was regarded by many with some suspi-cion; but medically well-read individuals remembered that Hippocrates advised a consumptive patient to drink a quart of mare's milk every morning, "if he could." Koumiss is fermented mare's milk; in Tartary it is in general use as a nutritious beverage among the hardy inhabitants of the steppes. It contains about the same percentage of solid nutritive matter as skim-milk, and has the advantage of presenting them in such condition that they can easily be assimilated by enfeebled digestive organs.

When koumiss was brought into Europe from Russia as a remedy for consumption it was received by European physicians of eminence with much favor, and at once took rank as a nerve, blood, and flesh food. Professor Richter describes it as of a yellowish color, a little thicker than ordinary beer, with a pungent, slightly acid flavor, and an after-taste of almonds; its effect is cooling and slightly exhilarating, with a subsequent drowsy influence. In all diseases arising from defective nutrition it is now accepted as an important food adjunct.

Much discussion prevails in regard to the substitution of condensed milk for the fresh fluid: here it will be sufficient to say that it is simply milk with its watery portion evaporated. When prepared for use within a few days, no sugar is added to it; but when it is intended for long keeping, a considerable quantity is employed. As a rule, condensed milks are pure, and made from the best materials; their food value will be considered in relation to the diet of children.

The absolute purity of milk is a question of vital importance in every community where it is used. Thanks to the insistence of the New York ress, and the subsequent action of the Board of Health, the city at present is enjoying the unadulterated article. But attention must not cease with that desirable condition. Unadulterated milk may derive unwholesome qualities from such external causes as atmospheric contamination, the contagium of disease in animals or man, and sudden changes of temperature. Supposing the milk to be the product of a perfectly healthy cow, it may gather the germs of any prevalent local sickness from the air, from the hands of the milker, or from contaminated water used in cleansing the utensils of the dairy. For this reason it is of importance to receive it from a wellknown source which will bear investigation. Such dairies as not only permit but invite inspection are the safest sources of supply, especially if they market their milk and cream in covered or scaled vessels. been received from the dealer it still should be guarded from the air; it is not sufficient to place it in a refrigerator in a pitcher, or an uncovered pail; it should be kept in a closed vessel. The glass bottles and jars now in general use among the best dairies are excellent for the preservation of milk, but they should be kept closed. The most scrupulous cleanliness should be maintained in the care of milk vessels; immediately after use they should be carefully washed in hot water and washing soda, and then thoroughly scalded with plenty of clean hot water. Even the smallest particle of sour or stale milk adhering to a utensil will cause fresh milk to degenerate rapidly, and will occas ances, especially among children. It is recommended by some physicians always to boil milk, directly it is received, as a precaution against the conveyance of disease germs; at all events it should be carefully examined, and if it has an unpleasant odor, or presents any appearance of blood stains, or is thick or ropy, it should be thrown away; such milk is sure to produce a greater or less degree of illness. Milk and cream should never be allowed to stand in the sick-

Both whey and buttermilk are refreshing sum mer drinks, easy of digestion, and capable of rapid assimilation. They are generally good in feverish conditions of the system.

The value of cream in all diseases of pulmonary origin has already been noted. Clotted cream, curds and cream, and junket deserve much more favor than they enjoy in this country. Some good recipes for their preparation

are given below.

CURDS AND CREAM (a digestible nutrient, suitable for use in all diseases caused by impaired nutrition, notably in consumption).—Heat a quart of

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new milk to a temperature of 98° F, by placing it over the fire in a saucepan set in a pan of hot water. When the milk is warm, take it from the water. When the mild is water, take it from the fire, put it into an earthen dish, and mix with one table-spoonful of rennet wine; stir the milk slowly until it begins to grow thick; then let it stand undisturbed for about twenty minutes, or until the curd separates from the whey; then gently pour the contents of the dish into a shallow sieve set over a bowl, without breaking the curd if possible, and let the whey drain off; when the curd is drained, slip it from the sieve into a glass or china dish, and serve it with cream. A pint of cream is allowed for the curd from a quart of milk. Powdered sugar is used to suit the palate.

RENNET WHEY (a nutritious, refreshing drink, excellent m all feverish conditions of the system).—
Use the whey drained from curds, prepared as directed in the recipe for curds and cream. Sweeten and flavor it to suit the taste, and give it to the patient frequently in small quantities.

DEVONSHIRE JUNKET (a nutritious, digestible food, slightly stimulating; suitable for use in diseases arising from impaired nutrition).—Mix together half a level tea-spoonful of powdered cinnamon, a table spoonful of fine sugar, and a wine-glassful of brandy; heat a pint of new milk to a temperature of 98° F., as directed in the recipe for curds and cream; when the milk is warm, stir into it a dessert-spoonful of rennet and the sugar, spice, and brandy, and continue to stir gently until the milk begins to grow thick; then let it stand in an earthen bowl for two hours; drain off any whey which may form, put the junket on a glass or china dish, cover its surface with clotted cream, and serve.

DEVONSHIRE CLOTTED CREAM (an exceedingly nutritious food, useful in cases of impaired nutrition where the patient's digestion is good). - In Devonshire, England, where this cream is made to perfection, the new milk, fresh from the cow, is strained into metal pans, and placed in a cool dairy, where it remains undisturbed for twelve in summer or twenty-four in winter. The pans are then carefully set over a slow charcoal fire, without shaking their contents, and the milk is gradually heated to a temperature of about 150° F., that is, to a degree of heat in which the finger can be borne; this temperature is main-tained steadily until the cream, and a little of the albumen of the milk coagulated by the heat, rise to the surface. When the cream has so risen the pans are again placed in the dairy, without shaking, and allowed to stand twelve hours longer; the cream is then skimmed off, and is ready for use.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

GRENADINE DRESSES.

THE short basque, and a trimmed skirt that gives straight lines and full effects, is Worth's favorite design for summer dresses of rich materials, such as velvet grenadines, China crape, and the new silk gauzes. The new idea in these skirts is the arrangement of two full straight breadths open up the middle for the only visible parts of the back of the skirt, but these are posed on a foundation skirt, and are confined to the back breadths of this foundation skirt by being sewed down its seams. The upper parts of the straight breadths are laid in folds or vertugadin puffs, and passed around the tournure and hips to give a bouffant effect, and there may be lace flounces, fringe, or embroidery laid between these puffs or folds. The lowest ends that reach to the foot are straight and untrimmed, being merely hemmed or faced. The open space up the middle is finished on each edge with a frill or jabot of lace, and beside this is a row of embroidery or of jetted passementerie; four sets of narrow strings underneath the frills tie these senarate edges together from the belt down to within twelve inches of the foot, where they are left untied, and a flounce of pleated satin is placed on the foundation skirt to show if these breadths should fall open at the foot. As has been said, the selvedges of these two breadths are sewed to the straight seams of the single back breadth of the foundation skirt; then next this on each side is a single fluting or organ-pipe pleating a fourth of a yard broad, stiffly lined, and curved into a space half its breadth; this extends the whole ength of the skirt, and is covered with seven frills of lace. Next this is a side draping made of a breadth of figured goods, such as velvet grenadine, brocaded satin, embroidered gauze, or China crape, which is draped diagonally across the sides, with a pleating of plain material un-der it. The front breadth is then covered with flounces of lace and embroidery.

For these tasteful skirts two or three materials are required, and often two colors appear in them. Worth combines black grenadine with a color in this manner, and is especially successful with his favorite combinations of black and white. Thus black armure grenadine of small meshes is made up over white satin for a basque. The two straight back breadths of the skirt may be of the same grenadine or of black satin trimmed up the middle with two frills of thread lace and two rows of jetted and chenille passementerie; the fluted tube-like piece next these breadths is white satin with seven black lace frills on it; then comes a velvet figured grenadine breadth on each side, made to meet at the top in front, and spread open below to show the entire front breadth of white satin, on which are many black lace frills. The foundation skirt is of white silk. The short basque has the black grenadine turned back to show a vest of white satin covered with frills of black lace. For other colors the black grenadine is sometimes lined with cherry satin, and the front breadth is made of striped black satin with red and gold changeable stripes that are edged with black lace; the figured side breadths will then be of armure grena-

dine that has its large black velvet roses outlined with red, or else there will be black velvet spots, two or three inches in diameter, on a plain armure ground made over red satin. dresses have stem green under the black grenadine, and the pale yellow pepita facings are also used with black. So much lace is required for these dresses that French imitations of thread lace are used instead of the more valuable Chantilly lace; the Spanish laces are still used by those who have them, but when new black lace must be bought, the French lace is chosen in-

Another fashion in grenadines is that of using the velvet-figured designs for the basque and for a plain lower skirt, and making the drapery of plain black China crape caught up with jet buckles. Sometimes the basque is also made of the plain crape, especially for slight figures that require so much cutting of the flowered grenadines that the designs are spoiled. The sunflower grenadines are handsome for these, with the large black velvet sunflower outlined with yellow, and made up over a plain skirt lining of yellow satin; then there are full lace frills like a ruche at the foot, with a Greek apron or Marie Antoinette festoons of crape caught up with large jet buckles on each hip. For evening dresses pale blue China crape is used for the basque, embroidered crape for the side breadths, pale blue satin and Oriental lace for the full back breadths and for the gored front width. Of the new silk gauzes those of changeable tints from red to écru, or green with blue, or yellow with black, are most used, trimmed with the écru embroidery that comes on the selvedge, and some écru lace for frills.

For simpler black or colored grenadines the reader is advised to get those with canvas square meshes, or the armure patterns, or else the smooth sewing-silk grenadines. These are most effective when made up with lustrous satin, which appears only as linings and frills at the foot. The inexpensive satin Surahs are liked for this purpose, as they wear well and are of light weight. Two or three pleatings of the grenadine cross the front and side breadths, falling from a vertugadin puff around the hips, or a festooned apron held by jet buckles, or by rosettes of the narrow watered ribbons that are now bought so cheaply. or else there is a bow and ends of wider ribbon on the left hip. The two back breadths are slightly puffed, and their edges are turned underneath and tacked to the satin skirt. The basque is quite plain, with a full vest of satin Surah held in place by three diagonal straps that have each a jet buckle upon it, or else there is no vest, and some wide jetted passementerie ornaments the basque. If this dress is too plain, some gathered frills of French lace are used across the front of the skirt instead of the grenadine pleatings. There are also flounces of gathered armure grenadine on which narrow velvet ribbon is run, while others have merely tucks in them.

NUNS' VEILING DRESSES.

The sheer wool called nuns' veiling is more popular each season, and is used in plain fashions for simple morning toilettes, or is made more dressy for the afternoon, and is capable of being sufficiently elaborate for full evening dress. Thus for the morning the novelty is the bordered nuns' veiling of white, with cherry-colored stripes near the edge, or with blue stripes, or else with mottled colors like those of India cushmere. These are made up with a short festooned polonaise on a pleated skirt, or with a short basque and apron over-skirt that has cherry-colored or mottled lines around the apron and on the foot of the pleatings. A brilliant cherry red nuns' veiling newer than the strawberry or terra-cotta shades, is used for the basque and over-skirt of white and red striped veiling lower skirts. For afternoon toilettes the plumetis and plain embroidered veilings are used in dark or light colors, with a notable preference for blue shades, and for large figures for the skirt, while the basque and drapery are of plain veiling, or they may be of satin Surah. For evening dresses the white veiling of a quality as sheer as gauze is made up in what are called Sara Bernhardt dresses that have full shirred corsages and sleeves, over which is worn a sleeveless jacket of Breton insertions, let in the thin veiling in stripes, and finished with thick full frills of lace, and Louis Quatorze cravats, jabots, etc. For black dresses of nuns' veiling a new fancy is to have the skirt of blocks of black and white, which can now be had in the same sheer wool; this is made in deep pleatings, and the plain black over-skirt is untrimmed save by the large square jet buckles that catch it up on the hips. Black Breton lace is preferred to Spanish laces for these wool

EMBROIDERED MUSLIN POLONAISES.

Long polonaises as plain in front and on the sides as pelisses are made of open-worked embroidery on white muslin, but are rendered bouffant on the tournure by puffs of plain white mus-lin mixed in with deep loops and ends of wide sash ribbons. The Hamburg embroidered nainsook in the piece is used for these in star, wheel, and leaf patterns, and a frill of Valenciennes lace three inches wide trims the edge. The skirt with such a polonaise has clusters of lengthwise tucks, puffs, and insertion down the front and side breadths, with two or three of the imitation Valenciennes frills at the foot. The straight breadth behind, instead of having tapes beneath to tie back its fullness, has two ribbons sewed outside in its straight seams, drawn back, and knotted with loops and hanging ends.

FLANNEL DRESS.

Dark blue flannel and Cheviot dresses imported from London and Paris tailors are made in fanciful designs for yachting and mountain suits. White or red flannel and mohair braids are the

trimming for these gay dresses, while those for ladies of more quiet tastes have black braid on them. The skirt is a deep kilt of the flannel mounted over a farmer's satin foundation skirt. If white flannel is used, the entire kilt has strips of white flannel two inches wide underneath the pleats of the dark blue. The apron over-skirt of blue flannel is turned up three inches on the right side, then hemmed, and there are five rows of stitching on the hem. The very short blue basque with flat pleats in the middle seam of the back has its fronts turned back from the waist line to form revers, and roll over in a broad square sailor collar. To fill up this there may be a plastron, shaped like a yoke, of the blue flannel, with a military standing collar covered with rows of white mohair braid. To make it more fanciful a white twilled flannel vest may be made separately, and worn with a sailor collar of the same that nearly covers the blue collar. Brass buttons flat and polished are on the basque. Other blue flannel suits have a vest of red cashmere in the small blue basque, and a stripe of this red is inside each kilt pleat. Gilt braid is put in lengthwise clusters on the standing collar, up the cuffs, and on the basque. Still other dresses partly of blue flannel have a kilt skirt of blue, red, and brown barred Cheviot with only a cluster of six blue flannel pleats down each side. The apron overskirt of blue has the pleats upturned and the edges stitched. The short blue basque has a vest of the plaid goods, with rows of black braid on the blue revers turned back each side of the vest. An English suit of blue Cheviot has the front breadth of the over-skirt buttoned down the middle with large ball-shaped crocheted buttons, and there are twenty horizontal rows of doubled braid laid along each side of this over-skirt. There are sometimes three to five narrow tucks above a wide hem on the pleated skirts of these wool dresses. Cuir-colored merino of the palest lea-ther shade is also used with dark blue dresses as a vest, collar, and cuffs; mohair braid is then used in parallel rows on the skirt and over-skirt.

DRESDEN CHINA TOILETTES.

The most fanciful evening dresses are the Dresden china costumes with a skirt of pale tinted satin covered with white lace flounces, put on in straight rows or in festoons, and a draped basque, or demi-polonaise, made of brocatelle, lampas, or velours, showing gay figures of raised velvet on a dull satin ground like that used for the skirt. This is pretty with pale tilleul green, cream, rose, or Sèvres blue grounds and large shaded flowers, or else small velvet rose-buds for the basque. A vest of Valenciennes lace or net, crossed with narrow satin ribbons to be tied in flot bows is in the basque, and a puff of this lace is added to the elbow sleeves of the figured goods. Two colors may be used in these dresses thus the basque of pale blue satin with pink velvet rose-buds may have facings of pink satin, and the skirt may be pink satin with Valenciennes flounces and pale blue ribbons.

LINGERIE.

Narrow Valenciennes lace, not more than half an inch wide, edges the scalloped borders of em-broidered pocket-handkerchiefs. Crescent, dots, leaf, and ball patterns of small size are wrought inside the scallops, making a border two or three inches wide. There are also hemmed handkerchiefs with lace on the edge, and a vine of embroidery or of hem-stitching inside the hem. For plain sheer linen handkerchiefs there are colored hems only a half or a third of an inch wide, while others have these very narrow hems left pure white.

Standing military collars of linen have two sets of button-holes; the lower set is for the collar button, while a cravat ribbon is passed through the upper holes and tied in a long looped bow. Ottoman ribbon two-thirds of an inch wide is used for these bows in dark colors, or in two tones of a color, with light dresses. Ivory white ribbon is used with pale blue dresses effectively, and pale pepita yellow is liked for both white and black dresses. With the collars that have a narrow rim turned over at the top the ribbon is passed around the neck, then tied in a bow.

Ladies who object to the thick white of linen collars wear pale blue, buff, or pink Chambéry collars nearly covered with white embroidery.

Round lace collars two inches wide are mounted on a military collar of colored velvet or ottoman silk, and fastened on the left side or behind by a small bow of the velvet or silk. In front is a fan or jabot of lace like the collar, and on this are drooping loops of narrow ribbon. Some-times a small rosette with a Rhine-stone clasp in the centre is used instead of a bow with laces.

Byron collars of dark red or blue velvet come ready made for wearing with percale or satteen dresses. A jabot or fan of white Surah edged lace is worn with these dark col

Small pearl-headed pins such as gentlemen use in their dress cravats are stuck in the loops of ribbon that ladies wear at the throat, and in the knotted scarfs that fill up the space left by the notched collars of dark wool dresses.

For information received thanks are due Mrs. M. A. CONNELLY; and Messrs. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; and AITKEN, SON, & Co.

PERSONAL.

GENERAL GRANT thinks that STONE Pasha's career in the land of the Pharaous reflects credit on the American name.

—The sum of fifty-five thousand dollars has

been reached by the endowment fund of the Harvard Annex, which looks as if the higher education of women would not be neglected,

-The family of Mrs. Stowe hold her in such reverence that some of them apparently think she wrote the Bible. Her little grandson, at the

age of five, swinging on a neighbor's gate, was age of five, swinging on a neighbor's gate, was reproved by his mother, who told him Mr. SMITH, would not like it. "I don't eare for Mr. SMITH," said the urchin, "nor for his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is his." "WILLY," asked his mother, "do you know who wrote those words you use so?" "I don'know," was the reply; "Grandma Stowr, I s'pose."

—Schator Cameron says that his wife designed the hall of his Washington houre, and he built the house around it.

—Miss Ellen D. Hale, an art student, and daughter of Edward Everrett Hale, of Boston.

Amiss Ellen D. Hale, an art student, and daughter of Edward Everett Hale, of Boston, is sick with malarial fever in Paris, and her father and mother are hastening to join her.

—The seal of the Confederate "Provisional Government" and the seal of the Confederate Department of State are in the hands of W. E.

AIKEN, of Winnsborough, South Carolina.

-Dr. Porter, of Yale, is said to resemble HENRY CLAY.

—Mr. WHITTIER is grieved and indignant at the wanton destruction of forest trees in New

Mrs. CLARISSA RAYMOND, of Wilton, Connecticut, lately received the congratulations our generations on her one-hundred-and-first

—The highest of the Argentenil prizes for a medical treatise sent to the Paris Academy of Medicine has been won by Dr. Bigglow, of Bos-

-Mr. Alcort has been seriously affected by a

—Mr. Alcott has been seriously affected by a thunder-storm which lately passed over Concord, Massachusetts.
—The youngest artist whose pictures have been admitted at the Salon during this century is William L. Marcy, seventeen years old, and grandson of the late Hon. William L. Marcy, of Now York

of New York.

-Hon. L. P. Morton, our Minister to France,

—Hon. L. F. Morton, our minister to trainer, and President Grévy each subscribed two hundred dollars to the Gambetta monument fund.

—The United States, it is reported, will be represented at the Czar's coronation by Admiral

-As Mr. POTTER PALMER, the Chicago millionaire, does not like the architectural effect of the new mansion begun by him a year ago on the Lake Shore, and which has cost one hundred thousand dollars so far, he has ordered the walls

thousand dollars so far, he has ordered the walls, now ready for the roof, to be torn down. We're glad he can afford it.

—The only surviving grandchild of Thomas Jefferson. Mrs. Meikleham, is living, at the age of sixty-five, with an invalid daughter, who has hitherto been her support, in absolute want.

—The first melter and refiner to apply sulphuric acid, instead of nitric acid, in the parting of the precious metals, which resulted in a large saving to the government, was Andrew Mason, the new Superintendent of the Assay Office, New York, to whom Congress gave ten thousand dollars in recognition of this service.

—Lieutenant John Bigglow, of the United States army, son of our former Minister to France, was married, the other day, in Baltimore, Maryland, to a reigning belle, Miss Mary Dallam, daughter of Judge Dallam. They will make their home at West Point.

will make their home at West Point.

—Somebody thinks the report that Mr. GLAD-stone is to visit America is premier-tour.

-It is said that the name of HANDRI, was as-

—It is said that the name of Handel was assumed by the composer of the Messiah when he became a naturalized British subject.

—The "faith cure" is good enough for women and children, Arabi thinks, but for himself he prefers a regular physician.

—Edward Fordham Flower, who, when Mayor of Stratford-on-Ayon, entertained Mr. Emerson and Mr. Fields, among other distinguished Americans, and at whose house Mr. Emerson met George Flick did in London of the strategy of the Control of the strategy EMERSON met George Eliot, died in London on Easter Sunday.

-Lamartine's barber, M. Ysopy, saved all

the hair cut from the poet's head for twenty years, and the locks are now to be distributed among subscribers to the proposed statue of the

—Mrs. Humphrey Ward, who has been active in schemes for the advanced education of wo-men, has been made examiner for scholarship in Spanish by the curators of the Taylor Institu-

tion at Oxford, England.

—The sister of Sir John Franklin, who used the greater part of her fortune on the expeditions which went in search of that explorer in the arctic regions, Mrs. Chaycroft, has lately died, at the age of ninety, in Dorking.

—Madame Nilsson's husband having died intestate in France, she was obliged to divide her

own property between herself and her husband's

Although the son of JOHN BRIGHT and his —Although the son of John Bright and mis bride are both Friends, they were married in a Church of England church, the canon substituting, by request, a short address for that in the Book of Common Prayer.

—A drama called Pror Hugo, to be soon brought out at the Vienna Hofburg Theatre, is written by Prince FRIMAN of Oldenburg.

Prince ELIMAR of Oldenburg.

-WAGNER'S tomb, in the garden of the Villa Wahnfried, has been bought by King LUDWIG of Bavaria, who intends to dedicate it to the public. -M. Paul has offered to the French Academy of Medicine five thousand dollars to found a

prize for the discovery of a cure for diphtheria, the competition to be open to the world.

—The Duchess of Sutherland has signed the total abstinence card at Canon Wilberronce's temperance meetings, and announced her intention of wearing the blue ribbon.

—Nearly thirty five thousand burgles, of

tion of wearing the blue ribbon.

—Nearly thirty-five thousand bunches of primroses were sent into London by one tradesman for the primrose sale in honor of Lord Beaconspielo's birthday.

—The chief mathematical prize has just been awarded to the late Professor Henry Smith by the Franch Academy, the first English many

the French Academy, the first English name added to the long list of those whom the Academy has thus honored. But posthumous honors are rather empty.

—An interesting paper on "Woman as a Lyric

Poet" was read before the Massachusetts Society for University Education of Women, lately, by Miss Lucy Larcom. She is a fine lyric poet herself.

-Milk-pans which are not washed long enough in boiling water have been found to afford breeding ground for hosts of fungous germs, only revealed by the microscope, but poisoning the milk, by a French Academician who owns a fine farm in Normandy, and it has been demonstrated in the dairy of M. RUSET that five minutes' complete immersion in boiling water destroys these organisms.



Plain and Figured Wool Dress.-Figs. 1 and 2.

This dress is a combination of tan-colored cashmere and stuff with a tan-colored ground and reddish-brown tapestry figures. A scantily gathered ruffle of maroon velvet borders the bottom of the skirt, and is surmounted by kilt-pleating of the figured material. The skirt draperies are of cashmere, while the polonaise is of figured wool, with neck and panier scarfs of maroon velvet, and a cashmere back drapery. The sleeves are finished with velvet cuffs.

Travelling Cloak.

This long mantle for street or travelling wear is made of steel blue repped ottoman cloth. The edge of the square sleeves and the

front are trimmed with a box-pleated ruche of the material piped with blue satin. A narrow tapering puff is inserted between the sleeve and the shoulder, and a looped scarf is added to the back below the waist.

Bouquet Parasol and Painted Fan.-Figs. 1-3.

This parasol, which is shown open in Fig. 1 and closed into a bouquet in Fig. 2, has a gilt metal frame provided with a hinge near the top, by means of which the

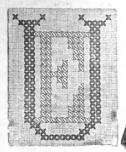


Fig. 1.-Monogram. CROSS STITCH.

shade can be lowered to the side. The frame is so constructed that the end of the metal stick can be withdrawn from the handle, which is of light wood. It is covered with cream-colored satin, which is festooned at the edge, lined with silk of the same color, and edged with cream Spanish lace.



Fig. 1.-PLAIN AND FIGURED WOOL Dress.—Front.—[See Fig. 2.]



LACE AND GOLD GAUZE BONNET.



Figs. 1-3.—BOUQUET PARASOL AND PAINTED FAN.

Around the inner edge is a slender garland of violets, with a Marshal Niel rose and leaves fastened at the end of each rib. To fold the parasol as shown in Fig. 2, the stick is drawn out of the handle, and the closed parasol is turned point down and inserted into the lower end of the handle, which is composed of six narrow wooden slats connected by strips of satin. The sticks of the fan Fig. 3 are covered with brown kid, which is stamped and gilded. The cover is of brown satin, decorated with water-color painting.

Monograms.—Figs. 1 and 2.

These monograms for marking linen are worked in cross stitch with colored marking cotton.

Lace and Gold Gauze Bonnet.

THE frame of this capote bonnet has the brim covered with golden yellow satin veiled by black lace, and the crown with black satin, over which is laid a transparent tissue of gold threads. A scarf made of two rows of wide black guipure lace in which the design is outlined in gold thread is arranged in a knot at the top of the bonnet, and carried along the sides to form strings that are tied in a low and or remember with a cluster of yellowish pink flow. bow and ornamented with a cluster of yellowish-pink flowers. Similar flowers are placed on the back of the bonnet, and ornaments with colored stones are set at intervals around the brim.

Little Girls' Summer Hats.-Figs. 1-4.

See illustrations on page 325.

THE hat Fig. 1 is an olive straw poke, with a facing of light blue velvet inside the brim, and a bow of light blue ottoman ribbon two inches and a half wide set against it. Bands and bows of similar ribbon and a light blue ostrich pompon with an aigrette trim the outside. The white straw hat Fig. 2 has a low flat crown and a wide brim, which is caught up on the left side and at the back, and is trimmed with white satin frills, each headed by a straw braid. The frills, which are half an inch wide finished, are made of doubled satin, gathered twice at the edges, with a wire run between. The edge of the brim is bound with white satin and bordered with straw braid. Bunches of small white blossoms are set against the revers on the left, and a white ostrich plume extends along the right side. On the front there is a large bow of four-inch-wide white ribbon. The peaked hat Fig. 3 has the crown of fine garnet straw, and a coarse straw brim that is covered with garnet satin on the outside and faced with velvet inside. The satin of the brim is veiled by five pleated frills of doubled garnet tulle. Two rosettes of inch-wide garnet velvet ribbon, with an aigrette fastened in each, are placed against the front of the crown, and the narrow velvet ribbon strings are connected across the back. A bow of pink gros grain

ribbon is placed inside the peak of the brim. Fig. 4 is a yellow English straw, with the brim faced with shirred cream-colored satin merveilleux and edged with fancy straw braid. A full bow of cream-colored ottoman ribbon and an ostrich tip trim the front. A smaller bow of similar ribbon ornamented with a pearl buckle is placed at the back, the ends being carried under the brim. Ribbon strings are fastened at the sides. are fastened at the sides.

Ladies' Spring and Summer Toilettes.-Figs. 1-4. See illustrations on page 325.

The tailor dress Fig. 1 is of Havana brown cashmere serge. It consists of a kilt skirt completed by a short scarf drapery on the front and longer looped drapery behind, and a basque which has cutaway fronts connected with a vest.

The neck has an inside standing collar and a notched rolling collar out-side. The edges and sleeves are finished with rows of silk stitching.

The cuir-colored straw round hat has a full facing of dark brown velvet, and is trimmed with a velvet band and a cluster of cuir-colored ostrich tips. The écru veiling dress Fig. 2 has a silk foundation skirt, bordered with side-pleating, and trimmed on the front breadth with écru

piece lace arranged to form a

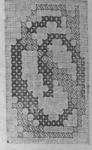


Fig. 2.-Monogram.

long narrow puff drooping over a shorter one at the bot-tom. The sides and back of the skirt are covered by full and long drapery. A scarf drapery is carried across the top of the front and terminates front, and terminates in loops on the back. Two lace jabots are



see Fig. 3, on Page 325.]

TRAVELLING CLOAK.

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Fig. 2.—Plain and Figured Wool Dress.—Back. [See Fig. 1.]



Figs. 1 and 2.—LITTLE GIRLS' SUMMER HATS.

set over the edges of the side draperies where they meet the lace front. The front of the short pointed basque is trimmed with a lace plastron and jabots to correspond with the lace front of the skirt. The model illustrated in Fig. 3 is composed of a basque and drapery of sapphire blue cashmere, and a skirt of blue and white checked taffeta silk. The three flat ten-inch flounces which cover the latter are each edged with box-pleating six inches wide that is borderflounces which cover the latter are each edged with box-pleating six inches wide that is bordered with wide sapphire blue velvet ribbon. The panier draperies are one of cashmere and one of silk; the pleated upper end of the silk drapery, coming underneath the drooping lower end of the pleated silk vest, produces the effect of a continuation of the vest. The basque has velvet collar and cuffs, and is trimmed with rosettes and straps of velvet ribbon. The bonnet has a puffed blue silk crown, and a brim which is covered with velvet pleating and lined with frills of cream lace. Cream-colored ostrich tips are the trimming. In Fig. 4 sage green veiling and sage green and garnet checked silk are combined, and ornamented with garnet velvet ribbons. The kilt flounce is of plaid silk, with a narrow sage green silk pleating set underneath the edge. The drapery, which is of veiling, is scalloped along the front edge, and trimmed on the sides with bows of wide velvet ribbon. The basque is likewise of veiling, with vest and cuffs of plaid silk, and a velvet standing collar. Joined to the bottom of it is a puff, tapering toward the front, wider and fuller on the hips, and terminating in the postilion at the back; loops and ends of inch-wide velvet ribbon fall over the top. The vest is covered with frills of narrow cream lace, and velvet ribbon bows trim the neck and sleeves. vest is covered with frills of narrow cream lace, and velvet ribbon bows trim the neck and sleeves. The round hat has a full brim of garnet velvet, and a shirred gauze crown. A bunch of ostrich tips with an aigrette is placed at the front.

THE NOSE.

PERHAPS you may think that there is not anything to say concerning this part of the face, but that is a mistake. The nose, indeed, has much to complain of—there are so few persons who are thoroughly satisfied with the appendage they possess. I know, I may add, a family with a great historical name whom you can not offend worse than by alluding to the mere can not offend worse than by alluding to the mere word "nose" in their presence; and to allude to their own nose would be sufficient to provoke a challenge. You may smile, but this is a fact.

"How is it that there are so few ugly noses in



Figs. 3 and 4.—LITTLE GIRLS' SUMMER HATS.



Fig. 1.-ENGLISH SERGE TAILOR DRESS.

Fig. 2.—Afternoon Dress of Veiling AND LACE.



Fig. 3.—Cashmere and Checked Silk Visiting Dress.—Front.—[For Back, see Page 324.]

Fig. 4.—Promenade Costume of Veiling and Checked Silk.



these parts?" I asked a lady the other day, admiring her lovely children. "Our leva-(sages - femmes in French, but monthly nurses would do as well here), she said, "take care to form the child's features into correct shape, from the moment it is born until it leaves their care, when the mother continues the operation, which is to gently pinch and stroke the nose downward every time the child is washed and dressed," and thus "stumps" are never seen. But this must be done from the very first day; and, in like manner, the mouth may be prevent ed from growing into very wide proportions if small mouth-pieces are provided for children

wholly or partially brought up by hand. Even children no longer babes and all young persons may improve the shape of the nose by using the handkerchief in a downward direction, instead of brushing it upward and from side to

Children should be checked if they rub up their nose with their hands. All habits, indeed, which tend to spoil the shape or enlarge the nostrils must be checked. Red noses are usually the result of tight lacing or tight boots, which make both the hands and nose red. Over eating and drinking also produce a red nose; cold feet and hands likewise do the same. Any obstacle to a proper circulation of the blood, indeed, always makes the nose red. When red without any of these causes, then there is a skin disease, and the usual remedies must be adopted. Always use linen handkerchiefs, whatever may be the fashion. And now, a hint, which I think will be of great service to you, especially if you are apt to take a cold in the head. Well, then, every morning, as soon as you rise, plunge your face in cold water, and draw up the water into the nose several times. This, besides preventing cold, cleanses and clears the head, and braces all its Lastly, this operation is particularly recommended to all who sing, as by keeping the nose and head clear the voice is rendered stronger and more tuneful, and singing itself becomes

The remedy is so easy that it is worth trying. but precisely because it is easy, no one perhaps will try it. If you try it, however, do not expect a miracle, but continue the practice every morning, when I am sure you will be satisfied with the result. I need not, I hope, warn you against the snuff-box, be it even a diamond one. Snuff. boxes are now reserved for antiquarian collections, or for some few aged people who retain the habit from their fathers.

YOLANDE.

(Continued from front page.)

But the tears fell faster now, and this sense of weakness and helplessness composered her. She fairly broke down.

"I will tell you what it is," she sobbed, in a

have undertaken to do what is beyond me, am not fit for it. They have asked too much of me. It is beyond what I can do. What can I do?-when I feel that I should be happy if I could only lie down and die, and be the cause of no more trouble to any one!"

The maid was very much startled by these words, though she little guessed the cause of them. And indeed her young mistress very speedily—and by a force of will that she did not suspect herself of possessing-put an end to this half-hysterical fit. She drew herself up erect, she dried her eyes, and she told Jane that as soon as they got to the hotel she would go to bed for an hour or two and try to get some sleep; for that really this long fit of wakefulness had filled her head with all sorts of ridiculous fancies

And that was the last sign of weakness. Pale her face might be, as she set about the under-taking of this duty; but she had steeled her heart. Fortunately, when they got to the hotel, and when she had had some breakfast, she was able to snatch an hour or two's sound and refreshing sleep in the silence of her own room; and when she re-appeared even the dull-witted Jane noticed how much better and brisker she looked. Nay. there was even a kind of hopefulness and cheerfulness in the way she set about making her preparations. And first of all she told Jane fully and frankly of the errand on which she had come to London; and this, as it turned out, was a wise thing to do; for the good Jane regarded the whole situation, and her probable share in the adventure, with a stolid self-sufficiency which was as good as any courage. Oh, she said, she was not afraid of such people! Probably she knew better how to manage them than a young lady would. They wouldn't frighten her! And she not obscurely hinted that, if there was any kind of incivility going on, she was quite capable of giving as good as she got.

Yolande had resolved, among other things,

that, while she would implicitly obey Mr. Melville's instructions about making that appeal to her mother entirely unaided and unaccompanied, she might also prudently follow her father's advice and get such help as was necessary, with regard to preliminary arrangements, from his solicitors, more especially as she had met one of those gentlemen two or three times, and so far was on friendly terms with him. Accordingly, one of the first things she did was to get into a cab, accompanied by her maid, and drive to the offices of Lawrence & Lang, in Lincoln's Inn She asked for Mr. Lang, and by and-by was shown into that gentleman's room. He was a tall, elderly person, with white hair, a shrewd,

thin face, and humorous, good-natured smile.
"Take a seat, Miss Winterbourne," said he. "Very lucky you came now. In another ten minutes I should have been off to seek you at the — Hotel, and we should have crossed each other."

"But how did you know I was at the. she said, with a stare of astonishment. tel?

"Oh, we lawyers are supposed to know every-ing" he answered good-naturedly. "And I thing," he answered, good-naturedly. may tell you that I know of the business that has brought you to London, and that we shall be most happy to give you all the assistance in our power.

"But how can you know?" the girl said, be-wildered. "It was only the day before yesterday I decided to go, and it was only this morning I reached London. Did my papa write to you, then, without telling me ?"

"My dear young lady, if I were to answer your questions you would no longer believe in the omniscience of lawyers," he said, with his grave smile. "No, no; you must assume that we know everything. And let me tell you that the step you are taking, though it is a bold one, deserved to be successful; perhaps it will be successful because it is a bold one. I hope so. But you must be prepared for a shock. Your mother has been ill."

"Ah!" said Yolande, but no more. She held her hands clasped.

"I say she has been ill," said this elderly suave person, who seemed to regard the girl with a very kindly interest. "Now she is better. Three weeks ago my clerk found her unable to sign the receipt that he usually brings away with him; and I was about to write to your father, when I thought I would wait a day or two and see; and fortunately she got a little better. However, you must be prepared to find her looking ill; and -and-well, I was going to say she might be incapable of recognizing you; but I forgot. In the mean time we shall be pleased to be of every assistance to you in our power; in fact, we have been instructed to consider you as under our protection. I hope you find the --- Hotel comfortable?"

"Oh yes-oh yes," Yolande said, absently; she was not thinking of any hotel; she was thinking in what way these people could be of help to

her.
"Of course," said he, "when you go to see your mother, I could send some one with you if you wished it; or I would go with you myself, for that matter; but I understand that is not considered desirable.'

"Oh no," said she; "I must go alone. I wish to see her alone."

"As for your personal safety," said he, "that need not alarm you. Your friends may be anxious about you, no doubt; but the very worst that can happen will be a little impertinence. You won't mind that. I shall have a policeman in plain clothes standing by; if your maid should consider it necessary, she can easily summon him to you. She will be inside; he outside; so you have nothing to fear.

"Then you know all how it has been arranged!"

she exclaimed.
"Why, yes; it is our business here to know everything," said he, laughing, "though we are not allowed sometimes to say how we came by the information. Now what else can we do for you? Let me see. If your poor mother will go with you, you might wish to take her to some quiet sea-side place, perhaps, for her health?"

"Oh yes; I wish to take her away from London at once," Yolande said, eagerly.
"Well, a client of ours has just left some

lodgings at Worthing-in fact, we have recommended them on one or two occasions, and we have been told that they gave satisfaction. The rooms are clean and nicely furnished, and the landlady is civil and obliging. She is a gentlewoman, in short, in reduced circumstances, but not overreaching. I think you might safely take the rooms."
"Will you give me the address, if you please?"

He wrote the address on a card, and gave it her. "But do not trouble to write," said he; "we will do that for you, and arrange terms."

"But I must go down to see the place first," said she. "I can go there and get back in one

day-to-morrow-can I not?"
"But why should you give yourself so much trouble?" he said. "What a daughter can do for her own mo-

ther, that is not called trouble," she answered, simply. "Is Worthing a large town?" No; not a large town. It is one of the

smaller watering-places "But one could hire there a pony and a pony-

Undoubtedly."

"And could one take the rooms and hire the pony and pony-chaise conditionally? I don't quite understand vou.

"Could one say, 'Yes, I shall want these most likely; but if I telegraph to you to-morrow or next day that I do not want them, then there is no bargain, and there is nothing to pay?'

"I have no doubt they would make that arrangement with you. That would be merely reserving the refusal for you for a certain number

"Two days at the most," said Yolande, who seemed to have studied this matter—even as she used to study the details of her future housekeeping at Allt-nam-ba when she was sitting on the deck of the great steamer with the Mediterranean Sea around her.

"May I presume to ask," said he, "whether you are sufficiently supplied with money? We have no instructions from your father; but we shall be pleased if you consider us your bankers.

"I have only eight or nine pounds," said she, "in money: but also I have three blank checks which my papa signed: that is enough, is it not?'

"Well, yes, I should say that was enough," he marked, with a perfectly subdued irony. "But remarked, with a perfectly subdued irony. those blank checks are dangerous things, if you will permit me to say so. I would strongly advise you, my dear Miss Winterbourne, to destroy them, and to send to us for such sums as you may want from time to time. That would be much the safer plan. And if there is any other particular in which we can be of the least assistance to you, you will please let us know. We can always send some one to you, and a telegram from Worthing only costs a shilling. As we have received such strict injunctions about looking after you, we must keep up our character as your guardian."

"I thought you said my papa had not sent you any instructions," Yolande exclaimed again.

"About the checks, my dear young lady," said

he, promptly. "Then I wish you to tell me something of those

people-I wish to know who and what they are.' 'I think, Miss Winterbourne," said he, gravely,

that the information would not edify you much."
"But I wish to know," said she; "I wish to know the sort of people one must expect to find

there."
"The facts are simple, then. He is a drunken scoundrel, to put the matter shortly. I believe he was once in a fairly good position—I rather think he was called to the Bar; but he never practiced. Betting on races and drink finished him, between them. Then he tried to float a bit by marrying the proprietress of a public-house—an illiterate woman; but he drank through her money, and the public-house, and everything. Now they are supposed to let out this house in rooms; but as that would involve trouble, my own impression is they have no lodgers but your mother, and are content to live on the very ample allowance that we are instructed to pay her monthly. Well, no doubt they will be very angry if you succeed in taking away from them their source of income; and the man, if he is drunk, may be impertinent; but that is all you have to fear. I would strongly advise you to go in the evening. Then the presence of the policeman in the street will not arouse suspicion; and if there should be any trifling disturbance, it will be less likely to attract the notice of by-standers. Might I askplease forgive me if I am impertinent"—he said, but I have known all about this sad story from the beginning, and I am naturally curious-may I ask whether the idea of your going to your mother, alone, and taking her away with you, alone,

"It was not," said she, with downcast eyes. "It was the suggestion of a friend whose acquaintanceship—whose friendship—we made in the Highlands—a Mr. Melville."

was a suggestion of your father's?"

"Ah," said he, and he glanced at a card that as lving before him on the table. "It is bold was lying before him on the table. -bold," he added, musingly. "One thing is certain, everything else has failed. My dear young lady, I am afraid, however successful you may be, your life for some time to come will not be as happy and cheerful as one could wish for one of your age.

"That I am not particular about," said Yolande, absently,

"However, in a matter of this kind, it is not my place to advise: I am a servant only. You are going down to Worthing to-morrow. I will give you a list of trains there and back, to save ou the trouble of hunting through a time-table. You will be back in the evening. Now do you think it desirable that I should get this man whom I mean to employ in your service to hang about the neighborhood of the house to-morrow just to get some notion of the comings and go-

ings of the people?"
"I think it would be most desirable," Yolande said.

"Very well; it shall be done. Let me see: this is Thursday; to-morrow you go to Worthing. Could you call here on Saturday to hear what the man has to say, or shall he wait on you at the

Hotel?"

"I would rather call here," she said.

"Very well; and what hour would be most convenient?'

Ten-is it too soon?"

"Not at all," said he, jotting down a memo-andum on a diary before him. "Now one thing randum on a diary before him. "Now one thing more. Will you oblige me by burning those checks? I will write to your father, and take the responsibility."

"If you think it right I will," she said, "as soon as I go back to the hotel."

'And here," he continued, going to a safe and fetching out some Bank of England notes, "is £25 in £5 notes; it is not so serious a matter if one of these should go astray. Please put these in your purse, Miss Winterbourne; and when you want any further sums you have only to write to

She thanked him, and rose, and bade him good-by.

"Good-by, Miss Winterbourne," said he, in a very friendly way; "and please to remember that although, of course, all the resources of our firm are at your disposal as a matter of business, still I hope you may count on us for something more than that, if there is any way we can help you-I mean in a private and personal way. If any such occasion should arise, please remember that your father and I were friends together in Slagpool five-and-thirty years ago, and anything that I can do for his daughter will be a great pleasure to me."

As she left she thought that London did not seem to be, after all, such a terrible place to be alone in. Here was protection, guardianship, friendship, and assistance put all around her at the very outset. There were no more qualms or sinkings of the heart now. When she got outside it suddenly occurred to her that she would like to go away in search of the street in which her mother lived, and reconnoitre the house. Might there not be some chance of her coming out ?-the day was fairly fine for London. And how strange to see her mother walking before her. She felt sure she should recognize her. And then—perhaps—what if one were suddenly to discard all preparations? what if she were to be quickly caught, and carried off, and transferred to the safety of the —— Hotel, before any one

But when she had ordered the cabman to drive to Oxford Circus, and got into the cab, along with Jane, she firmly put away from her all these wild possibilities. This undertaking was too serious a matter to be imperiled by any rashness. She might look at the street, at the house, at the windows; but not if her mother were to come out and pass her by, touching her skirts even, would she declare herself. She was determined to be worthy of the trust that had been placed in her.

At Oxford Circus they dismissed the cab, and walked some short distance, until they found the place they were in search of—a dull, respectablelooking, quiet, misty little thoroughfare, lying just back from the continuous roar of Oxford Street, She passed the house once or twice, too, knowing it by its number, but there was no sign of life in The small, curtained windows showed no one sitting there or looking out. She waited and waited; went to distant points, and watched; but save for an occasional butcher's boy or postman the street remained uniformly empty. she remembered that it was drawing toward the afternoon, and that poor Jane was probably starving; so she called another cab, and drove to

Next day was a busy day-after that life of quietude far away among the hills. She got to Worthing about twelve, and went straight to the lodgings that had been recommended by Mr. Lang, which she found in one of the bright and cheerful-looking terraces fronting the sea. She was much pleased with the rooms, which were on the first floor, the sitting-room opening on to a balcony prettily decorated with flowers; and she also took rather a fancy to the little old lady herself, who was at first rather anxious and nerv ous, but who grew more friendly under the influence of Yolande's calm and patronizing gentleness. Under the conditions mentioned to Mr. she took the rooms, and gave her name and address and her father's name and address, adding, with the smallest touch of pride.

"Of course you know him by reputation." "Oh yes, indeed," somewhat vaguely said this timid, pretty little old lady, who was the widow of a clergyman, and whose sole and whole notion of politics was that the Radicals and other evildisposed persons of that kind were plotting the destruction of the Church of England, which to her meant nothing more nor less than the swallowing up of the visible universe. "He is in Parliament, is he not?"

"Yes," said Yolande; "and some people wish he were not there. He is a little too honest and outspoken for them."

Next she went to a livery-stable keeper, and asked about his terms for the hire of a pony and pony-carriage. These terms seemed to her reasonable, but they were not; for she was judging them by the Inverness standard whereas that standard is abnormally high, for the reason that the Inverness livery-stable keepers have demands made on them for only two or, at most, three months in the year, and are quite content, for the other nine months, to lend out their large stock of horses for nothing to any of the neighboring lairds or farmers who will take them and feed them. However, the matter was not a serious one.

The next morning she called at the office of Messrs. Lawrence & Lang, heard what the man who had been posted in that little thoroughfare had to say, and arranged that she should go alone to the house that evening at eight o'clock. She had no longer in her eyes the pretty timidity and bashfulness of a child; she bore herself with the demeanor of a woman.

CHAPTER XXXVL

AN ABDUCTION.

A FEW minutes before eight on that evening, in the thoroughfare just mentioned, a short, thickset man was standing by a lamp-post, either trying to read or pretending to read an evening newspaper by the dull yellow light. Presently a hansom cab drove up to the corner of the street and stopped there, and a taller and younger man got out and came along to the lamp-post.

"I would go a dozen yards nearer," said the

new-comer. "Very well, sir," said the other. And then he added, "The master of the house has just gone

"So much the better," said the younger man, carelessly. "There will be the less bother—probably none at all. But you keep a little bit near." er after the young lady has gone into the house."
"Very well, sir."

The new-comer apparently did not consider that any great vigilance or surveillance would be necessary, but all the same, while he still left the hansom at the corner of the street, he walked along a few yards further (glancing in passing at the windows of one of the houses), until he came to a narrow entry leading down into a courtyard, and there a step or two into the gloom of the little passage effectually hid him from sight.

Punctually at eight o'clock a four-wheeled cab appeared and drew up, and Yolande got out followed by her maid. Without delay or hesitation she crossed the pavement and knocked at the

or. A girl of about fifteen opened it.
"Is Mrs. Winterbourne within?" said Yolande,

calmly. The girl eyed her doubtfully. "Y-yes, miss."

"I wish to see her, if you please." "Y-yes, miss; if you wait for a moment I'll go and tell missis."

"No," said Yolande, promptly, and she passed into the lobby without further ado—"no, I will not trouble your mistress. Please show me where I shall find Mrs. Winterbourne; that is enough."

Now the girl looked frightened, for the two strangers were inside, and she glanced behind her to see whether her mistress were not coming to



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her relief. Moreover, this tall young lady had an imperious way with her.
"Which is her room?"

"T_that is her sitting room," stammered the girl. Indeed, they were all standing just outside the door of it.

e door of it. "Thank you," she said, and she put her hand on the handle of the door. "Jane, wait for me."
The next moment she was inside the room, and the door shut behind her.

A spasm of fear caught her and struck her motionless. Some one sat there—some one in a chair—idly looking into the fire, a newspaper flung aside. And what horror might not have to be encountered now? She had been warned; she had prepared herself; but still—

Then the next moment a great flood of pity and joy and gratitude filled her heart; for the face that was turned to her—that regarded her with a mild surprise—though it was emaclated and pallid, was not unlovable; and the eyes were large and strange and melancholy. This poor lady rose, and with a gentle courtesy regarded

her visitor, and said,
"I beg your pardon; I did not hear you come into the room.'

What a strange voice—hollow and distant; and it was clear that she was looking at this newcomer only with a vague, half-pleased curiosity. not with any natural wonder at such an intrusion. Yolande could not speak. She forgot all that she had meant to say. Her heart scemed to be

choking her.

"Mother," she managed to say at length, "you do not know, then, that I am your daughter."

"My Yolande?" she said—and she retreated a step, as if in fear. "You are not my Yolande—you?"

She regarded her apparently with some strange kind of dread—as if she were an apparition. There was no wonder, or joy, or sudden impulse of affection.

"You-vou can not be my Yolande-my daugh-

"But indeed I am, mother," said the girl, with the tears running down her face in spite of herself. "Ah! it is cruel that I should come to you as a stranger—that you should have no word of as a stranger—that you should have no word of kindness for me. But no matter. We shall soon make up for all these years. Mother, I have come to take you away. You must no longer be here alone. You will come with me, will you not?"

The pale, emaciated, hollow-voiced woman came nearer now, and took Yolande's hand, and regard-legislity, blinds for my placed legislity.

ed her with a kind of vague, pleased curiosity and kindness

And you are really my Yolande, then? How tall you are! and beautiful too-like an angel. When I have thought of you, it was not like this. What beautiful, beautiful hair! and so straight you have grown, and tall! So they have sent you to me at last. But it is too late now-too late.

"No, no, mother, it is not too late. You will come away with me, will you not-now-at once?"

The other shook her head sadly; and yet it was obvious that she was taking more and more interest in her daughter-regarding her from top to toe, admiring her dress even, and all the time

"Oh no, I can not go away with you," she "It is not for you to be hampered with one like me. I am content. I am at peace here. I am quite happy here. You are young, rich, beautiful; you will have a beautiful life; everything beautiful round you. It is so strange to look at you! And who sent you? The lawyers, I suppose. What do they want now? Why do they not let me alone?"

She let the girl's hand fall, and turned away

dejectedly, and sank down into the easy-chair again with a sigh. But Yolande was mistress of herself now. She went forward, put her hand upon her mother's shoulder, and said, firmly:

"Mother, I will not allow you to remain here. It is not a fit place for you. I have come to take you away myself; the lawyers have not sent me; they want nothing. Dear mother, do make up your mind to come away with me-now!

Her entreaty was urgent; for she could hear distinctly that there were some "high words" being bandied in the lobby, and she wished to get her mother away without any unscemly squabble

"Do, mother! Everything is ready. You and I will go away together to Worthing, and the sea air and the country drives will soon make you well again. I have got everything prepared for you-pretty rooms fronting the sea; and a balcony where you can sit and read; and I have a pony-carriage to take you for drives through the lanes. Ah, now, to think it is your own daughter who is asking you! You can not refuse! You can not refuse!"

She had risen again and taken Yolande's hand, but her look was hesitating, bewildered.

"They will be angry," said she, timidly; for now the dissension without was clearly audible.
"Who, then?" said Yolande, proudly. "You

will leave them to me, mother; I am not afraid. Ah, if you saw how much prettier the rooms are at Worthing !- yes; and no longer you will have to sit alone by yourself in the evening. Come, mother !"

At this moment the door opened, and a short, stout, red-faced, black-haired woman made her ap pearance. It was clear that the altercation with

Jane had not improved her temper.
"I beg your pardon, young lady," said she, with studied deference, "but I want to know what this means.

Yolande turned, with flashing eyes.

Leave the room!"

For a second the woman was cowed by her manner; but the next moment she had bridled up again.

"Leave the room, indeed! Leave the roomin my own house! Not until I'm paid. And what's more, the poor dear lady isn't going to be taken away against her will. She knows who her triends are. She knows who have looked after her and nursed her. She sha'n't be forced away

from the house against her will, I warrant vou."
"Leave the room this instant, or I will send for a policeman!" Yolande said; and she had drawn herself up to her full height, for her mother, poor creature, was timidly shrinking behind

"A policeman! Hoity-toity!" said the other, with her little black eves sparkling. "You'd better have no policemen in here. It's not them that are robbing a poor woman that should call for a policeman. But you haven't taken her with you yet, and what's more, she sha'n't move an inch out of this house until every farthing that's owing to us is paid—that she sha'n't. We're not going to be robbed so long as there's the law. Not till every farthing is paid, I warrant you !so perhaps you'll let the poor dear lady alone, and leave her in the care of them that she knows to be her friends. A policeman, indeed! Not one step shall she budge until every farthing of her debt is paid."

Now for the moment Yolande was completely disconcerted. It was a point she had not foreseen; it was a point, therefore, on which she had asked no counsel. She had been assured by Mr. Lang that she had nothing to fear in taking away her mother from this house—that she was acting strictly within her legal rights. But how about this question of debt? Could they really detain her? Outwardly, however, she showed no symptom of this sudden doubt. She said to the woman, with perfect calmness

"Your impertinence will be of little use to you. My mother is going with me; I am her guardian. if you interfere with me, it will be at your own If my mother owes you anything, it will

be paid."
"How am I to know that? Here she is, and here she shall remain until every farthing is paid.

We are not going to be robbed in that way."
"I tell you that whatever is owing to you will be paid," said Yolande. "You need not pretend that you have any fear of being robbed; you know you will be paid. And now I wish you to tell me where my mother's things are. Which is her bedroom y"

"I'll show you whether you can ride the high horse over me!" said the woman, with her eyes glittering with anger. "I'll go and fetch my husband, that I will." And the next second she had left the room and the house too, running out into the night bare-headed.

"Now, mother," said Yolande, quickly, "now our chance! Where are your things? Oh, is our chance! you must not think of packing anything: we will send for what you want to-morrow. But do you really owe these people anything?"
"I don't know," said her mother, who seemed

to have been terrified by this threat on the part of the woman.

"Well, then, where is your hat?-where is

your shawl? Where is your room?"

Almost mechanically she opened the foldingdoors that formed one side of the apartment, disclosing beyond a bedroom. Yolande preceded her, picked up the things she wanted, and helped her to put them on.

"Come, now, mother; we will get away before they come back. Oh, you need not be afraid. Everything is arranged for you. There is a cab waiting for us outside."

"Who is in it?" said the mother, drawing back

with a gesture of fear.

"Why, no one at all," said Yolande, cheerfully.

"But my maid is just outside, in the passage.

Come along, mother."

"Where are we going?"
"To the hotel where I am staying, to be sure. Everything is arranged for you; we are to have supper together—you and I—all by ourselves.

Will that please you, mother ?" "Wait for a moment, then."

She went back into the bedroom, and almost instantly re-appeared, glancing at Yolande with a quick, furtive look that the girl did not understand. She understood after.

" Come, then."

She took her mother by the hand and led her as if she were a child. In the lobby they encountered Jane, and Jane was angry.

"Another minute, miss, and I would have turned her out by the shoulders," she said, sav-

"Oh, it is all right," said Yolande, briskly. "Everything is quite right. Open the door, Jane, there's a good girl."

They had got out from the house, and were indeed crossing the pavement, when the landlady again made her appearance, coming hurriedly up in the company of a man who looked like (what he was) a butler out of employment, and who was obviously drunk. He began to hector and bully. He interposed himself between them and the cab.

"You ain't going away like this. You ain't going to rob poor people like this! You come back into the house until we settle this affair."

Now Yolande's only aim was to get clear of the man and to get her mother put into the cab; but he stood in front of her, whichever way she made the attempt; and at last he put his hand on her arm to force her back to the house. It was an unfortunate thing for him that he did so. There was a sudden crash; the man reeled back, staggered, and then fell like a log on to the pave-ment; and Yolande, bewildered by the instantaneous nature of the whole occurrence, only knew that something like a black shadow had gone swiftly by. All this appeared to have happened in a moment, and in that same moment here was the policeman in plain clothes, whom she knew

by sight.
"What a shame to strike the poor man!" said he to the landlady, who was on her knees shrieking by the side of her husband. "But he ain't much hurt, mum. I'll help him in-doors, mum. I'm a constable, I am. I wish I knew who done that; I'd have the law agin him."

As he uttered these words of consolation he

regarded the prostrate man with perfect equanimity, and a glance over his shoulder informed him that in the confusion Yolande and her mother and the maid had got into the cab and driven off. Then he proceeded to raise the stupefied ex-butler, who certainly had received a "facer, but who presently came to himself as near as the fumes of rum would allow. Nay, he helped, or rather steadied, the man into the house, and assured the excited landlady that the law would find out who had committed this outrage; but he refused the offer of a glass of something on the plea that he was on duty. Then he took down the number of the house in his note-book, and left.

As he walked along the street he was suddenly accosted by the tall, broad-shouldered young man who had disappeared into the narrow entry

"Why weren't you up in time?" said the lat-

ter, angrily. Lor, sir, you was so quick !"

"Is that drunken idiot hurt?"

"Well, sir, he may 'ave a black eye in the morning-maybe a pair on 'em. But 'tain't no matter. He'll think he run agin a lamp-post. He's as drunk as drunk."

"What was the row about? I couldn't hear a

"Why, sir, they said as the lady owed them something.

"Oh, that was the dodge. However, it's all settled now—very well settled. Let me see, I suppose Lawrence & Lang pay you?' Yes, sir."

"Well, you know, I don't think you did your best. You weren't sharp enough. When you saw that drunken brute seize hold of the young lady's arm you should have been there—on the spot—on the instant—"

"Lor, sir, you was so quick! And the man went over like a nine-pin."

Well, the affair is satisfactory as it stands." said the younger and taller man, "and I am well satisfied, and so I suppose you don't mind my adding a sovereign to what Lawrence & Lang

will give you."
"Thank ye, sir," said the man, touching his cap.

"Here you are, then. Good-night."

"Good-night, sir."

Then the younger man walked on to the corner of the street, jumped into the hansom that was still awaiting him there, called through the trap-door to the driver, "United Universities, corner of Suffolk Street, Pall Mall," and so was driven off.

That same night Yolande wrote the following

"My DEAR PAPA .- I wish that I might write this letter in French, for my heart is so full; but I know you would not like it, so I will do my best in English. It is all over and settled; my mother is with me—in this room where I am writing—reading a little, but not so agitated by the events of the day, or rather this evening, that one might expect. It is I who am agitated: please forgive any errors. But, oh. it was the saddest thing ever seen in the world, for a mother to be standing opposite her own daughter, and We were not caring for her-not knowing her. two strangers. But my heart was glad. I had had the apprehension that I should have to overcome emotions; that it might be only duty that would keep me by her side; but no, no. When I saw her face, and her gentle eyes, I said to myself how easy would be the task of loving her as a daughter should. Dear papa, she is and also she seems so far away and absorbed and sad. She is only a little interested in me-only a little. But yet I think she is pleased. I have shown her what wardrobe I have with me, and that pleased her a little; but it is I who will have to be the guardian, and buy things for her. She was pleased with my dressing-bag, and to-morrow I am going to buy her the most beautiful one I can get in London. Mr. Lang asked me to burn the three blank checks you gave me, and I did that, and I am to have money from him; but after the dressing-bag I hope there will not be much expense; for we shall be living quietly at Worthing; and I know that when you gave Mrs. Graham the expensive piece of broderie at Cairo von will not grudge me that I give my mother a beautiful dressing-bag.

"It has all happened just as Mr. Melville planned. How he could have foreseen so much I can not tell; perhaps it is that I followed to his instructions as nearly as I could. The people were insolent somewhat; but to me, not to my mother; so that is right. But at the end, when we were coming away, the man seized me, and then I was frightened—he wished me to go back into the house—and then, I know not how, he was struck and fell; perhaps by the policeman it was, but I did not stay to look. I hurried my mother into the cab, and we are here safe and sound. Poor Jane is so angry. She demands to go back to-morrow to recover some things of my mother's, and also that she wants to 'have it out' with the woman because of the way she spoke to me; but this I will not allow. I shall write to Messrs. Lawrence & Lang to-night to send some one; also to pay whatever is owing.

also to pay whatever is owing.

"She has just come over and stroked my hair, and gone back to her chair again; I think she is a little more affectionate to me now; and oh! I am so anxious to get away to the sea air, that it may wake her out of this lethargy. I know it will, I am sure of it. We have got such cheerful rooms! The address, dear papa, is Arbutus Villa, — Terrace, Worthing; please give it Duncan, and tell him to send me each week a brace of grouse, a brace of black game, one or two hares, and any odd ptarmigan or snipe you may get; then I will know that they are good. To-night we had supper together; alas! she ate scarcely anything. I asked if she would have a little wine—no; she seemed to have a horror of it; even to be frightened, She came round the

table and took me by the hand, and begged of me to be always with her. I said was not that what I had come for? She said, with such a strange voice, 'I need help—I need help'; and I answered that now everything was to be reversed, and that I was to be the mother to her, and to take charge of her. Then she cried a little; but I think she was pleased with me; and when I said that I wanted to write a letter, after we had finished, she said she would read until I had written the letter, and then that she wished to hear where I had been, and how I had lived in the Highlands. Perhaps in time I will persuade her to be affectionate to me; on my part it will not be difficult that I should soon love her, for she is gentle, and to regard her fills one's heart with pity. I had great terror that it might not be so

"To-morrow, if it is possible, I think we will get away to Worthing. I am anxious to begin my guardianship. Perhaps by a middle-day train, if I have to buy some things for my mother. On what the property of the control of the contr ther. Or why not there, where we shall have plenty of time? I wish to see her away from the town-in clear, brisk air; then we shall have the long, quiet, beautiful days to become acquainted with each other. It is so strange, is it not, a mother and daughter becoming acquainted with each other? But, since I am her guardian, I must not let her sit up too late; and so goodnight, dear, dear papa, from your affectionate daughter,

That was naturally the end of the letter, and yet she held it open before her for some time in hesitation. And then she took her pen and added: "I can not tell you how glad it would make me if you had time to write a long letter to me about Allt-nam-ba, and all the people there; for one can not help looking back to the place where one has been happy."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Proox.—Read New York Fashions of Bazar No. 8, Vol. XVI.; get gros grain, and do not have a polonaise. Use gray or black cashmere to combine with your summer silk.

mer silk.

Runy.—The long-waisted dresses are still worn, also the full Mother Hubbard styles. Get black French bunting or summer camel's-hair for yourself, and make it with pleated skirt, habit basque, and drapery, and use a little embroidery for collar and cuffs.

Wirshader, Incoestro, and Others.—Girls in their teens and older young ladies who have broad low foreheads wear their hair combed straight back—not even using a Pompadour roll—and coil it broadly and low behind. If the forchead is too high for this, a crimped fringe, bang, or some small curved locks cover the upper part, or shade it without entirely concealing it.

Farna.—Make a white mull evening dress short, with a shired basque, puffed drapery, and put puts alternating with gathered frills of Oriental lace around the skirt.

PRIDA.—Make a white mull evening dress short, with a shirred basque, puffed drapery, and put puffs alternating with gathered frills of Oriental lace around the skirt.

W. J.—Read reply above to "Freda." Combine your checked silk with plain Surah, cashmere, velvet, or else with similar checked silk that has also brocaded of velvet figures upon it.

PERPLEXED.—Use your lavender striped silk for a pleated skirt, with a basque and drapery of lavender nums' veiling or of grenadine.

Ella.—Your black satin will be stylishly simple if well carried out. Have the velvet jacket round, with tabs, or else a habit basque.

Yoursde.—Combine cashmere with silks when making them over. Use lace, embroidery, and velvet on summer silks. The gingham polonaise will answer.

T. V.—Line your waist, and make foundation skirt of black silk or cotton satteen. Make the basque and over-skirt of the brocade, and the skirt of fron grenadine. Use cut pattern 3382, illustrated in Bazar No. 7, Vol. XVI.

Meta R.—Use polonaise cut pattern 3393. Knit your brother a pair of black or dark blue silk socks.

A Subschure.—Use cream on cream, and pale blue on pale blue, for embroidering cashmere dresses.

MES. J. G. C.—Cream-colored cashmere with bands of embroidery done on the cashmere for bust, edge of basque, neck, and sleeves, will answer for your basque.

L. M. N. O. P.—The princesse coats and sack walking coats are most used for small boys. Use asshmere alone with velvet ribbon, and make by design for checked silk dress illustrated on page 188 of Bazar No. 12, Vol. XVI.

QUANDARY.—For summer silks read Bazar No. 13, Vol. XVI.

Myra.—Have side panels and lengthwise folds or apron drapery of crape on the skirt, with a border half a yard deep. Line the basque with silk, and make it plain. The small bonnet covered twice with doubled crape, and draped with a veil that extends to the knees, will suit you.

Lours.—For summer silks read Bazar No. 13, Vol. XVI.

Myra.—Have side panels and lengthwise folds or apron drapery of crape on the skirt, with a bo

for the over-dress.

L. W. S.—The Mother Hubbard cloaks are still worn

L. W. S.—The Mother Hubbard cloaks are still worn by little girls.

8r. Loris.—Do not alter your suit, but retrim it with three rows of inch-wide velvet ribbon of a darker shade or black. Have a polonaise of black grenadine with velvet figures on it to wear with your black satin skirt. If you are a regular reader of the Bazar you must have seen our answers to queries similar to those made by you. Our space is too limited to admit of repetition.

Tino.—Get one of the new checked sliks in colors like your sample, with brown velvet raised figures upon it; for hints about combining and making read New York Fashions of Bazar No. 13, Vol. XVI.

Christine.—For a plain travelling dress get Chevio.

Christine.—For a plain travelling dress get Chevio, or camel's-hair, and make with a pleated skirt and pelisse.

M. W.—Get cashmere of the same shade, and make by the polonaise pattern 3393, illustrated in Bazar No. 10, Vol. XVI., and trim with soutache or with velvet

CONSTANT READER.—With a dark blue satin dress at

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A MISTAKEN CHARITY. BY MARY E. WILKINS.

THERE were in a green field a little, low, weather - stained cottage, with a foot-path leading to it from the highway several rods distant, and two old women—one with a tin pan and old knife searching for dandelion greens amongst the short young grass, and the other sitting on the door-step watching her, or, rather, having the appearance of watching her.

'Air there enough for a mess, Harriét?" asked the old woman on the door-step. She accent-

minutes with her head turned expectantly, asked again, varying her question slightly, and speak-

ing louder:
"Air there enough for a mess, do ye s'pose, Harriét?"

The old woman in the grass heard this time. She rose slowly and laboriously; the effort of straightening out the rheumatic old muscles was evidently a painful one; then she eyed the greens heaped up in the tin pan, and pressed them down with her hand.

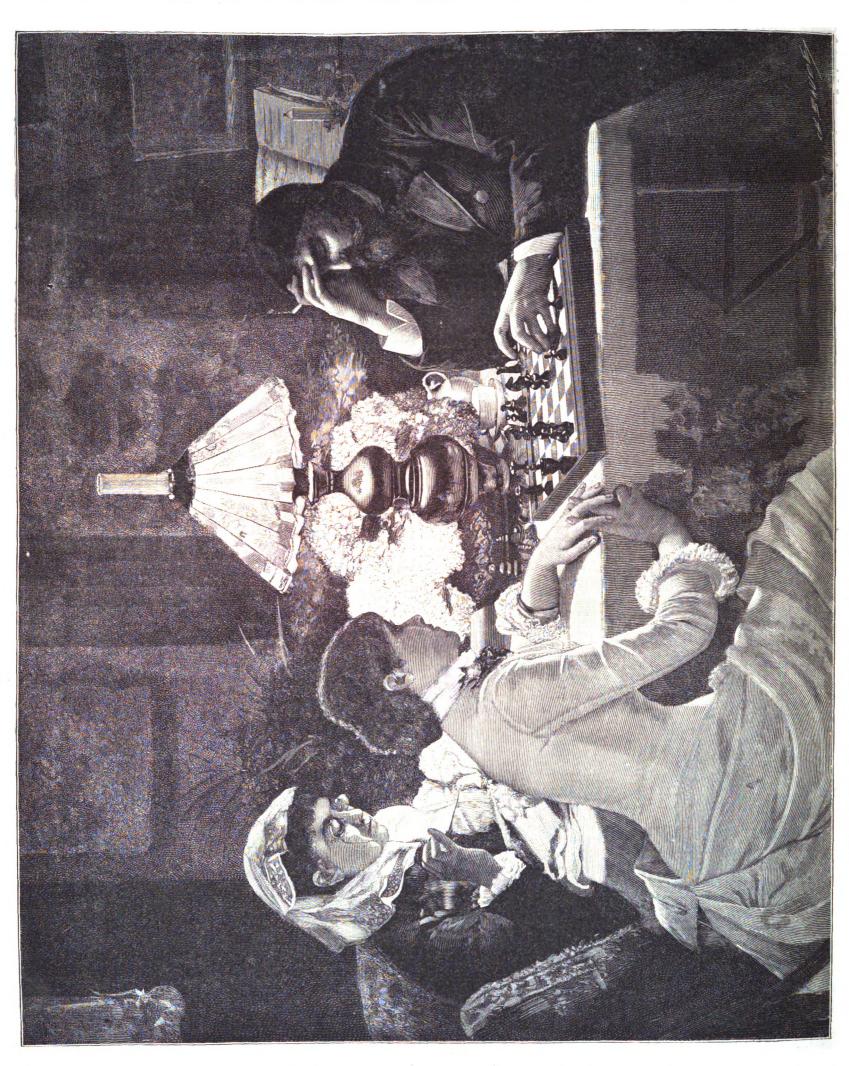
"Wa'al, I don't know, Charlotte," she replied, oarsely. "There's pleaty on 'em here, but I hoarsely.

it belonged had an air of settling down and mould-

When Harriet Shattuck grew deaf and rheumatic, and had to give up her work as tailoress, and Charlotte Shattuck lost her eyesight, and was unable to do any more sewing for her livelihood, it was a small and trifling charity for the rich man who held a mortgage on the little house in which they had been born and lived all their lives to give them the use of it, rent and interest free. He might as well have taken credit to himself for not charging a squirrel for his tenement in some old decaying tree in his woods.

any of them; they had always been poor and coarse and common. The father and his father before him had simply lived in the poor little house, grubbed for their living, and then unquestioningly died. The mother had been of no rarer stamp, and the two daughters were cast in the same mould.

After their parents' death Harriet and Charlotte had lived along in the old place from youth to old age, with the one hope of ability to keep a roof over their heads, covering on their backs, and victuals in their mouths -an all-sufficient one with



ed oddly the last syllable of the Harriet, and there was a curious quality in her feeble, cracked old voice. Besides the question denoted by the ar-rangement of her words and the rising inflection, there was another, broader and subtler, the very essence of all questioning, in the tone of her voice itself; the cracked, quavering notes that she used reached out of themselves, and asked, and groped like fingers in the dark. One would have known by the voice that the old woman was blind.

The old woman on her knees in the grass searching for dandelions did not reply: she evidently had not heard the question. So the old woman on the door step, after waiting a few

'ain't got near enough for a mess; they do bile down so when you get 'em in the pot; an' it's all I can do to bend my j'ints enough to dig 'em." "I'd give consider'ble to help ye, Harriét," said

the old woman on the door-step.

But the other did not hear her; she was down on her knees in the grass again, anxiously spying out the dandelions.

So the old woman on the door-step crossed her little shrivelled hands over her calico knees, and sat quite still, with the soft spring wind blowing

The old wooden door-step was sunk low down amongst the grasses, and the whole house to which

So ancient was the little habitation, so wavering and mouldering, the hands that had fashioned it had lain still so long in their graves, that it almost seemed to have fallen below its distinctive rank as a house. Rain and snow had filtered through its roof, mosses had grown over it, worms had eaten it, and birds built their nests under its eaves; nature had almost completely overrun and obliterated the work of man, and taken her own to herself again, till the house seemed as much a natural ruin as an old tree stump.

The Shattucks had always been poor people and common people; no especial grace and refinement or fine ambition had ever characterized

Neither of them had ever had a lover; they had always seemed to repel rather than attract the opposite sex. It was not merely because they were poor, ordinary, and homely; there were plenty of men in the place who would have matched them well in the place who would have harder ed them well in that respect; the fault lay deeper —in their characters. Harriet, even in her girlhood, had a blunt, defiant manner that almost amounted to surliness, and was well calculated to alarm timid adorers, and Charlotte had always had the reputation of not being any too strong

Harriet had gone about from house to house doing tailor-work after the primitive country fashion,

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NO POEM OF PARIS SALON THE Z DUEZ. Œ RY LAMP."-FROM EVENING "AROUND THE

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and Charlotte had done plain sewing and mending for the neighbors. They had been, in the main, except when pressed by some temporary anxiety about their work or the payment thereof, happy and contented, with that negative kind of happi and contented, with that regarder which impriness and contentment which comes not from gratified ambition, but a lack of ambition itself. All that they cared for they had had in tolerable abundance, for Harriet at least had been swift and capable about her work. The patched, mossy old roof had been kept over their heads, the coarse, hearty food that they loved had been set on their table, and their cheap clothes had been warm and strong.

After Charlotte's eyes failed her, and Harriet

had the rheumatic fever, and the little hoard of earnings went to the doctors, times were

harder with them, though still it could not be said that they actually suffered. When they could not pay the interest

on the mortgage they were allowed to keep the place interest free: there was as much fitness in a mortgage on the little house, anyway, as there would have been on a rotten old apple-tree; and the people about, who were mostly farmers, and good friendly folk, helped them out with their living. One would donate a barrel of apples from his abundant harvest to the two poor old women, one a barrel of potatoes, another a load of wood for the winter fuel, and many a farmer's wife had bustled up the narrow foot-path with a pound of butter, or a dozen fresh eggs, or a nice bit of pork. Besides all this, there was a tiny garden patch behind the house, with a straggling row of currant bushes in it, and one of gooseberries, where Harriet contrived every year to raise a few pumpkins, which were the pride of her life. On the right of the garden were two old apple-trees, a Baldwin and a Porter, both et in a tolerably good fruit-bearing state.

The delight which the two poor old souls took in their own pumpkins, their apples and currants, was indescribable. was not merely that they contributed largely toward their living; they were their own, their private share of the great wealth of nature, the little taste set apart for them alone out of her bounty, and worth more to them on that account, though they were not conscious of it, than all the richer fruits which they received from their neighbors' gardens.

This morning the two apple-trees were brave with flowers, the currant bushes looked alive, and the pumpkin seeds were in the ground. Harriet cast complacent glances in their direction from time to direction from placent grances in their direction from time to time, as she painfully dug her dandelion greens. She was a short, stoutly built old woman, with a large face coarsely wrinkled, with a suspicion

face coarsely wrinkled, with a suspicion of a stubble of beard on the square chin. When her tin pan was filled to her satisfaction with the sprawling, spidery greens, and she was hobbling stiftly toward her sister on the door-step, she saw another woman standing before her with a basket in her hand

with a basket in her hand.
"Good-morning, Harriet," she said, in a loud, strident voice, as she drew near. "I've been frying some doughnuts, and I brought you over some warm.'

"I've been tellin' her it was real good in her," piped Charlotte from the door-step, with an anxious turn of her sightless face toward the sound of her sister's footsteps.

Harriet said nothing but a hoarse "Good-mornin,' Mis' Simonds." Then she took the basket in her hand, lifted she took the basket in her hand, lifted the towel off the top, selected a doughnut, and deliberately tasted it.

"Tough," said she. "I s'posed so. If there is anything I 'spise on this airth it's a teach death of the said the sa

it's a tough doughnut."
"Oh, Harriét!" said Charlotte, with a

frightened look.

"They air tough," said Harriet, with hoarse defiance, "and if there is anything Denies on this airth it's a tough thing I 'spise on this airth it's a tough doughnut."

The woman whose benevolence and cookery were being thus ungratefully re-ceived only laughed. She was quite fleshy, and had a round, rosy, determined

"Well, Harriet," said she, "I am sorry they are tough, but perhaps you had betther take them out on a plate, and give me my basket. You may be able to eat two or three of them if they are tough."

"They air tough—turrible tough," said Harriet, stubbornly; but she took the basket into the house and emptied it of

its contents nevertheless.
"I suppose your roof leaked as bad "I suppose your roof leaked as bad as ever in that heavy rain day before yesterday?" said the visitor to Harriet, with an inquiring squint toward the mossy shingles, as she was about to leave with her empty basket.
"It was turrible," replied Harriet, with crusty acquiescence—"turrible. We

crusty acquiescence—"turrible. We had to set pails an' pans everywheres, an' move the bed out."

an move the bed out."

"Mr. Upton ought to fix it."

"There ain't any fix to it; the old ruff ain't fit to nail new shingles on to; the hammerin' would bring the whole thing down on our heads," said Harriet, grimly

grimly.

"Well, I don't know as it can be fixed, it's so old. I suppose the wind comes in bad around the windows and doors too?"

"It's like livin' with a piece of paper, or mebbe a sieve, 'twixt you an' the wind an' the rain," quoth Harriet, with a jerk of her head.

"You ought to have a more comfortable home in your old age," said the visitor, thoughtfully.

"Oh, it's well enough," cried Harriet, in quick

alarm, and with a complete change of tone: the woman's remark had brought an old dread over her. "The old house 'll last as long as Charlotte an' me do. The rain ain't so bad, nuther is the wind, there's remark and the rain an

wind; there's room enough for us in the dry places, an' out of the way of the doors an' windows. It's enough sight better than goin' on the town." Her square defiant old face actually looked pale as she uttered the last words and looked apprehensively at the woman.

"Oh, I did not think of your doing that," she said, hastily and kindly. "We all know how you feel about that, Harriet, and not one of us neighbors will see you and Charlotte go to the poor-house

while we've got a crust of bread to share with you."

Harriet's face brightened. "Thank ye, Mis' Simonds," she said, with reluctant courtesy. "I'm much obleged to you an' the neighbors. I think mebbe we'll be able to eat some of them doughnuts if they air tough," she added, mollifyingly, as her caller turned down the foot-path.

"My. Harriet", said Charlette lifeting we

"My, Harriet," said Charlotte, lifting up a weakly, wondering, peaked old face, "what did you tell her them doughnuts was tough fur?"

"Charlotte, do you want everybody to look down on us, an' think we ain't no account at all,

just like any beggars, 'cause they bring us in vittles ?" said Harriet, with a grim glauce at her sister's meek, unconscious face.
"No, Harriét," she whispered.

"Do you want to go to the poor-house?"
"No, Harriét." The poor little old woman on the door-step fairly cowered before her aggressive old sister.
"Then don't hender me agin when I tell folks

their doughnuts is tough an' their pertaters is poor. If I don't kinder keep up an' sperrit, I sha'n't think nothing of myself, an' other folks won't nuther, and fust thing we know they'll kerry us to the poor-house. You'd 'a been there before now if it hadn't been for me, Charlotte."



Charlotte looked meekly convinced, and her sister sat down on a chair in the doorway to scrape her dandelions.

Did you git a good mess, Harriét?" asked Charlotte, in a humble tone.
"Toler'ble."

"They'll be proper relishin' with that piece of pork Mis' Mann brought in yisterday. Oh Lord, Harriét, it's a chink!"

Harriet sniffed.

Her sister caught with her sensitive ear the little contemptuous sound. "I guess," she said, querulously, and with more pertinacity than she had shown in the matter of the doughnuts, "that if you was in the dark, as I am, Harriet, you wouldn't make fun an' turn up your nose at chinks. If you had seen the light streamin' in all of a sudden through some little hole that you hadn't known of before when you set down on the door-step this mornin', and the wind with the smell of the apple blows in it came in your face, an' when Mis' Simonds brought them hot doughnuts, an' when I thought of the pork an' greens jest now— Oh Lord, how it did shine in!
An' it does now. If you was me, Harriet, you would know there was chinks."

Tears began starting from the sightless eyes, and streaming pitifully down the pale old cheeks. Harriet looked at her sister, and her grim face softened. "Why, Charlotte, hev it that thar is chinks if you want to. Who cares?"
"Thar is chinks, Harriét."

"Wa'al, thar is chinks, then. If I don't hurry, I sha'n't get these greens in in time for din-

When the two old women sat down complacently to their meal of pork and dandelion greens in their little kitchen they did not dream how destiny slowly and surely was introducing some new colors into their web of life, even when it was almost completed, and that this was one of the last meals they would eat in their old home for many a day. In about a week from that day they were established in the "Old Ladies' Home" in a neighboring city. It came about in this wise: Mrs. Simonds, the woman who had brought the gift of hot doughnuts, was a smart, energetic person, bent on doing good, and she did a great deal. To be sure, she always did it in her own way. If she chose to give hot doughnuts, she gave hot doughnuts; it made not the slightest difference to her if the recipients of her charity would infinitely have preferred ginger Still, a great many would like hot doughnuts, and she did unquestionably a great deal of good.

She had a worthy coadjutor in the person of a rich and childless elderly widow in the place. They had fairly entered into a partnership in good works, with about an equal capital on both sides, the widow furnishing the money, and Mrs. Simonds, who had much the better head of the two, furnishing the active schemes of benevolence.

The afternoon after the doughnut episode she had gone to the widow with a new project, and the result was that entrance fees had been paid, and old Harriet and Charlotte made sure of a comfortable home for the rest of their lives. The widow was hand in glove with officers of missionary boards and trustees of charitable institutions. There had been an unusual mortality amongst the inmates of the "Home" this spring, there were several vacancies, and the matter of the admission of Harriet and Charlotte was very quickly and easily arranged. But the matter which would have seemed the least difficult-inducing the two old women to accept the bounty which Providence, the widow, and Mrs. Simonds were ready to bestow on them—proved the most so. The struggle to persuade them to abandon their tottering old home for a better was a terrible one. The widow had pleaded with mild surprise, and Mrs. Simonds with benevolent determination; the counsel and reverend eloquence of the minister had been called in; and when they yielded at last it was with a sad grace for the recipients of a worthy charity.

It had been hard to convince them that the "Home" was not an almshouse under another name, and their yielding at length to anything short of actual force was due probably only to the plea, which was advanced most eloquently to Harriet, that Charlotte would be so much more comfort-

The morning they came away Charlotte cried pitifully, and trembled all over her little shrivelled body. Harriet did not cry. But when her sister had passed out the low sagging door she turned the key in the lock, then took it out and thrust it slyly into her pocket, shaking her head to herself with an air of fierce determination.

Mrs. Simonds's husband, who was to take them to the depot, said to himself, with disloyal defiance of his wife's active charity, that it was a shame, as he helped the two distressed old souls into his light wagon, and put the poor little box, with their homely clothes in it, in behind.

Mrs. Simonds, the widow, the minister, and the gentleman from the "Home" who was to take charge of them, were all at the depot, their faces beaming with the delight of successful benevo lence. But the two poor old women looked like two forlorn prisoners in their midst. It was an impressive illustration of the truth of the saying "that it is more blessed to give than to re-

Well, Harriet and Charlotte Shattuck went to the "Old Ladies' Home" with reluctance and distress. They staid two months, and then-they ran awav.

The "Home" was comfortable, and in some respects even luxurious; but nothing suited those two unhappy, unreasonable old women.

The fare was of a finer, more delicately served variety than they had been accustomed to; those finely flavored nourishing soups for which the "Home" took great credit to itself failed to please palates used to common, coarser food.

"Oh Lord Harriet when I set down to the table here there ain't no chinks," Charlotte used to "If we could hev some cabbage, or some pork an' greens, how the light would stream

Then they had to be more particular about their dress. They had always been tidy enough, but now it had to be something more; the widow, in the kindness of her heart, had made it possible, and the good folks in charge of the "Home," in the kindness of their hearts, tried to carry out the widow's designs.

But nothing could transform these two un-polished old women into two nice old ladies. They did not take kindly to white lace caps and delicate neckerchiefs. They liked their new black cashmere dresses well enough, but they felt as if they broke a commandment when they put them on every afternoon. They had always worn calico with long aprons at home, and they wanted to now; and they wanted to twist up their scanty gray locks into little knots at the back of their heads, and go without caps, just as they al-

Charlotte in a dainty white cap was pitiful, but Harriet was both pitiful and comical. They were totally at variance with their surroundings, and they felt it keenly, as people of their stamp al-ways do. No amount of kindness and attention —and they had enough of both—sufficed to reconcile them to their new abode. Charlotte pleaded continually with her sister to go back to their old

"Oh Lord, Harriét," she would exclaim (by-the-way, Charlotte's "Oh Lord," which, as she used it, was innocent enough, had been heard with much disfavor in the "Home," and she, not knowing at all why, had been remonstrated with concerning it), "let us go home. I can't stay here no ways in this world. I don't like their vittles, an' I don't like to wear a cap; I want to go home and do different. The currants will be ripe, Harriét. Oh Lord, thar was almost a chink, thinking about 'em. I want some of 'em; an' the Porter apples will be gittin' ripe, an' we could hev some apple-pie. This here ain't good; I want merlasses fur sweeting. Can't we get back no ways, Harriét? It ain't far, an' we could walk, an' they don't lock us in, nor nothin'. I don't want to die here it ain't so straight up to heaven from here. Oh Lord, I've felt as if I was slantendicular from heaven ever since I've been here, an' it's been so awful dark. I ain't had any chinks. I want to go home, Harriét."

"We'll go to-morrow mornin'," said Harriet, finally; "we'll pack up our things an' go; we'll put on our old dresses, an' we'll do up the new ones in bundles, an' we'll jest shy out the back way to-morrow mornin'; an' we'll go. I kin find the way, an' I reckon we kin git thar, if it is fourteen mile. Mebbe somebody will give us a lift.

And they went. With a grim humor Harriet hung the new white lace caps which she and Charlotte had been so pestered with one on each post at the head of the bedstead, so they would meet the eyes of the first person who opened the door. Then they took their bundles, stole slyly out, and were soon on the high-road, hobbling along, holding each other's hands, as jubilant as two children, and chuckling to themselves over their escape, and the probable astonishment there would be in the "Home" over it.
"Oh Lord, Harriét, what do you s'pose they will

say to them caps?" cried Charlotte, with a gleeful cackle.

"I guess they'll see as folks ain't goin' to be made to wear caps agin their will in a free kentry," returned Harriet, with an echoing cackle, as

they sped feebly and bravely along.

The "Home" stood on the very outskirts of the city, luckily for them. They would have found it a difficult undertaking to traverse the crowded streets. As it was, a short walk brought them into the free country road-free compara tively, for even here at ten o'clock in the morning there was considerable travelling to and from

the city on business or pleasure.

People whom they met on the road did not stare at them as curiously as might have been expected. Harriet held her bristling chin high in air, and hobbled along with an appearance of being well aware of what she was about, that led folks to doubt their own first opinion that there was something unusual about the two old

Still their evident feebleness now and then occasioned from one and another more particular scrutiny. When they had been on the road a half-hour or so a man in a covered wagon drove up behind them. After he had passed them he poked his head around the front of the vehicle and looked back. Finally he stopped, and waited for them to come up to him.

"Like a ride, ma'am?" said he, looking at once bewildered and compassionate.

"Thankee," said Harriet, "we'd be much obleeged."

After the man had lifted the old women into the wagon and established them on the back seat, he turned around, as he drove slowly along, and gazed at them curiously.

"Seems to me you look pretty feeble to be walking far," said he. "Where were you go-

ing?"
Harriet told him with an air of defiance.

"Why," he exclaimed, "it is fourteen miles it. You could never walk it in the world. Well, I am going within three miles of there, and I can go on a little farther as well as not. But I don't see— Have you been in the city?"
"I have been visitin' my married darter in the

city," said Harriet, calmly.

Charlotte started, and swallowed convulsively. Harriet had never told a deliberate falsehood before in her life, but this seemed to her one of the tremendous exigencies of life which justify a lie. She felt desperate. If she could not contrive to deceive him in some way, the man might

turn directly around and carry Charlotte and her back to the "Home" and the white caps.

"I should not have thought your daughter would have let you start for such a walk as that," said the man. "Is this lady your sister? She is blind, isn't she? She does not look fit to walk a mile.

"Yes, she's my sister," replied Harriet, stubbornly; "an' she's blind; an' my darter didn't want us to walk. She felt reel bad about it. But she couldn't help it. She's poor, an' her husband's dead, an' she's got four leetle chil-

Harriet recounted the hardships of her imaginary daughter with a glibness that was astonish-

ing. Charlotte swallowed again.
"Well," said the man, "I am glad I overtook you, for I don't think you would ever have reached home alive."

About six miles from the city an open buggy passed them swiftly. In it were seated the matron and one of the gentlemen in charge of the "Home." They never thought of looking into the covered wagon—and indeed one can travel in one of those vehicles, so popular in some parts of New England, with as much privacy as he could in his tomb. The two in the buggy were serious ly alarmed, and auxious for the safety of the old women, who were chuckling maliciously in the wagon they soon left far behind. Harriet had watched them breathlessly until they disappeared on a curve of the road; then she whispered to

A little after noon the two old women crept slowly up the foot-path across the field to their

"The clover is up to our knees," said Harriet; "an' the sorrel and the white-weed; an' there's lots of yaller butterflies."

"Oh Lord, Harriét, thar's a chink, an' I do be-lieve I saw one of them yaller butterflies go past it," cried Charlotte, trembling all over, and nodding her gray head violently.

Harriet stood on the old sunken door-step and fitted the key, which she drew triumphantly from her pocket, in the lock, while Charlotte stood waiting and shaking behind her.

Then they went in. Everything was there just as they had left it. Charlotte sank down on a chair and began to cry. Harriet hurried across to the window that looked out on the garden.

"The currants air ripe," said she; pumpkins hev run all over everything."

"Oh Lord, Harriet," sobbed Charlotte, "thar is so many chinks that they air all runnin' to-

"AROUND THE EVENING LAMP." See illustration on page 328.

How soft the lamp's white lustre glows On that fair brow and lissome form! How sweet the blossoms blow their breath On this still air shut in from storm!

Within the circle of this light What safety seems to seal the place! What hope is in her darling's eve, What calm strength on her first-born's face!

She draws her needle in and out, With now and then a lifted glance That half denies her quiet bliss, Lest Fate itself should look askance.

To-night the past is all a dream, And only fears the future stir, For buds must bloom and flowers must fall, And change can bring but loss to her.

IONE STEWART.*

BY E. LYNN LINTON,

AUTHOR OF "PATRICIA KRMBALL," "THE CONEMENT OF LEAN DUNDAR," "UNDER WHICH ATONEMENT OF LEAN DUNDAS," "UN LOBD?" "MY LOVE," RTO.

> CHAPTER XV .- (Continued.) WHICH? OR EITHER?

It would not have disturbed her at all had St. Claire been content to flatter Clarissa alone. It was the association of Ione, the reduplication, which fretted her. For instance, after this little passage of arms, where the foils were sheathed in velvet scabbards, the young physician tripped again in his fence, and this time more griev-

Ione had heard nothing of that compliment and the small discussion founded on it. She had wandered away alone, as she often did, no one knew why, and was now sauntering between the thick lines-indeed, almost hedge-rows-of spiked layender, which hid all but her golden head and proud columnar throat. They all met where the rose path intersected the lavender. At this point was the most beautiful rose-tree in the garden-that superb and royal Gloire de Dijon which people bribed the gardener to despoil for them, and paid heavily for buds and cuttings; which last, it must be said, by some mysterious fatality, never came to any good. Antonio accepted the money and gave the equivalent; but he took care that this equivalent should never fructify, and that his padrone alone should possess the prize,

St. Claire picked one of the half-opened flowers and offered it to Ione.

"The queen of the flowers to the queen of the garden," he said, thinking of Clarissa's accusation of queenliness, and meaning nothing more than he had meant to Clarissa-nothing more than if he had offered a sugar-plum to a child and kissed her afterward.

* Begun in Harper's Bazar No. 3, Vol. XVI.

"Now, Dr. St. Claire, what has saying?" said Mrs. Stewart, sharp have these girls spoiled and made.

In a moment Ione comprehended the Her eye caught the blush rose-bud in 612. breast, her ear the acrid accent in her adopted mother's voice, and her jealous fancy supplied

" Here, Clarissa," she said, offering her the rose. "Roses and pretty speeches belong to you, not

"Thank you, Nony, but keep your own," said Clarissa, quite amiably. "Pink and yellow do not go together, and I am satisfied with what I have

Will you not have it?" asked Ione, offering it for the second time.

" No," said Clarissa "Nonsense, Ione, take your rose and wear it, and do not make such a fuss about a mere trifle like this," said Mrs. Stewart, with more and more

acridity of voice and manner.

"I do not want it," said Ione, tearing the pet als from the calyx, and tossing them in a pale golden shower among the scented leaves of the

A few minutes after, St. Claire had drawn her away from the others, and was standing with her among the roses alone.

"How did I offend you by giving you that rose?" he asked, anxiously, his beautiful eyes full of misleading tenderness and undesigned

"You did not offend me," said Ione, proudly.
"Then why did you not wear it, as your sister wore hers?" he asked. "Why did you destroy it

and fling it so contemptuously away, if you were not annoyed with me for giving it to you?" "And why should you give me one when you

had already given one to Clarissa?" returned Ione. "Do you think it a compliment to any girl to come second?" "But some one must be first in order of time,"

pleaded St. Claire. "Order of time does not make order of merit or degree of interest," he added, soothingly, looking at Ione as if he loved

her.
"I do not understand sharing, and I will never take the second place," said Ione, sticking to her own point and wide of St. Claire's. And with this she walked proudly away, her head erect, her shoulders straight, her face set like a flint, and her heart full of hatred to all the world, but specially full of contempt for Clarissa and anger against St. Claire.

He, poor fellow, was lost in a kind of mental fog, wherein he was only conscious of amazement and distress-amazement that he had so evidently hurt Ione by such a commonplace little action. and distress that he had blundered so innocently into evil. The true solution never entered his mind; and he gave the credit of all this abnormal susceptibility to that much-enduring beast of burden, the weather-that scapegoat which has to carry so many sins of temper on its back, as now it bore Ione's exaggerated exclusiveness, as it had carried Mrs. Stewart's unwonted acerbity.

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"Assuredly I must pick no more roses at the Villa Clarissa," he said to himself as he walked home to his hotel. "They are as dangerous as those which cost the merchant his daughter, and gave poor Beauty to the Beast. It is enchanted ground all through, and things are not what they seem from first to last. What is true however. is the sweet amiability of that pretty little Clarissa, and the exceedingly regrettable temper of that beautiful Ione. What a pity she should spoil herself as she does by her temper! And what a pity, too, that they should not treat her with a little more consideration of her infirmity! It is only humane and philosophical to be considerate of an infirmity like that," he went on to say to himself, with the serene philosophy of people who judge from a distance, and whose nerves are not worn by the peculiarities which rasp those of close companions bare. "We all have our faults; but what kind of life should we make if we were not forbearing one to the other? Of course we ought to be forbearing. And that is just where these dear delightful people fail with Ione—they are not forbearing enough to her, and do not know how to Ah! if Monica, that beautiful, that half-divine Monica, could but know her! What good she would do her! How she would bring out all that is lovely in her nature, and repress and check by her sweet example all that is unworthy! Beautiful and half-divine in very truth -ah! I shall never see her like! No one is her equal. She stands alone like the crowned queen of gracious womanhood, and I love her, and have

Back over his heart came the old rush of grieving love. His wounds re-opened and bled with all their former violence. He forgot Palermo, the Stewarts, Ione, his present place, the present moment, and where his footsteps fell and whither they were leading him. He walked on mechanically, like a somnambulist in his dreams, unconscious of whom he met, unconscious, too, that tears were in his eyes. He was once more with Monica in the garden, going through the agony of his denied love, and all the rest was blank. He saw nothing and knew nothing; not even that he passed so close by Captain Stewart as to touch his shoulder with his own.

"Has St. Claire been here to-day?" asked the Captain when he reached home after this odd en-

counter. Yes," returned Mrs. Stewart. "Did anything happen?" the master inquired

"No, nothing," was the reply; but Clarissa blushed a little at her mother's disclaimer, and lone's strange eyes flashed, and her cheeks turn-

ed ashen pale. "Well, he looked like a man possessed, or who has had some heavy sorrow," said the Captain, with a sharp glance beneath his eyebrows at each of the girls in turn. "He was walking down the

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Maqueda, evidently seeing nothing and no one, maqueua, evidency seeing nothing and no one, for he touched me as he passed, and never saw me at all; and I swear his eyes were full of tears."

"Impossible!" said Mrs. Stewart.

"I saw them," repeated her husband. "His face was as white as a sheet, his eyes were straight before him, and, as I live, they were full

"How extraordinary!—how very distressing!" said Mrs. Stewart, with a curious little sentiment of pleasure in her sympathy.

"Did he seem out of sorts?" asked her hus-

"No; he was in very good spirits all the time he was here," she replied. And on the Captain saving "Humph!" the conversation dropped. band.

But each woman gave a different version to

her own heart.

"Poor sensitive young fellow, he was pained because I scolded him," thought Mrs. Stewart, with the complacency of gratified power. "He thought that mother did not like him to be

kind to me," said Clarissa to herself, with that soft little smile of pleased vanity of which the satin lining is nascent love.

And, "I made him feel—I made him unhappy; he did not mean to slight me, and he does respect my rights," were Ione's thoughts as she sat by her window and looked out on the stars, and felt her heart throb with the passionate beat of triumphant pride and assuaged jealousy-no longer the second, but emphatically the first.

CHAPTER XVI.

A DAY WITH THE GODS.

Among the pleasant home customs kept up by the English colony in Palermo, that of making picnic parties to beautiful spots in the neighborhood is the most delightful. The climate lends itself to this form of enjoyment perhaps better than to any other, and the traditions of the old country are in perfect harmony with the condi-

tions of the new.

The Stewarts were great people for these picnic parties; and their charming outings to Mondello Bay, to Solanto, to Sferricavallo, and the like, were among the festas which counted as social blue ribbons to the invited. Having now a young prince in disguise like Armine St. Claire. to show attention to whom was both pleasure and duty in one, they turned over the idea of a luncheon al fresco at Mondello Bay till they got it into working order, finally arranging to give on a certain Thursday one of those charming picnics, after the manner of the Anglo-Palermitans, in honor of the handsome and heartbroken adorer of dreamy-eved Monica Barrington -provided only that the scirocco did not blow in those maddening clouds of dust which render life intolerable and locomotion impossible, reducing all sensation to suffering, and all virtue to

No such mischance, however, happened on this special Thursday. The air being as clear as crystal, and no wind to speak of blowing from any quarter, the party that had been proposed came off in due course, and all who had been invited were present on the ground and punctual to the time.

No festa ever promised fairer than this which had been got up in St. Claire's special honor. Though winter according to the calendar, it was summer according to Réaumur, and the day was one made for happiness alone. It was a day which justified the reputation of the Sicilian climate, and gave those who rejoiced in its splendor cause to pity the poor frozen and befogged dwellers in the brave old home. Bright, light, warm, and full of color, the atmosphere was as if just renewed in the great laboratory of nature. What germs it held were surely only the forms of beautiful growths and harmonious conditions! Disease, decay, rust, and stain could not exist in that exquisite envelope, that luminous ocean of untainted air; but all forms of beauty floated like filmy clouds across the deep blue sky, and looked out from the depths of the translucent sea. The old gods were once more the mild rulers of heaven, the benevolent guests of men, the glad lovers of nymph and mortal maid; and the past, the present, and the future made one great whole of glorious memory, of perfect possession, of divine foreshadowing.

It needed no great stretch of imagination to believe that once, when the world was young and the far-seeing gods were democratic in their lives and wholly human in their loves, on such a day as this Arethusa was pursued and Semele was beloved; that Europa and her companions garlanded the divine bull with asphodels and amaranths, and Proserpine laughed as she stood knee-deep in flowers on the fatal plains of Enna; that naiads sported with their amorous tritons in the coral caves of the purple sea; that nymphs wreathed with myrtle played with young fauns in the shadow of the ilex-woods; that bacchantes crowned with vine leaves danced in the abandonment of youth and the passionate joy of life while Dionysos and Ampelus looked on, leaning against each other on the ivory couch spread with leopard-skins and strewn with roses; that Anadyomene rose in her golden shell from the iridescent foam, and heaven and earth met in loving contact at her feet. It was a day created for love and consecrated to beauty—a day which makes the young unquiet and leaves the old retrospective; the one full of vague melancholy and unformed desires, the other of dear memories overshadowed by regrets that youth should have been so short and time so swift, and the masterflame of life so soon burned out.

Lucus a non lucendo, because there was not a line of natural relation between Mondello Bay and Oakhurst, not a trace of atmospheric association between this burning sky of Sicily and the pale sunshine of England, St. Claire's heart

was full of Monica and the Dower-house. Wherever he turned he saw the dreamy grav eves of the girl he loved, whatever he heard had in it the echo of her soft voice. The love which he carried in his heart transformed all to its own likeness, and, stimulated by the pungent vitality of the day, his partially healed wounds re-opened in spite of their healthy granulation, and bled afresh as they had bled on the day when Ione had disclaimed his flower, and Captain Stewart had met him with tears in his eyes, walking like a somnambulist down the Via Maqueda.

And so, because he was secretly grieving for the the loss of one girl, his manners to these other two were even sweeter, more flattering, more sympathetic than usual; his eyes were softer and fuller of unspoken love; his voice was lower and more seductive in its musical intonation; and his whole being was more and more interpenetrated by that dumb misleading eloquence which pro-claimed him the lover he was—but the lover, neither of Clarissa nor of Ione, but of Monica Barrington, unknown and far away

Yet who thinks of the possibility of the unknown and far away when this misleading eloquence of unspoken love reveals itself in every word and gesture, every look and accent, of a handsome young man, apparently devoted to one of two pretty girls?—which of the two, however, by no means certain, and the choice one which your own imagination may make at its will. Who suspects a palimpsest, written thick and close with unpublished songs of passion and sorrow, in the tablet which looks untouched save for the first faint tracing of that little word of Love which is sure to deepen? Palimpsests as we all know ourselves to be, when the early days of youth are passed, we accept the seemingly smooth tablet of others with child-like faith; and when we read that little word drawn lightly across the wax we believe it to be of yesterday's inscription, and due to our own spiritual penmanship. Fools that we are! It is some old and ineffaceable engraving, the lines of which strike up through the modern overlay, because so deeply marked that nothing can ever obliterate them. They look like new, but in truth they are the old—the old which renew themselves under all the changed conditions of the surface of things -the old which are eternal, while that surface of things is the sole shifting circumstance. much of the love we give is the perennial flower of habit! How much of that which we receive is the recurrent fruit of memory! Hearts are like the stems of certain trees, ringed round and round with successive layers. But in the centre is the pith, which is always the same-which is only overlaid by new envelopes, and which is the cause and formative energy of all. "On revient toujours à ses premières amours." But does one ever really abandon them? The first child born by the soul to Love modifies all that come after, and every new departure is only in a certain sense a retracing of the old way. The jealous have ome reason, then, for demanding absolute virginity of heart in those they love; unless to be jostled and confounded in the memory and association is of no importance to them, and they can make themselves content with the actual fact and the present moment. And the actual fact and the p resent moment are but very fractional parts of life

Other young men besides St. Claire were at the picnic. Among them was one specially smart and well-set-up young fellow, the Marchese Mazzarelli, one of the prime social favorites of Pa lermo. Brilliant, clever, lively, and adept, with laughing eyes and a pleasant tenor voice, an excellent drawing-room conjurer and a graceful dancer, with an inexhaustible fund of good temper, good spirits, and social resource, it was no onder that all the world agreed to treat him like the favorite child of the community, the spoiled darling of fortune, and to make him feel that he was most welcome where all were well received. He passed for being an admirer of lone Stewart; but as he was poor, and she had no marriage portion, his admiration would never be suffered to culminate into the fiasco of an offer and the heart-break of impossibility. With all his brightness and good spirits, and what looked on the surface like heedlessness and want of reflection, he had far too much solid Italian common-sense for that. Had he been in Armine's place at Oakhurst he would have recognized the unconquerable obstacles in his way at once and he would have saved himself by flight or self-control from all that had overthrown the poor young physician. This self-control in the face of impossibility, by-the-way, is just the quality for which the world does not give the Italians eredit. It happens to be the strongest they pos-

For the rest, Ione, who liked the Marchese as much as she liked any one in Palermo, loved him no more than she loved the rest. She had never deceived herself as to the name or extent of her feelings for him. For her there was but one kind of love-that which makes women martyrs. saints, or criminals—and this was not in the liking that she had for Mazzarelli.

Nothing could have been more delightful than was the drive to Mondello Bay, through the Favorita and along the fields which a week ago were red with crimson pheasant's-eve, but now were blue with borage and veronica, pale yellow with wild sorrel, and golden with shining chrysanthemums. Tall spikes of star-of-Bethlehem stood up like black-eyed meadow queens in silver robes; the scarlet spears of the gladiolus burned like flames among the brush-wood; long lines of monthly of pink and searlet geraniums, of myrtle of the feathery flowering tamarisk, grew wild in untended hedge-rows; orange gardens poured their powerful perfume in aerial torrents across the road: the coral-tree tossed its crimson blossoms like blood-red foam fleeking the bright blue sky; the Judas-tree showed its stately purple against the silvery green of the gnarled and

twisted olives; the delicately scented blossoms of the acacia made their odor felt like a low whisper after the louder note of the orange gardens; and the birds sang from among the droop-ing branches of the pepper-tree and the thick covert of the ilex groves as they had sung from beech and oak when Theocritus wrote his idyls, and Comatas worsted Lacon in his trial of skill

Every one was pleased and every one was pleasant. The girls sang snatches of part songs, where the men put in now a bass and now a ten-or—songs which were often interrupted by outbursts of laughter, as the clatter of passing carts, with their tinkling bells and clinking vanes and ornaments of brass, drowned the silver of their voices, and broke up what was at the best but very open order and a very ragged kind of going. Still, when one is young and happy and mer and silly, everything adds to enjoyment, and a fiasco does as well as a success.

It was so good to be alive on this bright, sweet day of the gods!—so good to be young and healthy, and to know that ones eyes were bright and one's cheeks both fresh and soft! to know that the future was one's own-a treasure as yet unsecured, a domain as yet unconquered, but all

the same one's own.

Even Ione, who was not much given to making herself happy with a multitude, and who rather despised what others admired, even she suffered herself to be thawed into a very creditable condition of good humor, and took her part with the rest as if she had no special sorrows stinging at her heart like snakes. And Armine, who sat op-posite to her and Clarissa, was so far untrue to his cherished memories as to add his sweet sympathetic voice when those part songs were hand, even condescending to trivialities like the chorus in the Funicolare and the like. But both he and Ione had somewhat the appearance of being happy under protest-like poetry demeaning itself to prose, and tragedy forgetting its dignity in farce—which to some gave their good-fellow-ship a special charm, and to others made it a lit-

tle offensive and pedantic.
On the whole, however, the ayes had it; and every one agreed that this special day and special drive, not to speak of the company and association, were the most perfect, the most enjoyable, the most memorable, that had ever been or ever could be. And so, in this mood of universal ra-diance and content, they drew up on the sands fronting Mondello Bay, and turned down the first leaf in this little chapter of the great book of life

TO BE CONTINUED.

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

DIVERSITY more than ever characterizes fashion, and it would be easier to tell what is not worn than to enumerate all the styles that are seen. The most striking feature of the dress es worn at the races, exhibitions, etc., is the skirt almost entirely devoid of trimming on the bottom. It is pleated lengthwise, either in inch-wide pleats or else in very wide double or triple pleats, the outer one being at least five inches wide; these are caught together two-thirds the war down the skirt, and give all the necessary fullness for walking. Sometimes this skirt is plain, and is cut on the bottom in crenellated squares. r example, we have seen a very pretty costume with a skirt of gray ottoman cloth, plain, and covered with chenille grelots, the bottom of which was cut in these squares about eight inches wide This skirt was worn over a petticoat of white faille laid in flat pleats which came below the gray skirt about six inches in front, and only about an inch and a half in the back. A scarf of brocaded ottoman cloth, with dark gray figures on an almost white ground, was draped around the upper part of the skirt. The corsage was of gray Scotch cashmere, pointed in front, and forming poufs and draperies behind that fell to the bottom of the skirt, and was closed in front with handsome Louis XV. buttons. The capote bonnet was of gray satin to match, trimmed with a bunch of old rose feathers. We have seen several costumes showing a white petticoat either of faille or embroidered cashmere, but it remains to be seen whether this will be successful, which can only be the case, moreover, for elegant toilettes.

White is re-appearing in different parts of the costume; for instance, on a jacket corsage one or more white bands will simulate a vest, and bouffant pleats of white will peep from beneath the postilion back, or a band of white cloth will form a vest on a gray or dark cloth jacket. The old-fashioned gray is the fancy of the moment, whether in ottoman cloth, in plush, or simply in Scotch cashmere. This soft wool stuff, which falls in pliant, lustreless folds, is again in favor, and is very much worn.

Percales, batistes, etc., have made their appear ance, and all tastes can be satisfied from the varicty therein presented. There are all the large Scotch plaid designs that are seen in woollen stuffs together with checks graduated to imperceptible squares, large moons, polka dots, and even maps of the world, together with flowers single and in clusters, of natural size, printed on fine satteens, and also stripes and Japanese designs; all are worn, and with these stuffs costumes can be composed as elegant in appearance

as if made of fine silk stuffs.

Flowers dispute the field with feathers for the trimming of bonnets, but always in large thick clusters, and the Lilliputian capotes are hidden from sight by the huge bouquets with which they are loaded. If this were not exaggerated the effeet would be charming, for artificial flowers were never carried to the perfection that they are now. Some mixtures of roses and linden blossoms are particularly fine. Yellow and dull red are the prevailing colors of the moment. Yellow fea-

thers are much in vogue, and there are pretty Amazon hats, trimmed with a cluster of three small yellow plumes, that are charming for young These clusters of feathers are also seen girls. on pouf caps designed for elegant house dresses, and made of satin and cashmere mixed with a little lace. The difference between these and the capotes is so small that they are often mistaken for each other.

It is some time since we have said anything of children's dresses. Up to eight years old the Russian blouse and the Molière plastron, trimmed with embroidery, pleatings, etc., and worn with a kilt skirt, are the prevailing styles. For the same age little princesse dresses, fashioned in a variety of ways, and composing the complete costume, are also worn. These open in front over a vest; the collar, cuffs, and pockets are of guipure or needle-work. The bottom of the back is looped up under a ribbon bow, forming a sort of panier.

A pelerine looped on the shoulders, with a double collar, a ruche, or simply a military collar, completes the costume. Similar loopings under bows are also often used for ladies' dresses, and are clasped by a fancy brooch.

For girls of ten to twelve their mothers' dresses are imitated as closely as possible; paniers, scarfs, panels, loopings, draperies, poufs, etc., are seen on their little persons in a fashion that is sometimes carried to absurdity. We will, how-ever, cite a costume that appeared to us pretty: This was of ecru cashmere. The skirt was trimmed on the bottom with three flounces of embroidery. The jacket waist had a Russian blouse back, pleated and shirred; three large bouffant pleats formed a basque under the lower shirring. The collar, cuffs, and large lackey pockets were trimmed with embroider

For wrappings there are the Russian pelisse of foulard, the cheviot Carrick, and, for young children, the cloth pelisse of blue and white plaid in the English fashion.

For bonnets there is the choice between the little baby bonnets and the large American capotes; then there are the panier bonnets of white straw, or braided in two colors, with a lining of puffed Surah, trimmed with pompons formed of ends of ribbon. Up to twelve years, round hats, matching the costume in color, are worn turned up slightly on the left side, with a large feather falling over the front and a ribbon wound round the crown, with the ends tied behind and flowing. Above this age misses wear an infinite variety of round hats, trimmed with lilies-of-the valley, wild flowers, fancy jewels, etc.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

DEATH OF MADAME ROLAND.

A T half past four, November 10, 1793, when the early shadows of the autumn night were gathering, the heavy equipage of death set out from the Conciergerie. It rolled slowly along by the scenes in which her early life had passed. The quays, the river, the same horizon which she had watched from her little window from sunrise to sunset-that very window itself looked down upon the procession slowly moving along, the centre of a hideous crowd, which surrounded with cries of hatred the dark car and the white figure of its occupant. "There was no difference per-ceptible in her," says another witness who met the train near the Pont-Neuf. "Her eyes were full of light, her complexion fresh and clear; a smile was upon her lips." Beside her, an image of terror and downfall, with his head bent on his breast, was her fellow-sufferer, Lamarche, whom she cheered and encouraged, by times something which brought a smile even to his lips When they reached the guillotine it was her right as a woman, the compliment of French gallantry to its victims, to die first. But even then she was able to think of her poor companion. "Go first," she said; "the sight of my death will be too much for you."

"The executioner hesitated to give his consent to an arrangement contrary to his orders. you refuse a woman her last wish?' she said to him with a smile. At last her turn came. While she was being fastened to the fatal block her eyes encountered a colossal image of Liberty. a statue made of plaster, which had been raised for the anniversary of the 10th of August. Oh, Liberty! she cried, how they have cheated thee! Then the knife fell."

Poor old Roland in his retreat in the country, where he had lived miserably like a hunted creature, heard the news, and fainted when he heard it. It was discussed between him and his friends two old ladies, who had sheltered him at the peril of their lives what death he should die. The of their lives, what death he should die. The women would have had him go to Paris, fling himself into the midst of the commotion, pour fourth all the abhorrence and indignation of his heart, and claim the right of dying like his wife. The old man had no heart for such a theatrical exit, and he, too, thought of his child and the property that would be confiscated if he died on the scaffold. A week after his wife's death he went out alone from his asylum, and walked through the dark wintry night, one does not know how far, or by what caprice he chose the spot. He sat down upon the low wall of an avenue leading to a little country house, and there in silence and darkness put his dagger into his heart. He was found sitting there next morning, calm and silent, death not having even changed his position, with a writing in his pocket, begging that his remains might be respected, as they were those of an honest man.

Buzot lived nearly a year after him, wrote his memoirs also, and might have lived to occupy a government post, and die in his bed like other men, but for a search that was made from Bordeaux after the proscribed. The fugitives had not even the skill to escape, except by the casy way of the pistol. And here was an end of all their passion and their hopes.

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THE IMPERIAL FOOT-WASHING AT VIENNA.

WE are permitted to copy the following graphic description of a curious relic of the early days of Christianity from a private letter lately received from an eye-witness of the spectacle.

On Thursday of Passion week a very interesting ceremony called the Foot-washing took place at the imperial palace, for which I had the good fortune to secure a ticket. It is a ceremony which has taken place here annually for a great many years, and consists in the washing of the feet of twelve old men and twelve old women by the Emperor and Empress in the presence of the court and invited guests. The idea is to give an example of humility to their subjects, and also to commemorate our Saviour's washing the feet of His disciples. The Pope also on the same day washes the feet of twelve poor priests. Thursday morning was very clear and bright, with the thermometer about 23° Fahr. The doors at the palace were to be opened at 8 a.m. and closed at 10 a.m., after which no one could come in. I secured a very nice two-horse coupé, and arrived at the palace at 9 a.m. At the door were guards, and also a "portier" with cocked hat and long stick with silver decorations. I was first ushered to the cloak-room, where I left my overcoat, and then passed into the vestibule by the Swiss stairs, a very beautiful marble staircase. Along this hall and staircase were a large number of the Emperor's guard

-very tall men, with top boots of fine leather, white trousers, fit-ting tight to the leg, dark coats, and a kind of helmet of leather and brass with a horse-tail of white color, sometimes also black, hanging over the helmet. On reaching the top of the stairs I passed into a room of moderate size, with two lines of these guards reaching to a door at the opposite end. I was stopped here by a person in charge, and told to wait a few minutes. I did not know but perhaps there might be a mis take, so asked him again if I had to wait; but when I heard him say the same thing to the Papal Nuncio, I knew I was right, since he is a man of too much importance here to be kept waiting in anterooms except in due course of court etiquette. In a few min-utes the door opened, and a number of persons in court dress went into a passageway leading to the chapel. By this time quite a number of ladies and gentlemen had collected in the room where I was. After these peo-ple had passed to the chapel, we were ushered into the next room, where were a large number of Austrian and Hungarian nobles in full court costume, forming a very brill-iant scene. I had not, however, a chance to give much more than a glance at it. We then went into another large room, with more people in court cos-tume, then into a long room, with two lines of the Emperor's guards, then into a small anteroom, and then into the very large and beautiful room called the Ritter-Saal, or, as it might be perhaps translated, the Knights' Hall, where the ceremony was to take place. All these rooms that we passed through were very handsome; in some were many portraits of members of the royal family at different periods, and in one the walls were covered with tapestry.

Around the room was a gallery about four steps above the main floor, and resembling the dress circle of the Academy of Music in New York in relation to the parquet. The diplomatic gallery was on the right, and had two rows of chairs, the back row a little

higher than the front, and a passageway behind the back row. The diplomatic corps turned out in full force. The chairs were nearly all occupied by ladies, the gentlemen standing behind them. I had a very excellent place. At the end of the room in the gallery were Austrian ladies, and on the opposite side in the gallery were gentlemen and ladies. When I first arrived there were a large number of officers on the main floor, who were made to step back as it approached 10 o'clock. A number of ecclesiastics came in about 10 o'clock, and took their positions. I imagined most of these held high places, from the color of their dress and general appearance. Shortly after 10 o'clock a large party of nobles in very brilliant costumes came in, and then a flourish of trumpets was heard, and the Emperor and Empress entered, followed by their ladies and gentlemen in waiting, also by the archdukes and a number more gentlemen in brilliant costumes. Before the imperial party arrived, however, the room was cleared where the tables were, and the twelve old women made their appearance, each having a woman on either side of her holding her arm, and they were all thus conducted to their seats, the women helping them in, and then standing behind them. Then the twelve old men were led in in the same way, and placed at their table. The average age of all was ninety years. They are brought from a charitable institution here in Vienna. All

the women were dressed alike in what I was told was the old peasant costume of Austria. It consisted of a broad-brimmed felt hat, placed a little on the back of the head, a blue ribbon around it, with the same colored ribbon under the chin, something white around the shoulders, and a dark dress. It was a very interesting sight to see these old people sitting in such a place with such an assemblage around them. The platform on which the tables were placed was about six inches above the floor.

About ten minutes after these old people had taken their seats, the imperial party entered. The Empress took her place at the head of the old women's table, and the twelve ladies-in-waiting on the platform, one opposite each old woman. The Empress and her ladies wore black silk dresses with very long trains. The Empress's train was carried by two pages, who were very young boys, dressed in black coats, with little white jabots at the neck, black knee-breeches, and black silk stockings. They looked very nice, and did their part well. The two ladies following the Empress each had one page for her train, and the others had to care for their own trains—not an easy thing to do, as the trains were very long—fifteen or twenty feet, I should think. The Emperor also stood at the head of his table, with his gentlemen-in-waiting down the table, one before each old man. A line of guards now marched in, and took their position on the main floor back of the tables. After all had come in and taken their places, and the long trains

dishes, together with the things each one has on the table before him, viz., a large beer-mug with the imperial arms on the cover, a large silver wine-cup, and knife, fork, and spoon, are all placed in a large box and sent home to them. The table was also strewed with loose cut flowers.

This part of the ceremony took a long time. The tables were now removed, so that the old people were left with nothing in front of them. The shoe and stocking of one foot of each of the old people had been removed before the tables were taken away, and now the main part of the ceremony was to take place. While the Emperor and Empress were standing in their positions, a priest commenced to intone what I imagined was the chapter in which Christ is described as washing the disciples' feet and enjoining humility on them. A gentleman then took a gold dish and held it under the first old woman's foot, while the first lady-in-waiting poured water over the foot, and the Empress knelt on one knee before her and rubbed a towel over it. This was done in turn to each of the old women, and the Emperor served the men in a like manner. The chanting of the priest was continued until all had been served. Then the ladies-in-waiting finished drying off the women's feet and put on their shoes and stockings. The ceremony was so performed that only a small part of the foot was seen. The Empress was extremely graceful in her movements as she knelt and rose before each one. When the putting on of the shoes

was completed, the Emperor and Empress passed out, followed by their gentlemen and ladies.

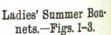
One of the most in-teresting features of the whole scene was the won-derful court dresses of the nobles. Many of them looked as though they had just stepped out of some old portrait, with their loose doublets and pointed beards. The dresses of the Hungarians were par-Hunyadi, the master of ceremonies, wore high, soft leather boots reaching to the calf of the leg, red to the calf of the leg, red tight-fitting trousers, em-broidered down the front of the leg, a tight-fitting coat, with a coat or man-tle trimmed with fur fast-ened at the shoulders, his arms not in the sleeves; his hat, with a high fea-ther, he held in his left hand, and in his right hand a long staff, with the double - headed eagle in gold at the top. All the Hungarians were embroid-ered tight trousers, some red and others black; some with coats slung on their shoulder, and others with loose black coats reaching to the knee. A number had tiger-skins slung across the shoulder, presenting a fine effect. Nearly all wore swords, very light, with beautiful hilts.

I have written a long

I have written a long letter about this ceremony, as it impressed me very much, and I enjoyed everything about it. The whole time I was at the palace was from 9 to 11.30. It was a great favor to get a ticket

a ticket.

I omitted to say that when the foot-washing was finished, a large salver was brought to the Empress, on which were bags each containing thirty silver florins. She placed one of these bags around the neck of each old woman, and the Emperor did the same with the men.



The bonnet Fig. 1 is of écru straw braid, plaited loosely in and out, and is edged with a three-strand plait of similar braid. Short ends of inch-wide garnet velvet ribbon, turned in at the front and notched at the opposite end, are drawn in and out of the straw in the man-

ner shown in the illustration. A cluster of Safrano roses and mignonette is fastened among velvet ribbon loops at the top. The two pairs of strings are of similar ribbon.

The black lace bonnet Fig. 2 has a facing of orange velvet, veiled by a frill of black lace, inside the wide brim. The outside of the bonnet is covered with several layers of plain tulle to conceal the frame, and over this the crown is covered with puffed figured tulle, and the brim with a frill of wide lace, which projects beyond the edge and meets the edge of the frill on the inside. A lace-edged tulle scarf, gathered upon inch-wide yellow satin ribbon, is passed around the front of the bonnet, and caught down with a buckle on each side. The ends are finished with loops of the ribbon, and are held together under two large dark red roses. An orange-colored ostrich pompon with an aigrette is set at the top of the bonnet.

The brim of the bonnet Fig. 3 is covered with wide black lace; two rows are run together at the straight edge, gathered four times at regular intervals over a wire, and set on with the scalloped edge forming a drooping frill two inches wide. The crown is covered with a piece of figured tulle arranged in two broad box pleats, and ornamented with two jet buckles. A large bow of strawberry red ottoman ribbon is placed at the front of the crown, from beneath which extend strings of similar ribbon.



Fig. 2.—BLACK LACE BONNET.

Fig. 1.—Plaited Straw Bonnet

Fig. 3.—BLACK LACE BONNET.

Figs. 1-3.—LADIES' SUMMER BONNETS.

had been arranged, it was very quiet for a moment or so, and certainly it was a wonderful scene. All the main floor was pretty well filled, the Emperor and Empress and everybody in the room and galleries standing except the twenty-four old people. The master of ceremonies then gave the signal, and twenty-four attendants came in with wooden trays, on each of which were four dishes; twelve passed to the old women's side and twelve to the The first lady-in-waiting took the dishes off the first tray and handed them to the Empress, who placed them before the first old woman, the other ladies-in-waiting each taking the dishes from the tray of the attendant nearest her, and placing them before her old woman. On the men's side the attendants handed the trays to the gentlemen-in-waiting, who were all in court dress, with quantities of decorations, and then the Emperor passed down the whole line, taking the things off each tray, and placing each man's four dishes before him. After the dishes were placed on the table, the attendants marched out with the trays. signal the guards behind the table marched around to the front of the table, each having a tray, and the ladies and gentlemen in waiting replaced the dishes on the trays, and the guards carried them out. This whole thing was done three times more with other articles of food to the dessert, and in exactly the same way, for the old people are not allowed to eat anything there; but all these

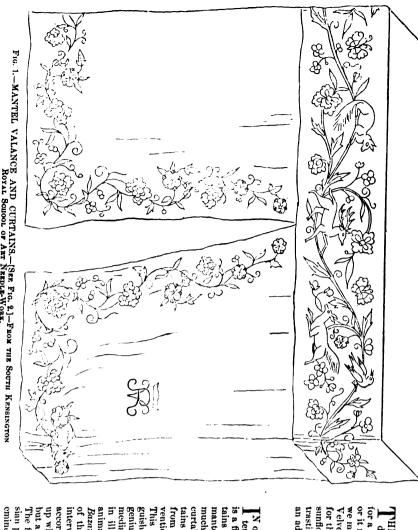


Fig. 1.—MANTEL VALANCE AND CURTAINS,—[Ser. Fig. 2.]—From the South Kensington Royal School of Art Needle-Work.

THIS useful object may be enlarged to different sizes, like Alice in Wonderland. We may make it of satin, worked in fine silks, and use it for a table screen, in which case it need not be more than a foot in height; or it may attain an altitude of six feet, and be called a draught screen; or we may adopt the golden mean, and make it a fire screen three feet high. Velveteen should be the material for the largest size; velvet can be used for the happy medium. As for the design, it is intended to represent the sunflower. This screen is very effective, the rich gold of the pectals contrasting well with the soft velvet brown of the background, and forming an admirable tout ensemble.

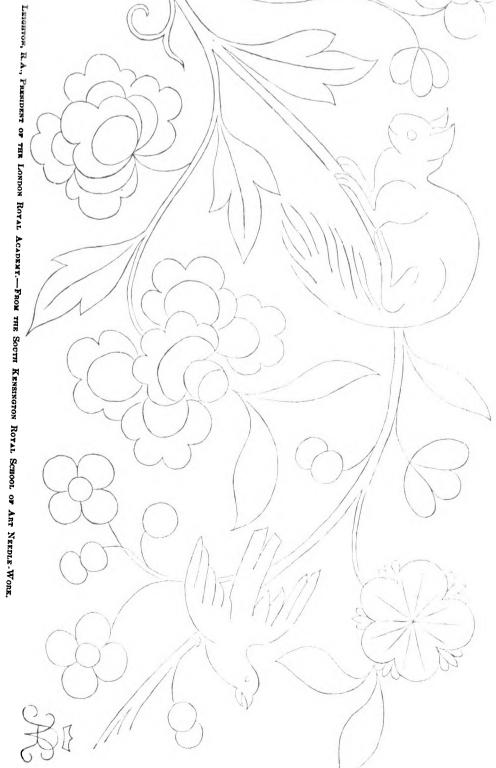
Folding-Screen.

Mantel Valance and Curtains.

Nour young days fire-places used to be adorned, in summer, with glittering bunches of gold and white paper strips. The art of decoration is a finer art now than it was then. We get over the difficulty with curtains and valances; and it, as may often happen, the character of our mantel-piece has not kept pace with the exaltation of our sensibilities, so much the more voluminous do we make the folds of our valances and curtains. Fig. 2 shows an enlarged design for the valance, and the curtains are merely variations on the flower scroll-work, which are uncontent in the valance, omitting the conventionalized animals, which are uncontributed that of the Royal Academy having devoted his elegant genius to its production. The design is conceived in the spirit of the illuminated missals of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The Bazar No. 29, Vol. XIV. Dark brown crewels are laid down in Bazar No. 29, Vol. XIV. Dark brown crewels are laid from end to end intervals. The inoffensive creature is then outlined in brown or black up with silks to give the necessary relief to their four-footed companious, but are worked in the most conventional manner to subdue their vivacity. The flowers and stems are executed in heavy crewels, the flowers in 1-resimple production in the most conventional manner to subdue their vivacity. The flowers and stems are executed in heavy crewels, the flowers in 1-resimple production in the continuity of the flowers and being coarse work, is easily executed.

FOLDING-SCREEN. - FROM THE SOUTH KENR хотон Royal School of Ant Needle-Work XI

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Fig. 2.—DESIGN FOR MANTEL

VALANCE, FIG. 1.—Drawn by Sin Frederick

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

DR. JOS. HOLT, New Orleans, La., says: "I have frequently found it of excellent service in cases of debility, loss of appetite, and in convalescence from exhaustive lilness, and particularly of service in treatment of women and children."—[Adv.]

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Dear Sir,—I have examined the sample of Petrie's Face Powder sent by you, and have found it to be perfectly free from any poisonous substance, or such as can be considered injurious to health. The mass is homogeneous, and appears to be a natural silicate reduced to an impalpably fine powder. A box of the same Face Powder, bought at a New York Druggist's, was found on examination to be identical with the material sent by you. Respectfully yours, Dr. H. Ends. MANN, Analytical and Consulting Chemist, 83 Nassau Street. Sent free on receipt of price. Postage stamps taken. John Petrie, Jr., Proprietor, 110 Reade St., New York.—[Adv.]

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DANGER FROM DRUGS.

THE recent startling exposure in regard to a general system of drug-adulterations practised not only by the compounders of patent medicines, but by prescription druggists, has, as might be supposed, caused wide-spread alarm and anxiety among a very large class of persons who are suffering from acute or chronic ailments.

The flower Safety is often plucked from the nettle Danger, and it may be so in this case. Crude drugs, whether pure or adulterated, when taken into the human body, work more or less disorder in its delicate organisms. The general abandonment of these hurtful substances, whethfrom a rational conviction of their injurious effects, or from fear of getting poisoned through wicked adulterations, will be a great gain for the

"But what are we to do?" comes from the sick and suffering on all sides, especially from those afflicted with chronic diseases which are steadily growing worse. "The let-alone system will not cure us. We are sick and without help, must continue to grow worse, and in the end die

The answer to this half-despairing question, if it were indeed the true one, would be hailed with gladness by thousands and tens of thousands who have lost faith in drugs, and well-nigh in physicians. A new and better treatment of disease a true and rational treatment—must be one that does not assault, shock, or weaken the depressed, over-sensitive, and exhausted vital organs, but help and encourage them to renewed action. It must infuse life into the nervous centres, restore to all the wonderful and delicate machinery, which has been obstructed by disease, a steadier and more orderly movement, and so slowly but surely set the patient on the road to health.

"Is there such a treatment?" hundreds who read this will eagerly inquire. We answer that there is, as thousands who have used it can and do testify in the most positive manner. A shadow of doubt comes over your face. You know how wickedly the sick are deceived and plundered by those who make gain of their suffer-ings. If you can fairly examine and weigh evidence carefully, the largest opportunity to decide for yourself as to the value of this treatment will be afforded.

Under this new treatment, which is by inhalation, there is no weakening of the tone of the stomach by drugs, and no violent assaults upon any nerve or fibre in the body, but a gentle and subtly penetrating influence, reaching to the very centre of all the life-forces, and restoring them to healthier action. The natural result is that, when a patient recovers he is in a far better condition to resist the causes which produce disease than the patient who has had the life-forces weakened

through drug medication.

As a restorer of vital force, it can be largely shown from the results obtained during the past twelve years, that it is the most efficient agent yet discovered by the medical profession. Its use by overworked business and professional men, and by all who suffer from nervous exhaustion and low vitality, would save many hundreds of lives every year, and give to thousands more the ability to work without the weariness, exhaustion, and peril which now attend their labors.

The treatment to which we refer is that known as the Compound Oxygen Treatment. It is dispensed by Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 Girard Street, Philadelphia, who will furnish any persons who write to them with such documentary evidence, and reports of cases and cures, as will enable them to judge for themselves as to its value as a curative agent. As they make no charge for consultation, it will cost nothing to get from them a medical opinion in any special case which may be submitted to them, personally or by letter.

Below are presented a few cases, out of many hundreds which are on record, showing the re-markable action of this treatment, which is alvays in the line of natural forces, and in harmony with well-known physiological laws. They are taken from the January number of Health and Life, a quarterly record of cases and cures under the New Compound Oxygen Treatment. This journal has been published for over three years, and presents the most wonderful record of cures in chronic and desperate cases that the world has ever seen. Any questions as to the genuineness of these reports will be answered by evidence of so direct and positive a character that even the most sceptical will be convinced.

The first report we offer for consideration is that made by a well-known member of the legal profession in New York City, who, in speaking of his condition in October, 1882, when he began the new treatment, says: "My case seemed quite desperate when I consulted you. Utter nervous prostration and extreme physical debility was my condition. A weak and inactive stomach and imperfect assimilation of food had brought me to this. * * * I could not go to my law office, give any attention to my business. * * * You told me that I might not be conscious of any benefit from it for a week or two, or even longer. But within two or three days I began to improve, growing stronger day by day, until in the course of a month I had back almost my normal strength and could resume my law practice, so that by guarding against overwork I find myself equal to the ordinary demands of my profession. And still I can do more and more and am continuing to feel better. My stomach works well and feels well. My digestion seems to be easy and natural." Writing again, December 14th, he says: "The general tone of my system has gained immensely even in the short time since I wrote you last. I feel like myself again, and am full of strength and courage for a renewal of the battle of life, which only a few months since seemed to me to be ended."

rapid decline, and being unable to arrest the disease, tried Compound Oxygen as a last resort. The results are given in the following extract from one of his letters: "Your Home Treatment was duly received, and my daughter immediately commenced its use, stopping all other treatment. The results are marvellous indeed. She save that she feels nearly well, except that she has some cough yet. You will see by reference to my former letter that she had a very bad train of symptoms. Two physicians whom I called to see her pronounced it a case of Tuberculosis, and gave it as their opinion that she would not recover. She had had a cough for a year; was very hoarse; had severe pain in right side; chill for last two months, with night sweats, emaciation, weakness, loss of appetite, and nervousness; could not sleep at night; pulse a hundred and over at times; respiration about twenty-five to thirtyfour. She began to improve in about one week from the time she commenced the Oxygen Treatment, and has continued to improve up to the present time. All the bad symptoms I have enumerated have passed off. She gained six pounds in weight in four weeks."

In the case of a lady residing in Wellsville, Mo., whose friends had, to use her own words, "all given up that I was going with consumption as fast as I could," the following report, after six weeks' use of the Treatment, is given: "I have been using Oxygen for six weeks, and am now able to ride to town, six miles, do my shopping, and back again, get dinner for my family, and work at light housework all the remainder of the day without stopping to rest. Sleep seven or eight hours soundly; no night sweats, no distressing sick-headaches as I used to have. My friends had all given up that I was going with consumption as fast as I could, but, instead, I am looking better than for years, and I think it is through God's mercy and his blessing and your Oxygen that has brought me health and happi-

A neuralgic patient writes: "After suffering from Neuralgia in the face for some weeks, with no relief from medicine, and growing daily weaker, I sent for the Oxygen, which rapidly removed the trouble. In three weeks it was gone, and I am now feeling better than for some time past, and

am still gaining."

But space will not permit further extracts from this number of Health and Life, which contains favorable reports from nearly a hundred patients, many of them even more surprising than those given above. If you are interested enough to wish to see other reports of cases and cures, write to Drs. Starkey & Palen for a copy of *Health and* Life, also for their Treatise on Compound Oxygen, and they will be mailed to your address.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.



BAKER'S

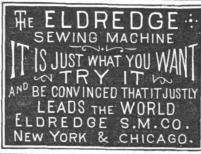
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Iddies who are on the qui vive for the latest and most unique
PARIS BONNETS AND ROUND HATS can find them in the week's importations by
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BONNETS AND HATS OF OUR OWN MAKE
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All bought for cash, and sold at lowest city prices
Dress Goods, Silks, Shawle, Trimmings, Healery,
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17-Please say where you saw this Advertisement.

CARDS Send two Sc. stamps for fine new set of six "GILT PALETTES." WHITING, 50 Nassau St., N. Y.

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Messrs. JAMES McCREERY & CO.

have transferred from their wholesale warerooms to retail counters their reserve stock of Black and Colored Satin Merveilleux and Levantine.

The qualities formerly sold at \$1 75 and \$2 50 will be reduced to \$1 25 and \$1 50 respectively.

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For this season we will show, in addition to our regular stock of Plain and Beaded Fringes and Gimps, a line of Silk and Cashmere Embroideries, Rat-tail Chenille Fringes, Plain and Shaded Feather Trimmings; and a complete assortment of new and desirable Buttons in plain, fancy, and artistic designs.

TRIMMINGS MADE TO ORDER.

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Of unrivalled finish and durability. Equal to the best Lyons Silk Velvet. They have been heretofore con-trolled by the great London and Paris Magazins. The manufacturer has lately been persuaded to put them on the New York market. An opportunity never before offered for securing the favorite winter fabric of Royalty in Europe. Sold by all the large dealers.

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AT RETAIL.

SEVERAL NEW DEPARTMENTS have been

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Careful attention will be given to all Address

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Ladies' and Children's Furnishing DEPARTMENT.

Ladies' fine Muslin and Embroidered Suits. Novelties in Ladies' Silk Dressing Sacques. A large line of Fancy Wash Dresses for Children and Misses. Misses' New-Market Coats and Jackets. Infants', Children's, and Ladies' Underwear. Also, just opening, a line of Foulard Silk Wrappers.

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THE

Bon-Ton Costume

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FINE FRENCH MILLINERY GOODS, LACES, DRESS TRIMMINGS, FANCY GOODS, &c.

Orders Carefully and Promptly Filled. Samples on Application.

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THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY SUBSTITUTE FOR LYONS SILK VELVET. The most FASHIONABLE.

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Have bought for eash, from the Assignee of Messrs. C. R. & Co., at 50 Cents on the Dollar, their entire stock of Fine Laces and Embroideries.

Imported for the best City trade, consisting of SPANISH ESCURIAL,

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This is the greatest bargain we have been enabled to offer this season, and should be inspected by every lady.

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Viz., Sash, Watered, Two-toned, and Plain Satin Ribbons, at one third the cost of importation.

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FASHION CATALOGUE,

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No. 236 FIFTH AVENUE.

Cloth Suits.

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The great Hungarian form developer and wrinkle eradicator, cures all diseases and imperfections of the skin where other remedies have failed. It preserves and beautifies wonderfully the complexion. Analyzed by Dr. Harry A. Bauer Van Rampsberg, Professor of Chemistry at Munich, and pronounced harmless. Thousands of testimonials. Price \$1 per box, at L. SHAWS Beautifying Bazar, No. 54 West 14th Street, New York, and all principal druggists. Consultations on all disfigurements of the skin from 9 A.M. fill 3 P.M. All languages spoken. Lady in attendance.

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We have transferred our WHOLESALE PAT-TERN DEPARTMENT to Mr. J. G. CROTTY, Nos. 180 to 186 Cherry Street, New York, who will conduct it upon his own account and responsibility.

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We are not interested in nor responsible for any contracts made by J. G. CROTTY & CO., whether for Harper's Bazar Patterns or for any other business. HARPER & BROTHERS.

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The only establishment making a SPECIAL BUSINESS of ROSES. 60 LARCE HOUSES for ROSES alone. Strong Pot Plants suitable for immediate bloom delivered safely, postpaid, to any postpoid. For \$1: 12 for \$2: 19 for \$3: 26 for \$4: 35 for \$5: 75 for \$10: 100 for \$1: We CIVE a Handsome Present of choice and valuable ROSES free with every order. Our NEW CUIDE, a complete Treatise on the Rom. 70 pp. elegantly illustrated—free to all. THE DINCEE & CONARD CO.

Rose Growers, West Grove, Chester Co., Ps.



THE SELF-ADJUSTABLE (trade-mark) comes in every possible style, and is positively unrivalled as a frontal coffure. Our illustrated catalogue mailed free. Helmer & Gluth, 73 East 13th St., near B'way, N. Y. City.

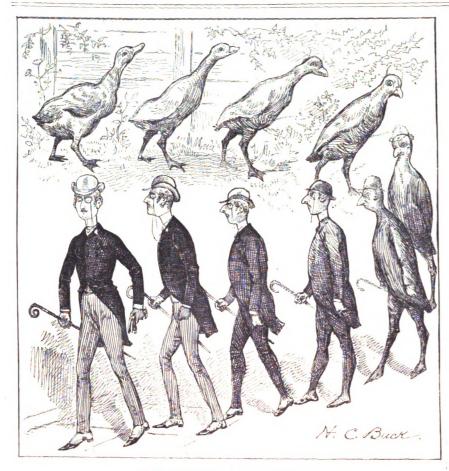
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A beautiful BASKET OF FLOWERS—Marechal Niel and Jacqueminot Roses: or, a BASKET
OF FRUIT—Peaches, Plums, Grapes and Cherries—very natural and from original designs. Full
size. Mailed on receipt of 9 cents each, or 15 cents
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STAMPING OUTFITS sent (to dealers only) by return mail at Lowest Pators. Over 5000 latest designs in stock. R. LONGMIRE, 88 State St., Chicago.

AD Chromo Visiting Cards, no 2 alike, for 1888, name on, and Illustrated Premium List, 10c. Warranted best sold. Agents wanted. L. Jones & Co., Nassau, N.Y.

SILK PATCHWORK made easy. Blocks of all Seed 4 So. stamps for Samples. Gem Silk Co., New Haven, Ct.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free



THE EVOLUTION OF THE "DUDE."



AN ACCIDENTAL NOTE (TOO SHARP). SILAS. "HI! DIS CORJUN POW'FUL OUTER CHEWN FURRER NEW ONE."

FACETIÆ.

FACETIÆ.

Who shall say that the true-born Irishman has not a due reverence for the classic? Let those who would be guilty of such rashness listen to the following, which was overheard on St. Patrick's eve. Standing upon the low stoop of a tenement-house was a tall member from the "ould counthry," who was evidently bent upon properly celebrating the glorious day. His hat was badly used up, and his coat was covered with the sawdust from the floor of the saloon where he had joined in his last scrimmage, and although he at last was at his door, it seemed that to persuade him to enter was not such an easy matter.
"Come in the house, Pat."
"Mary Ann," said he, waving his arm over his head, and clutching the rail to keep himself steady, "or'll not come in the house." Then, with a sudden burst of eloquence that might do credit to Salvini, he added, "Mary Ann, and oi'll shtand here like a Roman major."

NOT GUILTY.

Mrs. Popular (who has been asked in to help entertain the children), "And Mrs. Smith tells me that this little girl resides in Chicago,"

Little Girl (embarrassed by the attention drawn to her). "Oh no, ma'am; I didu't say so. I only said I lived there."

Mrs. Enthuse. "How I envy you your garden, Mrs. Smith! Any one would know these were fresh tomators."

LITTLE JOHNNY SMITH (who has been in the kitchen).

"And right under 'Fresh Tomatoes' there's the biggest picture I ever saw. It runs around the whole can. Can't I get it, mamma?"

MINISTER (who is taking tea at the Joneses). "Now, Johnny, suppose you and I in one of our walks come upon a poor blind man. You have ten cents in your pocket, and there that man stands with his hat held out, and in it the few coppers that have been given



MOIST COMFORT.

DELIGHTFUL THINGS THE GAUZE RUBBER CLOAKS THAT LADIES WEAR ON A RAINY DAY IN THE CARS. GENTLEMEN GIVE THEM ALL THE ROOM THEY WANT, AS THE WATER RUNS OFF IN LITTLE STREAMS.

him during the day. Now what would you do? You who have your eyes ight—that great blessing, Johnny?" Mrs. JONES (anxiously). "I'm sure, Mr. Smith, that

dia's

MRS. JONES tenters, Johnny."

Johnny."

Johnny (keeping in mind the stress that has been laid upon his possession of sight). "I wouldn't let go my ten cents till I'd looked in the hat, and seen if the old duffer could make even change."

FLOORED.

Mrs. P. "Are you getting it often, Mr. Pegaway?"
Mr. P. (rendered unusually combative by a run of ill luck at his favorite solitaire). "Getting it? Of course I am. I should have credited you with better sense, Mrs. Pegaway, than to suppose I'd sit here all morning and not get it!"

Mrs. P. "If you weren't getting it so often I should think those two cards under the table might have something to do with it."

[A fact.

NOT IN HARMONY WITH HER ENVIRONMENT.

COMMITTEE OF SOLICITATION. "IS Mrs. Smith at home?"

MARY ANN (lately landed). "No, ma'am."
SECOND LADY OF COMMITTEE. "How unfortunate! We wanted to see her on business. Please tell her so when you hand her these cards."

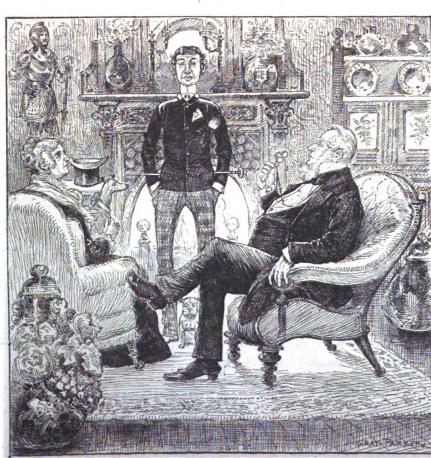
Third Lady. "Have you any idea when she will be in?"

Third LADY. "Have you any luca when she wan be in?"

MARY ANS (who has been drilled for formalities only).
"Yes, ma'am; she said when she ran out on the plazza as how she'd come right in again as soon as she heard the door shut."

At an Irish convention in New York, the other day, a member rose and gravely moved that "no one should vote who was not present."

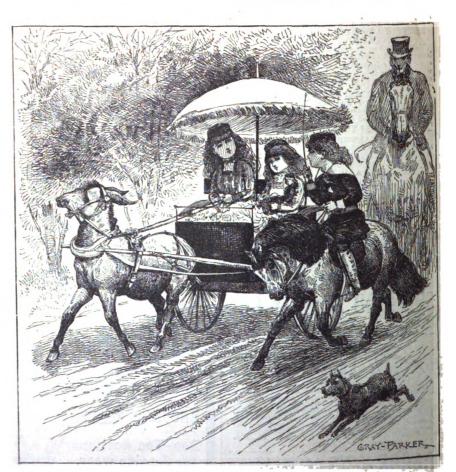
King Kalakaua's standing army is reported to num-ber forty-nine meu. The figures seem to indicate that something has happened to the only private soldier.



PATERFAMILIAN "I CONFESS, MY DEAR, THAT IT WOULD HAVE PROVED A SOURCE OF REAL COMFORT TO ME, IN MY DECLINING YEARS, TO FIND MY ONLY SON TAKING INTEREST IN MY BUSINESS, SO AS TO STEP INTO MY—"

MATERFAM "OF COURSE, MY DEAR; BUT TIMES HAVE CHANGED. THIS IS AN AGE OF INTELLECT AND CULTURE. COLUMBIA, HARVARD, AND YALE ATTRACT—"

YOUNG HOPEFUL. "YA-AS, JUST SO. THOUGH FOR CULCHAW AT A HIGH PRESSURE, HEIDELBERG OR PARIS IS PREFERABLE. THAT IS, IF A FELLAH HAS PLENTY OF TIN."



"TO THE MANNER BORN."

MASTER REGINALD. "MORNING, MISS ARABELLA; AWFULLY GLAD TO SEE YOU OUT SO EARLY. HOW DID YOU ENJOY OUR LAST SAUTERIE?"

MISS ARABELLA. "THANKS, AWFULLY; HAD A MOST JOLLY TIME. GLAD, THOUGH, THAT IT WAS THE LAST, FOR I HAVE HAD SUCH A FATIGUING SEASON, YOU KNOW."



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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1883.

TEN CENTS A COPY. WITH A SUPPLEMENT.

DIET FOR INVALIDS. BY JULIET CORSON. GAME AND POULTRY.

WHILE the general rule holds good that fresh food is the most Willest the general rule noids good that fresh food is the most wholesome, and that actual decay in animal flesh used for food is apt to produce symptoms of irritant poisoning, game is often eaten in an advanced stage of decomposition without any perceptible injury to the epicure. Microscopic examination of perceptione might be no exposed to a medium summer temperature, from 85° to 90° F., for three or four days, proves the development at that stage of a minute organism, termed by physiologists the death vibrio. This parasite seems to be present in other meats than pork, and, like trichine, is not destroyed by the process of than pork, and, like triching, is not destroyed by the process of salting and smoking meat, or of curing it in brine. There is no reason to suppose that the flesh of game is exempt from the presence of this natural product of decomposition. When meats containing it are imperfectly cooked, their consumption produces gastric disturbance, sometimes fatal in its result. As game is gastric disturbance, to reasted the action of interest has a supposed by project or reasted the action of interest has gastric distance of the action of intense heat may destroy the septic influence of the organism. Dr. Christison suggested that habit might have to do with the impunity with which epicures

could consume high meat, as it certainly has with those savage tribes who eat putrid fish and flesh; but he also noted the fact that the use of game only "high" enough to please a gourmand produced severe intestinal disturbance with persons unaccustomed to eat it. Dr. Lethby says that while with some the slightest commencement of decay is sufficient to cause disgust, if not absolute physical derangement, with others "a piquant touch of decay," such as is present in ripe cheese and high game, is not objectionable. Certainly venison is habitually eaten at a point of decay at which beef would be rejected, and long-hung mutton is also favored. Several eminent medical authorities consider that cooking neutralizes the effect of decomposition in flesh to a considerable extent, and that the antiseptic properties of the gastric juice still further counteract it. But even epicures shun the decayed fish so much enjoyed by those savages "advanced," as Dr. Christison says, "in the cultivation of this department of gastronomy."

I have considered this rather unpleasant subject at length with the hope than when game is ordered for an invalid the caterer may be induced to supply it as fresh as possible. As a rule the flesh of game is less dense and tough than that of domestic animals, so that there is not the same reason for keeping it in order to let it become tender by the first action of decomposition. Game is also more digestible than butcher's-meat, and for that reason

may be eaten fresher. Its comparative freedom from fat makes it may be eaten fresher. Its comparative freedom from lat makes it relatively more nutritious, while its intense flavor is tempting to the appetite; as the taste of the flesh and blood of game is nearly identical, the latter is generally carefully preserved in cooking.

Venison is the most digestible of wild meats, and the best known,

although bear, buffalo, and antelope are highly esteemed in those sections of the country where they abound. Among the small game rabbits and squirrels are both digestible and nutritious; hares have a darker and denser flesh, are less digestible unless long hung, and more highly flavored and stimulating to the system, thus more nearly resembling butcher's meat. As no large game is now in season, no recipes are given for cooking it.

All game birds when prepared for the table are more digestible

than large game, because their fat either lies close to the skin, and is lost in cooking, or is removed with the intestines of the larger varieties. The game birds contain less blood than the animals, and are thus more delicately flavored, but they are not for this

The large game birds are more highly flavored than domestic fowl, and richer in flesh-forming elements, but the more compact texture of their flesh makes it necessary to keep them longer before cooking than poultry, which may be cooked directly it is killed. While the flesh of both game birds and poultry is more deficient in



Fig. 1.—APRON FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.-INFANT'S ROBE. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 3.—Paris Nurse's Dress. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 5.—Breton Nurse's Dress. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 7.—Dress for Boy from 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 8.—INFANT'S SLIP. For pattern and description see Suppl., No. VII., Figs. 26-31.

red blood than that of animals, it abounds in phos phates, and therefore is a valuable food for nervous invalids. The flesh of game birds is more digestible than that of poultry, because less dense and also because of the comparative absence of fat. It is relatively more economical, because it yields more available food in proportion to weight. The flesh of the breast of birds is the tenderest and that of the back and legs most highly flavor ed. In both game and poultry the land birds are tenderer and more digestible than water-fowl of the larger sort, unless the latter are long kept, If only the breast of wild water-fowl is eaten its tlayor is best when fresh.

The flavor of snipe, plover, and woodcock is richer than that of quail and partridge, but both the latter are general favorites on account of their abundance of delicate white meat. Prairie chickens or grouse are darker in flesh. All white-fleshed game birds should be well cooked, the dark-fleshed ones may be served underdone if so preferred. This is notably the preference with canvas-back ducks, which are sufficiently cooked by roasting from twenty to twenty-five minutes.

The game birds in season during the summer are as follows: May-snipe, plover, Canada reedbirds, and wild squabs and pigeons. June affords the same varieties, with a few English pheasants. In July only wild squabs and pigeons are fresh; all other game birds on sale are refrigerated. In August there are Virginia reed-birds, plover, a few snipe, woodcock in abundance, and blackbirds, wild squabs, pigeons, and partridges.

The larger game birds are cooked whole if roasted, the feathers being removed, and the birds wiped with a wet towel; they are drawn, but never washed, and are roasted without any stuffing or water in the pan. Tart oranges sliced, green salad, or celery, are the usual garnishes for game. The smaller birds are either roasted over a slice of toast without being drawn, or are split down the back and broiled, and then served on toast.

All kinds of game birds are suitable food for nervous invalids, for patients during convulescence, and in all except feverish conditions of the system.

The flesh of poultry, which abounds in nitrogenous or flesh-forming elements, and is deficient in fat or heat food, is considered a delicate food on account of its digestibility; its white meat is more easily digested than the dark, but the latter is more highly flavored. While the flesh of all poultry is less stimulating than meat, it affords all the nutriment which can be a-similated by an invalid; chickens and turkeys are the best poultry for use in all cases of impaired digestion; the flesh of ducks and geese is less digestible, and should not be used in weakened conditions of the digestive organs. Poultry may be prepared for the use of invalids by boiling or roasting, care being taken to serve it free from fat. A few good recipes for cooking it are given below.

CHICKEN JELLY (a nutritious, digestible food, suitable for use in early convulescence, and in generally debilitated physical conditions).—Skin a medium-sized fowl, cut the flesh from the bones in small pieces, and crush the bones; remove all fat, put the meat and bones into a saucepan with two quarts of cold water and two tea-spoonfuls of salt, cover the saucepan so that no steam can escape, and cook the chicken slowly for five hours; then strain the broth through a fine bolting-cloth sieve, or a folded towel laid in a colander, return it to the fire in a clean saucepan, and boil it, un corred, until it is reduced about one-half, or until a little of it cooled on a saucer forms a jelly. Then season it palatably, and cool it in earthen moulds wet in cold water. Serve it in small quantities, either cold like wine jelly, or heated to form a broth.

CHICKEN WINE JELLY (a nutritions, digestible food, slightly stimulating, excellent in convalescence and in general weakness of the entire system). -Prepare this jelly according to the directions given in the recipe for chicken jelly, allowing it to boil until the jelly is found to be quite stiff on cooling a little of it; then add to it the strained juice of a lemon and a gill of good sherry or Madeira wine, and cool it in earthen moulds wet in cold water. Use it cold.

CHICKEN SOUFFLE (a light, digestible food, very palatable and nutritious, useful in any illness where animal food is allowed by the physician). Remove all skin and bone from the white meat of cold roast chicken, and chop half a pound of it very fine; then rub it through a fine sieve with a potato-masher. Next mix together in a saucepan over the fire one dessert-spoonful each of butter and flour until they are smoothly blended, and gradually stir into them one and a half gills of boiling water; let this sauce boil for one minute, then mix with the chicken, season it palatably with salt and pepper, and stir it over the fire until the mixture is scalding hot, when remove it from the fire. Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, and the yolks to a cream; have ready ne small paper soufflé cases, or some small dishes suitable for serving at the table; quickly mix with the chicken first the yolks and then the whites of the eggs. Put the mixture at once into the cases or dishes, and bake the soufles for fifteen minutes in a hot oven. Serve them hot as soon as they are done.

Broiled Chicken (a nutritions, digestible, and appetizing food, suitable in convalescence).—Cavefully plack and singe a young chicken, wipe it with a wet towel, split it down the back, and remove the entrails without breaking them; cut off the head, neck, and feet, break the joints of the wings and legs to flatten the bird, lay it between the bars of a buttered double wire gridiron, and expose the inside to a good fire for about twenty minutes, taking care not to burn it; then turn the breast to the fire just long enough to brown it delicately. Have ready a hot dish, lay the broiled chicken on it, season it lightly with salt and pepper, put a table-spoonful of sweet butter on it, and serve it at once. If the patient's condition will permit the use of water-cress or lettuce, either will be found to make an acceptable garnish for the dish.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1883. WITH A PATTERN-SHEET SUPPLEMENT.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN OFFER TO YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS.

For the best original drawing to illustrate ALFRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn"—the drawing to be suitable for publication in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age — Messrs, Harper & Brothers offer an award of THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the pros ecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six mouths for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.

The drawings must be received by MESSRS.

HARPER & BROTHERS not later than August 1, 1883, addressed "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York"; and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope accompanying the drawings, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A.; MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A.; and Mr. Charles Parsons, A.N.A., Su-perintendent of the Art Department, Harper & Brothers, will act as judges of the competition.

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for Harper's Magazine of Decemb 1883; and should other drawings submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page Harrer's Weekly, \$300; one page Harrer's Bazar, \$200; one page Harrer's Young People, \$100.

of the judges should decide that no one of the drawings is suitable, Messes. Harper & Brothers serve the right to extend the limit of time and re-

open the competition.

Two Christmas Hymns by Alfred Domett have been published. That published in 1837 is the one for the illustration of which artists are invited to compete, and a printed copy of it will be nt on application to

> HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

OUTSIDE THE FAMILY.

TOTHING has yet been found on earth NOTHING has yet occur round more beautiful than the family relation. So beautiful, indeed, is it that its phrases have even been used to typify the beauty of the life to come in heavenly

It has grown up from its beginnings in barbarism to its present almost perfect condition, and under its beneficent influence civilization has advanced and mankind has developed.

Yet, for all that, there are a goodly number of young people who are sheltered by its fostering care, and who would have been, of course, but waifs and castaways without it, who, during certain years when it is of nearly as great importance to them as in their first years of utter helplessness, fail to appreciate its full worth, find many of its wholesome restraints irksome and confess no charm in the best of its opportunities. To them the society of some one unconnected by family ties is insuperably more congenial than the society of those at home; they will leave home and its needs and duties at any time for the habitat of the chosen ally or confederate; and they will impart confidences, hopes, fears, and joys to the ear of this companion, of the existence of which those at home are entirely unconscious.

It is not to be wished that the young should form no friendships; those are a delight of which one would be very ill-conditioned to deprive them, for friendships are stimulating and fertilizing to the mental nature, and often to the moral; if they sentimental weakne to be guarded against, for, like everything else in the world, they are liable to abuses; and they should always be capable of admitting a third party without the let and hinderance of jealousy or suspicion.

But a friendship in which one confides more to the friend than to a sister or to a mother is one of which it is safe for the parties to it to mistrust themselves, unless formed in mature years and with all the aids of ripe experience and sound judgment, not usually the peculiar possessions of the very young, to guide it.

Of course there are many points in their tender lives and fresh fancies where young people feel one so much their elder as their mother can not be in full sympathy. It often seems to them that they must be the first human being who has felt this or that emotion, been brightened by this or that thought. They are delighted to shed the brightness over another of equal years, to

find the emotion shared by another who has had the same feeling in turn; some of it, perhaps, however harmless, they would be shy to speak of to a mother, and can not breathe to a sister, who might let the mother know it. The bond of sympathy created thus embraces them more firmly at every interview; they are fortunate if no morbidly foolish affection and devotion spring from the intimacy they encourage.

Yet it is possible that what one is shy to speak of to a mother had better remain among the unspoken things that do their work within the heart silently. If difference of age is the only hinderance, then there is seldom so much difference of age between sisters that sisterly confidence can not fill all the requirements of the period.

Often, it must be admitted, a certain proportion of vanity mingles in these intimate girlish friendships. The friend admires one, sees all the best side, since one reveals no other, the aspirations and dreams and lofty thoughts-idealizes one, in short. There is a measure of romance enjoyed all the time by one conscious that none of one's daily entourage knows anything of this bright side of the moon, and the homage is as pungent and pleasant as that incense which tickles the nostrils of a god. The sister, on the other hand, is apt to render unto C.ESAR the things that are C.ESAR'S. She sees the shortcomings one does not acknowledge; knows that if one intends to reform the world one had better begin with her own sleeping-room and drawers of lace and ribbons, where confusion very likely reigns; with her own halfperformed toilette, it may be; with her own idleness, or conceit, or temper. The sister knows one is a sloven; or, if not a sloven, a procrastinator whose best intentions come to nothing; and if not that, then possibly a make-believe, or a domineering tyrant, or a selfish visionary, or anything and everything of which one forgets the possibility while hoping and perchance believing that one is just the opposite. The sister will help, will listen, will love, in spite of faults, but will not flatter and admire, in the majority of instances, and innocent admiration is often something as necessary as sunshine.

Well, then, why not make her admire? The young girl who leaves no duty undone of all the simple home duties, who is careful, industrious, unselfish, good - natured, thoughtful of the older, indulgent to the younger, can give free scope to fancy and aspiration, and find no drawback either to the outflow of admiration or to the unbounded worship that only fully appreciating sister can give to sister, and which, unlike the usual outside friendship, is pretty sure to last forever, carrying with it, over and above the personal tie, that family tie which nothing can destroy, and which survives death.

And, again, the mother who keeps herself young, who does not hold herself as an awful deity on a throne of judgment, who is not ready to pounce on every failing, but who conquers failing by subtly suggesting better things, who enters into pleasures and sympathizes with griefs and hopes, lets the children feel her oneness with them, will be apt to elicit confidences, and perhaps herself become the intimate friend of the daughter who needs a confidente. And who is there that loves more or is better fitted than mother or sister to be this special confidante? If one must needs make a fool of one's self in these matters, who is abler to help one out of the difficulty or to shield one in it than members of one's own family? And who does not know the mischief wrought by the implanting of such confidences and the not infrequent betrayal of family or other than merely personal affairs outside the family bounds? No mother that can help it, hav ing brought up her own daughter carefully, is willing to let her come into too close contact with the mind and nature of some one's daughter less carefully reared; and we think that wherever there is any danger of such a thing, it lies chiefly within the gentle endeavor of the mother to prevent it.

HOW MR. BLACK PRONOUNCES YOLANDE.

T seems a pity to add fuel to the flames of dis-1 putation in this too disputatious world by propounding such a problem as Mr. Black has put before his admirers in the novel which he is now publishing in the BAZAR. A host of readers are already inquiring whether they shall adopt the French, English, or Italian pronunciation of the pretty name which he has exhumed from the old Provençal chronicles, and which, after all, is only another form of Gilbert and Sullivan's Iolanthe. There is no record of the number of divorces that have grown out of household differences wherein the husband declared that

"The Princess of Thule Was a princess unruly,"

while the wife, with true loyalty to her sex, insisted that
"The Princess of Thule
Lived always by rule."

As every man is supposed to be the best authority in the pronunciation of his own name,

and an author accordingly should be expected to know how to pronounce the names of his literary bantlings, an appeal was made to Mr. Black to paintings, an appear was made to mr. Diack to relieve the world of further wrangling on this vexed and important question. The following answer proves the distinguished author to be possessed of diplomatic talent not less shining than that by which he has made his mark in lit-

"YOLANDE."

They say the author's spelling was planned To make the people pronounce Yolande; And who could think 'twould be found handy To use the cumbrous form Yolande; Though those who wished a rhyme for Holland Were doubtless welcome quite to Yolande; But now upon us it has dawned 'Twere better far to say Yolande.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

THERE is a decided tendency toward lighter colors for carpets, for upholstery goods, and for wall-coverings. Soft neutral tints are chosen in carpets, and the object is to avoid all striking effects both in design and color, so that the carpet may serve as an unobtrusive background for the furniture. Black and very dark grounds are disappearing from all carpets except those for halls, libraries, and dining-rooms, while those for drawing - rooms, parlors, reception - rooms, chambers, and sitting-rooms have subdued shades of old blue, olive, India red, sage green, écru, or golden brown; the terra-cotta, Sèvres blue, Pompeiian rose, and imperial yellows used last year are still seen, with pearl, sky blue, and shrimp colors for the lightest grounds. The designs are small and intricate, being made up of geometric figures, or palms, latticed bars, tapestry patterns, conventionalized flowers of small sizes, Oriental designs copied literally from antique rugs, or else the entire carpet may be a single plain color, or a melange of many colors without any set pattern, All carpets are bordered, and the same good designs and quiet colors shown in royal Axminsters may be found in the most inexpensive ingrains. For large drawing-rooms the Axminster carpets with deep pile are sold by the yard, or else the measure of the room is taken and the entire carpet is woven in one piece to fit it. These luxuriously tufted carpets are also woven in patterns like those of rugs for halls, in India designs for libraries, and in rather dark topestry effects for dining - rooms. The serviceable Wilton carpets are chosen for smaller drawing-rooms, halls, dining-rooms, and libraries, in mingled patterns of two tones of one color for the centre, while there are several colors in the wide border. Moquette carpets are now ranged among the showy and inexpensive carpets, as they resemble Axminsters in appearance, but, it must be added, they are far less durable. They may be had in the fashionable rug designs, but are more often seen in the light floriated designs that the French consider so decorative. Body Brussels carpets for the entire house are chosen by people of taste with means to furnish well, but who do not care to follow every change in fashion; in these car-pets the figures are well woven through, so that the colors may be seen on the wrong side. Next these are the tapestry Brussels carpets that make as good a show as the body Brussels, but do not wear well, as the colors are not woven in, and are soon defaced, leaving an unsightly gray surface. Indian and Persian rugs are in great favor, especially for halls, dining-rooms, and libraries in town houses, and for all the rooms of country houses. Good floors of hard wood are more appreciated yearly, and where this expense is too great a border of two or more kinds of wood in stripes or a pattern is put around the room, and the rug, or a carpet made square and bordered in rug fashion, covers the middle of the floor. English designers have provided these square carpets in a single piece of ingrain, woven in beautiful designs and colors, that are within the reach of people of small means, and are excellent for small rooms, for flats, and for summer houses. They are put down on an ordinary floor, and may be finished out around the room with a breadth of red or olive Chinese matting, or they may be thrown down on a floor covered with matting, in order to give more warmth. The plain ingrain "filling" of a solid color is also used to fill out these square carpets. The prices begin as low as \$16 for carpets three yards square. English three-ply carpets are woven in similar squares, but are more expensive. Both square and round stair rods are shown in brass, bronze, French gilt, or nickel, and there are cheaper wooden rods for upper flights and for basement stairs. For those who object to rods, that sometimes mar the pile of stair carpets, there are fanciful metal pins to fasten the carpet on each side and in the middle of each step. Chinese matting for summer rooms is shown in solid India red and olive green, or with gay checks, bars, and plaids of several colors. It is an effective background for Persian or India rugs in summer cottages, and a breadth of it is tacked around the room as a dado; the rattan window-shades that exclude the light and admit the air are used with these, and should be of the same color.

HOUSE-FURNISHING.

The English styles now most commended by dealers in household furniture are those of the latter half of the eighteenth century—the styles of a hundred years ago—in preference to the earlier English styles that have become so commonly known under the names of Elizabethan and Queen Anne. In third-rate shops every bit of furniture with spindles or a balustrade is dubbed Queen Anne, and every straight-backed chair is Elizabethan, but the craze for such things has been overdone, and at first-class houses this jargon is entirely dropped, in the same way that Eastlake's name has long since given place to that of Sheraton, Chippendale, Adam, or other



designers. But in visiting the large ware-rooms great diversity is found, and dealers whose styles have hitherto been exclusively English now display also the artistic designs of the Italian and play also the artistic designs of the Italian and the French Renaissance, and the concession is everywhere made that Louis Seize furniture, with its gold and white lacquer and its rich stuffs for upholstery and hangings, is best suited to grand drawing-rooms in the houses of millionaires. Other French styles lately adopted are copied from those of the fifteenth to the eighteenth centuries, showing especially the massive designs in vogue under Louis XI., Francis I., Henri II., and Louis XIII., which are thought appropriate for the stately halls, libraries, and dining-rooms of modern mansions. The elaborate Louis Quatorze fashions now revived in France are not yet in favor here except for occasional pieces, but those of Louis Quinze are kindred to the Louis Seize styles, and are sometimes preferred for special rooms. The antique classic styles of the First Empire are seldom employed for an entire room, but there may be a sofa and chairs in these quaint severe shapes in rooms not furnished in any pure style, and the fancy for cabinets, armoires, and escritoires of this period has had much influence in bringing into general use the mahogany with brass mouldings in which these styles are most often represented. The heavy ponderous designs of the Italian Renaissance are commended for grand libraries and dining halls, and are best expressed in black woods richly carved, inlaid with ivory, and upholstered with antique tapestry.

WOODS, STUFFS, ETC.

Mahogany is the wood in favor for the greatest number of rooms, and is richly carved or inlaid with brass, but is handsome enough when left plain, and its beauty is enhanced by age. Cherry is reddened to resemble mahogany, or is treated in its natural color. Circassian walnut, like dark olive.wood, and in its natural shading, is new and fashionable. Rose-wood is again in favor for drawing-room furniture. English oak is used for dining-rooms, and red oak and San Domingo mahogany for libraries; these are employed not only for the movable pieces of furniture, but for the architectural wood-work, the wainscoting, the mantel and its shelves that are built above it, the doors, window-frames, etc. For black sets the smooth cherry is not now ebonized by fashionable dealers, but mahogany is blackened to show the grain, and gives a soft tone more like ebony than can be had in other woods. American walnut is out of fashion. The light woods for chambers are ash and oak, and there are many bedroom sets of cherry both in its light color and stained red to imitate mahogany. Carving done on the piece or inserted in panels is the prevailing ornament for all woods.

Figured stuffs are used for upholstery, for curtains, and for covering walls. Silk tapestry of the most delicate and exquisite shades and faded dull hues, rich damasks, and velours of raised fig-ures on satin ground are used for drawing-rooms. Silk plush is said by many to have had its day of favor, but is such an effective ground for embroidery and the decorations of applied work cut from tapestries that it is still much used; there are also beautiful covers of stamped and of plain plush in the dull old blue, rose amber, copper red, olive, sage green, sapphire, shrimp pink, and terra cotta shades, put on plain (without tufting), and trimmed with passementerie which is partly of gilt, thick tufted narrow fringes, and wider fringes with Chinese netted heading of silk and gilt, and pendent tassels. Satin is little used, and there are few repped stuffs either of wool or silk. A fabric called jute velours resembles the serviceable mohair plush, but has a lustrous sheen like velvet, and may be had in plain colors, or stamped in Oriental designs, or else embroidered with tinsel threads, when it becomes quite costly. Wool tapestries of antique designs are handsome, durable, and inexpensive. Raw silk covers have lost favor. Embroidery done on plush or on satin, Beauvais tapestries, and the costly Gobelin tapestries are used both on the furniture and on the walls of richly furnished rooms. There are also many wall-hangings of silks, and unique English woollen fabrics are used both on the walls and on the furniture. Cretonnes, glazed English chintz, momic-cloth, and repped cottons stamped with quaint figures and flowers in rich and in delicate colors, nearly covering the ground, are used for chambers. are also new Japanese silks and Japanese chintzes of fine cotton for small reception-rooms and chambers. Stamped leathers painted by hand, or plain or richly gilded and embossed, are used for dining-rooms, libraries, and halls. Alligator leather is also used in various colors.

light quality are used for curtains in country houses. White embroidered muslin with small figures in the middle, a wide vine pattern for a border, and scalloned edges, is used for curtains next the sash in both city and country houses. The holland shades either of white or écru are placed inside the sash curtain, and may be slightly embroidered or edged with linen fringe or with lace. The curtains in the room are of Madras muslin or lace, or of grenadine or scrim trimmed with antique lace, and are strung on rings and poles without cornice above; these are left straight and flowing, and are just long enough to reach the floor. If a heavy pair of curtains is added inside these, they may be looped back on each side, or else one is looped and the other hangs straight, and a scarf is thrown over the top with careless grace; a straight valance is sometimes added, but there are few lambrequins. Madras muslin is used in plain cream white for French curtains that are next the sash, and in many colors for the flowing inside curtains, also for vestibule windows. Colored embroidery on white gauze is a beautiful novelty for curtains, and there are transparent Japanese gauzes both

painted and embroidered for shades and slight screen curtains. Cretonne curtains are made up showily with frills and festoons, puffs, and boxpleatings of the material without fringe or lace, and the furniture is upholstered in the same way for cottage parlors and for chambers of city

Wall-papers copy the designs of tapestry, velours, and other rich stuffs, even imitating embroideries, braidings, and gilt cord work. As we have already said, the colors are lighter, and are in soft low tones, and the figures cover the ground well. French papers for reception rooms and parlors have copper, bronze, silver, or gilt grounds with floral and antique designs of quiet colors. A wide frieze at the top is very generally used, but the dado is not insisted upon unless the ceiling is very high. Leathers are copied in paper for halls and dining-rooms. Some of the best houses use the material of the furniture coverings altogether for wall-hangings, but this is too

costly for plain houses.

Stained and jewelled glass enters largely into the decoration of modern houses. It has long been used for vestibule side lights and for parts of doors, and is now used as a transom across the top of windows to shorten the apparent height of the window; the curtain rod is placed just below this, and the curtain falls from it. The Japanese grille, used effectively across the top of long narrow windows, is a fretwork of wood with stained glass, in which appear to be great jewels behind the lattice to give soft color to the light that enters the room. A grille of orass or of wrought iron with jewelled glass is liked for vestibules. Pavements of Italian mosaics are used for vestibules and for hearths, and for bordering floors of large rooms, like picture-galleries. The marble tops for buffets, cabinets, and bureaus that had fallen into disuse of late years are now revived, and are especially liked in dark colors showing rich veins, but there are also many clear white marbles used, especially with chamber fur-niture. Brass-work is another conspicuous ornament of rich modern furniture, and there is new and perhaps passing fancy for metallic leaves and plants of natural size applied as ornaments to frames, screens, friezes, etc. Bevelled edges as thick as the means will permit are liked for ornamental mirrors, and for the plate-glass doors of cabinets, sideboards, etc.

DRAWING-ROOMS, RECEPTION-ROOMS, ETC.

The grand drawing-rooms fitted up in Louis Seize style have ivory white lacquer or enamelled wood with gilt mouldings and applied decora tions of gold of different colors for all the woodwork of the room-its doors, mantels, etc. low round luxurious chairs are also of white and gilt wood upholstered with silk tapestries, damasks, or velours, of pale blue, rose, or mingled colors; two kinds of arm-chairs, a sofa, and some lighter reception-chairs are covered to match, and there may be others with gilt wood frames, covered with embroidery or Gobelin tapestries for odd pieces. The cabinet with its round front and the low tables are also white and gilt. Other drawing-rooms in the French styles are fitted up with light woods, such as satinwood richly carved, and ornamented with panels and brass-work. For less elaborate rooms that are still very elegant, like the long salon parlors of many New York houses, a suite of four or five pieces is chosen of rose-wood or mahogany handsomely carved, and these are upholstered to match, in order to give a prominent color, and the other pieces may be odd both in colors and designs. The sofas of such suites may have two or three luxurious pillow backs, or they may be shorter with square back and arms of carved wood, with merely the seats covered plainly with silk tapes tries or with plush in rich sapphire blue, shrimp-color, olive, or terra-cotta. The Sheraton cabinet may be of rose-wood, or else there is a mahogany cabinet inlaid with brass in the Empire style. Square tables for the centre of the room are of carved mahogany, or they have marquetry tops, or perhaps are covered with mosaics or Mexican onyx. Smaller reception-rooms have the woodwork and furniture of ebony, the walls covered with Japanese silk, and the ceiling painted to Japanese materials of small figures cov er the furniture, and this furniture is all in small pieces, such as low tables, short sofas, and hanging cabinets. The inlaid wood floor has a light rug upon it. Curtains and portières of Japanese silks and an ornamental grille may be added, with a shelf above the portière for bright bits of china. Mirrors of bevelled glass in Venetian forms complete this charming interior.

DINING-ROOMS,

Square tables are now used for dinner and is oak, but there are also many dining-rooms fitted up with mahogany or with cherry. The buffet or sideboard is in English designs with bevelled glass or brass decorations, or else it is richly carved in the Flemish fashion. Plainer side boards have shelves without glass doors for china, and may have a colored marble or plain wood top, either of which must be covered with a linen cloth embroidered in colors or ornamented with drawn-work, and fringed on the ends. The chairs have high square backs, and for comfort should have low arms, and are unholstered with leather or with tapestry, or else they have seats of closely woven cane, which is greatly preferred to those of open plaited cane. A tasteful dining-room near the reception-room described above would have the ceiling and the high wainscoting of wood, leather for the walls and upholstery, and furniture of oak lightly carved. There are papers that imitate leather admirably for such rooms.

LIBRARIES AND SITTING-ROOMS.

Mahogany is in favor for libraries, and is especially liked for the large square writing-table, which is richly carved and without a cover. The

book-cases are low and very simply shaped, being merely shelves with beyelled glass doors. Mohair plush, either olive or terra-cotta red, is liked for handsome libraries, and the walls are covered with tapestry. Simpler rooms that serve for sitting-room as well as library have lighter woods for mantel and hanging shelves, low standing shelves for books, without glass doors, but with silk or chintz curtains, plain Brussels or Wilton carpet, with a hard-wood margin next the walls, a table covered with gray, blue, or terra-cotta cloth; and to these many odd chairs are added, such as red, black, or gilt willow chairs with plush cushions tied in, quaint old-fashioned fiddle-back chairs with embroidered seats, a high straightback Newport rocker of black wood, with the cushions tied in with large bows, or a Shaker rocker with any odd stuff for covering, and large cords and tassels for its ornaments.

CHAMBERS.

Both light and dark woods are used for chamber suites, and the styles remain very simple. The carved mahogany suites have beds with high head-boards, and many have canopies. For light woods, such as ash and oak, the lower square-cornered English styles are liked. The large four-post bedsteads are being used for handsome rooms, and the Continental fashion of two single beds under one canopy is also being adopted here. The fashion gains ground of discarding large pillows and shams, and using only a bolster during the day, and adding small sleeping pillows at night. This bolster may be round, and regularly upholstered with the material used for the spread and for the furniture covering, but the oblong bolster, which is broader than its height, is now preferred; this has a simple slip of linen, and is covered up out of sight in the day-time by the counterpane, which is carried up over it and tucked in at the top. A lady's own room, fitted up by an artistic furnisher, may have a parquetry floor, with a deep blue Daghestan rug, walls covered with Japanese chintz, and the ceiling in tent shape to lower the height. The simple furniture is of mahogany, and consists of a dressing-table with movable glass, a bureau which is merely a chest of drawers, two small mahogany tables, two single beds under one canopy, two or three armchairs, some lighter chairs, and a rocker with loose pillows tied in with cords and tassels. At the foot of the bed is a lounge covered with Japanese chintz silk in which no special color prevails. The bed has an eider down silk cover tucked under and carried over the oval bolster, leaving the rich wood of the head of the bed in full view. Mahogany mantel with shelves and a bevelled glass mirror above. Curtains of Japanese chintz, with bands of Japanese silk around the edge and across the bottom, finished with silk ball fringe. Portières of Japanese silk hung on poles between the jambs.

HALLS.

Halls are furnished with a settee of wood, a mirror with pegs in the frame, a table of carved wood, and high chairs with box seats. The floor and wainscoting are of hard wood, with a preference for oak, and a wooden ceiling with cross-beams is added. The handsomest halls have Oriental rugs on inlaid wood floors, mosaic floors for the vestibule, marble wainscoting, jewelled doors, or a stained glass transom, a marble vase on the newel-post, from which gas-lights spring out, and stairs of easy tread—only six and three-fourth inches for each step—that are too handsome to be carpeted.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. W. & J. Sloane; Herter Brothers; Cottier & Co.; A. Kimbel & Sons; Pottier & Stymus; L. Marcotte & Co.; Warren Ward & Co.; and De GRAAF & TAYLOR.

PERSONAL.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD has brought forward suffrage to single women and widows on the same terms as men.

same terms as men.

—Mr. "Adirondack" MURRAY says that the journalistic interviewing is a nationalization of the sewing society; in the one case women tear reputations to pieces, and in the other the news-

papers do so. Some people do think that way.

—Mrs. Mary Hallock Footbuses the "thee"
and "thou" of the Quakers. She illustrates her
own stories. She has a husband and children, and dresses and conducts herself generally in a

quiet fashion.

—Colonel W. A. ROEBLING, the engineer of the Brooklyn Bridge, has leased the MAYER cottage on the Point at Newport.

-Launt Thompson is to make the statue of Admiral DUPONT. -Mrs. SARAH RAY is a Leadville laundress

who has made a million dollars

—Mr. PAUL BUTLER, General BUTLER'S only son, is in Europe this summer.

—Mrs. Lucy Stone is troubled with a bron-

chial cough, which her friends all hope to be merely temporary.

—Mr. T. B. ALDRICH's recent purchase of a

house on Mount Vernon Street, Boston, looks as if Beacon Hill had been mistaken for Parnassus.

if Beacon Hill had been mistaken for Parnassus, '—General Jubal A. Early proposes a contribution from fifty individuals, himself one of them, toward raising fifty thousand dollars for a bronze equestrian statue of Robert E. Lee. —One of the three Misses Caton, of Maryland, who became the Duchess of Leeds, the Marchioness of Wellesley, and Lady Stafford, was dining at the palace, when a gentleman asked her if she came from that part of America where they "calculate." The King interrupted him at once by saving. "She comes from that part they "calculate." The King interrupted him at once by saying, "She comes from that part of America where they fascinate," which was

very neat for a king.

—The wife of one of the colored servants at the White House last winter, being extremely ill, was supplied by the President not only with all necessary comforts, but with flowers from his own desk. One day the more than usual horde of Congressmen made him forget the sick wood co-education is pre-emin man, and he did not think of her till in the mid-

dle of a state dinner, when he quietly gathered a bunch of the finest from the mass of bloom on the table directly before him, and beckoning a servant, sent the invalid her flowers, which, so sent, did her more good than medicine.

—The founder of the astronomical observatory at Oakland, California, Mr. Chabot, has stiplated that the theseons shall be free for public

ulated that the telescope shall be free for public

use.

-Lady WILDS writes that women in Boston

—Lady WILDE writes that women in Boston are intense and transcendental; in Philadelphia they cultivate literature, poetry, and art; in Washington every young lady looks forward to being elected to the English peerage; but that New York is the paradise of women, where men toil to cover their wives with diamonds.

—The text, music, and illustrations in pen and ink of a large quarto book containing the folk-lore of the Tuscan contadini, taken from their own lips, is the work of a young Boston lady, daughter of Alexander the portrait painter. The verses, written in English and Italian, are framed or separated by drawings of the mountframed or separated by drawings of the mountain plants of the region, while many pages are headed by bars of music giving the air belonging to the succeeding legend. Mr. Ruskin was so much delighted with this book that he has bought it, for three thousand dollars, for his Sheffield Museum.

—The original portrait of Governor Endicott is the property of William P. Endicott, of Salem, father of Judge Endicott, having descended to him, as the cldest son of the cldest son, direct from the old Governor, together with the sword with which the cross was cut from the King's colors,

Owing to his opera of Taffy and Old Munch, Mr. Jerome Hopkins has been enabled to pay off the last of his debts on account of his "Orpheus Free Singing School" in New York—debts which have annoyed him for thirteen years—and he now hopes to re-open his free schools in the autumn schools in the autumn

—A few years ago there was a talk of pulling down the house where RAPHAEL was born, in Urbino, Italy, and as funds were not forth-coming to buy it, Mr. Morris Moore secured the monument to the town, for which he was made setting of Urbino.

a citizen of Urbino.

—Miss Arthur, niece of the President, is in Mexico with Vice-President Edmunds and

-Mrs. Stowe arrived at the North with the birds and flowers.

—Paul Hayne's white cottage, set in fifty

acres of ground, was the gift of ex-Governor Colourt, of Georgia, after the poet's house had burned down.

-About a hundred letters, written to Thack-About a numered letters, written to THACK-BRAY by his mother, besides many other private memoranda, have been discovered by the editor of a London magazine locked up in an old writ-ing desk in the possession of a dealer in second-hand furniture, which the editor has turned over to Mrs. RITCHIE, THACKERAY'S daughter ANNE, having paid five hundred dollars for the collec-

-The Princess Louise while in the Bermudas composed the "Calabash Polka," which is to be produced by the orchestra of the Hamilton Foot-

Guards at the next state ball.

—It is reported that the object of the recent arrest of LOUISE MICHEL is to make inquiries into her mental condition, as it is said that, while a servant-girl, she fell violently in love with a son of the honse where she served, and became irritated beyond control by the social considerations which forbade their marriage, and wildly adopted the principles of Socialism.

—Sir ARTHUR KENNEDY, Governor of Queensland, has ruled over Sierra Leone, West Australia, Vancouver's Island, the West African settlements and Hong Kour. he is executed for

iia, Vancouver's Island, the West African settlements, and Hong-Kong; he is seventy-fonr.

—The only Italian operas which are well patronized in Italy are of the older schools, Donizetti's and Verrol's earlier works, says the Viennese critic Dr. Houslick.

—Mr. Bridge, an English missionary, has been settled in the Feejee Islands fifteen years, and has mastered the language, and supplied an alphabet to it, portions of the New Testament in the Feejee tongue being now in print translated. the Feejee tongue being now in print translated by him.

—It is said that the Queen of Greece will at-

tend the Czar's coronation incognita.

—The laboring-men in one of the Earl of Jersey's Oxfordshire villages have been given fifteen

acres of ground by him in plots of from half an acre to three acres each.

The family of Georg von Majlath, who was murdered the other day, was known in Germany as one of "the seven families" whose simwas thought far more distinguished

ple "von" was thought far more distinguished than the title of prince, for which reason, perhaps, they have often refused the highest titles of nobility.

—A nicce of Wagner's has been appointed Royal Professor of the School of Music by the King of Bavaria, which is the first time a German woman has received such an appointment.

—Sir Julius Benedict, who has not been in America since he brought us Jenny Lind, who was a publi of Webber and knew Goether thinks.

was a pupil of Weber and knew Goethe, thinks of paying us another visit.

An account of her remarkable ascents this winter of Mont Blane, the Aiguille du Midi, Col du Chardonnet, etc., is to be published by the wite of Colonel Frederick Burnaby, illustrated by photographs taken by the author, under the name of The High Alpsin Winter; or, Wintering in

Search of Health.

—Two young ladies of Bengal took B.A. degrees at the last examination at the Calcutta

University.

—President Grevy has informally approved of BARTHOLDI'S great statue, and General STONE has begun the excavations on Bedloe's Island for the foundation.

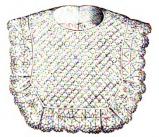
The Princess of Wales is in deep sorrow for

the death of Mrs. Stonon, who has been attached to her household ever since she has been in England.

President ELIOT, of Harvard, does not beleve that young men and women between the ages of fifteen and twenty are best educated together; President Robinson, of Brown, is not ready to favor the introduction of young women into that college; President Caldwell, of Vassar, would be glad to see the experiment of co-education tried anywhere but at Vassar; Presi-dent Seelye, of Amherst, thinks it is not desirable; while President Bascom, of the University of Wisconsin, says that an experience of ten years in large college classes convinces him that co-education is pre-eminently the fitting method



INFANT'S SHIRT. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XX., Figs. 60-62.



INFANT'S QUILTED BIB. For pattern see description in Supplement.



1 to 2 Years old, For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 48 and 49.



INFANT'S PIQUÉ BIB. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XV., Fig. 53.



FLANNEL PETTICOAT FOR CHILD FROM 1 TO 2 YEARS OLD. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIIL, Figs. 50 and 51.



INFANT'S LONG PETTICOAT. For pattern see description in Supplement.



Shirt for Child from 1 to 2 YEARS OLD, For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIX., Figs. 58 and 59.

INFANT'S DRAWERS. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVII., Fig. 55.



INFANT'S KNITTED SACQUE. For pattern see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 46 and 47.



CHEMISE FOR GIRL FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVIII., Figs. 56 and 57.



INFANT'S DRESS. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 41-43.



Fig. 1,-Child's Collar. For description see Supplement.



CAP FOR GIRL 1 YEAR OLD. For description see Supplement.



Drawers for Child from 1 to $2~{\rm Years~old.}$



Fig. 2.—CHILD'S COLLAR. For description see Supplement.

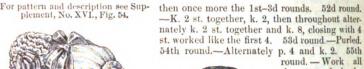
Cotton Satteen House Dress.

The skirt and polonaise of which the dress consists are of dark blue plain satteen, trimmed with figured satteen with a light blue ground, which is embroidered at the edge. The skirt has a deep figured border, and the long plain polonaise has a Byron collar and mock vest. Satin ribbon bows





CAP FOR GIRL 2 YEARS OLD. For description see Supplement.







4th and 5th rounds alter-

nately. Repeat the 1st-12th rounds 3 times, and



Fig. 1.—APRON FOR GIRL FROM 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD.—[For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Fig. 52.]

Fig. 2.—Cotton Satteen House DRESS.



Fig. 1.—Plain and Plaid Wool Dress. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—Cloak for Girl from 6 to 8 YEARS OLD.—[For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-10.]

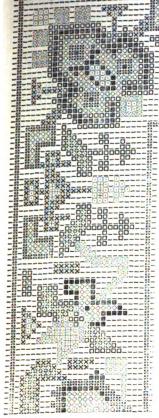


Fig. 2.—Design for Border of Footstool, Fig. 1.—Tent STITCH EMBROIDERY.

Description of Symbols: Darkest Red; Medium Red; Dighter Red; Medium Red; Light Green; Light Green; Dark Brown; Light Brown; Dark Blue; Light Blue; Light Blue; Foundation.

to repeat the 54th-57th rounds, working the back and front in one as far as the armholes, and narrowing several times at intervals under the arms; from the armholes the backs and front are worked off separately and the pieces arately, and the pieces must be narrowed to shape the neck according to the pattern. Work the last 3 rounds of each piece on the shoulder to appear purled, and join at the shoulder by knitting and casting off the st. in pairs from the wrong side. Having completed the body, take up the st. at the neck on needles, and work as follows: 1st-3d rounds. -All st. must appear purled on the right side. 4th round.—Purled throughout. 5th round. — To form the row of holes alternately 2 together and t.o. h round. — Purled. 6th 7th-9th rounds,-Work

Dark Brown; ** Light Brown;
Dark Blue; © Light Blue; # Lilae:

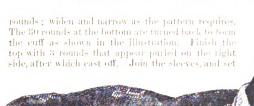
1 Foundation.

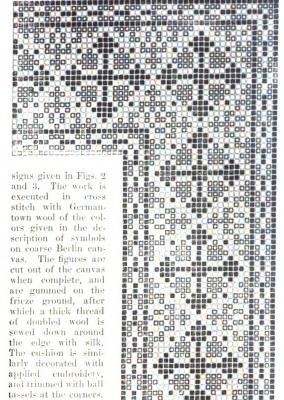
1 Foundation of 70 st., and work as follows: 1st-12th rounds like the 1st-12th of the body. 13th-26th rounds.—Work as in the 4th and 5th rounds alternately. 27th-29th rounds.—Knit plain. 31st-49th rounds.—Alternately & 2 and p. 2. K. the 50th round, and then work the rest of the sleeve in the same pattern as the body, but bearing in mind that the work is on the right side in the odd instead of in the even

EMBROIDERED WORK-BASKET. For design and description see Supplement, No. VI., Fig. 25



OTTOMAN CLOTH SPRING MANTLE. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 11-15.





BORDER FOR LINEN COVERS, TOWELS, ETC.—CROSS STITCH EMBROIDERY.

This border is suitable for linen and Description of Symbols: ■ Dark Blue; □ Light Blue; □ Foundation. Java canvas bureau and sideboard covers, tidies, etc. It is work-

Border for Linen

Covers, Towels,

etc.-Cross Stitch.

ed in cross stitch with two shades of blue embroidery cotton. It can also be executed on cloth, cashmere, or velvet, with silk in two shades of any harmonizing color, by basting on a strip of canvas as a guide to the stitches, and afterward removing it by pulling out the threads.

Footstool with Border in Tent Stitch Embroidery. Figs. 1 and 2.

THE frame of this footstool, the feet included, is covered with copper-colored plush, and the cushioned centre of the top is tufted with small satin buttons. The ground for the embroidered border that surrounds the centre is a band of écru antique or single thread canvas. The design in symbols is

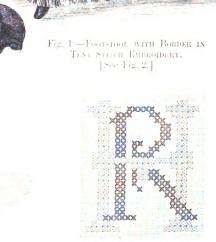


Fig. 2.-Monogram.-Cross Stitch.

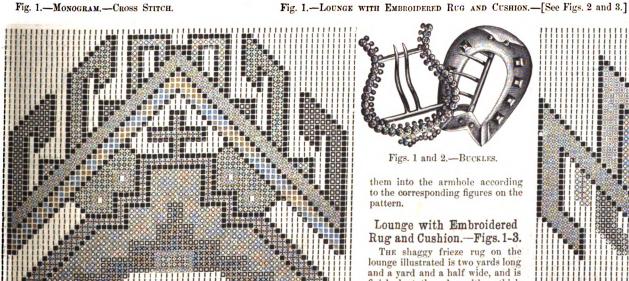


Fig. 2.—Design for Lounge Rug, Fig. 1.—Cross Stitch Embroidery. Description of Symbols: ■ Black; © Dark Red; © Lighter Red; ⊠ Dark Blue; © Light Blue; □ Orange-Yellow; ■ Light Yellow; ⊕ Dark Green; 'Foundation.



Figs. 1 and 2.—Buckles.

them into the armhole according to the corresponding figures on the

Lounge with Embroidered Rug and Cushion.—Figs. 1-3.

THE shaggy frieze rug on the The shaggy frieze rug on the lounge illustrated is two yards long and a yard and a half wide, and is finished at the edge with a thick cord. The frieze is dark brown on the right side, with a light reverse side. The embroidery consists of appliqué figures in the de-



Fig. 3.—Design for Lounge Rug, Fig. 1.—Cross Stitch Embroidery. Description of Symbols: ■ Black; □ Dark Red; □ Lighter Red; ⊠ Dark Blue; □ Light Blue; □ Orange-Yellow; ■ Light Yellow; ➡ Dark Green; ⊚ Drab; ! Foundation.

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given in Fig. 2. The work is executed with wool and silk of the colors given in the description of symbols, the wool being used for dark, and silk for light tones, and is in tent stitch, which is a single diagonal stitch, like half of a cross stitch, worked over a single thread of the canvas. The edge of the footstool is finished with a mixed silk and wool fringe.

A DEAD MAN'S SHOES.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

THEY pinched. They sometimes do. And yet they had seemed very desirable. Ever since she had come into the family, and even before that time, Mrs. Eversley had been pinched in one way or another: so, after all, it was much of a piece, as she said. Ever since she had come into the family, too, they had been sighing to think Uncle Trevor had so much money, and the family

It was true Uncle Trevor had earned his money, and the family had never lifted a finger to earn a penny; but what odds should that make, they reasoned, where there is proper family feeling It is true that Uncle Trevor, early in youth, had gone out and asked for a place behind a counter, had not scorned to weigh and measure and tie up and fetch and carry, and had advanced from step to step, hard work and constant work, first with hand and then with head, until the present day and it is equally true that the family had sat still in their dignity, gone without when they didn't have enough, kept an eminently genteel front to the world, becoming poorer every day with the increasing uses for money, and longed for Uncle Trevor's money, to which, it was understood, they would some day be heirs, but of which, at the present time, they received barely so much as the dust of its coinage.

Did Mrs. Eversley wish for Uncle Trevor's death? How could you ask such a thing? Where had she shown anything that should lead to such a supposition? That she wished for some of Uncle Trevor's money was quite another thing. They were poor; it was no disgrace to be poor; but they had always held their heads up; and to be well born and well bred placed one on an equality with all the money in the world. Certainly Trevor could have a better education if there was any reciprocity in Uncle Trevor's mind; he could go to Germany and pursue his studies and make himself a name, instead of dawdling in a counting-room over a set of books that he didn't know how to keep. Why didn't he learn how to keep them? Well, what folly it would be to spend the best years of his life learning something he would have no use for! Uncle Trevor had given them positively to understand that when he was done with his money they were to have it, or the use of it. Probably the other Eversless would come in for something; but Trevor's name, of course, made his fortune certain It was just as much of course that no flagrant difference would be made between him and Teresa and Laura, poor girls! Well, it could not be very long now, at all events, and one must have patience and shuffle the cards. If she did not wish for her brother-in-law's death, that was certainly all that could be expected of her; if she would not be sorry when it occurred, that was his fault: he could have been generous and considerate enough to make her sorry. And so Mrs. Everslev's little mind ran on.

Poor Uncle Trevor! immersed in his wide operations and enterprises, he hardly thought of the wants and whims of other people; he had none of his own, living simply, wearing old clothes, for getting theatres, always walking, never driving, and finding all the pleasure he wanted in the successful issue of his schemes. Had he once suspected the state of mind in his dead brother's family, I don't know whether he would have stopped and made them all rich in his lifetime,

or would have cut them all off with a shilling.
"I don't know, mamma," said Teresa — Mrs.
Eversley's step-daughter, who was accustomed to slight habits of rebellion, at any rate in thought -"about the wisdom of our way of life. Here we are, all of us, with expensive and luxurious tastes, constantly feeling deprivation, and constantly mortified among people, waiting for Un-cle Trevor's money, and uncle in capital health."

"I don't know any other way of life we can pursue," said Mrs. Eversley, with her languid elegance. "I don't suppose even you would want me to take boarders.'

"Teresa always had a vulgar cast to her mind," said Trevor. "She really thinks it is as dignified to work as to live at your case." And he bit off the end of his cigar before sauntering out on his afternoon walk.

"Poor boy!" said his mother. "And he would

so well become a fortune!"
"Well," said Teresa, "Trevor may call me vulgar, and you may cover me with reproaches, mamma, but I have weighed the matter, and I am going to hang on our expectations no longer. have spoken to Uncle Trevor, and he will lend me his name, and I shall take the rooms, and open an establishment like Madame Paletot's.

"Of course I shall lose caste; but caste is not everything in this world, as you'll agree, mamma, when the dollars come rolling in, and our bank account goes rolling up."

And for answer Mrs. Eversley fainted. "That

I should live to see a child of your father's!" she sobbed, incoherently, when she came out of the fit. "And what will Harold Van Duysen say?" and went off in a series of kicking hysterics.

"I can not turn you, your father's own child, out of my house and home," said Mrs. Eversley, the next day, when Teresa had unfolded her plans more in detail.

"No, you can not," said Teresa, quietly. "Because, as the law stands, and poor papa's will, I have just as much right in it as you have. And I don't believe you wish to do so."

"But I can tell you what I think of a person who goes deliberately to work to spoil her sister's prospects," said Mrs. Eversley, now with more temper than tears, as she put her little gray curls out of her eyes. "Do you suppose that Harold Van Duysen will ever think of offering his hand to Laura now ?"

I don't know that he ever did think of it." said Teresa, with a color swimming up the olive of her cheek.

'This," said her mother, with solemn dignity, "has settled the matter now. He will never choose his wife among trades-people. Oh !"with a shudder, and burying her face in her fancy-work, which elegant fiction she usually kept beside her-"I'm thankful you are not a child of mine! I always knew that 'p' in your mother's name would bear its fruits. Thompson with a 'p'!"

"If any letter in my mother's maiden name," said the step-daughter, with a laugh, "has cabalistic power enough to make me ashamed of waiting for a dead man's shoes, it is a spell much needed in this family." And Teresa went about needed in this family." And Teresa went about her business with a light heart, feeling that the worst was over in having broken her intention to the household, and all Trevor's subsequent and haughty silence toward her, as if she were unworthy of a word from the future head of the house she so dishonored, did not weaken her de-

Of course her long-occupied social position brought her at once a clientèle, these in approval, and those in curiosity. But having a finished taste, and knowing exactly what was wanted by the people with whom she had associated, she kept them all as customers, and soon enlarged her borders. That, as she soon felt, she was no longer one of nous antres did not affect her much; she was pretty well tired of nous autres. But that any of such feeling should be reflected in her half-sister Laura was a matter of regret. "Never mind, Laura dear," she said. "When I have made my fortune-and I shall make it; I paid Uncle Trevor up to-day—we will go away and see the world; we will live in Europe, see the midnight sun, float on the lagoons of Venice, go up the Nile, bathe in Jordan, take a look at Japan. And when we come back, people will have forgotten all about the shop.

You needn't think I feel badly, Tara," said Laura, her sweet blue eyes full of nervous tears. "I've been looking it all over, and I can't see anything improper, or unladylike, or derogatory, your showing lovely pieces of silk and lace and velvet to ladies, and employing girls to make them up for them. If they are going to cut you for that, they may cut me too. I am going to keep your books.' Laura dear!"

"Yes, really. I've been learning all by myself. I tried to have Trevor help me, but he gave me a terrible taking to do for such a vulgar wish."

"I don't think mamma can bear it."

"Sorry. For she'll have to." She will say I have depraved you."

"Well-poor mamma!-she can't say you've

deprayed Trevor."
"He says"—and Teresa's great eyes gloomed "that I have injured him irretrievably, and that when people ask who he is now, the answer comes, 'Oh, his sister keeps a shop!

"So his little cane and his little boots and his big manners are of no use to him. Perhaps it will drive him into doing something useful."

"Well, it's too bad. He used to be so sweet a

fellow. But I can't let you do this, Laura. You you are too pretty.

Laura shook her curly head: it certainly was pretty. "As if that was any argument when Teresa Eversley uses it." And she pulled her sister to the mirror and pointed silently. But Tara turned away. The tall and stately shape, wrapped in its sombre draperies, the faultless face, dark and clear, with shadowy eyes, the black and silken locks of hair-they seemed to belong to another person, and not to the one whom Harold Van Duysen had looked on with eyes of tenderness. She turned away, a bitterness of soul suffusing her eves with deeper shadow. If Harold Van Duysen's love had been so slight a thing as to be unable to bear the blow of her having gone to work-if this were workit was as well she knew it early. There was a gulf between them then, in their least emotion, one never to be crossed, and the sooner she let the place that he had filled become a void the better.

But she did not suffer Laura to take charge of the books. "I can't see why," Laura urged, pouting her pretty lips. "If you don't let me, it only shows that you don't believe what you say, and that you think work is degrading, and won't let me be degraded."

"It is not that at all," said Teresa. "It is because you are her own daughter, and whether I think it right on her part or not, I don't want to pain mamma so much as I know it will pain her. And then she would really be too lonesome at home without you."

So the months were away, and Teresa sent her forewoman to Paris for fabrics and fashions, and began her third year, feeling a new interest in her business, which was taking an artistic character in her mind, and giving her, so far as successful, an artist's satisfaction.

Trevor, meanwhile, still kept his place in the counting room, more from the good nature of the employer than because he filled any requirement. "It's abominable," he said to his mother, "that, taking the place I could in society, I should be hampered in this way by Tara's low-bred tastes and by the want of Uncle Trevor's money. When see the other fellows with their drags and tallyhos, having the freedom of their clubs, with their opera-boxes, marrying the daughters of millionaires—by George! it's enough to make a fellow take his own life!"

And this awful threat overwhelmed Mrs. Ev-

ersley, who wrung her hands, and cried, and begged her darling to remember he was her only son, his father's image, all the joy she had, the hope of her existence, and to spare her, to spare her, to spare her! And her darling answered, "Good gracious, mother! Do have a little sense."

It was surely desirable that his mother should have some sense, for Trevor had hardly any himself. Nor did he seem to know how to find any pleasure except in rich clothes and behind a highstepping horse. "I can't take you to drive, Laura," he said, "for the fellows will ask what pretty girl it is, and when they hear they will say, 'Oh yes, the sister who keeps a shop!" He spent the whole of his salary on his pleasures. The whole of it? Much more than his salary, it seemed to Teresa, who looked furtively at his go ings and comings, and realized, with her already better knowledge of the world, what some of these pleasures must cost. Was he gambling in a gentle way? Had he begged of his mother her purse? That purse was evidently full. She began to feel a vague fear of she knew not what. She knew what very soon.

Uncle Trevor waited upon her one morning in her private room, and sat down with his hat on. Taking from his pocket a large wallet, he opened it with deliberation, ran over its contents, and handed her, without a word, a bit of paper. It was a note for a large sum, signed by T. Eversley, which was upon the market, and had been presented to him for payment. That told the whole It was a forgery—a cunning forgery—for it was the name of both uncle and sister, and both names carried weight. Her heart beat so heavily against her side it seemed impossible that it should beat again. Her color fell; she could not lift her eyes. For him to ruin them all!

"Well?" her uncle said, in his hard voice. She still held the bit of paper, held it so tightly that her fingers were white and her nails blue. What was she to do? Her thoughts ran swiftly as lightning runs. To pay this note would ruin her, close up the business, return her to the tyranny of her step-mother, destroy all the hope that she and Laura had had of independence, put them back into their old slavery of waiting for a dead man's shoes. But not to pay it! To let another soul beside herself know of the disgrace of her father's son; to let the miserable boy suffer any more agony than the self-knowledge of his base act; to let his poor mother suffer such shock such shame, such misery! It was all in a second. "Well?" she said, her heart gathering its strength again. "Perhaps I don't understand. Why did you bring me my note? Have you bought it? You need not have done that, Uncle Trevor. It was very kind of you, but I am good for it. This is a day too early, you see, and it's not very business-like to pay your notes before the last day of grace; but, so long as you're here, I may as well take it up.

"Do you mean to say," said the old man, in a slow and terrible way, "that this is your note?"
"Certainly I mean to say it," she answered

him, although it seemed as if her voice were some inflexible weight that she must needs pull up from vast depth and distance. "Is not that my name?" pointing to the signature. "Is not that my handwriting?" The room was growing dark, The room was growing dark. was beginning to whirl; she put out her hand in a blind way, but grasped nothing, and the note fluttered to the floor.

There was silence for a moment. Her uncle

looked at her slowly from head to foot.

"You are a handsome girl," he said then.
"Every inch a Trevor and an Eversley. Dark as a gypsy queen, and proud as a royal duchess. Yes, you are a handsome girl-but you are a liar That note was neither given nor signed by you It is the forgery of your brother Trevor. And the scoundrel knows that he is safe because it is his own name also. What ails my brother's child," he cried, "that he should do this thing?"

"And his mother does not spell her name with a 'p'!" said Teresa, to break the force of the horror that was freezing them, and bursting into a laugh that would have been hysterical if she had not remembered Mrs. Eversley's habits. clasped both hands about her throat in the effort to quiet herself, and staggered to a seat.
"Well?" her uncle said again. "I suppose

you'd have brazened it out to the end with anybody else. You're a plucky girl. As for your being a liar, I won't say you lied in a good cause; but the truth should not be spoken at all times, we've heard say. And I don't know as I should be the one to reprove you, as I shall pay this note.'

"I. I gave you a hard trial, and I find you hard material. I'm glad of it. I'm glad there's somebody to uphold the Eversley name when I'm gone. And that won't be long first. For this thing—this thing—this finding my brother's child a rascal—has given me a blow. There never was There never was a blot upon the name before."

It was very plain it had given the old man a blow. He stooped and picked up the note, trembling from head to foot as Teresa did, although making a strong fight. She crossed over to his side as he turned to go, took his two hands in hers, and kissed them.

d Kissed them.
"They are clean hands," he said, looking at
om then in a half-wondering way. "They never them then in a half-wondering way. did a thing I am ashamed of before God. if they have not been open hands, it is because they have been busy ones. Well, well, "and he went stumbling down the stairs, and Teresa left the room to set her girls their tasks through Miss Mahala.

How long that day seemed! And when it ended, what then? To go home and keep the horrid secret burning in her heart. How terrible a thing was life where lover failed, brother betrayed, home was a desert! She would have been glad to shut her eyes upon it all that moment in the marble sleep from which no one wakes. And leave

Laura? Poor little Laura! No; there was one thing left. She would live for her, and feel rewarded in the living.

The effort she had made to control herself had called up the richest color that the pale olive of her cheek could wear, her eyes were full of a soft. fulgent splendor, she was erect and stately as any young empress, when a group came into the drawing room where her costumes were displayed-a dowager, a pretty, pleasant girl, and a plain little overdressed creature, who tossed her head flippantly, and whose sentences, as she moved along, spoke for her almost as plainly as if her history had been pinned on her back. "Really," said Miss Mahala, "this little fiancée has been here before, and she has not a particle of intelligence.

But Teresa was acquainted with her. She was the only child of the famous broker Briarley, the heiress to his immense fortune. Teresa had been at school with her, and knew that if she was not hopelessly feeble-minded, it was because we do not call it so when they are heiresses to immense fortunes.

And this gentleman who had paused in the reception-room to take a check for their wraps-Great heavens! could it be Harold Van Duvsen who had come with this fool to buy her wedding garments? She had known that Harold had been away with an exploring expedition for a year or two: she had said to herself that she would do him the justice to believe that it might be his absence that had weakened the bond between them, rather than her assumption of these duties. She could never have believed of him that he would sell himself for Julia Briarley's money-not although she had heard that all the Van Duysen riches had recently taken to themselves wings and flown to the uttermost parts of the earth. She had thought him high-minded, brave, able to face a frowning world, if need were; and if he were not all that, she had never deemed he could be ignoble

The group had to pass her, but she beckoned to Miss Mahala to serve them. Julia paused on the way up the room, however, with the mermaiden smile that stretched her mouth like a fish's, and simpered, "You see I am to be married, Miss Eversley. Mrs. Van Duysen says it isn't etiquette for Harold to come here, but I don't go anywhere without him." But Harold looked at her as if she were a stone by the way-side that he had never seen before, and was never likely to see again, and passed on. "How your arm trembles, Harold!" said his mother. "I ought not to have let you carry all those wraps on it." And so they

Miss Mahala carried on the business during the next six weeks or so. Miss Eversley was hanging between life and death. The face that blanched that day so swiftly from its superb carmine, the features that grew ashen and pinched, the leaden circles about the beautiful eyes, all told of the shock the brain had had. It was a fierce fire that burned in her veins; but in its flames there were certain things she could well spare that were reduced to ashes. When she recovered she found that Miss Mahala had taken back to boxes and shelves and lay figures that splendid Briarley outfit, which was of no use to the bride, who, on the day after her marriage, awoke to hear that her father, the great broker whose immense possessions were thought to be as fixed as the value of the Koh-i-noor, had failed, and had cut his throat -the poor bride who did not know enough to care about the loss of her fortune till Harold's grip upon her arm and furious look into her eyes had taught her what it meant.

"Uncle Trevor had a shock last week, you may regret to hear," said Trevor, with a grin, at lunch eon, when Teresa came down for the third or fourth time to go out to her business a little while in the middle of the day. "I hope it won't give any of you a shock. He passed away day before yesterday morning, and will be buried this afternoon. I suppose we must wait till then for the will, but it comes hard to do it."

"Trevor! have you no decency left?" said Teresa.

"I will trouble you, Miss Eversley," said that young man, "to use a different method of speech toward me. Remember that now, at any rate, I am the head of the house, and if you can not address me with the respect that I demand, do not address me at all."

All the same they drove to their uncle's funeral together, some hours later, and returned to his dingy little parlor to hear the will read by his lawyer. It was a very brief document, giving the expected legacies to the other Eversleys, and a small one to Laura. "To my nephew and namesake Trevor," the page then ran, " I give the contents of the inclosed envelope marked with his name, which my lawyer will hand him, and which he is to open in the presence of his sisters. And all the rest and residue of which I die seized I hereby give and bequeath to my niece Teresa Eversley, provided that she continues the business in which she is now engaged, and associates her sister Laura with herself in the conduct of the same."

Mrs. Everslev threw up her hands with a cry. "Continue!" But her voice was arrested by Trevor's groan. He was looking at his legacy: it was only his forged note.

"It is terrible! It is mysterious!" said Mrs. Eversley, as they drove home.

"It is right," said Laura—"solemnly, sorrow-

fully right." "But as for the business, mamma," said Teresa, "now that we really need not pursue it except to meet an old man's caprice, you may not care so much, socially considered. Think what a good thing it is to give employment to so many happy people as we do there! We shall have unbounded wealth outside of it, so that we can really make a plaything of the establishment; make it quite an ideal concern, and educate public opinion

in such matters." "Pshaw!" said Mrs. Eversley.



"You need not speak so. As for yourself, mamma, you shall have every luxury and plea-sure, and, if you choose, you can live abroad with Trevor; I will make him my purchasing agent in France. That is only fair; I gave Harold Van Duysen a situation on the books to-day."

And Mrs. Eversley went abroad with her son. But the wealth of her daughters was only bitterness to her, with the gall and wormwood of the shop; and as for the rest—she had seen that note as Trevor crumpled it in his hands, and had comprehended the whole.

"We had better have learned to dig, Trevor,"

she said as they leaned over the vessel's side together, "than to have waited in that way for a dead man's shoes. Oh, they came too late! I might have known they would. And now they pinch, they pinch!"
"They sometimes do," said Trevor.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST TREES.

NE entering upon the study of the vegetable forms of field and forest is perhaps at first more interested in the humbler, though it may be more conspicuously flowering plants, and disposed to put aside the study of the forest trees until he becomes familiar with some of these; but if he is then led to examine the trees he finds them not less interesting, and any one

"who in the love of nature holds Communion with her visible forms,

will. I think, be impressed, if his attention be turned in this direction, by the beauty of many of the forest trees when decked with their numerous flower clusters in spring or early summer, even if he has not the interest of the botanist in studying the details and classification of the

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A typical flower, it is to be remembered, consists of stamens and pistils, the inner essential organs, and calyx and corolla, the outer protecting organs. The flowers of the trees it is proposed to consider are, however, generally simplified by the suppression of one or more of these organs; in which case they are frequently borne in catkins. Thus, while the snow still lingers on the ground, and the winds of early March whistle overhead, certain willows, in this case perhaps shrubs rather than trees, may be seen developing from their buds numerous cylindrical bodies covered with down—the "pussy willows" of the children—and if these bodies be noticed later they will be seen to have taken on a bright golden hue. On examination we find that they now have numerous stamens protruding from the down, the pollen cells at whose extremities impart the characteristic color to the catkin. No calyx, corolla, or pistils will be found, nor shall we find any of these organs on any part of our willow; but as there could be no seeds produced if there were no pistils, we are led to look farther for the pistils of our willow. In the shrubbery in the vicinity of the willow bearing the brilliant golden catkins there will very likely be another resembling the first in aspect, except that in place of the bright catkins there will be others less conspicuous, and bearing pistils instead of sta-mens; that is, this willow, like all other willows, is diœcious-one individual bearing the stamens and another the pistils. A clump of willows with thin leafless branches thickly covered with bright yellow catkins, while the forests are still bare, and hardly any of the herbaceous plants have put forth their flowers, is an exceedingly pleasing forerunner of the train of blossoms which the season will bring. The aspens, or poplars, belong to the same family as the willows. Of these there are two species common in our New England woods-the American aspen (Populus tremuloides) and the large-toothed aspen (Populus grandidentata). These closely resemble each other, but may be distinguished by their leaves, those of the former having small regular teeth, while those of the latter have teeth that are large and irregularly sinuate. It is this latter tree that bears the young leaves densely covered with white wool, which at the commencement of summer look like snow upon the hills. The aspens bear their stamens and pistils on separate individuals, like the willows; but their catkins, though at first short and thick, the sterile with stamens of a deep red color, become afterward long and drooping, and being sometimes several inches in length, are often very conspicuous, as they hang thickly from the branches before or at the appearance of the leaves. At about the commencement of summer the aspens and willows dis-charge their seeds. These are furnished with long, silky down, which facilitates their dispersion by the winds. We have seen willows to whose catkins, as the seeds were being scattered, this down gave the appearance of large white blossoms, so abundant was it.

Birches and alders are monocious, or, in other words, have their pistilate and staminate flowers on the same individual. The white birch (Betula alba) is a slender, graceful tree common in the parts of New England near the coast and as far south as Pennsylvania, and having triangular, very taper pointed leaves. From its white bark it is probably often confounded with the paper or canoe birch (Betula pappracea), a much larger tree, with ovate leaves. Let us take this tree as an illustration of the flowering of the birches. One who is passing through a growth of white birches in the early part of winter will very likely see numerous little brown cylinders about an inch in length pendent from the branches. If one of these be grasped in the hand it falls to pieces, and the hand is filled with numerous little scales, among which may be found many small winged fruits. The pendants on the trees are, then, the fertile catkins with the ripened seeds. Through the winter the scales will gradually fall from the slender area of the stability and the seeds or more slender axes of the catkins, and the seeds, or more

properly winged fruits inclosing the seeds, will be widely distributed by the winds. By visiting an isolated white birch just after a snow-storm which has been followed by a strong wind, one may see the great distance to which the innumerable light seeds are carried. Besides these fertile catkins it is probable that the trees during the winter will have many slender bodies at the extremities of the last season's growth. To see what these are we should visit the trees again at about the time of the appearance of the leaves. We should then find that they had developed into long catkins strung with yellow staminate flowers. A birch-tree with its numerous golden tassels amid the just developing bright green leaves is of great beauty. But we must not over-look the minute fertile catkins just brought forth at the extremities of very short branches of the season. These will slowly grow through the summer, while the sterile catkins soon discharge their pollen and fall from the trees, and in the course of the season new ones may be formed, and by winter the birches be as first seen. Besides the white-stemmed birches two other trees of this genus are common in our Northern woods, the black or cherry birch (Betula lenta), and the yellow or gray birch (Betula lutea). All bear their flowers in a manner similar to that of the white birch, differing somewhat in the size and shape of their catkins. The fertile catkins of the two species last mentioned, instead of being cylindric al, resemble small cones, those of the yellow birch being about an inch long. The alders belong to the birch family, but those which grow so abundantly in our swamps and along the water-courses (Alnus incana) bear their stamens and pistils in catkins of which both sorts were formed the fore-going summer, and expanded in early spring. has not seen the fertile catkins, persisting, woody, and cone-like, on the shrubs?

Other monœcious trees are the butternuts, blos-

soming in May or June. These have large and long green staminate catkins; but the fertile flowers are not in catkins, but solitary, or a few together, at the ends of the branches. Each consists of a calvx, some very small petals, and a pistil that with the adnate calyx may be recognized as an embryo butternut, though it has now two reddish stigmas at its apex nearly as large as itself. Then there are the hickories and the chestnuts, both of which are also monœcious, with only the staminate flowers in catkins. There are few who live in the country that have not seen the prickly burrs that guard the chestnuts; but not so many are familiar with the great cord-like staminate catkins that hang from the trees in summer. On the beech the staminate flowers are in heads, each of which has a very slender stalk.

Among the first signs of returning spring is a filling out of the spray on the elms. "See how the leaves are coming out on the elms!" is the remark heard on those first delicious days that succeed the departing winter. But, in truth, no leaves are yet to be seen upon the clms; the trees are blossoming; nor will the leaves be likely to come for several weeks. So high are most of the flowers, however, that they can not be dis-tinguished from leaves; but it may be seen that the extremities of the branches and the young trees are bare as in midwinter, for on these no flowers are borne. Such is generally the abundance of blossoms, however, that the trees appear to be covered with young leaves. About the first of June the ground beneath the trees will very likely be strewn with numerous winged fruits much resembling parsnip seeds, though somewhat larger. These are the ripened pistils. The elms bear both perfect and separated flowers. These are small and yellowish or purplish, and are borne in clusters.

Speaking of fruits leads us to the maples, all of which bear fruits with very conspicuous wings. These fruits are at first united in pairs, a pair to each flower; but afterward separate into single one-seeded samaras. The maples have both perfect and separated flowers, and when the flowers are imperfect, one individual bears staminate blossoms and another the pistilate. Their flowers have a calyx, and sometimes petals, and are quite small. The flowers of the red or swamp maple (Acer rubrum) are most conspicuous, being usually scarlet or crimson, and are often borne in immense numbers. They are in clusters, and the staminate have long protruding stamens. is this tree that imparts to our swamps and low lands the warm flush that steals over them just before the forests take on their various tints of green; and in the fall

"The maple swamps glow like a sunset sea, Each leaf a ripple with its separate flush."

At certain seasons it is indeed a red maple. I remember a growth of these maples, seen one May morning on the opposite shore of a pond, that had almost the brilliancy of autumnal foliage. Frequently the flowers are so numerous that they seem to cover the tree with their glowing hue. The flowers of the white or silver maple (Acer dasycarpum), a much larger tree growing along river-banks, are greenish-yellow, and of no great beauty. These two species bear their flowers before the appearance of the leaves, and shed their fruits at the commencement of summer. The fruit of the white maple is, with its great wing, sometimes two inches long, and is larger than that of any other maple. The flowers of the rock or sugar maple (Acer saccharinum) appear with the leaves. Being of a greenish-yellow color, they are not noticeable upon the tree, but are remarkable for their long thread-like stems. There are two other species of maple that must not be overlooked, the striped maple (Acer pennsylvanicum), also called moose-wood and striped dogwood, and the mountain maple (Acer spicatum). is a small slender tree not rare in rich woods, and noticeable for its light green bark striped with dark lines. Though there may be something uncanny about this tree, with its variegated stem, it is not to be confounded, though called dogwood,

with the poisonous sumac (Rhus venenata) of that name. Its green flowers are borne in June. a dozen or so being strung on a long slender drooping axis. The mountain maple is a tall shrub forming clumps, particularly abounding in the wildest and most picturesque spots. Its flowers are also greenish, and are borne in dense clusters somewhat resembling a small bunch of lilacs. The flowers of the last two species do not appear until after the leaves, and they, as well as

the rock-maple, retain their fruits until fall. In this connection it is interesting to note the means by which the seeds are dispersed as they fall from the trees. We have seen the great distance to which the winged seeds of the white birch are carried by the winds. The elms and maples also have winged seeds, and the silky down on those of the poplars and willows serves the same purpose, while nut-bearing trees may have been planted by the squirrels. It is not to be supposed that all the forest trees bear an abundance of flowers and fruits every season, any more than that an apple-tree will blossom and bear fruit in profusion for a succession of years. Thus the past season, though most of the species which we have considered bore many blossoms, on the black and vellow birches, during a somewhat pro-longed search, we could find scarcely a sterile catkin, while on the white birches and alders they were much less numerous than they had been the previous season; and the elms, though they bore an abundance of flowers, generally, if we are not mistaken, ripened few seeds. Last winter, however, were to be seen in great num-bers on the alders and birches the undeveloped catkins, giving promise of a pleasing display in the spring.

"SPANISH VISTAS."

See illustration on double page.

THE readers of the charming series of "Spanish Vistas," by George Parsons Lathrop, illustrated by Charles S. Reinhart, which lately enriched the columns of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, will be glad to know that they have just been published in a handsome volume by Harper & Brothers. It would be hard to find a more picturesque description of the strange, quaint out-of-door life of the children of old Spain, in whose veins still runs the blood of the Moor and the Goth, than these racy sketches, with their spirited illustra-tions, which those who have read once will be glad to read again, and those who have not read will welcome as a new delight. The double-page illustration by Mr. Reinhart gives a representation of a kind of street life of which we have no idea in our changeable climate. In Spain. however, the traveller may see the women finishing their toilette out-of-doors, combing their raven locks, and the men undergoing the daily ordeal of a shave. None of our modern appliances for the Spanish barber. He uses still the old brass dish with a lune cut out to fit the neck below the chin, the very same dish that Don Quixote took for the helmet of Mambrino. The barber himself has a touch of the stage Figaro about him; he is all tags, tassels, and embroidery, always in a bustle, lying and lathering, cutting and chattering. His shop, when he possesses one, is the popular club, where all the idlers of the town do love to congregate. On the other side of the scene is the water-monger. Spaniards at all times are as dry as the desert, and selling water is an active business. In the town the seller of water has a shed, with ranges of jars, glasses, oranges, lemons, and a bench or two where his patrons can rest. In the alameda the water-carriers go their rounds. Near the group of water-drinkers is a group of asses, which in Spain, as in the East, have their coats clipped, part of the hair being often left in stripes, or cut into quaint patterns. The ass is the companion of the Spanish peasant, and is as dear to him still as his Rucio was to Sancho Panza. In Spain small carts are almost unknown, and no Spaniard will condescend to push or pull a wheelbarrow; the ass, therefore, is in constant employment for bearing sacks of corn, wine skins, or water jars. The operation of shearing these useful creatures is usually performed by gypsies, who may be known by the formidable shears they carry in their sashes.

There is always plenty of color in a Spanish scene. The peasants, with their blue, red, and yellow kerchiefs, their many-hued sashes, their leather leggings, and laced sandals, add brightness to the view, and contrast well with the white walls of the houses, on which the sunlight gleams fiercely, making every portal look dark as night. The black spot in the picture is the black-robed priest, with his strange hat, like that of Don Basilio in the opera, who sits reading his office, while keeping one ear open to listen to the compliments that the young officer behind him is paying to the dark-eved lady in the mantilla. The charm of Spanish beauty, Mr. Lathrop says, is casionally in the south and east, but deep black is the prevailing hue; the eyes are dreamy and luminous, large, dark, and weird. It is a beauty whose spell works gradually on the mind.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MINNE.—Braid a large palm leaf on each pleat of our skirt like those seen on a costume in Bazar No.

Vol. XVI.
 Mrs. L. E. B.—We have no purchasing agency. Get lighter tan-colored cashmere and brown velvet ribbon

Inglifer fan-confect cashinere and drown verter frozon for your dress.

New Subscriber.—Use your large-figured silk for a pretty Watteau polonaise over a pleated Surah skirt. The gray Japanese poplin will not wear well, and should be used for a very simple house dress where it will not have hard usage.

Mrs. L. R. R.—Have your wool dress dyed myrtle

green or else a good clear gray, or the corn-flower blue, Mrs. J. E. D.—Read about wraps in Bazar No. 12, Vol. XVI. A black ottoman cloth mantle or long

Vol. XVI. A black ottoman cloth maintle or long wrap is what you want.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Get the lightest of the dark green satins, and make it and the black ottoman by

the two designs at the lower corners of page 100 of Bazar No. 7, Vol. XVI. For the cashmere read Bazar No. 1, Vol. XVI. Get a dark plaid Raglan for a travelling wrap. For a summer dress get an embroidered nums' veiling. Use design for velvet polonaise on page 189 of Bazar No. 12, Vol. XVI.

Twinkle.—Read about bonnets and wraps in Bazar No. 12, Vol. XVI. Get sprigged musin and make it with a pointed basque—not lined—and round skirt trimmed with three gathered flounces edged with Oriental lace, and have a wrinkled apron over-skirt.

Trikle.—Read reply above to "Twinkle." A muslin or linen corset cover trimmed with insertion or lace is worn under the basque. As you are slender, you might have the waist with surplice folds on the bust, and the neck in V shape.

M. E. P.—We know of no such place, and can not recommend special establishments.

ALMA S.—We publish no such circular.

M.—No charge is made for answering drestions in this column. Correspondents must await their turn, and need never expect answers in the next number, which is often in type when their letter is received. Of course a bride wears gloves when married in a travelling dress.

Subscauber.—You will find information concerning silk scraps to be woven into curtains in Bazar No. 13, Vol. XIII.

M. A. B.—The Supplement patterns have a medium bust measure, thirty-four to thirty-six inches. No allowance is made for scams.

C. Q. Z.—You can probably obtain the colors, etc., from any store where artists' materials are sold. We do not give addresses in this column.

Anna F.—The powdered outline of an embroidery design which has been transferred to material must be traced over carefully with white or black oil-paint to fix it.

L. A., Galveston, Texas.—Harper & Brothers do not bind volumes of the Bazar, but furnish cloth covers (which can be put on by any book-binder) at 75 cents, or, by mail, \$1.

New Subsonier.—The embroidery designs given in the Bazar are prepared for transferring by pertorating the outlines in fine close holes. In many cases this can be

ricate designs it must be done by normal and probably make them available for your purpose. You will find full directions for the two methods of transferring in Bazar No. 48, Vol. XIII.

As Old Subgeriuse,—We know of no such magic lotion.

Winston.—Your question is fully answered in an article on "Invitations, Acceptances, and Regrets," in Bazar No. 5, Vol. XVI.

Mollie G.—Make your blue cashmere dress with a basque or peplum polonaise and pleated skirt, trimmed with cascades of white lace and pluk ottoman rosettes or loops with notched ends in the lace. Made in princesses style, it would seem merely a morning dress for the house.

V. M. M. G.—Make your white India linen by cut pattern No. 3399, using the rick-rack where braid is shown in the design, which is illustrated in Bazar No. 12, Vol. XVI. The Langtry blouse-waists belted, with tucked skirts and apron over-skirts, are liked for simple wash dresses, and will be worn again. Cover wooden button-monids as small as a silver half-dime with velvet for your velvet waist. Do not after your crean-colored bunting. Get some white mans veiling instead of wash goods, and put your black lace flounce, etc., on it, and some bright red velver ribbou.

Scusonauca.—For plain wash dresses read reply above to for a pelisse. For your blue crape busque and verselving at a pattern No. 3398, illustrated in Bazar No. 12, Vol. XVI.

Nixa.—White rosses, clematis, and white lines are worn by brides, but there should always be one or two sprays of ormage blossoms also. We know of nothing to darken hair safely.

My of ormage blossoms also. We know of nothing to darken hair safely.

My of ormage blossoms also. We know of nothing to darken hair safely.

My of ormage blossoms also. We know of nothing to darken hair safely.

My of ormage blossoms also. We know of nothing to darken hair safely.

My of ormage blossoms also. We know of nothing to darken hair safely.

My of ormage blossoms also, we know of nothing to great wash the control of the same with chemilia fringe on it; this is for t

ming.

A. P.—Get more of the blue nuns' veiling, and some velvet for trimming. Read suggestions in New York Fashions of Bazar No. 14, Vol. XVI. Use the pink material for an added drapery to your basque, giving it the effect of a polonaise.

Telka E.—Use your brown wool pongee for the entire dress, with a basque, apron over-skirt, and pleated skirt.

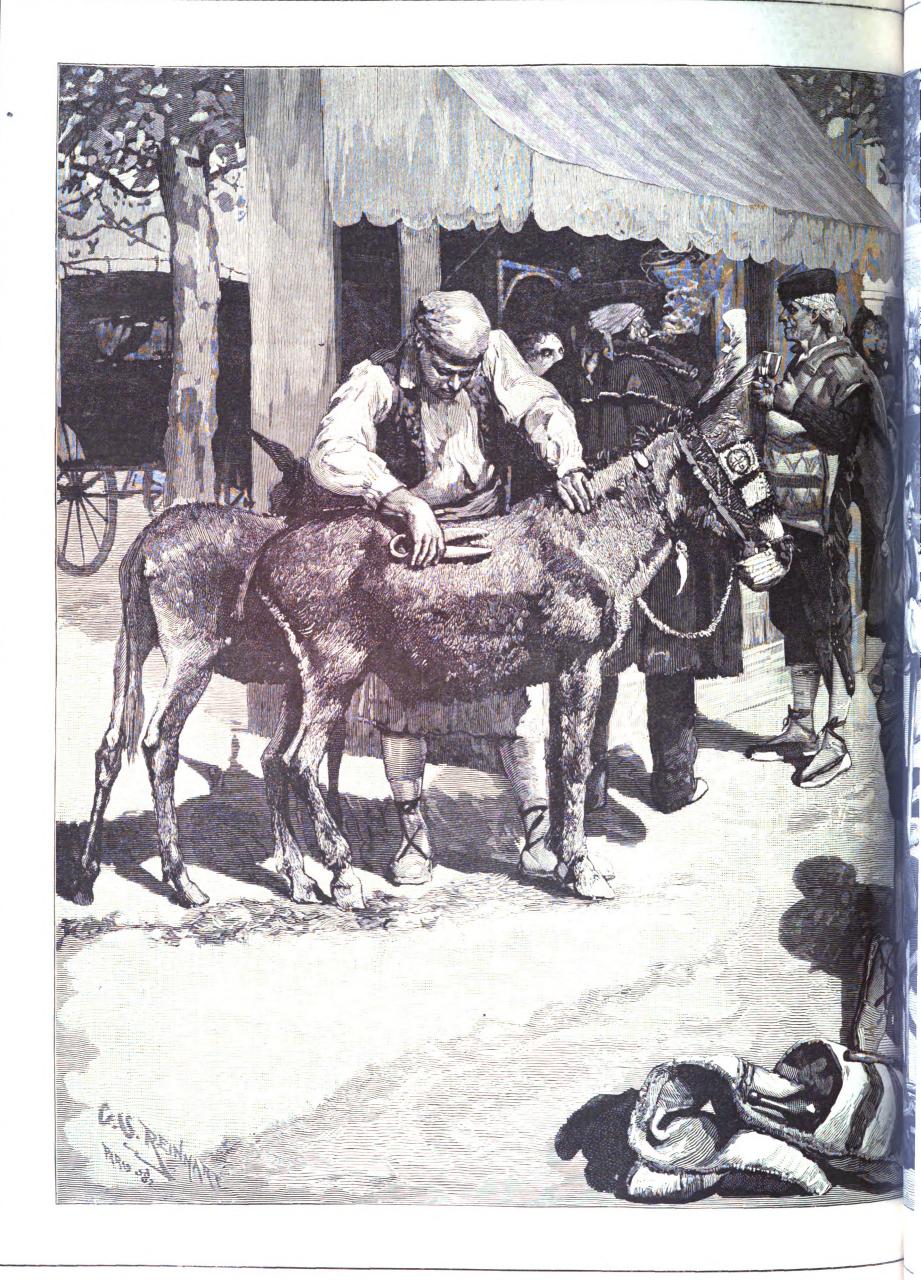
BAZARITE.-For a simple and stylish nuns' veiling

skirt.

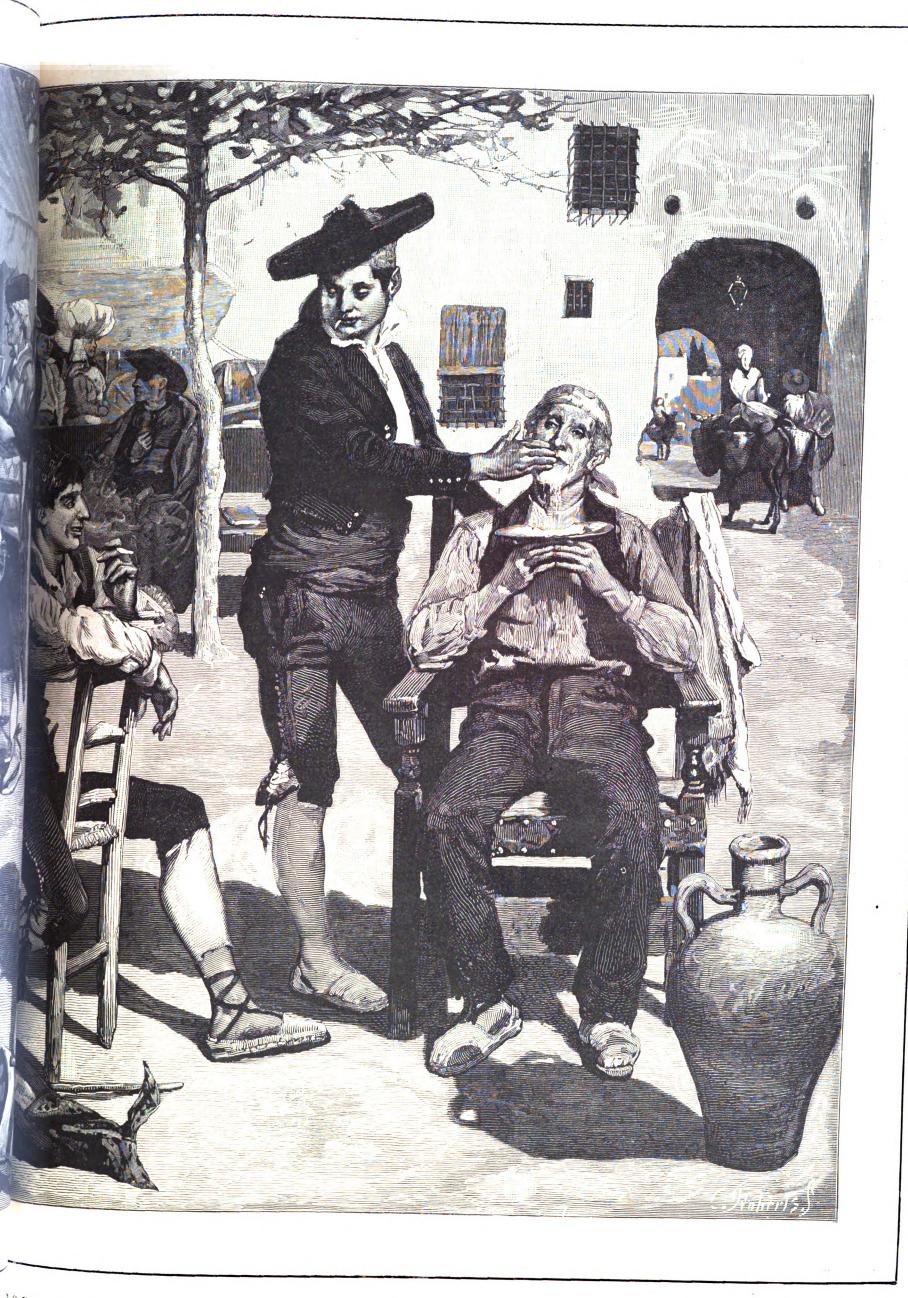
Bazarte.—For a simple and stylish nuns' veiling dress use cut pattern No. 3397, illustrated in Bazar No. 12, Vol. XVI. A short basque, apron, and full skirt will be nice for your barred muslin. The frock-coat of light cloth will be better than a long pelisse if you intend to wear it with various dresses. The pelisse is straighter and more severe than the redingote. Four Years' Scusormer.—India shawls never go entirely out of fushion, and you will do well to hay one, though you can not get a very fine quality for the sum you mention. Use cut pattern 3398, Bazar No. 12, Vol. XVI., for your wood dress.

New Scusormer.—Get a flannel travelling dress for June. Remodel your black slik by suggestions given in Bazar No. 8, Vol. XVI. Get checked slik or foulard to combine with your blue sain de Lyon, using the latter for a skirt. White muslin slips are the first short dresses, and are still made with a yoke and full skirt. Over this let your boy wear a walking coat with cape made of éern or brown cloth, and a little soft turban or polo cap of the same. Ostrich plumes can be dyed, if done with care. The cat's tail, in the pleture in the Bazar, expresses the different stages of feeling through which Puse passes in her attack and capture of the mouse in the cheese.





A STREET SCENE IN SPAIN.-I



18 REINHART.—[SEE PAGE 343.]

IONE STEWART.*

By E. LYNN LINTON,

AUTHOR OF "PATRIOIA KEMBALL," "THE ATONEMENT OF LEAM DUNDAS," "UNDER WHICH LORD?" "MY LOVE," ETG.

CHAPTER XVII.

REVELATIONS.

Ir nothing could have been more delightful than the drive through the Favorita and rounding the spur of Pellegrino, nothing was more charming than that preliminary stroll on the sands while the servants were preparing the ta-ble under the tent already pitched. Ragged ble under the tent already pitched. men and women with half-naked children stood as a fringe round the sandy dunes where grew cistus and myrtles, tamarisk and thorn apples, with dwarf iris at their feet. These poor creatures had gathered silently from all four quarters, as if they had come up from the ground, attracted by that strange instinct which brings wild things where prey is to be had, as well as instructed by that secret language which in a few signs had passed the news from one to the other that food was about and fragments were

As yet there was no separation into small groups or more intimate couples. The whole body kept en masse together, like a battalion in close order; and, so far as things had yet gone, the order of the day was essentially republican, and the administration communistic. Everybody belonged to everybody else. There was no favoritism, no exclusiveness, no segregation. Armine looked at Ione, talked to Clarissa, laughed with the Lancini girls, and paid his devoirs like a man to Mrs. Stewart and the elder ladies. So did the other young men; and the girls were no more exclusive than their cavaliers. But after luncheon was over things were naturally changed. They could not all stand shoulder to shoulder like a well-drilled battalion for the whole afternoon; and when the wanderings and explorings, the searchings for shells, for flowers, for shade, for points of view, had set in, then the solid mass decomposed into groups here and couples there. And somehow, no one knew how, not even the girl herself, the Marchese Mazzarelli took possession of Ione-and kept what he took.

In general the young fellow's attentions did not displease Ione. She was a girl like others, and girl-like she enjoyed her triumphs. They put her into good humor with herself; made her forget the insecurity of her fortunes and the unsatisfactory condition of all things with her; and tore down some of Clarissa's extra decorations. And this, to a girl of her jealous temperament, was always somewhat soothing. But to-day she wished that the Marchese would leave her to herself, and carry his laughing eyes and pleasant words to Clarissa, who had coveted them not a little when she could not have them, and had had none other to make up for the want of them. To-day she desired them no more than did Ione, and would have found them as unwelcome if she had not received them quite so ungraciously. For St. Claire had joined himself to the plump little human pigeon, and seemed almost as if he were pinned to her skirts, so close was he in his attendance. And when St. Claire was in the field, all other men, with these two girls, were thrust into the hedge. He was their "color" for the moment, and they wore none other.

Devoured by jealousy, Ione only wanted to be alone. Life on this splendid day, when the gods had come back to earth, seemed somehow a terrible mistake. It was above all a mistake to her, cast up by the tide of chance from the depths, she knew neither whence nor how-a mere piece of human wreckage gathered up by hands which regretted their kindly work, and made her feel that they did. Without inherited rights, only with natural claims which she could not enforce. what a miserable life hers was! Had she been the daughter of well-placed parents whose acquaintance was of itself an honor, this new friend of theirs, this Dr. St. Claire, would not have deserted her for Clarissa! He would have been proud to have devoted himself to her, as indeed he ought to be now, for she was a truer friend to him than Clarissa was-much, much truer! If only she could find her own parents, and have some one who could maintain her position, or, failing this, if she could but make a home for herself and be free and independent! If only she could leave this beautiful island which, for all its beauty, was to her a prison-these memories of old times where the gods, who once were the friends of man, were to her like grinning spectres-if she could but get away from all she knew and begin a new life in free and independent England! If only she could! How close St. Claire was standing by Clarissa!

What was he showing her? what was he saying to her? How she wished that she could hear! How weak he was to waste his time on such a commonplace person as Clarissa! He would do far better to devote himself to one of those Lancini girls. At all events they had good eyes, and could use their fans with grace; but Clarissa's eyes were just like two china beads, and she used her fan as if it were a broom handle. Really she would give up all interest in Dr. St. Claire. was not worth it. No man who could devote himself like this to Clarissa was worth two thoughts from any other girl. What was he showing her? Their heads were nearly touching. And see Clarissa was actually drawing her little finger across the palm of his hand, held curved like a cup, as if she were moving something lying in the hollow. She would look no more. was unworthy her interest, the other too hope-

* Begun in Haupen's Bazab No. 8, Vol. XVI.

lessly had all through to make her doings of any worth whatsoever. They might do as they would. It did not concern her.

Her heart on fire, her brain dizzy with her passionate and jealous wrath, she turned toward the sea, as if to watch the waves as they ran lipping in to shore; while Mazzarelli, always laughing and good-humored, scraped the sand at her feet for shells, that he might make her "find" the largest, and glanced at intervals at Clarissa and St. Claire, as they stood there beneath the sun, looking like lovers and talking in common-

"Who is that young man?" at last asked Armine, his face turned to Mazzarelli.
"Which?—Captain Bonacore?" asked Claris-

sa, looking after a cavalry officer almost out of sight among the rocks.

He, talking to your sister," said Armine.

He was not jealous like a man, only curious like a woman. Still, he wished that if Ione gathered shells in concert with a well-set-up, goodlooking young fellow with laughing eyes, it had been with an Englishman and not an Italian.

Oh! Mazzarelli-the Marchese Mazzarelli," said Clarissa. "He is a great friend of ours, and desperately in love with Nony."

She made this statement with quite radiant satisfaction. A month ago she would have warmly denied it, had it been made to her.

"I thought so," said St. Claire, an odd little wave of displeasure, which might be called peevishness, overpowering the softer and more refined melaneltoly of his ordinary mood. they engaged?"

No, not vet. There is not quite enough money yet, else they would be. But as Nouv has no dot, they have to wait till his fortunes are better. It will all come right when an old uncle or aunt, or something like that, of his, dies," she added, with her well-known amiability, looking sympa-thetically pleased that Nony had this not too distant nor too desperate chance of happiness.

"Then she is in love with him?" asked Monica's adorer, with another little wave of sad dis-

"Of course!" said Clarissa, opening her eyes. She would not encourage him as she does if she were not

Yet, for all her bold lapse from truth at this moment. Clarissa was by no means a chronic fib-But she was not sorry to deal Ione this sharp back-hander, as in some sense a fitting punishment for having attracted Mazzarelli. In ier own manageable way she had liked the young Marchese herself, and had secretly resented the unmistakable assignment of his attentions to Now she no longer cared for him. Yet she would not let slip this opportunity for punishing the past. "Those who have been to the festa must pay the cost," she said to herself; "and Mazzarelli had been Ione's festa quite often enough to make it right that she should pay

"They will make a handsome couple," said St. Claire, looking at them with that kind of gentle envy which belongs to the sympathetic, disappointed in their own happiness, when they contemplate the blessedness of others.

Yes, he is very good-looking indeed," said Clarissa, emphasizing the last word.

"And your sister is lovely," returned St. Claire.
"Do you really think so?" asked Clarissa, in a tone of surprise. "I should say that Nony was more strange-looking than pretty—certainly not looked to a marting like it. With you have not lovely, or anything like it. With red hair and yellow eyes, how can she be?"

"I call her hair golden; and her eyes-well, I do not know what they are! They are all colors," said St. Claire.
"All colors! That does not sound very charm-

ing," said Clarissa, with a little grimace.

"Yours, at all events, do not leave themselves in doubt," said St. Claire, gallantly.

"Yours are as blue as the heavens-as blue as forget-me-

"But blue eyes are so ugly!" said Clarissa,

with girlish coquetry. "I think them beautiful," he answered.

"As beautiful as yellow ones?" she asked, with a little laugh.

"Surely," he answered, more flattering than

"Well, perhaps it is better than being all colors, like a chameleon," she returned. "I am no chameleon in anything," she then added, after a short pause; "neither in my eyes nor my character. Nony is."

acter. Nony is."

"Though there is a certain curious kind of resemblance between you—I can scarcely say where it is; I think it must be that you both have at times a likeness to your father, and that you meet there — yet you are strangely unlike," said St. Claire, rather suddenly, still looking at Ione, and

from her to Clarissa. "Of course we are," she answered, gayly. 'How should we be alike? And how should Nony be like father? How funny!" she added, with a little burst of merriment that somehow jarred on St. Claire.

"Why not?" he asked, with astonishment. "You are sisters."

Clarissa haughed again. She had been continually laughing during this conversation, and St. Chaire, who was usually quite willing to idealize everything connected with any of his new friends for the first time found himself irritated and op-

"Has no one told you?" she asked, arching her eyebrows still more than nature had already arched them. "Nony has not the remotest rela tionship to any of us," she said, emphatically. "She is an orphan, the daughter of an old friend of father's-but she does not belong to us in any way. He took her when she was quite a little thing, gave her his name, and brought her up as one of the family, because he and mother are so good—you do not know how good they are!" she interpolated heartily; "but she is not one of us

-not the least in the world," she repeated, as

emphatically as before.

She scarcely knew why she felt it to be such a satisfaction to say this to St. Claire. She had no conscious enmity to Ione; did not want to injure her with the handsome young doctor, or at least she did not think that she did; and yet she felt as if Providence had wrought in her behalf by giving her this opportunity of enlightenment, and that she ought to use it with thankfulness and dispatch. She had been longing to tell St. Claire the truth about her sister by adoption. It was not to harm the girl, but to disabuse the man of an error, and also in some sense to detach herself. She thought that he ought to know how things were at the Villa Clarissa. Every one in Paler-mo knew. Why not he with the rest? Besides this question of truth which seemed to

her of such paramount importance—how about that patent fib concerning Mazzarelli ?—Clarissa was morally ashamed of Ione. That indolent and discontented nature; those profitless dreams and long hours of idleness; those fierce outbursts of jealousy-witness that cruel murder of the little bird-revolted the better-ordered, more equable and sweet-tempered nature of Clarissa. And just as she felt that she must wash her pink soft hands when she had soiled them, so now she felt that she owed it to herself to repudiate Ione as a blood-relation whose character and conduct reflected on herself, or were derived from her

She looked at her companion to see how her information affected him. An expression came into his face which she could not read. It might be pity or surprise, or something dearer, or something more repellent. She could not fathom it. And as he said nothing more lucid than a trivial "Indeed!" she was no more helped by his voice than she had been by his eyes. She saw, however, that he looked at Ione with more interest of a kind—of what kind she could not say—than he had looked at her before.

Perhaps it was as well that she could not read the sudden keen desire which almost overpowered him-the passionate wish that possessed himof doing something for the poor girl's happiness, From the first he had wondered why she seemed to be always in disgrace. Now he understood her isolation, and his heart yearned to help her.

ITO BE CONTINUED.

YOLANDE.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "SHANDON BELLS," "MACLEOD OF DARE,"
"White Wings," "Sundise," RTO.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A BEGINNING.

DESPITE all her hurrying, however, Yolande did not manage to get away from London on the day following; it was not until early the next morning that she and her mother and the maid found themselves finally in the train, and the great city left behind for good. The weather was brilliant and shining around them; and the autumn-tinted woods were glorious in color. To these, or any other passing object, Yolande, in her capacity of guardian, drew cheerful attention, treating the journey, indeed, as a very ordinary every-day affair; but the sad-eved mother seemed hardly capable of regarding anything but her daughter, and that sometimes with a little bit of stealthy

"Ah," she said, in those strangely hollow tones, "it is kind of you to come and let me see you for a little while."

"A little while? What little while, then?"

said Yolande, with a stare. "Until I go back." "Until you go back where, mother?"

"Anywhere-away from you," said the mother, regarding the girl with an affectionate and yet wistful look. "It was in a dream that I came away from the house with you. You seemed calling me in a dream. But now I am beginning to wake. At the station there were two ladies; I saw them looking at us; and I knew what they were thinking. They were wondering to see a beautiful young life like yours linked to a life like mine; and they were right. I could see it in their eyes."

"They would have been better employed in minding their own business," said Yolande, an-

grily.
"No; they were right," said her mother, calmsmile: "But I am going to be with you for a little while. I am not going away yet. I want to learn all about you, and understand you; then I shall know what to think when I hear of you afterward. You will have a happy life; I shall hear of you, perhaps, and be proud and glad; I shall think of you always as young and happy and beautiful; and when you go back to your

"Dear mother," said Yolande, "I wish you would not talk nonsense. When I go back to my friends! I am not going back to any friends until you go back with me: do you understand that?"

"1?" said she; and for a second there was a look of fright on her face. Then she shook her head sadly. "No, no. My life is wrecked and done for: yours is all before you-without a cloud, without a shadow. As for me, I am content. I will stay with you a little while, and get to know you; then I will go away. How could I live if I knew that I was the shadow on your life?"

"Well, yes, mother, you have got a good deal to learn about me," said Yolande, serenely.

• Begun in Hander's Bazan No. 2, Vol. XVI.

is very clear that you don't know what a temper I have, or you would not be so anxious to provoke me to anger But please remember that it isn't what you want, or what you intend to do
it is what I may be disposed to allow you to
do. I have been spoiled all my life; that is one thing you will have to learn about me. I always have my own way. You will find that out very soon; and then you will give over making foolish plans; or thinking that it is for you to decide, Do you think I have stolen you away, and carried you into slavery, to let you do as you please? Not at all; it is far from that. As soon as we get to Worthing I am going to get you a prettier bonnet than that—I know the shop perfectly; I saw it the other day. But do you think I will permit you to choose the color? No, not at all not at all. And as for your going away, or going back, or going anywhere—oh, we will see about that, I assure you."

For the time being, at all events, the mother did not protest. She seemed more and more fascinated by the society of her daughter; and appeared quite absorbed in regarding the bright young fresh face, and in listening with a strange curiosity for the slight traces of a foreign accent that remained in Yolande's talking. As for the girl herself, she bore herself in the most matter. of-fact way. She would have no sentiment interfere. And always it was assumed that her mother was merely an invalid whom the sea air would restore to health; not a word was said as to the cause of her present condition.

Worthing looked bright and cheerful on this breezy forenoon. The wind-swept yellow-gray sea was struck a gleaming silver here or there with floods of sunlight; the morning promenaders had not yet gone in to lunch; a band was playing at the end of the pier. When they got to the rooms, they found that every preparation had been made to receive them; and in the bay-win-dow they discovered a large telescope which the little old lady said she had borrowed from a neighbor whose rooms were unlet. Yolande managed everything—Jane being a helpless kind of creature-and the mother submitted, occasionally with a touch of amusement appearing in her manner. But usually she was rather sad, and

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her eyes had an absent look in them.
"Now let me see," said Yolande, briskly, as they sat at lunch (Jane waiting on them). "There is really so much to be done that I don't know where we should begin. Oh yes, I do. First we will walk along to the shops and buy your bonnet. Then to a chemist's for some scent for your dressing-bag. Then we must get glass dishes for flowers for the table—one round one for the middle, and two semicircles. Then when we come back the pony-carriage must be waiting for us; and we will give you a few minutes to put on the bonnet, dear mother; and then we will go away for a drive into the country. Perhaps we shall get some wild flowers; if not, then we will buy some when we come back

"Why should you give yourself so much trouble, Yolande?" her mother said.

"Trouble? It is no trouble. It is an amusement-an occupation. Without an occupation how can one live?"

"Ah, you are so full of life-so full of life,"

the mother said, regarding her wistfully.
"Oh, I assure you," said Yolande, blithely. that not many know what can be made of wild flowers in a room—if you have plenty of them. Not all mixed; but here one mass of color; and there another. Imagine, now, that we were thirty-three miles from Inverness; how could one get flowers except by going up the hill-side and collecting them? That was an occupation that had a little trouble, to be sure!—it was harder work than going to buy a bonnet! But sometimes we were not quite dependent on the wild flowers; there was a dear good woman living a few miles away-ah, she was a good friend to me!-who used to send me from her garden far more than was right. And every time that I passed, another handful of flowers; more than that, perhaps some fresh vegetables all nicely packed up; perhaps a little basket of new-laid eggs; perhaps a pair of ducklings-oh, such kindness as was quite ridiculous from a stranger. And then when I come away, she goes to the lodge, and takes one of the girls with her, to see that all is right; and no question of trouble or inconvenience; you would think it was you who were making the obligation and giving kindness, not taking it. I must write to her when I have time. But I hope soon to hear how they are all going on up there in the Highlands."

"Dear Yolande," said the mother, "why should you occupy yourself about me? Do your writing; I am content to sit in the same room. Indeed, I would rather listen to you talking about the Highlands than go out to get the bonnet, or

anything else."
"Why do I occupy myself about you?" said Yolande. "Because I have brought you ner make you well; that is why. And you must be as much as possible out-of-doors, especially on such a day as this, when the air is from the sea. Ah, we shall soon make you forget the London dinginess and the smoke. And you would rather not go for a drive, perhaps, when it is I who am

going to drive you?

Indeed, she took the mastership into her own hand; and perhaps that was a fortunate necessity; for it prevented her thinking over certain things that had happened to herself. Wise, grave-eyed, thoughtful, and prudent, there was now little left in her manner or speech of the petulant and light-hearted Yolande of other days; and yet she was pleased to see that her mother was taking more and more interest in her; and perhaps sometimes-though she strove to forget the past altogether and only to keep herself busily occupied with the present—there was some vague and subtle sense of self-approval. Or was it self-approval? Was it not rather some dim kind of proval? belief that if he who had appealed to her, if he

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who had said that he had faith in her, could now see her, he would say that she was doing well? But she tried to put these remembrances away.

But she tried to put these rememorances away.

An odd thing happened when they were out,
They had gone to the shop where Yolande had
seen the bonnets; and she was so satisfied with
the one that she chose that she made her mother the one that she chose that she made her mother put it on then and there, and asked the milliner to send the other home. Then they went outside again; and not far off was a chemist's shop. "Now," said Yolande, "we will go and choose

"Now," said Yolande, we min go the dressing-bag. two scents for the bottles in the dressing-bag. One shall be white rose; and the other?

"Whichever you like best, Yolande," said her mother, submissively, her daughter had become so completely her guide and guardian.

"But it is for your dressing bag, mother, not mine," said Yolande. "You must choose. You must come into the shop and choose."

Very well, then." They walked to the shop; and Yolande glanced for a minute at the window, and then went inside. But the moment they had got within the door—perhaps it was the odor of the place that had recalled her to herself—the mother shrank back with a strange look of fear on her face.

"Yolande," she said, in a low, hurried voice,

"Yolande," she said, in a low, hurried voice,
"I will wait for you outside."
"But which is to be the other scent, mother?"

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"I will wait for you outside," said she, with her hand touching her daughter's arm. "I will

wait for you outside."

Then Yolande seemed to comprehend what that dazed look of fear meant; and she was so startled that, even after her mother had left, she could scarce summon back enough self-possession to tell the shop-man what she wanted. Thereafter she never asked her mother to go near a

chemist's shop.

That same afternoon they went for a drive along some of the inland country lanes; and as they soon found that the stolid, fat, and placid pony could safely be left under the charge of Jane, they got out whenever they had a mind, to look at an old church, or to explore banks and hedge-rows in search of wild flowers. Now this idle strolling, with occasional scrambling across ditches, was light enough work for one who was accustomed to climb the hills of Allt-nam-ba; but no doubt it was fatiguing enough to this poor woman, who, nevertheless, did her very best to prove herself a cheerful companion. But it was on this fatigue that Yolande reckoned. That was why she wanted her mother to be out all day in the sea air and the country air. What she was aiming at was a certainty of sleep for this invalid of whom she was in charge. And so she cheered her on to further exertion; and pretended an eagerness in this search for wild flowers which was not very real (for ever, in the midst of it, some stray plant here or there would remind her of a herbarium far away, and of other days and other scenes), until at last she thought they had both done their duty, and so they got into the little carriage again and drove back to Worthing.

That evening at dinner she amused her mother with a long and minute account of the vovage to Egypt, and of the friends who had gone with them, and of the life on board the dahabeeyah. The mother seemed peculiarly interested about Mr. Leslie, and asked many questions about him; and Yolande told her frankly how pleasant and agreeable a young fellow he was, and how well he and his sister seemed to understand each other, and so forth. She betrayed no embarrassment in expressing her liking for him; although, in truth, she spoke in pretty much the same terms

of Colonel Graham. "Mr. Leslie was not married, then?"

"It was rather a dangerous situation for two young people," the mother said, with a gentle smile. "It is a wonder you are not wearing a

ring now."
"What ring?" Yolande said, with a quick flush of color.

'An engagement ring."

In fact, the girl was not wearing her engagement ring. On coming to London she had taken it off and put it away; other duties claimed her now-that was what she said to herself. And now she was content that her mother should remain in ignorance of that portion of her past

story.
"I have other things to attend to," she said,

briefly; and the subject was not continued.

That day passed very successfully. The mother had shown not the slightest symptom of any craving for either stimulant or narcotic; nor any growing depression in consequence of being deprived of these-though Jack Melville had warned Yolande that both were probable. No; the languor from which she suffered appeared to be merely the languor of ill l becoming more depressed, she had become rather more cheerful, especially when they were wandering along the lanes in search of wild flowers. Moreover, when she went to bed (she and Yolande occupied a large double bedded room) she very speedily fell into a sound, quiet sleep. Yo-lande lay awake watching her, but everything seemed right; and so by and by the girl's mind began to wander away to distant scenes and to pictures that she had been trying to banish from her eyes.

And if sometimes in this hushed room she cried silently to herself, and hid her face in the pillow so that no sob should awaken the sleeping mother, well, perhaps that was only a natural reaction. The strain of all that forced cheerfulness had been terrible. Once or twice during the evening she had had to speak of the Highlands; and the effort on such occasions to shut out certain recollections and vain regrets and self-abasements was of itself a hard thing. And now that the strain was over, her imagination ran riot; all the old life up there, with its wonder and delight and its unknown pitfalls, came back to her; and all through it she seemed to hear a sad refraina couple of lines from one of Mrs. Bell's ballads -that she could not get out of her head.

Quoth he, 'My bonnie leddy, were ye sweet Jeanie Graham?' 'Indeed, guid sir, but ye've guessed my very name.'"

They could not apply to her; but somehow there was sorrow in them; and a meeting after many years; and the tragedy of two changed lives. How could they apply to her? If there was any one of whom she was thinking it ought to have been he to whom she had plighted her troth. She had put aside her engagement ring for a season; but she was not thereby absolved from her promise. And yet it was not of him that she was thinking; it was of some one she saw only vaguely, but gray-haired and after many years. coming back to a wrecked existence; and her heart, that had a great yearning and pity and love in it, knew that it could not help, and what was there but a woman's tears and a life-long regret? That was a sad night. It was not the mother, it was the daughter, who passed the long sleepless hours in suffering. But with the morning Yolande had pulled herself together again. She was only a little pale—that was all. She was as cheerful, as brave, as high-spirited as ever. When did the band play?—they would walk out on the pier. But even Jane could see that this was not the Yolande who had lived at Allt-namba with a kind of sunlight always on her face; and she wondered.

Not that day but the next came the anxiously expected news from the Highlands.

"MY DARLING YOLANDE,—Your letter has given me inexpressible relief. I was so loath to see you go. Above all, it seemed so cruel that you should go alone, and I remain here. But probably Mr. Melville was right; perhaps it may all turn out for the best; but it will be a long time before any one can say so; and as I think of you in the mean time, it is with no great sense of satisfaction that I am conscious that I can do nothing to help you. But I rejoice that so far you have had no serious trouble; perhaps the worst is over; if that were so, then there might be a recompense to you for what you must be undergoing. It would be strange indeed if this should succeed after so many failures. It would make a great difference to all our lives; sometimes I begin to think it possible, and then recollections of the past prove too strong. Let me know your opin-ion. Tell me everything. Even after all these years, sometimes I begin to hope and to think of our having a home and a household after all.

"There is but little news to send you. At the moment I am quite alone. Mr. Shortlands has changed all his plans, and has gone south for a few days, finding that he can come back and remain with me until the 15th of October. Then you must tell me what you would have me do. Perhaps you will know better by that time. If you think the experiment hopeless, I trust you will have the honesty to say so; then I will take you for a run abroad somewhere, after your long waiting and nursing.

"The Master is in Inverness, I hear; probably it is business that detains him: otherwise I should have been glad of his company on the hill, now that Shortlands is away. But the shooting has lost all interest for me. When I come back in the evening there is no one standing at the door, and no one to sit at the head of the dinner table. I shall be glad when the 15th of October comes; and then, if there is no prospect of your present undertaking proving successful, you and I will preen our feathers for the South. If they are going to bury you alive in these wilds subsequently, you and I must have at least one last swallow flight. Not the Riviera this time; the Riviera is getting to be a combination of Bond Street and Piccadilly. Athens—what do you say? I remember the Grahams talking vaguely about their perhaps trying to spend a winter in Algiers, and pleasanter travelling companions you could not find anywhere; but even if we have to go alone we shall not grumble much?

"This reminds me that one part of your letter made me very angry-I mean about the expense of the dressing-bag, and your proposed economy at Worthing. I suppose it was those people at at Worthing. I suppose it was those people at the Château that put those ideas into your head; but I wish you to understand that there is nothing so stupid as unnecessary economy for economy's sake, and that when I wish you to begin cheese-paring I will tell you so. Extravagance is silly—and ill-bred too; but there is some such thing as knowing what one can fairly spend in proportion to one's income; and when I wish you to be more moderate in your expenditure I will tell you. And, indeed, it is not at such a time that you should think of expense at all. If this is likely to end as we wish

shall not be considering a few pounds or so. "I think you will be pleased to hear that Mrs Bell does not manage one whit better than youhow could she, when everything was perfect? But the situation is awkward. I imagined she was only coming here for a day or two-to set things going, as it were, under a new régime; but the good woman shows no signs of departure; and indeed she manages everything with such tact and good sense, and with such an honest, frank recognition of the facts of the case, that I am really afraid to hurt her and offend her by suggesting that she should not waste so much of her time up here. It was all very well with Mr. Mclville—he was her hero, the master of the house, the representative of the family that she looked up to; but it is different with me; and yet there is a kind of self-respect in the way in which she strictly keeps to her 'station,' that one does not like to interfere. I have thought of pointing out to her that my last housekeeper was a person called Yolande Winterbourne, and that she was in no wise so respectful in her manner; but then I thought it better to let the good

woman have her own way; and with all her respectfulness there is, as you know, a frank and honest friendliness which tells you that she quite understands her own value in the world. has, however, been so communicative as to unfold to me her great project of the buying back of Monaglen; and I must say it seems very illadvised of Mr. Melville, just when this project is about to be accomplished, to disappear and leave not even his address behind. All that Mrs. Bell knows is that, on the morning you left, he an nounced his intention of crossing over the hills to Kingussie to catch the night train going south; and Duncan says he saw him going up by the Corrie-an-eich. You know what an undertaking that is, and the stories they tell about people having been lost in these solitudes: but, as Duncan says, there was not any one in the country who could cross the hills with less chance of coming to harm than Mr. Melville. Still, he might have left the good woman his address; and she, it seems, did not consider it her 'place' to ask.

At this point Yolande stopped-her brain be wildered, her heart beating wildly. If he had crossed over the hills to catch the night train to the south, why, that was the train in which she also was travelling from Inverness to London! Had he been in that same train, then-separated from her by a few carriages only-during the long darkness in which she seemed to be leaving behind her youth and hope and almost the common desire of life? And why? He had spoken to no one of his going away. Mrs. Bell had guessed that he might be going, from his preparations of the previous evening; but to leave on that very morning—to catch the very train in which she was seated—perhaps to come all the way to London with her: here was food for speculation and wonder. Of course it never occurred to her that he might have come to any harm in crossing the hills; she did not even think of that. He was as familiar with these corries and slopes and streams as with the door-step of the house at Gress. No; he had waited for the train to come along; perhaps she did not even look out from the window when they reached the station; he would get into one of the carriages; and all through the long afternoon and evening, and on and through the blackness of the night, and in the gray of the morning, he was there. And per-haps at Euston Square too? He might easily es-cape her notice in the crowd if he wished to do so. Would he disappear into the wilderness of London? But he knew the name of the hotel she was going to—that had all been arranged between them; might he not by accident have passed along Albemarle Street on one or other of those days? Ah, if she had chanced to see him !would not London have seemed less lonely? would she not have consoled herself with the fancy that somewhere or other there was one watching over her and guarding her? A dream—a dream. he were indeed there, he had avoided meeting her. He had gone away. He had disappeared—into the unknown; and perhaps the next she should hear of him might be after many years, as of a gray-haired man going back to the place that once knew him, with perhaps some vague question on his lips-

"My bonnie leddy, were ye sweet Jeanie Graham?" -though to whom he might address that question

she scarcely dared to ask or think.

She only looked over the remainder of the letter; her hurried fancies were wandering far away.

"So you see I have no news; although in my solitude this gossip seems to unite you with me for a time. The only extraordinary thing that I have seen or met with since you left we ran across the other night on coming home from the shoot-We had been to the far tops after ptarmigan and white hares, and got belated. Long before we reached home complete darkness overtook us; a darkness so complete that, although we walked Indian file, Duncan leading, I could not see Shortlands, who was just in front of me; I had to follow him by sound, sliding down among loose stones or jumping into peat-hags in a very happy-go-lucky fashion. Crossing the Allt-crom by the little swinging bridge you know of was also a pleasant performance, for there had been rain, and the waters were much swollen, and made a terrible noise in the dark. However, it was when we were over the bridge and making for the lodge that I noticed the phenomenon I am going to tell you about. I was trying to make out John Shortlands' legs in front of me when I saw on the ground two or three small points of white fire. I thought it strange for glow-worms to be so high above the level of the ea, and I called the others back to examine these things. But now I found, as they were all standing in the dark, talking, that wherever you lifted your foot from the wet black peat, immeiately afterward a large number of points of clear fire appeared, burning for about a minute, and then gradually disappearing. Some were larger and clearer than others-just as you remember, on a phosphorescent night at sea, there are individual big stars separate from the general rush of white as the steamer goes on. We tried to lift some of the points of light, but could not manage it; so I take it they were not glow-worms or any other living creatures, but an emanation of gas from the peaty soil, only that, unlike the will-o'-the-wisp, they were quite stationary, and burned with a clear white or bluewhite flame-the size of the most of them not bigger than the head of a common pin, and some times about fifteen or twenty of them appearing where one foot had been pressed into the soft soil. Had Mr. Melville been at Gress I should have asked him about it; no doubt he has noticed this thing in his rambles; but he has been away, as I say, and nobody about here has any explanation to offer. The shepherds say that the appearance of this phosphorescence, or electrici-

met with anything in heaven or earth of which the shepherds did not say the same thing. But as you, my dear Yolande, have not seen this phenomenon, and know absolutely nothing about it, you will be in a position to furnish me with a perfectly consistent scientific theory about it, which I desire to have from you at your conven-

ience.
"A hamper of game goes to you to-day, also a bunch of white heather from "Your affectionate father,

"R. G. WINTERBOURNE."

She dwelt over the picture here presented of his solitary life in the north; and she knew that now no longer were there happy dinner parties in the evening, and pleasant friends talking toether; and no longer was there any need for -outside in the twilight-to play "Melville's Welcome Home."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Another two days passed, Yolande doing her best to make the time go by briskly and pleasantly. They walked on the promenade or the pier; they drove away inland through quaint lit-tle villages and quiet lanes. When the weather was wet they staid in-doors, and she read to her mother, or they rigged up the big telescope in the bay-window to follow the slow progress of the distant ships. And the strange thing was that, as Yolande gradually perceived, her mother's intellect seemed to grow clearer and clearer while her spirits grew more depressed.

"I have been in a dream-I have been in a dream," she used to say. "I will try not to go back. Yolande, you must help me. You must give me your hand."

"You have been ill, mother; the sea air will make you strong again," the girl said, making no reference to other matters.

However, that studied silence did not last. On the evening of the fifth day of their stay at Worthing, Yolande observed that her mother seemed still more depressed and almost suffering; and she did all she could to distract her attention and amuse her. At last the poor woman said, looking at her daughter in a curious kind of way,
"Yolande, did you notice when I came away

from the house with you that I went back for a moment into my room?'

"Yes, I remember you did."

"I will tell you now why I went back." She put her hand in her pocket and drew out a small due bottle, which she put on the table. "It was for that," she said, calmly.

A flush of color overspread the hitherto pale features of the girl; it was she who was ashamed and embarrassed; and she said, quickly:
"Yes, I understand, mother—I know what it

is. But now you will put it away; you do not

want it any longer—"
"I am afraid," the mother said, in a low voice. "Sometimes I have tried until it seemed as if I was dving, and that has brought me to life again. Oh, I hope I shall never touch it again: I want to be with you, walking by your side among the other people, and like them—like every one else."

And so you shall, mother," Yolande said; and she rose and got hold of the bottle. "I am going to throw this away."
"No no Volunday give it to me "she said but

No, no, Yolande; give it to me," she said, but without any excitement. "It is no use throwing it away. That would make me think of it. I would get more. I could not rest until I had gone to a chemist's and got more—perhaps some time when you were not looking. But when it is there I feel safe. I can push it away from me.

"Very well, then," said Yolande, as she went to the fire-place and placed the bottle conspicuously on the mantel-shelf. Then she went back to her mother. "It shall remain there, mother as something you have no further need of. That is done with now. It was a great temptation when you were living in lodgings in a town, not in good air; and you were very weak and ill; but soon you will be strong enough to get over your fits of faintness or depression without that," put her hand on her mother's shoulder. "It is for my sake that you have put it away?"

In answer she took her daughter's hand in both hers and covered it with kisses.

"Yes, yes, yes. I have put it away, Yolande, for your sake—I have put it away forever now. But you have a little excuse for me? You do not think so hardly of me as the others? I have been near dving-and alone. I did not know I had such a beautiful daughter-coming to take care of me, too! And I don't want you to go away now—not for a while, at least. Stay with me for a little time—until—until I have got to be just like the people we meet out walking-just like every one else; and then I shall have no fear of being alone; I shall never, never touch

She glanced at the bottle on the mantel-shelf with a sort of horror. She held her daughter's hand tight. And Yolande kept by her until, not thinking it was prudent to make too much of this little incident, she begged her mother to come and get her things on for another short stroll before

Toward the evening, however, it was clear that this poor woman was suffering more and more, although she endeavored to put a brave face on it, and only desired that Yolande should be in the room with her. At dinner she took next to no-thing; and Yolande, on her own responsibility, begged to be allowed to send for some wine for her. But no. She seemed to think that there was something to be got through, and she would go through with it. Sometimes she went to the window and looked out, listening to the sound of the sea in the darkness. Then she would come back and sit down by the fire, and ask Yolande to, or illuminated gas, or whatever it is, foretells a change in the weather; but I have never yet to read to her—this, that, or the other thing.

Digitized by GOGIE



"THEY GOT OUT TO EXPLORE BANKS AND HEDGE-ROWS IN SEARCH OF WILD FLOWERS,"

But what she most liked to have read and re-read to her was "A Dream of Fair Women"; and she liked to have Yolande standing by the fire-place, so that she could regard her. And sometimes the tears would gather in her eyes, when the girl came to the lines about Jephthah's daughter:

> "emptied of all joy, Leaving the dance and song,

"Leaving the olive gardens far below, Leaving the promise of my bridal bower, The valleys of grape-loaded vines that glow Beneath the battled tower.

"The light white cloud swam over us. Anon We heard the lion roaring from his den; We saw the large white stars rise one by one, Or, from the darken'd glen,

"Saw God divide the night with flying flame, And thunder on the everlasting hills.

I heard Him, for He spake, and grief became
A solemn scorn of ills."

"It was not fair-it was not fair," she murmured.

What, mother ?"

"To send you here."

"Where ought I to be, then," she asked,

proudly, "except by your side?"
"You? Your young life should not be sacrificed to mine. Why did they ask you? I should thank God, Yolande, if you were to go away this evening—now—if you were to go away, and be happy with your youth and beauty and kind friends; that is the life fit for you.

"But I am not going, mother."

"Ah, you don't know—you don't know," the other said, with a kind of despair coming over her. "I am ill, Yolande. I am wretched and miserable."

"The more reason I should stay, surely." "I wish you would go away and I can get back to London. What I have been thinking of is beyond me. I am too ill. But you—you—I shall always think of you as moving through the world like a princess-in sun-

light."
"Dear mother," said Yolande, firmly, "I think
we said we were going to have no more nonsense. I am not going to leave you. And what you were looking forward to is quite impossible. If you are ill and suffering now, I am sorry; I would gladly bear it for your sake. I have had little trouble in the world; I would take your share. But going away from you I am not. you must take courage and hope; and some day -ah, some day soon you will be glad."

-an, some day soon you will be glad."
"But if I am restless to-night," said she, glancing at her daughter, uneasily, "and walking up and down, it will disturb you."
"What does it matter?" said Yolande, cheer-

fully.
"You might get another room." "I am not going into any other room. Do you think I would forsake my patient?" "Will you leave the light burning, then?" "If you wish it, yes; but not high, for you |

But when they were retiring to rest the mother begged that the little blue bottle should be placed the bedroom chimney-piece, and the girl hesi-

"Why, mother, why? You surely would not touch it?"
"Oh, I hope not! I hope not! But I shall

know it is near-if I am like to die."

"You must not fear that, mother. I will put the bottle on the chimney-piece, if you like, but you need not even think of it. That is more like-

ly to cause your death than anything else. And you would not break your promise to me?" She pressed her daughter's hand; that was all. Yolande did not go quickly to sleep, for she knew that her mother was suffering—the labored sighs from time to time told her as much. She lay and listened to the wash of the sea along the shingle, and to the tramp of the late wayfarers along the pavement. She heard the people of the house go upstairs to bed. And then, by and-by, the stillness of the room, and the effects of the fresh air, and the natural healthiness of youth, combined to make her drowsy, and, rather

against her inclination, her eyes slowly closed. She was waked by a moan-as of a soul in mortal agony. But even in her alarm she did not start up; she took time to recover her senses And if the poor mother were really in such suf-fering, would it not be better for her to lie as if she were asleep? No appeal could be made to her for any relaxation of the promise that had been given her.

Then she became aware of a stealthy noise; and a strange terror took possession of her. She opened her eyes ever so slightly — glimmering her worst fears were being realized. Her mother had got out of bed and stolen across the room to the sideboard in the parlor, returning with a glass. Yolande, all trembling, lay and watched. She was not going to interfere-it was not part of her plan; and you may be sure she had contemplated this possibility before now. And very soon it appeared why the poor woman had taken the trouble to go for a glass; it was to measure out the smallest quantity that she thought would alleviate her anguish. She poured a certain quantity of the black-looking fluid into the glass; then she regarded it, as if with hesitation; then she deliberately poured back one drop, two drops three drops; and drank the rest at a gulp. Then, in the same stealthy fashion, she took the glass to the parlor and left it there, and crept silently back again and into bed.

Yolande rose. Her face was pale, her lips firm. She did not look at her mother; but, just as if she were assuming her to be asleep, she quietly went out of the room, and presently returned with a glass in her hand. She went to the chimney-piece. Very well she knew that her mother's eyes were fixed on her, and intently watching her; and as she poured some of that dark fluid into the glass, no doubt she guessed the poor woman was imagining that this was an experiment to see what had been taken out of the bottle. But that was not quite Yolande's purpose. When she had poured out, as nearly as she could calculate, the same quantity that her mother had taken, she turned her face to the light, and deliberately drank the contents of the glass. It was done in a second; there was a sweet, mawkish, pungent taste in the mouth, and a shiver of disgust as she swallowed the thing; then she calmly replaced the bottle on the chim-

But the mother had sprung from her bed with a wild shrick, and caught the girl by both hands.
"Yolande! Yolande! what have you done?"

"What is right for you, mother, is right for me," she said, in clear and settled tones, how I mean to do always."

The frantic grief of this poor creature was pit-iable to witness. She flung her arms round her daughter, and drew her to her, and wept aloud, and called down vengeance upon herself from Heaven. And then in a passion of remorse she flew at the bottle that was standing there, and would have hurled it into the fire-place, had not Yolande, whose head was beginning to swim aleady, interposed, calmly and firmly. She took

the bottle from her mother's hand and replaced it.
"No; it must remain there, mother. It must stand there until you and I can bear to know

that it is there, and not to wish for it."

Even in the midst of her wild distress and remorse there was one phrase in this speech that had the effect of silencing the mother altogether. She drew back, aghast, her face white, her eyes

ring with horror.
"You and I?" she repeated. "You and I?

You—to become like—like—"
"Yes," said Yolande. "What is right for you is right for me; that is what I mean to do—always. Now, dear mother," she added, in a more languid way, "I will lie down-I am giddy

She sat down on the edge of the bed, putting her hand to her forehead, and rested so awhile then insensibly after a time she drooped down on to the pillow, although the frightened and frantic mother tried to get an arm round her waist, and very soon the girl had relapsed into perfect insensibility.

And then a cry rang through the house like the cry of the Egyptian mothers over the death of their first-born. The poison seemed to act in directly opposite ways in the brains of these two women—the one it plunged into a profound stupor; the other it drove into frenzy. She threw herself on the senseless form, and wound her arms round the girl, and shricked aloud that she had murdered her child-her beautiful daughter -she was dying-dead-and no one to save her -murdered by her own mother! The little household was roused at once. Jane came rushing in, terrified. The landlady was the first to recover her wits, and instantly she sent a house-maid for a doctor. Jane, being a strong-armed dragged the hysterical mother back from the bed, and bathed her young mistress's forehead with eau-de-Cologne; it was all the poor kind creature could think of. Then they tried to calm the mo-ther somewhat, for she was begging them to give her a knife that she might kill herself and die with her child.

The doctor's arrival quieted matters somewhat; and he had scarcely been a minute in the room when his eyes fell on the small blue bottle on the mantel-piece. That he instantly got hold of; the label told him what were the contents; and when he went back to the bedside of the girl, who was lying insensible in a heavy-breathing sleep, her chest laboring as if against some weight, he had to exercise some control over the mother to get her to show him precisely the quantity of the fluid that had been taken. The poor woman seemed beside herself. She dropped on her knees before him in a passion of tears, and clasp-

ed her hands.
"Save her! save my child to me! If you can give her back to me I will die a hundred times before harm shall come to her-my beautiful child that came to me like an angel, with kindness and open hands, and this is what

I have done!"
"Hush! hush!" said the doctor, and he took her by the hand and gently raised her. "Now you must be quiet. I am not going to wake your daughter. If that is what she took she will sleep it off; she is young, and I should say healthy. I am going to let nature work the cure, though I fear the young lady will have a bad in the morning. chievous thing to have such drugs in the house. You are her maid, I understand?" he said, turning to Jane. "Yes, sir."

"Ah. Well, I think for to-night you had better occupy that other bed there, and the young lady's mother can have a bed elsewhere. I don't think you need fear anything—except a headache in the morning. Let her sleep as long as she may. In the morning let her go for a drive in the fresh air, if she is too languid to walk."

But the mother cried so bitterly on hearing of this arrangement that they had to consent to her retaining her place in the room, while Jane said she could make herself comfortable enough in an arm-chair. As for the poor mother, she did not go back to her own bed at all; she sat at the side of Yolande's bed-at the foot of it, lest the sound of her sobbing should disturb the sleeper; and sometimes she put her hand ever so lightly on the bedclothes, with a kind of pat, as it were, while the tears were running down her face.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For descrip-tions see Sup

plement.

LOTINE III's

Monograms. See illustrations on page 341.

Jane care re was the free : be sent a been a street and other backing. mistress's finds. the port in ier trief to 12 a as become a ght kill better eted name of a minir I.

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Figs. 1 and 2. See illustrations on page 341.

THESE monograms

for marking linen are worked on the ground in cross stitch with colored marking cotton.

Buckles.-Figs. 1 and 2.

Buckles such as those illustrated are used in various sizes for trimming bonnets, and on the straps, bows, and draperies of dresses. Fig. 1 is

of iridescent cut steel, and Fig. 2 of mother-of-pearl with steel nailheads.

Antiquities in the Boulac Museum. "CHOULD one chance to be in Cairo," writes
a traveller, "fail not to visit the Boulac Museum. It is on the banks of the Nile, and in this
unrivalled collection of Egyptian curiosities and antiquities one may spend days without a thought of weariness." This store-house of relics was arranged for



Figs. 1 and 2.—Cashmere Dress Trimmed with Velvet Ribbon. BACK AND FRONT. For description see Supplement.

For descrip-tions see

beauty, games, to us as scaled books, paint-boxes, with their full complement of colors and brushes, dating far away among the cradled cen-turies, all telling the same old story of play and pastime, of fair young faces, busy hands, and love of social sport, of tracery of bud and leaf, with tintings such as no casel of present times can hope to reach. A statue dating back six thousand years

SPANISH LACE PANIER FICHU.

ancient days have left behind them. Other me-

morials there are of deftest handiwork for chil-

dren's entertainment-balls of varied size and

something to be studied with bated breath. In this priceless collection is one carved in sycamore-

wood, as impenetrable now as metal, yet still retaining touches of vivacity and an intelli-gent play of expression, betraying even a mirthful winsomeness of face and feature almost startling; then those wonderful eyes! turn whichever way you will, they seem to follow you with tender, earnest gaze. They are inserted; the whites are made of opaque quartz, the lashes of fine rims of bronze; the pupil is a small crystal so cut that it reflects a light like that of the human eye, and as the sunshine creeps in and falls upon it, the face seems to bright-en, and the eyes to sparkle like One need hardly be told that to many visitants this sycamore statue

Ferdinand IV. and his pet Eagle. I T is now more than two hundred years since the death of young Ferdinand the Fourth. From

is the gem of the collection.



Figs. 1 and 2.—Embroidered Camel's-Hair Dress.—Front and Back. For description see Supplement.

the Khedive by M. Mariette, a French-Upon one sarcophagus are hieroglyphics dating B.C. 4235. The characters stand for the words "The king's son."

In a glass case taken from the gild-ed sarcophagus of a roval lady are jewels of finest, rarest workmanship. That Theban queens and noble dames of those now "dim and dusty ages" delighted in lovely works of art, and, as well, had fancies for needle-work and "broideries most wonderful," may not be doubted, for in this collection of antiquities are beautiful boxes stored with shining implements: knives with lustrous blades, bottles for perfumery, and cups, charming in design, and "as fresh and lovely as if just from the hands of the arthe hands of the ar-tisan," these all, no doubt, to gratify im-perial tastes and meet the needs of dainty royal fingers, and truly one seldom and truly one seldom sees such graceful tracery, such delica-cy of detail, such perfection of finish,

as these artisans of



Fig. 1.—Dress for Girl from 6 to 8 Years old.—Front.—[See Fig. 4.] For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 16-22.

Fig. 2.—Dress for Girl from 3 to 5 Years old. For description see . Supplement.



Fig. 3.—Dress for Girl from 4 to 6 Years old. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 4.—Dress for Girl from 6 to 8 Years old.—Back.—[See Fig. 1.] For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 16-22. Digitized by

childhood he had petted a royal eagle; the most cordial at-tachment had ever marked their companionship; but on the day when the final hour might at any moment be expected, it was noted with wonder that the feathered friend grew strangely restless, and finally, breaking his chain, sought a retreat outside the walls of the palace, accepting as a royal refuge the highest tower crowning the imperial castle. or of feathe ed suppliants circled round the grand old bird, entreating, it might be, the over-shadowing of such ample wings, the proud protection of his mighty presence; but to their pathetic, fluttering homage the desolated creature gave no heed; he simply poised himself and waited, until (as is related) the spirit of his royal master took its up-ward flight, when with one shrill, pier-cing cry the anguished mourner soared away among the clouds, lost evermore to human sight and fellowship.

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Tender Itchings in any part of the body cured by Dr. Benson's Skin Cure. 'Tis the best. \$1, druggists.



"I owe my Restoration to Health and Beauty to the **CUTICURA** REMEDIES."

DISFIGURING Humors. Humiliating Eruptions, Itching Tortures, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and Infantile Humors cured by the Cuttoura Remember. Cuttoura Resolvent, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the cause. Cuttoura, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Infammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores, and restores the Hair. Cuttoura Soar, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Tollet Requisite, prepared from Cuttoura, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Sunburn, and Greasy Skin. Cuttoura Remedies are absolutely pure, and the only infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers. Sold everywhere. Price, Caticura, 50 cents; Soap, 25 cents; Resolvent, \$1.



\$10.00 REWARD

Will be paid for any corset in which the Coraline breaks with six months' ordinary west.

Price by mall, W. B. (Frenca coutil), \$2.50; Abdominal, \$2.00; Health or Nursing, \$1.50; Coraline or Flexible Hip, \$1.25; Misses', \$1.00.

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Beware of worthless imitations boned with cord.

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A NEW CATALOGUE of NOVELTIES IN ART NEEDLE-WORK is now ready, and will be sent to any address on receipt of 8-cent stamp, by

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DR. LENGYEL'S PASTA POMPADOUR,

The great Hungarian form developer and wrinkle cradicator, cures all diseases and imperfections of the skin where other remedies have failed. It preserves and beautifies wonderfully the complexion. Analyzed by Dr. Harry A. Bauer Van Rampsberg, Professor of Chemistry at Munich, and pronounced harmless. Thousands of testimonials. Price \$1 per box, at L. SHAW'S Beautifying Bazar, No. 54 West 14th Street, New York, and all principal druggists. Consultations on all disfigurements of the skin from 9 A.M. till 3 P.M. All languages spoken. Lady in attendance.

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OUR NEW PACK FOR 1888.

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(Extra fine Stock, Artistic
designs of Swiss Florts. Seaview, Wreath, Landscape, Gold an
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Moonlight, Summer and Winter Secretal in Beautif

Golden Hair Wash.

This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world. \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of Fine Human Hair Goods, 317 Sixth Avenue, New York.



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SHOPPING FOR ALL,

Of every description. Also, orders taken for Superior Dressmaking. For circular, address Mrs. VIRGINIA C. BREWSTER, 203 West 25th Street, New York.

30 GILT-EDGE COMPLIMENT CARDS, with name and elegant case, 10c. H. M. Cook, Meriden, Conn.

Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!

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ESTABLYSHED 100 YEARS.

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A Special Preparation for ye Complexion:



s used and recommended bye Mistress Adelina Patti, Mistress Lillie Langtry, and othere beauteous Ladyes.

Y^e Soape is marvellous for improving ye Complexyon, and for keepynge ye handes inne nice ordere. Y^e Proprietors of PEARS' SOAP are ye makers bye Royal Warraunt to ye Prince of Wales.

All ye Druggists sell it.

Mons, H. GUILMARD recommends to the ladies Eau Merveilleuse as the best restorative for gray hair, \$2 50 a bottle; Coudray's Eau de Quin is the best Tonic for the hair—will positively promote its growth—\$1 00 a bottle; Cream Soap for the face, prevents wrinkles and will beautify the complexion, its growth—\$1 00 a bottle; Cream Soap for the face, prevents wrinkles and will beautify the complexion, \$1 00 a jar; Blanc des Grâce to use after—finest powder known—\$1 50 a box; Lubin's Liquid Rouge, the most imperceptible, can be used for lips and cheeks, \$2 00 a bottle; Crême Impératrice, to beautify the face, \$1 00 a jar; Hazel-nut Flour, for softening the hands, 50c. a packet; Fard Indien, in different shades, for eyebrows and eyelashes, \$1 50. Also, latest novelties in Tortoise-shell Ornaments; Shell Crescents, \$3 00 a pair; Shell Dagger Pins, from 50c. to \$2 00 each, according to color of shell; and a beautiful assortment of combs. Our Cosmétiques are all genuine. Not responsible for those obtained elsewhere. Do not forget also that this is the only store where the Genuine Langtry Cofflure is obtainable; also, a magnificent assortment of Switches, including Ash, Gray, Blonde, etc., in every shade, first quality hair only. On receipt of money order, will forward any of above goods to any part. Note the address,

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with a THOMPSON WAVE, AS HUNDREDS
they look ten years younger,
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GREYLOCK STRIPED GINGHAMS, 10c. per yard; never before sold less than 15c.

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Keep in constant communication with ns. Advise us of all your wants small or large. It will be profitable to you.

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Cloth Suits,

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GROS GRAIN SILKS.

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Corresponding qualities to the above cannot be purchased less than \$1 75 and \$2 per yard.

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No. 8 West 14th St., near 5th Avenue For the warmer spring weather, THE NEATEST, MOST TASTEFUL, AND NOVEL

SMALL BONNETS For church, visiting, and evening wear in the city are to be found at

THE PARISIAN FLOWER COMPANY, IN BOTH PARISIAN MAKE AND MADE IN THE HOUSE.

The most stylish, graceful, and elegant LARGE BONNETS AND ROUND HATS in the city for the carriage, drive, and street wear are to be found at

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MOURNING MILLINERY A SPECIALTY,
in CORRECT STYLES and MADE with DESPATCH.
ROUND HATS AND BONNETS
for school-girls, misses, and little girls in great variety.

HATS FOR LITTLE BOYS.

OUT-OF-TOWN TRADE SUPPLIED.

Bridal Garnitures and Veils, Garnitures for Evening
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BLACK SILKS.

The best and most reliable in the market, at \$1 00,

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BLACK SATIN RHADAMES—the best value ever offered. Present prices, 85c. to \$1 50; former prices, \$1 50 to \$3 50.

COLORED SILK AND COLORED SATIN RHADAMES at \$1 00, \$1 25, and \$1 50. These are 25 per cent, under regular prices.
SUMMER SILKS in large variety at greatly

FINE ALL-WOOL double-width Dress Goods

at specially low prices. Prompt and careful attention to all Mail Orders. SAMPLES SENT. IT WILL PAY YOU TO SHOP BY

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Will offer the balance of their Paris Novelties in Costumes, Evening Dresses, Mantles, and Wraps, at greatly reduced prices. Also, a special line of Embroidered Batiste, equal-

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Made in Genoa, Italy.

Europe for purity of texture and wearing qualities. Being soft and pliable, they Gray like Lyons Silks. For sale by all first class retailers from \$1.25 to \$3.00 ss branded on the selvage of every second yard. Jobbers supplied by the agents. SHAEN & FITHIAN, 55 Leonard Street, New York.



RUIN MY COMPLEXION FOR LIFE,

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The most FASHIONABLE.

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Every lady desires to be considered handsome. The most important adjunct to beauty is a clear, smooth, soft, and beautiful skin. With this essential a lady appears handsome, even if her features are not perfect.

Ladies afflicted with Tan, Freckles, Roagh or Discolored Skin, should lose no time in procuring and applying

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It will immediately obliterate all such imperfections, and is entirely harmless. It has been chemically analyzed by the Board of Health of New York City, and pronounced entirely free from any material injurious to the health or skin.

Over two million ladies have used this delightful toilet preparation, and in every instance it has given entire satisfaction. Ladies, if you desire to be beautiful, give LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH a trial, and be convinced of its wonderful efficacy. Sold by Fancy Goods Dealers and Druggists everywhere.

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PLAIN "Nonpareil" AND WOVEN BROCHÉ THE Bon-Ton Costume

Recommended by every **FASHION** JOURNAL

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THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY SUBSTITUTE FOR LYONS SILK VELVET.

Every second yard stamped with Trade-Mark. None others Genuine. TO BE PURCHASED FROM ALL FIRST-CLASS RETAILERS, FROM 90c. TO \$9.50 A YARD. 19 Beware of Cheap Imitations under other names, which will never prove satisfactory.

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TRIMMINGS MADE TO ORDER.

E. A. MORRISON,

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Importer of rich novelties in Passementeries,

Fringes, Ornaments, and Buttons, especially adapted to those in want of really fine

DRESS TRIMMINGS.

For this season we will show, in addition to our regular stock of Plain and Beaded Fringes

P. S.—Wholesale Department, second and

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6th Ave. & 20th St., New York. Are exhibiting this scason the best line of

PARASOLS,

SUN AND RAIN UMBRELLAS.

Including the latest novelties imported this season, exclusively manufactured for them, at prices, as usual, lower than any other house.

Special this week.

BEST SATIN PARASOLS, 10-Rib Paragon Frame, trimmed with 6-luch wide Spanish Guipure Lace, Imported solid carved sticks, exquisite finish, \$5 49: regular price, \$8 75.

SAME STYLE, narrow Spanish Lace, solid Bamboo Handle, \$3 89; worth \$6 00.

COACHING PARASOLS, heavy Satin, all colors, solid Bamboo stick, Paragon Frames, \$1 98; regular price, \$3 00.

SUN UMBRELLAS, all silk twilled, Paragon Frame, solid Bamboo Handles, \$1 69; regular price, \$2 50.
MOURNING SUN UMBRELLAS, solid Ebony sticks, \$1 85; regular price, \$2 50.

ENGLISH TWILLED SILK UMBRELLAS, \$1 75; regular price, \$3 00. Endless variety of Pongee Fancy Parasols for Ladies. Misses, and Children.

H. C. F. KOCH & SON, 6th Avenue and 20th Street; 102, 104, and 106 West 20th Street.

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BLACKS AND COLORS. Of unrivalled finish and durability. Equal to the best Lyons Silk Velvet. They have been heretofore controlled by the great London and Paris Magazins. The manufacturer has lately been persuaded to put them on the New York market. An opportunity never before offered for securing the favorite winter fabric of

Royalty in Europe. Sold by all the large dealers.

Ask for the BRUNSWICK.

RIBBONS.

THE FOLLOWING BARGAINS ARE OFFERED FOR THE WEEK:

8-INCH ALL-SILK FAILLETINE SASH RIB-

8-INCH ALL-SHAE FAILLETINE SASE RIB-BONS AT 95c.; REDUCED FROM \$1 25. 9-INCH BROCADE SASH RIBBONS, IN COLORS, AT 95c.; REDUCED FROM \$1 25. A FULL ASSORTMENT OF VELVET TRIM-MINGS, ALL WIDTHS AND COLORS, FOR DRESS TRIMMINGS.

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LADIES' FINE SPUN SILK HOSE, \$1 55 PAIR; REDUCED FROM \$2. ENGLISH BALBRIGGAN STRIPED HOSE, 50c.

PAIR; REDUCED FROM 65c.

DUNCAN A. GRANT,

28 W. 23d St. & 19 W. 22d St.

FINEST CARDS EVER ISSUED
A beautiful BASKET OF FLOWERS—Marechal Niel and Jacqueminot Roses; or, a BASKET OF FRUIT—Peaches, Hums, Grapes and Cherries—very natural and from original designs. Full size. Mailed on receipt of 9 cents each or 15 cents the pair in stamps Mention this paper.

SCOTT & SOWNE, 110 Wooster St., N. Y.

SEELEY'S RUBBER PILE PIPE
Applies any ointment directly to parts affected, thereby curing when other remedies fall. Conveniently carried
in the veet picket, ready for use, without pain or inconvenience, affording immediate relief. Sold by all drugsists
(accompanied with a package of Seeley's Ointment on
which are printed the instructions) or seut by mail for \$2.
Seeley's Truss Establishments, 1347 Chestrut Street,
Philadelphia, Pa., or 74 Floot Screet, London, England

CARDS Send two BC. Stamps for fine new set of six "GILT PALETTES." WHITING, 50 Nameau St., N. Y.

RUCHINGS for the neck. 100 Engant new styles retailed at wholessle prices. Send LADIES RUFFLING CO., Box 1044, New Morte, Conn.

Off a week in your own town. Terms and so outst

SILK PATCHWORK made cony, Blockstelli Sand 4 Rs. stamps for Samples. Gonn Stift Co., New Harry, Ct.

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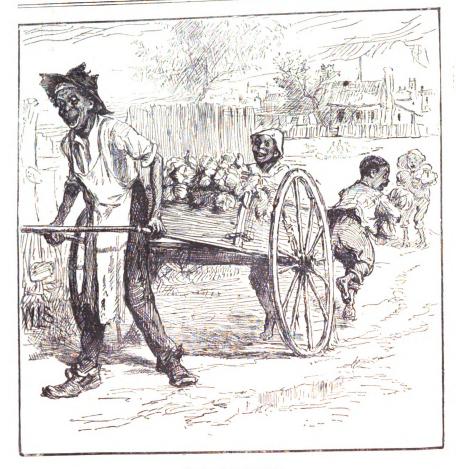
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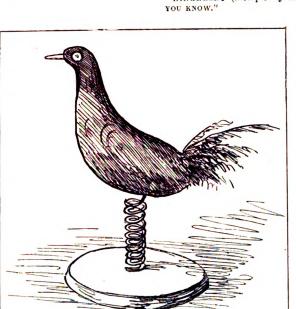
"TALKIN' BOUT DE OLE MAN DONE GIN OUT! EBRY STEP I TOOKEN DIS MORNIN' I 'PEARS TO GIT STRONGER. HE-YARS YO COLLARDS!"

FACETIÆ.

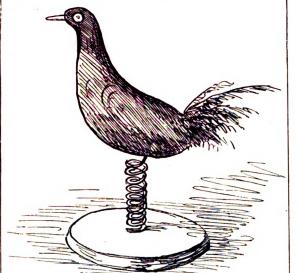
As Indiana clergyman rode six miles in the saddle to perform a marriage ceremony. The groom gave him a coin, and he put it in his pocket without looking at it, but discovered later that it was an old-fashioned copper cent. He received a call the next day, however, from the young man, who seemed to be greatly embarrassed by the blunder which he had come to rectify, and who, with many apologies, took back the cent and placed a silver quarter in the good man's palm.

A well-known clergyman has a son who in making smart speeches proves himself to be "a chip of the old block." When George was four years old his father called upon him to ask a blessing at the table. This he did with due solemnity, after this fashion: "O Lord, thou art the honor and the power. We thank thee for the evil spirits. Amen." We may as well add that the clergyman is strictly temperate, so that the "evil spirits" did not refer to anything in the way of beverage that was on the table.

One day when George was at the table he observed, "My meat is awful tough."
"My piece is very tender," said his father.
"H'm!" sniffed the boy, "so would mine have been if I'd done the carving." IT SEEMED TO WORK BOTH WAYS.



SPRING CHICKEN.





AFTER TWENTY MINUTES' RINGING MR. BINKELSBY ELICITS THE DARKY, AND THE FOLLOW-ING RESPONSE: "I'S VERY SORRY I KEPT YOU WAITIN', SAH, BUT I DIDN' HE-YAH DE FUST TWO RINGS. LADIES AT HOME? NO, SAH; SORRY, SAH."

BINKELSBY (subsequently at club). "VERY BAD FORM TO HAVE IGNORANT NEGRO WAITA,

A college president says that every student should thoroughly understand three languages—English, German, and French; and an alarmist wants to know what will become of the three b's—boating, boxing, and base-ball—if English is taken up.

MISSED FIRE.

MISSED FIRE.

Doting Young Wife. "And Madame Mantua will get the velvet, dearest, and all the trimmings, you understand; in fine, Carlos love, madame will assume entire charge of the whole thing. It will be such a relief, darling. Don't you think it's a nice way?"

Carlos. "Oh, very nice, very nice indeed, my dear. The charge has always been the only thing I have objected to in your dealings with Madame Mantua, and of course I'm very glad to know I'm to be relieved of that."

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

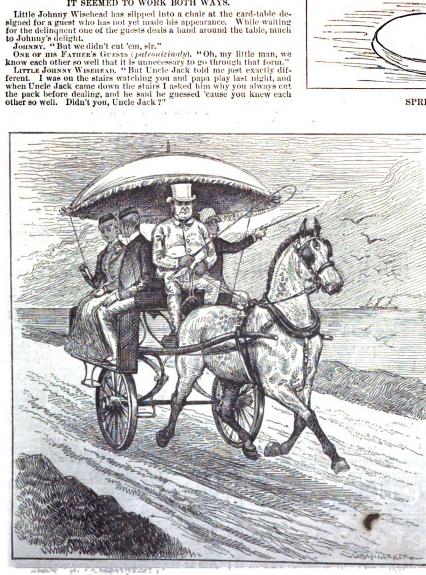
Miss Jane Pickaflaw, on hearing the church soprano break forth into
"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," turns around in her
pew for a glance at the choir, and then whispers, triumphantly, to her sister: "I'm not so bad at guessing. I reckoned 'twas something new and
satisfactory in the bonnet line, but it appears to be a seal-skin."
Miss Maria Pickaflaw, having also turned around for a view of the soloist: "A woman of any refinement would have held in her voice for a
week or two. At least until that new look had worn off."

The frightful mortality among old settlers who lived within sound of the locomotive whistle but never saw a railway train is the feature of this prince's presented. spring's necrology.

Mamie having been helped twice to everything on the table, slid down, when the coffee came in, from her chair, with a sigh.

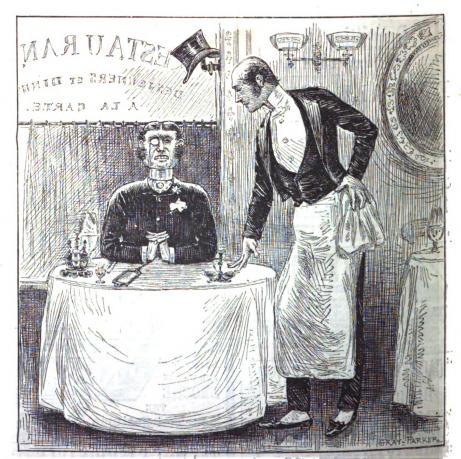
"There, now," said her mamma, "I suppose you have eaten so much that you feel uncomfortable."

"Don't," replied Mamie, quickly, with a toss of her little head. "I ony just feel nice and smooth."



A HINT TO COACH-MAKERS.

WHY NOT USE THE IRISH JAUNTING-CAR? WOULD IT NOT MAKE A VERY ELEASANT CONVEY-ANCE IN THE COUNTRY OR AT THE SEA-SIDE? YOUNG ENGAGED COUPLES WOULD READILY TAKE TO IT: A PAIR ON EACH SIDE.



AT THE RESTAURANT-HOW TO ESTABLISH A DISTINCTION.

CUSTOMER. "GIVE ME A STEAK JUST WARMED THROUGH, SOME BOILED POTATOES, AND A QUART BOTTLE OF EXTRA DOUBLE GUINNESS'S STOUT."

WAITER. "YES, SIR. (Soliloquizing.) Now if he growls over all that when he gets
1T, I'll know he's a genuine Briton."

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1883.

TEN CENTS A COPY \$4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Ladies' Summer Street Suits.-Figs. 1 and 2.

A BLACK ottoman silk wrap, designed to complete various dress es for out-door wear, is shown in Fig. 1. This is a close-fitting garment made of combined brocaded and plain silk; the entire body, which terminates with a short point at the back, with fronts somewhat longer, and side-forms extended to form slender panels, being of the figured silk, while the puffed skirt of the back and the extension to the fronts are of plain repped silk. The trimming consists of frills of guipure lace, jet drop ornaments, and ottoman ribbon bows. The English walking hat of dark straw has a velvet facing and band, with a cluster of ostrich tips and a large bronze buckle for trimming, as shown in the illustration.

The dress Fig. 2 consists of a princesse po-lonaise of flowered cotton satteen over a skirt of plain terra-cotta sat-teen. The skirt trimming is a narrow pleating at the lower edge, over which falls a flounce three-quarters of a yard deep, arranged in broad box pleats that are held in by gathering at one-third their depth from the lower edge. The polonaise is buttoned diagonally, and is finished with a vest, cuffs, and edging of plain satteen. The dark brown straw hat is trimmed with a full ruche of brown lace, together with a cluster of variegated pansies.

INT NEWS, V.

PARIS FASHIONS. [FROM OUR OWN CORRE-SPONDENT.]

E will begin with a few words concerning two or three models that we have just seen at Worth's. First, there was a prettv little pelerine wrap, that was wholly new. This was of black satin, in the form of a pleated fichu, encircling the shoulders and coming just below the waist, and forming a postilion-basque behind. On the arms small flounces of box-pleated lace formed sleeves the length of a pelerine; these flounces were mounted on a foundation of light tulle with a colored transparent. Next was a very rich dress, which might be adapted to a more or less toilette, according to more or less elegant original had a skirt of old-copper velvet, with a double hollow pleat in front, which spread apart at the bottom. On the sides were two panels of cedar-colored satin, brocaded with flowers in scarabæus tints. A panier scarf of plain silk was pleat-ed at the waist, showing the old-copper velvet between the pleats, so as to produce the ef-fect of slashed basques. The pout and draperies were taken lengthwise of the scarf. The pointed corsage had tightly fitting basques, two fingers wide, on the hips; it opened in front over a pleated fichu, showing old copper velvet at intervals between the pleats, like the skirt. Small gigot sleeves,

three-quarters long, made of a single piece, and slashed with oldcopper velvet.

Red will be greatly in favor for watering place toilettes inendic, coquelicot, feu flambant, etc.; these will be used especially as transparents, such crude colors being unbecoming to the

are the nurse's cap, fitting closely around the head; the Chinese capote, of fine black chip, with cut-away brim, pointed and close at the top; the highly original invalid's cap, with a very large visor, well calculated to protect the face from the sun's rays, of black straw, lined with black velvet, with a bunch of black feature. cially as transparents, such crude colors being unbecoming to the complexion. We have seen a cardinal cape in this style of acajou velvet, that was charmingly effective. The fronts were cut away some six inches, and fitted in with two Molière plastrons of gray-blue Surah. The epaulettes were bouffant. Two diamond buttons closed a military collar, surmounted by a small goffered ruche.

The capote continues to prevail, and is evidently destined to rule during the whole season; but there is an infinite variety of shapes—small, large, pointed, rounded, etc. For example, there

is still much used in the trimming of bon-nets; frames of checkered red velvet and gold, black and gold, gold lace, tulle embroidered with gold, gold tulle, gold flowers, etc.

The height of ele-gance in the handles of parasols and sun umbrellas is in their rusticity. These are made of the natural branches of trees, fash-ioned into whatever shape may be desired, originality being the merit most highly prized. The simplest have a bamboo handle, called the Jersey. Very elegant ones are of Malacca cane, with knobs of old Dresden, or old Sèvres, or else of deli-cately wrought gold or silver, carved ivory, or onyx inlaid with gold; sometimes these handles are of ivory or bone, painted or inlaid with Japanese, Chinese, or Indian designs, or with Kate Greenaway figures. As to the covers of parasols, they are infinitely varied, from printed satteen to Chantilly lace, guipure, or point d'airwille with eille and guille, with silks and satins of every possible style and shade, Scotch plaids, checks, stripes, brocaded figures, etc., large and small, with triminings of flowers, wreaths, bows, silk pompons, etc. For umbrellas dark colors are preferred—navy blue, Carmelite, seal brown,

myrtle green, etc.

The present fashion, which insists upon excessively projecting pouls below the waist, has caused the revival of the bustles which have been abandoned for several years. These are made in all shapes, according to the style of the costume for which they are designed; dressmakers, moreover, usually arrange a series of hoops and cushions in the skirts, which give the toilette the bouffant effect prescribed by the fashion of the moment. To keep you inform-

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ed of the newest styles, we must speak of the revival of vests; not such as are simulated by a plastron laid upon a waist, but genuine waistcoats, made in exact imitation of those worn by men, and such as were worn by our



Fig. 1.—Ottoman SILK PALETOT.

Fig. 2.—PRINTED AND PLAIN COTTON SATTEEN DRESS.—CUT PATTERN, No. 3454: Polonaise, 25 Cents; Skirt, 20 Cents.

Figs. 1 and 2.—LADIES' SUMMER STREET SUITS.

mothers a quarter of a century ago. Over these is worn a little jacket, with loose fronts and turned-down collar, close-fitting back, and tight sleeves, buttoned at the bottom. Some ladies, who are not afraid of eccentricity, have these waistcoats of buckskin, precisely like those worn by huntsmen. EMMELINE RAYMOND.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1883.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN OFFER TO YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS.

For the best original drawing to illustrate Alfred Domert's "Christmas Hymn"—the drawing to be suitable for publication in Harren's Magazine, and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age - Messrs Harper & Brothers offer an award of THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six mouths for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.

The drawings must be received by Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS not later than August 1, 1883, addressed "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York"; and each which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a scaled envelope accompanying the drawings, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing,

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A.; MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A.; and Mr. Charles Parsons, A.N.A., Superintendent of the Art Department, Harrier & Brothers, will act as judges of the competition.

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing

as one page for Harper's Magazine of December, 1883; and should other drawings submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page Harper's Weekly, \$500; one page Harper's Bazar, \$200; one page Harper's Young People, \$100.

If the judges should decide that no one of the drawings is suitable, Messes. Harper & Brothers reserve the right to extend the limit of time and re-

open the competition.

Two Christmas Hymns by Alfred Domett have been published. That published in 1837 is the one for the illustration of which artists are invited to compete, and a printed copy of it will be sent on application to

> HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

To Our next Number will contain a Patternt Supplement, with a large and choice variety of full-sized patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of Ladies' MULL, Batiste, Grenadine, Lace, Veiling, Silk, Woolles, Casimere, and other Summer Dresses for Town, Country, and Sca-side wear; Summer Mantles, Mantillas, Trav-ELLING CLOAKS, and DUSTERS; CHILDREN'S SUITS, Travelling Conveniences, etc., etc.; with rich and varied literary and artistic attractions.

BIRTHDAYS.

W HEN we are young, with illimitable time before us, with what cordiality do we welcome the birthdays-the birthdays which entitle us to "long gowns," to enter the world of society, to receive company on our own account, to read novels and to have "views," to be regarded as "grown up" by our elders, and subjects for match-making; which entitle us to attention and the fine feathers of the débutante; birthdays that bring gifts in their hands, and fetes following in their footsteps, and seem, instead of taking anything away from us, to add a deeper charm to our beauty-if we happen to have any-a grace to our manners, and a sensibility to our intellects. Later in life they appear to wear another aspect: or is it that we have come to regard them from another stand-point? Their novelty has departed; we are hardly hospitable to them; we have learned that they bring crow's-feet; that they are hostile to strength and eyesight; that they carry something invidious to comeliness; something that acts on the fine enamel of the teeth, on the follicles of the hair, on the texture of the skin: something that changes the contours. steals the color from ruby lips, the sparkle from bright eyes, uncurls the prettiest ear, robs the palate of its nice discrimination, and life of many of its illusions. Perhaps it is a good while before we discover their real character, before we are convinced of their fatal effects. They resemble acquaintances of whom we expect great things at first, who promise delightfully, but who develop disagreeable qualities. In the mean time we celebrate our birthdays, and feel on these occasions as if the world was made for us, as if the days had some peculiar excellence of their own that all must perceive; as if they were eras in our existence, a beginning of happier

things; as if they wore a halo of beautiful possibilities. We feel as though something immense must surely occur before their sun sets, and we have a vague, unreasonable sense of disappointment when they pass much like other days. They mean so much to us, so little to others, maybe. Presently we speak of them no longer; they arrive, and nobody remembers them but ourselves and we are a little aggrieved. But although we still possess a tenderness for them, they no longer deceive us; we have gotten used to being disappointed; we expect nothing from them, and are free to enjoy the privileges their accumulated numbers have conferred upon us of being an authority with the younger generation, of possessing reminiscences and rheumatism, of having reached the gist of our own romances, and abandoned a good share of the conceit with which we set out. But strive as we may to keep the birthdays in the background, they persist in writing their autographs on the face of their owners, and defying us; and although we may inveigh against them at times, we are certain that, after all, they have their good points, and that we should be exceedingly sorry to drop their acquaint-ance, and "shut our lives from happier chance," since life is as sweet to the woman in the "false front" as to the girl in her blooming youth and natural bangs.

PUTTING AWAY.

OUTTING away and putting out of the way are two totally different processes they differ in purpose and in method. The former is a process exclusively feminine; the latter is characteristically masculine, although it is not absolutely confined to the

Man puts things out of the way whenever the necessity of so doing presents itself to him. For example, he finds that his room is in a disorderly state. Too many pairs of boots make themselves painfully obvious; there are more discarded collars on the mantel-piece than propriety would dictate; and the mixture of cigar-ashes, clothes-brushes, books, and gloves on his table has reached a stage of confusion which displeases him. He resolves to put things in order, and to put out of the way whatever is plainly adapted to the process. Accordingly he crowds the superfluous boots under the sofa. thrusts smaller articles of personal apparel into the bureau drawers, empties the cigar ashes and bits of waste-paper behind his desk, and thus quickly sets the room in order.

Now the result of this process is eminently satisfactory. Not only has he put things out of the way, but he is in a position to find them again as soon as he wants them. The sofa stands faithfully on guard over the boots, and he can at any time poke them out with a cane. The discarded collars, the gloves, the pipes, and the various small articles thrown into the bureau drawers remain there, and the ashes and waste-paper could be exhumed from behind the desk were any possible demand for them to arise. The man who has put things out of the way can always lay his hand upon them. He does not lose track of them. They never pass out of his possession, or, what is virtually the same thing, out of his memory.

Of course this masculine process of putting things out of the way excites the derision of woman. She claims that it is the worst form and last expression of disorder. She can never be convinced that bureau drawers or the space under the sofa can be properly dealt with by man. And yet, if she is questioned closely and forbidden to take refuge in generalities, she will end by confessing that her real complaint against man is that he contents himself with putting things out of the way, and never rises to the feminine height of putting things

To put things away, as the art is practiced by woman, is equivalent to concealing them more or less completely. The desire to put things away amounts in most women to a passion. Curiously enough, it is always the things of other people—her husband or her children—that she puts away. Her own things she wisely keeps where they are handy, and she resents the suggestion that, no matter where they may be, they can ever be regarded as objects out of place. All other things, on the other hand, are, in her opinion, always out of place, provided they are visible. Her chief object in life is to put them away where no eye can see them, and her greatest happiness is attained when she has put them away so securely that she herself can not remember where they are.

The most extraordinary results attend this feminine practice of putting things away. A husband on coming home at night carelessly leaves his hat on the piano. His wife instantly improves the opportunity to put it away, not by hanging it on the hat rack, but by concealing it in some grossly

improbable place. Hats thus put away have been found in the dining-100m sideboard, in the flour barrel, in the coal-bin, or in the fourth-story hall closet. When the inevitable search is made for the missing hat in the morning the wife always fails to remember where it is, and often, in perfect good faith, suggests that the husband forgot to bring it home with him, or by some other equally well-meaning but exasperating suggestion drives him to the borders of madness

Books and papers of a kind which a husband is apt to need at any moment are always put away by woman with eager enthusiasm. In this way they are frequently concealed for years, and finally come to light unexpectedly when some ancient trunk in the garret is opened, or when the key of the disused clothes-press in the basement is ac-cidentally found. Winter clothing is put away in spring with such success that the husband is convinced that it has been stolen, and is hence agreeably disappointed when it is found, toward the end of the next winter, riddled by moths, in an out-of-the-way store-room. In short, there is nothing that woman will not gladly and effectually put away if it belong exclusively to a man.

It is useless to fight against this impulse to put things away when once a woman is a prey to it. Men should regard it as a form of mental disease, and deal gently with the victim. The only safe plan for a man to pursue who is in danger of having his things put away is to live in a house without closets or clothes-presses, and to keep everything on chairs. In this way only can be preserve the integrity of his property and his own peace of mind.

"A SEA QUEEN."

I N his new and fascinating novel, A Sea Queen just published by HARPER & BROTHERS, Mr W. CLARK RUSSELL employs his picturesque skill in portraying the actual experience of a lady now living at Newcastle, England, which proves the saying that truth is stranger than fiction. The most fertile imagination could hardly devise a more thrilling tale than that of this heroine in real life, who, escaping with her husband in an open boat from a burning ship when they had been left to perish by a mutinous crew, found refuge in a drifting fever-stricken bark, where a boy was the sole survivor on board. Then, when safety seemed assured for the moment, the breaking of her husband's leg, and his consequent helplessness, forced the brave woman to manage the craft with the feeble help of a boy. "Let women be sea-captains if they will," said MARGARET FULLER. Cases are not infrequent where women are sea-captains because they must, but no more romantic instance of this kind is or record than that of the sea queen whose strange story Mr. Russell has chronicled so vividly that no one who begins the book will be likely to lay it down till he has reached the last chapter.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

S the spring, always a very beautiful season A stre spring, amayo a very managed, Washin the national capital, has advanced, Washington and obliged ington people, especially those who are obliged to be in that city in warm weather, have witness ed with great regret the ruthless destruction of shade trees about certain public buildings. outery which was raised in protest when so many were cut down in the Capitol grounds has been renewed apropos of the recent slaughter of over thirty on the north side of the new War Department building. These are the last of the once thick grove which stood in front of the old War Department, and extended to the west side of the White House. On the east side of that edifice, and in front of what is now the north wing of the Treasury building, which occupies the site of the old State Department, was another thick grove of trees. Of these none are now left save those which are within the inclosure on that side the Executive Mansion. These have been thinned out, but enough have been left there to shade the sidewalk leading up to that building, and the west sidewalk is also shaded by trees along its border but not a tree has been main along the line of the very broad sidewalk in front of the vast granite buildings which are used by the Treasury Department on one side the White House, and by the State, War, and Navy departments on the other. This leaves a long space unprotected from the summer sun, nearly a square in front of each. The reason assigned, that trees would intercept the views of the structures, is answered by some who have studied the subject by pointing out the safety which always lies in via media, and the wide difference between hiding a building by a thick grove and letting it be seen through a few trees properly grouped, contrasted with whose verdure its exceeding whiteness would be a pleasure to the eye instead of dazzling it as now.

It is only four years since the old War Department building was torn down to make room for the new one, and up to that time every spring the green lawn beneath its trees was thickly dotted with wild violets—fit emblems of the simplicity of the old times when the brick building on whose lawn they grew was thought fine enough, and was large enough for the business transacted within Now a garden with roses and other costly flowers is to replace the modest violets.

The new trees have not grown as well in the Capitol grounds as had been hoped when they

were planted in place of those which had become so large as to nearly hide the building. They really were too numerous, and needed to be thinned out, but the other extreme of insufficient shade in such large grounds was, of course, equally to be avoided. A comparatively small number of trees were planted when the grounds were laid out according to the new plans, about twelve years ago, and many of them seem to have died, so that on a summer's day it is a hardship to be obliged to pass across the Capitol Park It was intended that the trees should be so placed as to give distinct lines of vista between them, terminating in the Capitol, but this has not yet been accomplished, and many doubt if it ever will be. Certain of the old trees, it was claimed by those having charge of the improvements, were not suitable for a lawn, as their roots destroyed grass by an outgrowth from them, and others were not sufficiently long-lived to have remained much longer in any case. Others which were vigprous were sacrificed because in the way. And though full-grown trees were removed to other parts of the grounds, and it was asserted that the old proverb which says an old tree can not be successfully transplanted would be triumphantly proved false, the trees have died all the same, hough great care was taken in transplanting them, and a special machine for uprooting them

without apparent injury to their roots was used.
While its residents take a natural pride in the adornment of Washington, they also find cause for sincere regrets that greater respect has not been shown to some of its old landmarks, which might have been preserved without interfering with the march of improvements. It is a source of general regret among the older residents that some of the most honored old homesteads have been descerated by being converted into so-called "gardens" for revelry. This is true of that in which the honored editor of the National Intelligencer, William Winston Seaton, lived for many ears, and entertained the intellectual giants of his generation. All the most noted men and wo-men of this or foreign nations who came to Washington were guests at Mr. Seaton's hospitable residence at least once. That mansion is now a lager-beer and concert garden.

A like fate has overtaken a portion of the Eckington estate, where Mr. Seaton's partner, Joseph Gales, lived and entertained, and which was Mrs. Gales's residence until her death about three years

Another instance of the same kind is that of the old Van Ness place, occupying a large tract of ground on Seventeenth Street, not far from the State Department, but much nearer the river. It was there General Van Ness built a fine mansion, which still stands, after his marriage to Maria Burns, whose father was one of the original owners of most of the land on which the present city of Washington stands. This place has been for about three years a pleasure garden for colored people.

Familiar figures in the streets of Washington on these bright spring afternoons are those of Mr. George Bancroft on horseback, who now rides accompanied by a mounted groom, and General Sherman and one of his daughters, also on horseback. Very picturesque does Mr. Bancroft's white hair and beard appear at such times, and not less so the shining auburn tresses of General Sherman's youngest daughter, who is most frequently his companion at such times.

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When lately it was observed to Mr. George Bancroft the historian that a national centennial celebration should be held in 1888 or 1889 in honor of the ratification of the Constitution of the United States, he cordially assented, and suggested that if in the former year, the date should be the 13th of September, which would be the one-hundredth anniversary of the time when, eleven States having ratified it, it was declared ratified by resolution of Congress. If the year chosen were 1889, the day selected should be April 30, the centennial anniversary of George Washington's inauguration as the first President of the United States.

One of the most beautiful and touching instances of gratitude to God for mercies vouchsafed at the same time that a terrible affliction of life-long continuance began, is that of General Paul, who ever since the battle of Gettysburg has been blind from a wound received at that time, in consequence of which he was left on the field as dead. He was reported dead to the War Department, and also to his wife and other relatives. Mrs. Paul sought him, to find him alive, but desperately wounded, and only by faithful nursing and skillful treatment his life was saved. They have long lived in Washington, and in spec ing of his wound lately, instead of lamenting his present ill health and his loss of sight-his eyes having been literally shot out - he expatiated upon the goodness of God in sparing his life and preserving him from other wounds during the time he lay helpless on the battle-field and horses were plunging wildly about him. "For," said he, I might have been crushed and mangled, but God was so good that He kept me from further

The Chinese Minister has become a thorough convert to the American way of drinking tes, with both cream and sugar in it, and while at first he only did so out of politeness when asked at receptions by ladies to take tea, he now does it also when drinking it in private at the Chinese Legation. His wife has never been in society at all since her arrival fifteen months ago, and because she can not receive ladies, none are ever invited to the entertainments given by her husband. This is known to be on account of the Chinese etiquette secluding a lady of rank, but the reason members of the legation assign is that she can not speak English, and it would not be in accordance with Chinese ideas of propriety for the official interpreter to interpret for her. In fact, she is allowed to see no man except her husband and his two nephews, who are at school

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in Washington. Mrs. Bartlett, whose husband is the American secretary of the Chinese Legation, has been allowed to visit the Chinese lady, on the ground that she is a member of the official fami-On such occasions one of the minister's nephews acts as interpreter. He is about eighteen years old.

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It is said the Chinese Minister has expressed great pleasure that the formal state dinner parlies are at an end, since he was always invited to them without his interpreter, and so could talk with no one at table, for beyond such phrases as "How do you?" and "Good-by," he has as yet learned no English. It is also mentioned that he has suffered at these formal feasts for other reasons than the natural embarrassment of sitting silent when conversation in an unknown tongue was going on around him. He has said, it is asserted, that as he is always placed on such occasions between two ladies, he is greatly troubled. because in his own country it is contrary to the laws of propriety for a gentleman to be so situated with regard to any ladies except his own wives.

Another custom of our country occasionally shocks the Chinese. They are so generous in making presents that sometimes ladies desire to show appreciation by little gifts to them. Such an instance occurred in California, when a Chinese gentleman gently rebuked a poor woman to whom he had been very kind, who gave him a pocket-knife at Christmas, explaining to her gently as he returned it that in China no good woman makes a present to a man, though she may receive presents from him.

Two very opposite religions will be represented in the families of the two Louisiana Senators next winter. Mrs. Jonas, the wife of the present Senator, is a strict Jewess, and Mrs. Randall Gibson, the wife of the Senator-elect, an equally strict Catholic.

General Miles, whose wife is General Sherman's niece, has bought the old "Stone mansion" on the heights just outside the city limits of Washing-Their first son was born to them last winter, who is twelve years younger than their eldest child, a daughter. Mrs. Miles is one of the many young ladies who met their "fate" at the residence of Senator Sherman, whose wife she visited in her girlhood. Her younger sister in the same house met Senator Don Cameron, whose wife she became less than a year later.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

SUMMER BONNETS.

T the May openings of fashionable millinery A many novelties are shown for bonnets and round hats. One of the most original fancies is the skeleton bonnet, a dressy affair that shows the hair very plainly. This is made of a few gilt wires going forward from some round rows of wire that form the crown, and every semblance of a foundation is omitted. Two rows of large shell or amber beads are on the front of the bonnet, forming a brim, and there are two rows as a centre in the crown. The sole trimming is a breadth of India red crape which is passed across the top through the spaces between the wires, where it is fastened by a shell pin shaped like a hair-pin, and the ends hang long on each side, and serve as strings. This crape is the diapha-nous gauze-like crinkled crape known as French crape, and is very fashionable for entire bonnets, being made up in shirrings on gilt wires that are quite far apart. The crowns of such bonnets are shirred across, or else lengthwise, but not round and round in successive rings as they formerly were. The front is puffed thickly over other wires, and is trimmed with gilt ornaments, the new wool pompons that look as if made of crape, or else with lace. Dark brown crape with white lace, gilt flowers, and velvet ribbon is a stately bonnet for a middle-aged lady. Pink crape puffed on a pointed brim poke frame, and trimmed with a single great bow of brown velvet ribbon, is simple and quaint for a young lady. The black crape bonnets with silver cords and white ottoman silk ribbons are worn for light mourning. Olive green crape shirred over gold wires, with a bunch of twelve wool pompons of different olive shades on one side, and some long gilded stems set under the pompons, with strings the whole width of crape (which is about five-eighths of a yard), showing both selvedges, makes a refined and stylish bonnet for wearing with green, white, pink, or black dresses, or for the elegant combinations of black and green that are now seen in velvet grenadines with ottoman silk or brocade. Thicker silk China crape is also much used for dressy bonnets of ivory white, rose pink, pale crowns, while soft crushed roses, or daisies, or other flowers that may be flattened and used without foliage, are laid in two rows along the entire edge of the bonnet, and lace or silk embroidery is gathered slightly just back of the flowers, and drawn forward to fall upon them, half concealing, half disclosing them. Other crape hats have two crimped lace frills on their brims, narrow velvet strings, and a bunch of flowers on the left side; this bunch of flowers adds nothing to the height, is quite wide at the top, and tapers narrower below.

LACE AND TULLE BONNETS.

Small capotes and the pointed-brim pokes are made of many rows of white lace, crimped, pleated, or gathered, either Valenciennes or Oriental lace, for May receptions, June weddings, and garden fêtes in midsummer. The crown is of piece lace gathered over wires, and the brim has a puff of the same on its edge; all the space between is covered with narrow crimped frills of lace falling forward. Sometimes a row of gilt lace is placed to fall over the puff of the brim, or there is a narrow pleating of red velvet there to give character to this delicate bit of lace, and the strings are of narrow red velvet ribbon. Valenciennes lace pokes are made for young ladies to

wear with dresses of any color. They are only medium large, with the brim pointed, or else turned back away from the face, and a bow of velvet ribbon or a little bunch of flowers is put inside the brim. Gilt thistles, bluets, or roses are clustered on the left side, and there are no strings. There is always a pleating of the lace inside the brim. Sometimes embroidery is puffed across the crown, and Alençon lace is made into jabots that cover the brim. Then a great rosette of red or of yellow velvet is added on one side, or there may be three rosettes that encircle the brim, or else there is yellow or black velvet ribbon tied in one stiff bow of two long loops tightly strapped, and having two forked ends; this is placed low on the right side, while on the left is a lace rosette, out of which springs a yellow aigrette, or there may be a round cluster of vellow rose-buds with an aigrette in the centre. Still other pokes are made of pale blue or pink satin Surah, with embroidery, lace, and two colors of ribbon for the trimming. The Irish point embroidery with its open designs, and the Pompadour embroidery ith raised petals and leaves of muslin, are most effective for these pokes, and are not costly either in the pure white or in écru tints, and any ingenious young woman should be equal to making them in the careless, simple, and irregular style that belongs to these pretty pokes. Black lace bonnets are mostly of French thread or real Chantilly lace and Lyons tulle. They are made in the designs just described for white bonnets, and usually have some gilt about them in the way of wire, lace, thistles, an aigrette, or cord; the cord sometimes edges turreted squares of black satin that are put under the brim and below the crown. Buckles of Rhine pebbles and The strings may be of narrow black ribbon, or else a wide lace barbe. Black Lyons tulle bonnets are nade like those of the figured laces, but colored tulle is the newest fancy for transparent bonnets. These may be of green tulle so dark that it is almost black, gathered on gilt wires, edged with two pleated frills of lace that turn forward, and trimmed on the left by a cluster of pale sky blue ostrich tips. There are also dark red tulle bonnets puffed on gilt wire with contrasting frills of lace-brown, blue, or greenand strings of French crape or of narrow velvet ribbon.

NEW JET BONNETS

The newest jet bonnets are also without foundation, and are made of large beads strung on wires in a trellised pattern through which the hair is seen, and these have a coronet of diamond-shaped jets. Others have these latticed beads over a gilt frame, and are edged with gold lace on the brim and trimmed with a jetted ostrich feather aigrette on the left, a jabot of lace on the other side, and lace or velvet strings. slight puff of velvet, either black or colored, or two lace frills on the edge, or else a rolled coronet plainly covered with velvet, will freshen up the black Spanish lace bonnets used last year. In buying new lace for a bonnet milliners advise the French thread laces, but many ladies still insist on having the silk Spanish lace that has a cord on the outlines of its figures, and is known as Escurial lace. White lace is also used on the jet bonnets, such as two pleated frills turned forward on the brim, made of Valenciennes or of Oriental lace, or the fine Irish point embroidery may be used. Two white or silvered pompons and white ottoman ribbon strings an inch wide complete these bonnets. For elderly ladies bunches of white or purple lilaes and clusters of wistaria are put on black bonnets.

STRAW BONNETS.

Straw bonnets are so tasteful and withal so simple this year that they rival as dress bonnets those of lace, crape, and tulle just described. The small capote with a round crown-not squareedged or flat crown-in which the crown of the head fits closely, is the chosen shape for both plain and dressy bonnets of straw. These are as much used in colors-red, blue, green, or brownas they were last year, but the prettier bonnets are either of black or white English straw, or some rougher inexpensive braid that may bought in nice écru, creamy white, or black for \$1 50 untrimmed. These are scarcely more than a crown, their front being only a finger-length deep. The milliner raises this front by putting outside of it a shaped piece of stiff foundation from one to two inches wide, tapering narrower at each side; or if there is to be trimming on the left side, then the right side is widened. This foundation is to support a puff of bias velvet about two fingers broad at its greatest width: this is gathered on one edge and sewed inside the brim, leaving an inch of it lying on the hair, then turned backward, caught down by three or four irregular stitchings-not in set rows-making the velvet stand up on the piece of foundation: it is then turned under again, leaving about two inches of the straw bare next the crown. Across the lower part of the broad crown is a double ruffle of the velvet about two inches wide when finished, and the ends are gathered underneath, making it seem like two puffs. With two or three sets of strings of velvet ribbon half an inch wide this little bonnet is complete for travelling, morning walks, etc. But it may be made more dressy by having two small rosettes of velvet ribbon, or an aigrette, pompons, a cluster of humming-birds, or a bunch of flowers put along the left side leaning up over the velvet puff. The velvet ribbon should have satin on the wrong side and puried edges, but economists who trim their own bonnets buy less expensive ribbon without satin back, and join two rows together, thus having velvet on both sides. The ribbon for the rosettes is only a fourth of an inch wide, and need not be of the finest quality, as the amateur milliner will be surprised at the quantity required, sometimes ten or twelve yards being used up in two small

rosettes. The colored straw bonnets trimmed in this way have velvet puffing of the color of the straw, while those of the vellowish-white straws may have, for instance, black velvet puffing with écru velvet rosettes, or sapphire blue velvet puffing with white lace rosettes, or some pink roses in a round cluster; or they may simply have the velvet puff of a color to match or contrast with the dresses with which they are to be worn; the style is excellent with brown or gray-blue velvet to match travelling dresses of those colors, or with black velvet on a light straw to use with black and white checked dresses. For these bonnets there should be four strings of inch-wide velvet, two of each of the prominent colors used, or else six strings of half-inch velvet, two pairs of one color and a third pair in contrast; these strings are attached outside just back of the velvet puff, and help to tie it down closely at the ears.

To make these small straw bonnets still more dressy a single or double wreath of flat and small pink hedge-roses, or yellow rose-buds, or of arbutus, or apple blossoms, lilacs, carnations, bluets, violets, eglantine, daisies, pink clover heads, or other small blossoms is placed outside the entire edge of the bonnet, and white lace or embroidery is gathered scantily behind it and made to fall over it to the edge. A velvet puff may be used to soften the brim next the face, and the single pair of narrow velvet ribbon strings may cross the crown quite low down, being held on each side by a small Rhine-stone ornament or buckle. Sometimes on a white straw capote is a garnet velvet puff just on the edge, then comes white mull, giving an Alsacian effect, and back of this garnet velvet passes and forms strings. Another has a garnet puff, has many pink apple blossoms just back of it, some upright heron feathers as an aigrette on the left. and four strings of pink ottoman and garnet velvet in pairs. A third capote of black straw with the garnet velvet puff has white Irish point embroidery coming over it from the back, with the scalloped edge resting near the front of the velvet, and crystal clasps holding the velvet strings.

For the larger poke bonnets with peaked fronts there are three rosettes of velvet, or else many loops of ottoman ribbon with pointed ends, or a jabot of lace arranged around the crown. Feather tips in clusters are also used on these crowns in a nodding row turned toward the edge, while oth er pokes have the brims covered with small flowers.

NEWPORT FLATS AND GARDEN HATS.

The large Leghorn flats for the watering-places are less pulled out of shape than formerly, and now droop gracefully in back and front. A full wide puff of white net or tulle is a stylish lining for the brim, or else it may have one or two flat pleatings of lace, with a row of pink or yellow roses between these rows, or it may be one large bow of velvet ribbon—rose pink or æsthetic vel-low—is laid along the left interior of the brim. In front, outside, there may be a great bow of white net wrought with gilt flowers supporting a rosette of green striped grasses, or a round cluster of flowers with an aigrette. The basket straw garden hats are the economic success of the season, and can be bought in two colors of straw plaited together for 50 cents in good mediumsized poke shapes that may be worn far forward for shade hats. They need for their simple gar-niture merely a very large bow of red, blue, or green Spanish lace net cut from the piece or some of the pretty colored mulls edged with Valenciennes lace, or a half wreath of poppies, or a jabot of white lace around the crown. The most stylish of these, however, have rosettes of linen or serim ribbon that has silver or gilt selvedges, or else clusters of fruit and blossoms, notably strawberries with their white blooms, blackberries, and currants.

ROUND HATS FOR TRAVELLING, ETC.

Round hats for travelling are trimmed with two hat bands of kid or écru leather fastened by buck-les; the second of these bands is high up the crown, and the only trimming added is a tuft of feathers or a cluster of tips on the left side. These are on brown, black, garnet, or blue straw hats that have English brims rolled high on each side, low in front for shading the face, and quite short at the back to permit the low knot of hair to rest beneath. What is called the Newmarket hat is also an English style shaped like a large jockey cap with broad visor and round low crown. It is shown in dark green straw with gold cord and a green velvet puff on the edge, and a tuft of fine green and gold ostrich tips just to the left of

Dark straw round hats for young ladies to wear in the country are in Gainsborough shapes, or else the square large-crowned turbans that have a stiff brim with the edge turned up squarely, and not touching the crown. Velvet facing for the brim, bands of velvet fastened around the crown with antique buckles, and many nodding feathers are the trimmings for these. When of white straw they are trimmed stylishly with Japanese silk crape deeply crinkled, and white plumes, two of which are demi-long, and droop very low on the left side in a picturesque way becoming to piquant faces with irregular features. For the Greek faces that wear a low and very small wisp of back hair, with a fluff of hair above the brow, there are Langtry turbans that fit snugly on the head without adding to its size or hiding its contour, trimmed simply with the irregular puffing already described for small bonnets; sometimes rosettes, pompons, or an aigrette are added. These are bought ready to put on, in some of the shops for \$4 or \$5.

For information received thanks are due Mrs. M. A. CONNELLY; Madame KEHOE; Madame HART-LEY; Messrs. AITKEN, Sons, & Co.; and the Parisian Flower Company.

PERSONAL.

THE house of WILLIAM PENN in Philadelphia is to be taken down and erected again at West Fairmount Park.

—The Hungerford Collegiate Institute at Adams, New York, has the flag which Commo dore Perry carried from the St. Lawrence to the

—A block of ground valued at thirty thousand dollars has been given to Minneapolis, Minnesota, in the heart of its residence portion, for a

sota, in the heart of its residence portion, for a public park, by Dr. JACOB S. ELLIOT, now living in Southern California.

—In the Indian Territory University there are said to be girls who are studying French, German, Latin, Greek, geology, moral philosophy, and political economy, as well as other things.

—Yearly, on the 30th of April, the grave of President TAYLOR is decorated with flowers by several gentlemen of Louisville, the grave being a few miles from the city.

several gentlemen of Louisville, the grave being a few miles from the city.

—The only known survivors in this country of the six hundred who made the charge at Balaklava are Mr. R. V. Gurner, of New York city, and Mr. CHARLES H. McKENZIE.

—Professor JOHNSON, of Trinity College, refusing an anodyne when he was dying, said, "I prefer in making the passage into paradise to go with my eyes open," and displayed a playful humor and cheerfulness to the end.

—Two huilding—one for a dispensary with

Two buildings—one for a dispensary, with laboratories for analytical and microscopic purposes attached, and the other to contain a free library and reading-room, with books and periodicals in German and English—to be presented to the German Hospital in New York by himself and wife, are to be built by Oswald Ottendorfer, of the New York Staats Zeitung.

—The wife of Sir John Rose, who twenty-five years ago was a Canadian lawyer, and is to-day a baronet, a knight of the Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George, and a millionaire, was an American lady named Temple.

—Ex-Governor Boutwell, of Massachusetts, has a law office in Washington as well as in Boston. poses attached, and the other to contain a free

Boston.
—Miss Bertha von Hillern is on a sketch-ing tour along the Bultimore and Ohio Railroad.

—The heir and nephew and namesake of President PIERCE has been sent to the insane asylum.

The oldest living ex-Senators of the United States are Simon Cameron and John P. King,

-Mr. Sanders W. Irving, nephew of Wash-INCOME IN VISION IN THE STATE OF WASHINGTON INVISION, is entertaining Hon. ROBERT C. WINTHROP IN WINTHROP IS

over seventy-five years old.

The new physical laboratory for Harvard College, now being prepared, will be named the Jefferson Laboratory, it having been the gift of Mr. Thomas Jefferson Coolings, of Boston, to commemorate Ellen Wayles Coolings, a descendant of Thomas Jefferson.

descendant of Thomas Jefferson.

—Andrew Johnson has now but one child living, Mrs. Patterson, wife of ex-Senator Patterson, of Tennessee, the gentle Mrs. Mary J. Stover having lately died.

—The knee-buckles and wedding vest buttons of Light-horse Harry Lee, which are of opals surmounted with diamonds, are in the possession of a Washington lady, who also has a piece of his watch chain, which he broke while waltzing once with her grandmother.

ing once with her grandmother.

—Geography is taught by Principal Leyrord, of Worcester, Massachusetts, by means of a solar camera, maps of the various countries, and scenes representing the habits and architecture of the

representing the habits and architecture of the people, being thrown upon the screen.

It is said that an offer of marriage is received daily from unknown suitors by Miss CATHERISE WOLFE, the New York heiress.

—A picture by Miss ELLEN D. HALE, daughter of Rev. Edward Everett HALE, of Boston, called "An Italian Boy," has been accepted for the Paris Salon. Its painter has since been lying at death's door, and her father and mother, on the way to her, are still at sea, ignorant of her recovery.

-"I know you," said King Theodore of Abyssinta to the English. "First you send a missionary; then you send a consulto look after the missionary; then you send an army to look after the consul."

-As two hundred and fifty thousand dollars As two influence and may include a density are to be paid by the government for repairs to Westminster Abbey, it is proposed that the government in future shall control the admission of mural statues and tablets, hitherto under the control of the Dean.

—British justice has again been singularly il-

—British justice has again oven singularly in-lustrated by two sentences at the same assize, the judge being Mr. Justice North. John Rafferty for his wife's manslaughter was sen-tenced to twenty years' penal servitude. Mar-tin Moffat, a man owning sixty-four houses, was sentenced, for killing the refractory wife of a deliment tenant to fifteen months bard labor. delinquent tenant, to fifteen months hard labor.

Fact.
—Major Macliver, a candidate for Parliament, and the son of the Plymonth member of Parliament, said to a gentleman making a speech lately at a dinner: "I was glad you gave us that speech, for when I made it myself more than a year ago, I felt uncertain whether it was good or bad. Now I've heard you give it, ipsissima verba, it seems rather clever, and I'm really much

obliged to you."

—The Princess Louise is a good laundress. seamstress, dressmaker, housekeeper, cook, and confectioner, as well as artist, musician, and composer of music, and is thus well qualified to earn

her own living.

—In proportion to the increase of culture, a British oculist assures us, the human eye grows

The bust of Browning by Henrietta Mont-

—The bust of Browning by Henrietta Montalba belongs to Mrs. Bloomfield Moore, an American lady.

—A decoration called "the Royal Red Cross," to be conferred for special services in nursing the sick and wounded of the army and navy, has been created by the Queen of Great Britain.

—The Duke of Aroyll is a very hard man with

—The Duke of Argyll is a very hard man with his tenants. It is said that, strictly speaking, his land never did belong to him literally, but was the property of a clan over which his ancestors held political but not proprietary rights, and which clan little by little was converted into the property will be a suppose the property and the clan little by little was converted into the property will be a suppose the property area. tenants at will, numbers being driven away and their holdings converted into sheep farms. A Mrs. MACPHAIL is now to be evicted from her holding, although not in arrears, because one of the arbitrary rules of the estate is that no widow shall retain her husband's lease,



Fig. 1.—ÉCRU BATISTE DRESS.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 4.]—CUT PATTERN, No. 3455: POLONAISE, 25 CENTS; SKIRT, 20 CENTS.

Lace Fichu.

This fichu is made of cream-colored embroidered lace seven inches wide. A piece half a yard long is formed into the square collar at the back, and underneath the ends of this the scarfs for the front are attached. The one on the right side is a yard and



Fig. 3.—Chambéry Dress trimmed with Embroidery.—Back.—[See Fig. 2.]—Cut Pattern, No. 3456:
Basque, Over-Skirt, and Skirt,
20 Cents each.



LACE FICHU.



MONOGRAM.—WHITE EMBROIDERY.



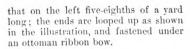
Fig. 2.—Chambéry Dress trimmed with Embroidery.—Front.—[See Fig. 3.] Cut Pattern, No. 3456: Basque, Over-Skirt, and Skirt, 20 Cents each.

with three tucks piped with red and a printed border. A similar border together with a frill of open white embroidery is set across the short apron front of the over-skirt; the long looped back is open on the lower half of the skirt, where it is faced with red, and the edges are turned back to form revers. The basque is edged with a frill of embroidery, and trimmed on the front and back with colored bands. A

pleats, placed falls in six row



Fig. 4.—ÉCRU BATISTE DRESS, BACK.—[See Fig. 1.]—CUT PAT-TERN, NO. 3455: POLONAISE, 25 CENTS; SKIRT, 20 CENTS.



Monogram.-White Embroidery.

This monogram for mark is worked in satin stitch with fine white embroidery cotton.

Ladies' Summer Toilettes. Figs. 1-6.

The écru batiste dress illustrated in Figs. 1 and 4 is composed of a polonaise with a short wrinkled front and a longer looped back, and a skirt with pleatings of the material trimmed with écru em-broidered insertion and edging and écru lace. Bands of the insertion are let into the seams of the body and sleeves, and the neck, wrists, and apron front are ornamented with full frills of lace. A ornamented with full rims of jace. A ribbon belt three inches wide is fastened with bows on each side of the back of the polonaise, and tied below the waist in front. Bows of similar ribbon are on the sleeves and at the throat. The skirt of the dark blue Chambéry dress Figs. 2 and 3 has a deep flounce pleated in broad shallow side pleats, which is trimmed around the bottom

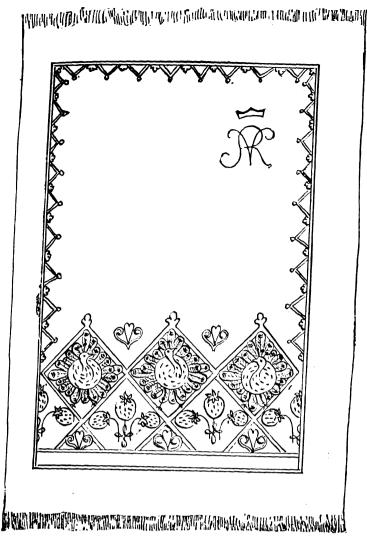


Fig. 6.—Young Lady's Cashmere Dress.—Cut Pattern, No. 3457: Waist, Over-Skirt, and Skirt, 20 Cents each.

Digitized by GOOG



Fig. 5.-LACE EVENING DRESS.



PRACOCK CHAIR BACK.—FROM THE SOUTH KENSINGTON ROYAL SOHOOL OF ART NEEDLE-WORK.

lace ruche is around the neck, and extends in jabots along the fronts. The graceful dress shown in Fig. 5 is of transparent cream Spanish lace over a foundation of cream-colored silk. It consists of a pointed basque and a trained skirt with ample lace draperies that are edged with a lace flounce and looped with satin ribbon rosettes. A similar lace flounce falls over the silk balayeuse at the foot of the skirt. Fig. 6, a dress of pale blue cashmere, has the deep skirt flounce side-pleated at the middle of the front and across the back, while the plain sides are drawn up by a few slight pleats. Three large rosettes of wine-colored velvet ribbon are placed on each side of the centre pleating. The over-skirt, which falls in straight, unconfined folds, has a wide border composed of six rows of velvet ribbon. The waist, the basque of which is worn inside the skirts, has always full and high ou the skulders and inside the skirts, has sleeves full and high on the shoulders, and pleated scarfs on the fronts. A wide velvet belt is fastened by a

metal buckle, and a velvet ribbon is passed around the neck over the collar, and finished with a rosette on the left side.

Peacock Chair Back.

THIS lovely and novel variation I of the favorite peacock fea-ther comes to us after so many changes had been rung on (or wrung from) the original feather that we had ceased to hope for any revival of it. It makes a brilliant effect when worked in the natural colors of the bird, that is, the head and breast in peacock blue and green, the tail feathers containing in addition bronze and gold. The barred lines are in peacock blue, the strawberries in light and dark terra-cotta, the arabesques and hearts in gold thread or silk. The border is in peacock blue and gold thread. The foundation is cream satin sheeting. The same may be worked in one uniform color—shades of terra-cotta, peacock blue, or Persian pink, with gold thread—but is not so effective.

Locust Chair Back.

THIS locust pattern has been worked at the Royal School of Art Needle-Work in slightly conventionalized coloring on dark gray satin; the flowers in yellow silk, leaves in gray-green and dull yellow-green, and stems dark brown, with a little black here and there in the heaviest parts. It may of course be worked on cream satin sheeting, or on Bulgarian cloth, and is more useful and more appropriate thus for a chair back; but as a sofa cushion or panel the dark lustrous gray is best.

Pages' Costumes at Weddings.

A N English fashion, which has been introduced here, is that of boys dressed as pages taking part in wedding processions. If the bride's train is immensely long, the page bears it, either by lifting it slightly or by carrying a great loop of ribon through which the end of the train has been passed; they pages margly walk behind the bride as she passed in the pages margly walk behind the bride as she passed in the pages margly walk behind the bride as she passed in the pages margly walk behind the bride as she passed in the pages margly walk behind the bride as she passed in the pages margly walk behind the bride as she passed in the pages margly walk behind the bride as she passed in the pages margly walk behind the bride as she passed in the pages margly walk behind the bride as she passed in the page that the pages margle as the pages was the pages as the pages other pages merely walk behind the bride as she passes up the aisle, and stand near to adjust her train as she turns to leave the altar, a duty that otherwise devolves upon the first bridemaid. They are usually chosen from among the young brothers or nephews of the bride, and when quaintly dressed in little prince costumes of velvet, satin, and antique lace, they are a most picturesque fea-ture of the bridal group. Our illustration represents three boys who have officiated as pages at recent English weddings, and the pictures are made from photographs; the first and third are members of noble English families, and the second is a French page. The dress of the first is of puce-colored velvet, with white satin puffs showing through slashed sleeves; silver soutache is on the square

PROPERTY OF THE ENGINEERING PROPERTY OF THE PR

LOCUST CHAIR BACK.—From the South Kensington Royal School of Art Needle-Work.

NULL TO A STATE THE POST OF THE WORLD SEASON SELECTION OF THE WORLD AND THE SEASON SEASON.

neck and vandyked edge of the jacket, and fine soft mull is puffed around the neck and wrists. Vandyck hat of puce velvet, with silver braid and a white plume. Long hose of puce-colored silk, with velvet slippers. The hair has the full Vandyck bang combed forward from the crown of the head, and is thick and flowing behind. The French page wears sapphire blue velvet for his graceful mantle, coat, and knee-breeches, with the upper half of the sleeves and many loops of cream-tinted satin. The wide collar is sleeves and many loops of cream-tinted satin. The wide collar is of lawn and lace, and the silk stockings are flesh-color. White felt hat and long plume. The third page is arrayed in dark Lincoln green velvet, with heavy antique lace for the collar, cuffs, and knee trimmings. Green velvet cap, with pale green ostrich feathers. Green silk stockings, and low shoes with rosettes and Rhine-trans harders. stone buckles. Pages are sometimes dressed in full naval uniform, or in Highland costume; these serve afterward for fancy-ball suits.



PAGES' COSTUMES AT WEDDINGS.

WITH LALAGE A-MAYING.

LATE, late last night, beside the hearth, I conned old Herrick's pages; From grave to gay, from wit to mirth, I passed by easy stages,

And reached that happy frame of mind That soon induces slumber And dreams, in which we leave behind The cares of life that cumber.

Wild was the winter wind outside; But, in ecstatic vision, Through summer lands of joy I glide, And pleasaunces Elysian.

With daffodils the meadows smiled. And violets and daisies, And roses red the eye beguiled Through all the garden mazes.

I saw the white thorn full in bloom, I heard the skylark singing, And, far within the woodland gloom, The merle's clear whistle ringing.

Down, down beside a purling rill Came peals of silvery laughter. Which sportive echo from the hill For aye was following after.

And I was 'ware a troop was there Of youths and shepherdesses Who paced along with lute and song And flower-inwoven tresses

One from that band approached me then The sweetest girl and fairest, And oh, her face! what earthly pen Might tell its charm, the rarest

She smiled, she blushed, and, blushing, spake, In accents soft and thrilling: "In fairy-land come joyaunce make, For Lalage is willing."

I seized her hand, and o'er the fields We sped away together, Flushed with the joy that Nature yields In golden summer weather.

We sought the white thorn in the glade. And pulled the fragrant blossom; And for her hair a wreath I made, A posy for her bosom.

And in that dream within a dream My arms would are infold her-My queen, my ladye, she did seem, And how I loved I told her.

Then on and on we wandered free, God's sunlight round us playing; And oh, 'twas sweet, 'twas sweet to be With Lalage a Maying!

Late, late last night I woke to pain, Cold, comfortless, and lonely; The moaning wind, the dismal rain, Were my companions only.

AGAINST ODDS.

A STORY OF DECORATION-DAY. BY KATHARINE R. LOCKWOOD.

NGELA SOTHERN sliced a generous piece A of golden cake, picked out a jar of orange marmalade, cut off a wing and a leg from a cold chicken, and disposed these elements of a meal in a little basket long since consecrated to the purpose of carrying lunches to Aunt Violet, who, having brought Angela's father and Angela herself into the world, still lived on the Sothern place, lovingly recompensed for her services in times past by a comfortable old age, in spite of the fact that "slavery days" were well over when

Angela was a baby. A heavy rain had fallen the night before, so that Angela, instead of going through the garden and across the corn field to Violet's cabin, picked her way through the mud of the highway, which turned a corner between Oak Hill and Aunt Violet's. What between the mud under foot and the sun in her face, Miss Sothern neared her destination with head down held, oblivious of the fact that Aunt Violet had company standing with her on her porch watching the other visitor's approach; and it was entirely to her surprise that she found herself confronted on running up the steps by a picturesque young man in corduroy knickerbockers, a velveteen coat, and a broad palmetto hat, doffed on the instant with courteous alacrity.

"Miss Angel, dis is ole Mas'r Jack Campbell's son, who lef' his place an' went Norf. Dis yar Mas'r Jack has come back now ter git his own. His mar an' ver mar was fren's onst, honey.'

To go Norf signified, in the sense used by Aunt Violet, to espouse the cause of the government, and fight on its side during "the war." Violet remembered, as a neighborhood tradition, that this had been what Mr. John Campbell had seen fit to do twenty years since—an offense for which he had been ostracized, in fact and in thought, by his kinsfolk and acquaintances ever since. is only in such midland districts as the county of Virginia where my story is laid that such ostracism can take place. Elsewhere there is not enough elbow-room in which to swing the hatchet and so it is found more convenient to bury it. But it is surprising to estimate the lease of life of animosities in country places where nature's gradual processes indicate changes as gradual in opinions.

The old Capulet rancor flamed instinctively in Angela Sothern's tea-rose face. This man's father had drawn his sword against her native land, had turned against his father's people and his father's house. In a flash she perceived that

Jack number two had put out his hand; but she inchned her head ceremoniously and obliviously, keeping her hands folded over the little basket they held. Jack Campbell instantly took his leave, being as quick to discern fluctuations of feeling as mercury is to discern ups and downs of temperature. Not until he had swung himself on his horse, and was clattering down the road, did Angela condescend to take a seat on Aunt Violet's porch.

"Mighty han'sum young man," said Violet, looking after him.

"Mighty fine feathers-Northern feathers," rejoined Angela, thinking of the velveteen and cor-

Just then another rider came in sight—a slight dark youth, who reined in long enough to say, "Good-morning, Miss Angela," but who bestow-

ed neither word nor look on the old woman.
"Talk ob fine! Dat ar Mas'r Pynckney too fine or too grand, or too sumfin, ter gib de ole ooman howdy. Wat I calls manners."

But Angela was looking after this last rider

with a smile in her large pure eyes and on her sweet, composed lips. "Now, Aunt Violet! Wasn't it only yesterday you told me that he had just brought you a pound of tea? Isn't that better than a howdy?"

"Ain't so sure 'bout dat. Laws, chile! he ain't good enuff for you. Not by a long shot. Dis yar Mas'r Jack wuff two ob him."

"Oh, Aunt Violet! Aunt Violet! like all the rest of us, you are taken with the outside show. If Pynckney Talbot dressed like a play-actor you would admire him too. But instead he goes around in the old suit he has worn for two good years or more, and you turn up your nose at him."
"Now, Miss Angel, I knows my dooty better'n

"Poor Pynckney! I like him."

"Oh yes, you is soft-hearted. But de ole ooman keeps her wits about her. I knows why Mas'r Pyncknev bring me tea an' sich. He are a-courtin'. Neber war a Talbot yit warn't as hard Mas'r Pynckney means his sweetheart shud hear ob his sugar an' his tea. May de Lord forgive me if I's hard too!"

"You are hard, Aunt Violet. How should you read men's motives?

"How shudn't I, honey? I has passed my t'reescore year an' ten, an' I has seen a heap. But it's no wonder de chile feels as she do 'bout de Campbells. She be brought up ter it from her grandpa down. How's yer grandpa's rheumatiz, honey?

"He has been groaning and complaining a good deal, Aunt Violet. This damp weather is bad for him. He said last night he wished he could get you up to Oak Hill to rub his lame arm-that no one could rub as you could.'

Bress you, honey, I couldn't help him now. I's too ole an' too painful myself. Pain mustn't rub pain. Some voung person-better'n all some

leetle chile—shud rub him."

"Indeed!" cried Angela, who had an odd interest and faith in Aunt Violet's theories of this nature.

"Yes. Dat is sumfin shud be lef' ter chillen. Chillen kin charm pain, an' dev kin plant seeds. Dey is growin', and dey kin make grow, plants neber sprouts."

"How very strange!" Angela commented, with the same lively faith. The old woman and the young girl were sitting on the porch outside Violet's cabin-a rickety porch, to which one ascended by rickety steps; but from it the outlook was a charming one of valley farms bounded by blue hills, with here and there a gleam of shining The old colored woman, her wrinkled hands folded over the stick on which she leaned forward, gazed out upon the lovely landscape. The girl watched her with a certain tender curi-She had always been in the habit of coming to Aunt Violet as to a humble oracle. To her, Aunt Violet was invested with a wisdom all her own. Perhaps Angela was not alone in her notion that some persons are possessed of a subtle sixth sense. Angela had read of those who had the gift of discerning spirits, and with this gift she credited in her own mind the old colored woman. It was this confidence in Aunt Violet's judgment which filled her now with disquiet. It was something more than a mere prejudice which made Aunt Violet dislike Pynckney Talbot. be sure, the old woman's opinion corresponded to an unspoken distrust deep down in Angela's heart, but it was all the more unwelcome; for hadn't Angela been doing her best to battle with and lay low this distrust ever since-well, for -since Pynckney had been trying to persuade her that they ought to be more to each other than the mere good friends they had been all their lives before?

As she strolled up the shaded hill-side lawn that led to her own home she recognized Pynckney's horse tied to a post, at a safe distance from any of the beautiful old trees. And presently Pynckney appeared, walking rapidly toward her, dark, eager, anxious. Angela smiled upon him, and gave him her hand, and his countenance relaxed. It was easy to see that she had an influence over him. The Sauls find their Davids in man and in woman now as in the days of yore,

"So you have torn yourself away from that old darky?" began Pynckney.

"Yes-that about expresses it," retorted Angela, who never could resist striking a blow for a

"I met that ane John Campbell coming away from there. I suppose Violet made the introduction, and that he will be coming here now.

know who'll stay away if he does."

"His clothes were very fine, which is against him with us shabby farmers. But he was handsome and civil. Perhaps I should enjoy his coming to see me."

Angela laughed as she said this, but there was conciliation in her laugh. Pynckney was insensibly mollified. He went on:

" A hen my boy Sam brought ...y horse around this morning I saw in a minute that some one had been riding him. Of course Sam lied himself out of it; but I told him I knew what I was talking about, and that if it happened again I would break every bone in his black body. He is your old Violet's grandson, by-the-way. she would undertake to reform him. I'll not keep him unless he alters his ways. Ride my horse, indeed! I'd rather he'd wear my coat."

All this with a good deal of excitement. Angela spent a good part of her life in listening to Pynckney's grievances. This morning she was impatient. She wished her friend would keep them to himself occasionally. But she had not been brought up with a querulous old grandfather and irritable, exacting old grandmother to no purpose. She could control the expression of her feelings, almost her feelings themselves. she led the way placidly to two great wicker chairs on the piazza of the house, where she and Pynckney had spent many a morning before this. condoled with him as to the delinquent Sam; but she did not drop the subject without reminding him that Sam possessed this virtue and that, and also that he was old Violet's chief dependence. She knew this would have its weight. Pynckney would be good to any one whom she liked, although he would still permit himself the privilege of railing against that same person. Presently two horsemen trotted up the rough,

extemporized sweep. Old Mr. Shirley, the Nestor and autocrat of the neighborhood, and the same picturesque young gentleman whom Angela had already met that morning. Both dismounted, and Mr. Shirley presented Jack Campbell in due form as "My friend, my dear Angela." This time Augela extended her hand, being under her own rooftree, and also because of a look of expectation in Mr. Shirley's pleasant keen eyes. The four sat down together in the breeze and the open air. Presently appeared old Mr. Sothern, who scowled slightly upon Jack, but still received him, and then proceeded to discuss matters and things, from the pessimist stand-point, with his guests. Pynckney was a man's man, except for Angela, and he was soon engaged in an interchange of ideas with the two older men. Jack showed sufficient interest in tariff and railroads to convey the impression to his host that he was a young man of good manners and correct views, as well as information; then turned to Angela. He was fresh from a Northern city, and had seen all the new pictures, the popular actors, had read the books of the day. He was a fresh, delightful ex-perience to Angela. Women had united in spoil-ing John Campbell all his days; it was no wonder that Angela, whose range of experience had been small, should be fascinated by so charming a type. She was naturally gay and light-hearted, and Jack responded to this in her. She felt from the start that he had no prejudices she need be afraid of treading on; that it would be hard to ruffle his temper; that he was tolerant by nature as well as by education. Whatever faults Jack might have were certainly not apparent on the surface, and rarely interfered with the comfort of those around him.

When Mr. Shirley rose to go, Mr. Sothern suggested an adjournment to the dining-room, where the inevitable toddy was compounded, Mrs. Sothern appearing on the scene, pale and complaining, and wrapped in shawls, but hospitably desirous that the whole party should stay to dinner. Sothern growled out a few words of invitation. from which there would seem to be no appeal, Mr. Shirley glanced at Jack, who was talking nonsense to Angela, and accepted for himself and his young guest. Only Pynckney Talbot tore himself away.

After his going Angela's spirits sensibly flagged, although she and Pynckney had had little or nothing to say to each other before this. But her grandmother called her to make the salad-dressing, and to arrange some flowers for the centre of the table, and by the time this was accomplished dinner was ready, and Angela engrossed in performing the rites of hospitality, performed with the same scrupulousness as when the Soth ern table groaned under its ancestral silver, and there was a servant behind each chair. During "the war" Sothern Hall, the family head-quarters, had been raided one night, and all the silver carried off, with the exception of what Mrs. Sothern carried through the back door in a basket to Oak Hill, then a tumble-down old farm-house. since fitted up for a home. The well-trained waiters of yore were replaced by one half-grown colored boy, a link in a long train of carefully drilled boys, who on learning their business one after another left this training-school for pastures new in some city, true to the migratory mania of the colored people since the war. Is it any wonder that Mr. Sothern should growl and Mrs. Sothern should complain under the influence of changes such as these, stanch conservatives as they were?

But Angela had the happy knack of concealing all deficiencies and repairing all omissions. And the gumbo soup stood on its own merits, and so did the fried chicken, as well as the peaches and cream. These were staple delicacies in that part of the world, superior to all reverses of fortune.

After dinner an hour or so sped by on wings, for one of the party at least. This person devoted a good half-hour to ingratiating himself with Mr. Sothern, and was amply rewarded by an invitation to come when he had leisure to Oak Hill during his visit to Mr. Shirley.

"I never expected to make a Campbell welcome to my house," the old gentleman solilo-quized, looking after his guests as they cantered down the road. "But I suppose one must turn down the road. "But I suppose one must turn over a new leaf with the new generation. How

do you like this young man, Angela?"

"Immensely" (with great cordiality). "I haven't had so many new ideas in a twelvementh. And it is refreshing to see a man so

well dressed." (By-the-way, Jack had exchanged his early morning toilette for one less conspicuous.)

"Pynckney made a poor show beside him eh ?" "I did not think so" - seriously. "Your

clothes are rusty too, but you hold your own."
"I'm not sure of that. It may be so in this corner, but out in the world it would be different, for shabby fellows would be soon pushed to the wall. Better make friends with the new mainmon, Angela. Be wise in your generation," said her grandfather, meaningly.

Yes, it had come to this. It had required no seer to read the undisguised admiration expressed in Jack Campbell's every look, apart from a hint let fall by Mr. Shirley that Jack had fallen in love at first sight with Angela, in the approved old-fashioned way. And Mr. Sothern welcomed the idea with pleasure. It seemed as though Dame Fortune were at last reaching out her hand toward his darling child.

That evening at dusk Pynckney came galloping back again. Fortune had reached out her hand to him too. His mother's brother had written to him asking him to make his home with him in a neighboring city that winter following, and thus be on hand to attend medical lectures, and read under the direction of a fa-mous doctor—Pynckney's darling scheme. Only want of means had prevented his doing this before. Now, with this assistance, he could go. And he was to go at once, in order to make a fair start when the lectures began next month. The letter had come that afternoon.

Hitherto Pynekney had come and gone, and Angela had seen him alone without a thought of surveillance. But on this evening her grandfather seemed determined not to give her an opportunity for a word in private with Pynckney. He was all friendliness and cordiality to the young man, but in spite of this the latter rode off with a heavy heart. He had no assurance that Angela would wait for him-cared for him. And, to make matters worse, on his way to the station next morning he met Jack Campbell on his way evidently to Oak Hill.

After that, for the next six months he buckled down to work in good earnest. He never heard directly from Angela, but indirectly he heard that she was well, and lovelier than ever; that Jack Campbell came and went (hang him! there was nothing to prevent his travelling where and when he pleased); that gossip gave him to Angela, and that the match was smiled on by her grandparents and their friends. Still Pynckney kept up his courage. While there was life there was hope; and his own prospects were brightening, so that he might soon count the months to the day when he could have a home of his own. In the spring he resolved to take a run home.

He had made up his mind that it would be easier to face the worst now than to go on working and living for Angela, only to be disappointed in the The three hours of his journey were soon accomplished and the train rattled into the station of the little town near Oak Hill and next to that where he would get off. He swung himself off the train for a look at the familiar scenes: there would be fifteen minutes' detention here, owing to a delay of the down train. Turning a corner abruptly, he came upon two figures, surrounded by a chaos of freight boxes, standing with their backs to him, and too much engrossed with each other to notice his approach-Campbell one, Angela the other. She wore her ridinghabit; he was equipped for travelling. It became directly apparent to Pynckney that Angela had come to see Jack off. In a flash he mastered the situation. He knew Angela so well: she would never have made herself so conspicuous had not she been engaged to Campbell. patent to Pynckney now. And, even being engaged, her conceding this much to any man was strange enough from her. But "evil communications corrupt good manners." No doubt the independent young ladies at the North to whom Jack Campbell had been accustomed did such things habitually, and this was the style he preferred. Pynckney stood white with wrath and sorrow: so close to the pair that had he chosen he might have heard what they said. His resolu-tion was soon taken. He pulled out of his pocket a photograph of himself (which he had had taken for Angela the day before); beneath this hescrawled "Good-by." He reached forward and slipped this into the outer pocket of Angela's jacket. Then he took his train to the next station.

He did not see Mr. Sothern get off the down

train, and thus gather that it was to meet him Angela had ridden over to Blue Ridge. Nor did he see Campbell dejectedly step into the same train and be whirled away. No; he pulled his hat over his eyes and gave way to melancholy.

His road home could be made to loop in Aunt Violet's cabin by making a circuit of some miles. This circuit he resolved to make in order to leave the old woman a present he had bought her out of his hard earnings. He had pegged away at hack literature that winter, by-the-bye. row he would go back to the city. There was nothing to keep him here now.

Violet accepted the donation with dignity. Then she proceeded to discuss Miss Angel. gwine marry de rich gemman from de Norf," she announced. "I heerd it from good hearers, so I knows it's troo."

"Let us be thankful he is a rich man. That

ought to go a long way."
"Rich as gold, an' young an' kind an' han'sum,"

proceeded Violet, stoutly.

At this crisis appeared Angela on the scene, coming through the cabin, having walked across fields from Oak Hill, her habit tossed over her arm. She stilled a cry of joy at seeing Pynck-ney, and nipped also in the bud an eager running forward to meet him with her hands outstretched, as she realized the intense, rigid, forbidding look on his face. The smile died from her eyes

and from her mouth. She had found Pynckney's photograph in her pocket, and had been on the point of cross-questioning him as to how it came there. All that came into her head now instead there. An that came into her head now instead was to remember that beneath the portrait was written "Good-by." In the sudden bitterness of her heart she said to herself she would take him at his word. She gave Aunt Violet what she had brought her, and retraced her steps forthwith, suspicious smiles and complaisance.

The next day dawned bright and clear for our Angela, turned two ways by pity and affection— pity for the one, affection for the other, of her The fresh, sweet hours of the morning found her in her flower garden cutting roses. Of these she made two wreaths, one red (for "in the red rose glows the heart of love"), the other white. And directly after breakfast, across the fields, skirting the woods, she walked to the beautiful country church-yard where generations of Talbots and Pynckneys and Shirleys and Campbells and Sotherns were laid.

There was one Campbell, the father of Jack, her friend of to-day, who had been brought to this lovely last resting-place from a battle-field near by, where he had fallen at the head of his regiment of United States troops. Every year, when loving hands had placed garlands on the graves of those who perished in the Southern cause, this grave had remained undecked, save by the universal daisies and the catholic violets. His own kindred lived afar now, his memory green in their hearts, but the place of his sepulture forsaken. But this year Angela laid on this lonely shrine her wreath of white roses. Poor Jack! She had been unable to give him what he coveted; but she had given him her friendship, and out of that grew tenderness and charity for all of his.

And then, passing on, she laid her crimson roses on another grave, where Pynckney Talbot's father lay, who fell, under Lee, at Chancellorsville. As she stood here, with aching, heavy heart, a quick step sounded beside her. She started, looked up. Pynckney! And this time the quick blush, the welcoming smile, rushed over her face too impetuously to be hastily dismissed. This time, however, it was Pynckney who eagerly extended both hands, which she did not refuse

Walking home, she showed him the photograph of himself, which she still carried, and demanded an explanation. Let it suffice that this proved satisfactory.

Of course it all came out, then and there, that she was not engaged to Jack: that she never could be; that she cared for some one else-all this elicited gradually.

The next day Angela and Pynckney strolled over to Aunt Violet's to break the news to her. I can not conceal the fact that this was a severe disappointment to the old woman, which, of course, was no more than her due for having fa-

vored the wrong man. After all, however, it was all as Violet had said: Jack was rich, young, handsome, and Pynckney, although young and perhaps moderately hand-some, was anything but rich. Jack's wife would rejoice directly in all the good things of this life, and Pynckney's would have to struggle on with him for years for mere bread and butter. There was thus every reason in the world why Angela should marry the prosperous Jack. But it is to be hoped that there were patent reasons out of the world why she should marry Pynckney, as in the end she did. Matches are made in heaven— the best of them—and for reasons not of earth.

IONE STEWART.*

By E. LYNN LINTON,

AUTHOR OF "PATRICIA KENBALI," "THE ATONEMENT OF LEAM DUNDAS," "UNDER WHICH LORD?" "MY LOVE," RTG.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.) REVELATIONS.

So far Clarissa had not taken much by her cast. In thus separating Ione from the family she had concentrated St. Claire's sympathy, given a voice and a meaning to his pity, and divided

How he pitied this poor lovely and unloved child! And how beautiful she was! Standing in that wonderful pose of hers, at once so graceful and so proud, her slender figure outlined against the purple sea and deep blue sky, the light wind catching her creamy skirts and blow-ing them back in cloud-like curves about her feet -the sun glistening on her shining red-gold hair as if it were a broken and interrupted aureole about her head—she might well have been some nymph or goddess of those old times of love and shine of to-day, some nymph or goddess bearing the burden of humanity for the dream of love. How beautiful she was! and-yes, he understood it all now—how isolated and unhappy! She made the third in the trinity of sorrow. Monica, himself, Ione; the first two wrecked because of the love which had been born and strangled at its birth; the third desolate because of the love which had never been born at all. Semblance for reality, charity for inheritance, sufferance for rights-poor Ione! poor beautiful

The Marchese, his bright eyes sparkling, was showing her the treasures he had found in the sand; and she, wearied and preoccupied, devoured by jealousy and conscious only of hatred to all mankind, was not doing even her bad best to appear interested. For she had the defects of her qualities, and to the sincerity which would not

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feign joined that selfishness of pride which would not conceal.

Standing there, proud and weary, she looked across the intervening space to Armine. Their eyes met. They were at some little distance from each other, but they could see clearly, though they could not hear. And looking thus, it seemed to him as if she had called him to her—to her

as if he had said, "I love you."

The pity which shone like tears in his soft eyes burned into her heart like love; and she answered what she thought she saw by a look that half commanded and half besought. He felt impelled to go to her. At any cost of appearance, and at the certain risk of offending Clarissa, he felt that he must make her understand how much he pitied her. He was so sorry for her! and she was so beautiful! He did not believe what Clarissa had told him about the Marchese. Ione was not in love with him. He knew no more than this. Engaged or not, Ione Stewart was not in love with the Marchese Mazzarelli.

In two minutes he was by her side, and Clarissa was left looking for shells alone.

Ione smiled when St. Claire came up as she had not smiled the whole of this after-part of the day. She felt as if a gray mist had rolled up between her and the sun, leaving her free to enjoy and be glad. The man whose devotion she coveted had obeyed her secret wish. He had left Clarissa for her, and so far her jealousy was appeased. But Clarissa, with crimson for blushrose on her round fair face, tears in her blue eyes, and as much anger in her heart as her tranquil nature would allow, turned back over the sands to where her father and mother were sitting on the ridge, and showing her shells as the ostensible reason of her return, said to her mother, with an acridity unusual to her:

"Mother, I wish you would speak to Nony, and tell her not to flirt so much as she does. Now with one and now with another-it really does not look nice. It does not seem to matter to her who it is, so long as she has some one to pay her compliments and be silly with. And the Italians think it so odd, and say such disagreeable things of us English girls when they see us go on like this. I wish you would speak

"What has she been doing, my dear?" asked Mrs. Stewart, always just, and wishing to be im-

"She has been flirling all the atternoon with the Marchese Mazzarelli, and now she has begun with Dr. St. Claire," said Clarissa. "And it looks so dreadful in such a young girl as she is! She will not mind a word I say, though I try to check her when we are together. Bull think she goes on worse than ever when peak to her. So do you speak to her yourself, mother. She must not be allowed to make herself so conspicuous."

"I will, most certainly," said Mrs. Stewart, severely; for, Ione apart, flirting was a thing of which she had a constitutional horror. And she felt quite as keenly as Clarissa the unfavorable impression given to the people among whom she lived by the undue freedom, not to say worse, of certain of her younger compatriots. When it came to anything like indiscretion in her own family it was intolerable. To do her justice, she had been a model of carefulness in her up-bringing of the two girls, and she was essentially a pure and modest little woman for her own

"Go to her, Clarissa," she continued, after a pause, during which she had watched Ione standing between the two young men, and had seen how, in confirmation of her daughter's report, she turned her face to St. Claire and her shoulder to Mazzarelli. "Tell her that I want her to join the Lancini girls; and if she will not, then send

The Lancini girls were strolling over the sands accompanied by their father and mother, and a couple of handsome young Italians to pay them homage and make the day pleasant; but there was no possibility of a look or a word passing among them of which the authorities would not approve. Under such surveillance Mrs. Stewart that Ione would be properly restricted.

"We shall have to do something with that poor girl soon," she said to her husband, after Clarissa had left, her displeasure, like love, growing with what it fed on. "That wretched blood of hers!" she added below her breath, and her husband wisely did not hear. All that he chose to hear he answered by saying in his slow, lazy

"Do not take things too seriously. Ione does not care a straw for Mazzarelli, and I am very sure that St. Clare does not care for her."

"She would make him if she could, if only to take him from Clarissa," said Mrs. Stewart,

"She can not take from Clarissa what does not belong to her," returned the Captain, with more caution than candor. "St. Claire is a nice young dlow enough, but I will undertake to say he h no matrimonial projects in his head."

"I do not know about that," said Mrs. Stewart,

demurely 'If I thought so I should have to change my manners," said her husband, bound by that queer unwritten law in force among English fathers to openly discourage the idea of potential sons-inlaw, even when secretly desired. And Mrs. Stewart, a little overawed, let the conversation drop.

Clarissa went back to the trio, and duly delivered her mother's message.

"Nony," she said, trying to speak naturally, I not quite succeeding, "mother wants us to and not quite succeeding, "mother wants us to join the Lancini girls. We have left them alone too long, she says."

"They do not w: nt us," answered Ione.

"Mother wishes it," repeated Clarissa.
"Do you go, then. Why should I? They are your friends, not mine. I do not care for them,'

returned lone.
"That is not the question. It is mother's

wish," again said Clarissa. "So, come, Nony. Tell her to obey my mother, Marchese," she said, in Italian, to Mazzarelli, as if his wish would be

her sister's law.
"La Signorina Ione does not need my poor word to do what is right," answered the young fellow, laughing.

"I do not wish to go," said Ione, setting her

lips.
"Come, Dr. St. Claire, let us go, at all events," said Clarissa, as her master-stroke; and with this she looked at the young doctor prettily, and made a few steps forward.

St. Claire looked at Ione, but her eyes were cast down on the sand, and her handsome face was as rigid as stone.

"Shall I carry your shells for you?" he said, in his sweetest and most charming manner, touching the ends of the handkerchief which she carried, full of shells, by the four corners.

The faintest little smile stole over her face. It was not so much a smile as a tremulous kind of moral sunshine; but it expressed all, and con-

"Thank you, yes: take them for me," she said, and without another word turned with him and went up to the Italian ladies.

Her obstinacy had passed with her jealousy. St. Claire had identified himself with her, and she obeyed neither Mrs. Stewart nor Clarissa, but him. As for the Marchese, she overlooked him as entirely as if he had not been in existence; and St. Claire thought that for a pair of lovers. as Clarissa had said they were, she was remarkably indifferent, and he as remarkably cool. But he was more than ever convinced that his blueeyed informant was wrong, and that Ione did not love Mazzarelli.

After this the day seemed to fade for more than one. A wind rose cold and strong, and the sun seemed to lose its power; the gods deserted the earth, and sea and sky and wood and plain were once more tenantless of all that divine life that glorious throng, which had possessed and peopled them in the early day. No one knew what had happened, but all felt that the spirit of the festa had died, and that only the body was left; and no one was sorry when the order to put to the horses was given, and the drive homeward began.

During that drive Ione was silent and concen trated; Clarissa was a little cross, and pleaded headache; St. Claire was very sorrowful, held by two pains—one for Monica, and the other for Ione; the Stewarts were uneasy; and the Lancinis, though always amiable and sweet, were tired. The only person apparently at ease was the Marchese Mazzarelli, and his briskness was artificial. He had read the little drama aright, and though he knew that he could not marry lone himself, and was not mad enough to be in love with her to no purpose, yet he did not like to see her open preference for another. He would willingly have flung this handsome young Englishman with the French name into the sea as an offering to the infernal gods to whom he belonged—he would willingly have made a quarrel with him if he could. As he could not, he was exasperatingly good-tempered and bright, and talked all the way home, to no one's response.

Once on their way back Ione raised her eyes to St. Claire's face in that sudden, swift, bewildering way of hers, which seemed as if it took the very breath away of those at whom she looked. That look oppressed and haunted him. He could not read it. It was the look of a dumb creature asking for something it could not designate; of a soul in pain unable to express its sorrow; of a spirit in bondage within whose liberty lay such plenitude of power, such infinity of glory, and in whose imprisonment was such deadly pain. He was so deeply grieved for her! She had suggested Monica to him when he first saw her standing by the fountain in the sunshine, and ever since she had been somehow associated with that beloved image in his mind. How could be do her good? How could be make her happy? Ah, how indeed! The past gives no light by which the fu-ture may be discerned. If the mirror of the prophet hang behind him it is obscured and veiled. And armine's unhappy love for Monica Barrington at Oakhurst was no guide to tell him how best to insure the well-being of Ione Stewart at Palermo.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

POINT-TRESSE.

FOR two hundred years has the mystery of its fabulously fine intertracery been an impenetrable secret—a secret most prized, perhaps, among "forgotten arts."

For true point-tresse there must be snow white hair; alas! doubtless, "sorrow-blanched locks" were often pressed into tearful, loving service for this almost priceless "thing of beauty."

Hair of silvery sheen and silken quality blend ed with exquisitely fine threads of flax, was the material from which patient fingers wrought out this gossamer device of shimmering arabesque.

Its genuineness could be established by exposure to the strongest sunlight, when a peculiar, tremulous glistening was instantly developed. Another test was by fire; if authentically pure in every thread, a very perceptible frizzle was apparent, but never a blaze.

Occasionally in antiquarian collections one may chance upon a stray bit of this delicately fashioned lace. Among the fondly hoarded relies of a noble English family there is claimed to be a scrap of the dainty texture, the work of Margaret, Countess of Lennox, made during a weary imprisonment in the Tower. This memorial of affection, woven by eyes long used to weeping, and with threads of her own white hair, was sent to her unhappy daughter-in-law, Mary Stuart, accompanied by words of pathetic greeting and assurances of unchanging sympathy.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

An Old Subsonines.-Plain ottoman repped silk or else brocaded ottoman will be more stylish for your peliese than the other materials.

If or C.—If you wish to have the dress mostly of moiré, the basque will answer as it is, and you need only shorten the skirt and add drapery of ottoman

only shorten the skirt and add drapery of occasion reps.

Pauling B. H.—Make your blue foulard like the checked slik dress trimmed with velver ribbon in Eazar No. 12, Vol. XVI.

Very Old Subscher.—Eider-down quilts have always been used as comfortables, and are no more in use now than formerly; so do not change the cover of yours. You have probably been told that colored bed spreads are used again, which is true, though white covers are by no means abandoned.

Jersky,—Give your wool Jersey to a good laundress, and tell her you want it shrunken by being indeed while not quite dry, as fronting shrinks heavy woollens, flannels, etc.

and tell her you want it shrinken by being ironed while not quite dry, as froning shrinks heavy woolicus, flanneis, etc.

I squire — Use Lonsdale cambric for skirts, with incked ruffles of the same, or else embroidered ruffles, Fine percales and cambric are most used for night-gowns and other under-wear; linen is preferred for summer use. Do not have Swiss muslin for a young girls dress, but get soft mult or else sprigged mult, and make with a basque, apron, and pleated skirt triumed with embroidery. Large long-looped bows or soft rosettes of ivory white ribbon are used more than sashes.

Brooklyn,—Get either figured foulard or checked silk, and make basque and drapery on the brown silk skirt by hints given in New York Fashions of Bazar No. 13, Vol. XVI.

C. V. H.—Put embroidery quite plain on the edge of your Jersey instead of a scarf; it you like more fullness, have two gathered rows of Spanish or French lace, with jet collar and cuffs. Use the satin merveilleux for an entire dress with lace trimming. Make it by design for cashmere dress on page 188, Bazar No. 12, Vol. XVI.

Colorado Subscriber.—The black head embroidery will suit your red dress. Put rose-bads of pink shades in your blue embroidery.

D. W. B.—Guests should wear gloves at the wedding; light tan shades are worn on such occasions with any dress. The wedding breakfast may be simple or elaborate, as you please.

L. B.—Get a checked wool dress made in tailor fash-

orate, as you please.

L. B.—Get a checked wool dress made in tailor fashion for spring and for journeys in summer. Get one of the new checked silks and a colored grenadine for yourself. For your sister have a Chevlot for travelling, with a nums' veiling and a foulerd for summer. Easar Nos. 12 and 13, Vol. XVI., will help you about making your dress.

your dresses.

F. J.—Use plain terra-cotta Surah for a basque, and put a good deal of cream white or ecru lace on the basque, especially near the face—around the neck and down the front—so that it will not give you too much color.

SNAPPY.—Put violet powder inside your gloves, and SNAPPY.—Put violet powder inside your gloves, and use a little animonia in the water, to prevent your hands perspiring. Gloves are worn at day and evening weddings. Get thick dog-skin or else castor heaver gloves for horse-back riding. Get gros grain silk for a dress that must be worn a long time.

READER, OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.—No, you should not wait for the years. Call immediately on your friends, nor let religious differences enter into social relations.

relations.
As Our Subscriber.—Afternoon teas are at either

AN OLD SCHEER,—Atternoon teas are at either four or five o'clock, as you please. Write on your visiting-card, on the left hand corner, "Thesdays in May; tea at four o'clock," and send them alike to young and old. The proper refreshment is bread and butter, cut very thin, and some light small cakes in a basket.
B. C. H.—It would be very polite to call on the la-

B. C. H.—It would be very polite to call on the ladies whom you are asked to meet, but it is not imperatively demanded of you. You might ask your hostess it she wishes you to do so.

Black Dolana,—"How to fly" a black camel's-hair dolman is the query of a pleasant correspondent who omitted her signature. Get inexpensive French lace, or else Spanish lace, and put two gathered rows where the fringe now is; also put a soutache or passementeric ornament in pointed shape-on the middle seam below the neck, with a bow on the tournure, and smaller ornaments on the bust and sleeves.

Pigrens.—Of course not. The name belongs lawfully to the lady.

smaller ornaments on the bust and sleeves.

Pigkrss.—Of course not. The name belongs lawfully to the lady.

Increase.—A physician may prescribe something that will improve your complexion. We have nothing further to suggest, and advise you to be careful in the use of cosneties, which are often pernicious.

Many.—Make a tea gown like the cashmere and satin gown illustrated on page 169 of bazar No. 11, Vol. XV.

Jennse.—The trimmed Jerseys cost \$6 or \$8. Get dark smooth ladies' cloth for a riding-habit, either black, green, or blue. A Supplement pattern of trousers to wear with a habit is given with Bazar No. 26, Vol. XV. It will be sent you from this office on receipt of 10 cents. Read about dinner-table furnishing in Bazar No. 14, Vol. XVI.

Anny.—Your blue striped cotton is a kind of English

lazar No. 14, Vol. XVI.

ARMY.—Your blue striped cotton is a kind of English
nico that is no longer brought here for sale.

R. L.—See picture of a Watteau wrapper in Bazar
to, 21, Vol. XV.

Novice.—Two sets of cut patterns for the garments

R. L.—See picture of a Wattean wrapper in Bazar No. 21, Vol. XV.

Novice.—Two sets of cut patterns for the garments of an infant's outfit will be sent you from this office, with a Bazar containing descriptions thereof.

A. B. C.—With a white dress a bride should wear white stockings, white slippers, and white kid ghoves.

Leosona B.—Use tan-colored gloves for a bride and groom who wear travelling suits. The bonquet is not out of place for a bride dressed even in the simplest street snit.

Mus. L.—Your silk is one of the stylish red shades, and would be handsome for an entire dress—basque, deep over-skirt, and pleated flounce—trimmed with ceru gaipare lace, or with velvet ribbon of the same shade as the silk.

Josentine K.—Make the young lady's blue satin evening dress by the second illustration on the first page of Bazar No. 13, Vol. XVI., trimming it with printed satin and white lace. Satin similar to the heliotrope shades, now called Judic shades, will combine well with your poplin. Get tan-colored Cheviot, with straw hat to match, for a girl of tourteen years. Do not dye the poplin. Golden brown shades suit auburn hair.

Subschiff of the poplin. Golden brown shades suit auburn hair.

Subschiff of the poplin bed-spread get Turkey red oil-calico, and sew it together; cover the round bolster with the same, and do not have white pillows except for use at night in place of the bolster. Windowshades should be of one color in all the windows of your room.

your room.

Ina.—Get some checked wool, éern and brown, and

make a Nortolk jacket like that described in Bacar No. 15, Vol. XVI., in the New York Fashions. Ottoman silks of pure quality wear well, but many of them have jute or cotton woven in the reps.

16/806ART ORGINS.—We do not reply by mail. By using the colored straw mattings, some rugs, or carpet benchmad in reference and interesting the colored straw mattings, some rugs, or carpet benchmad in reference and interesting the colored straw mattings.

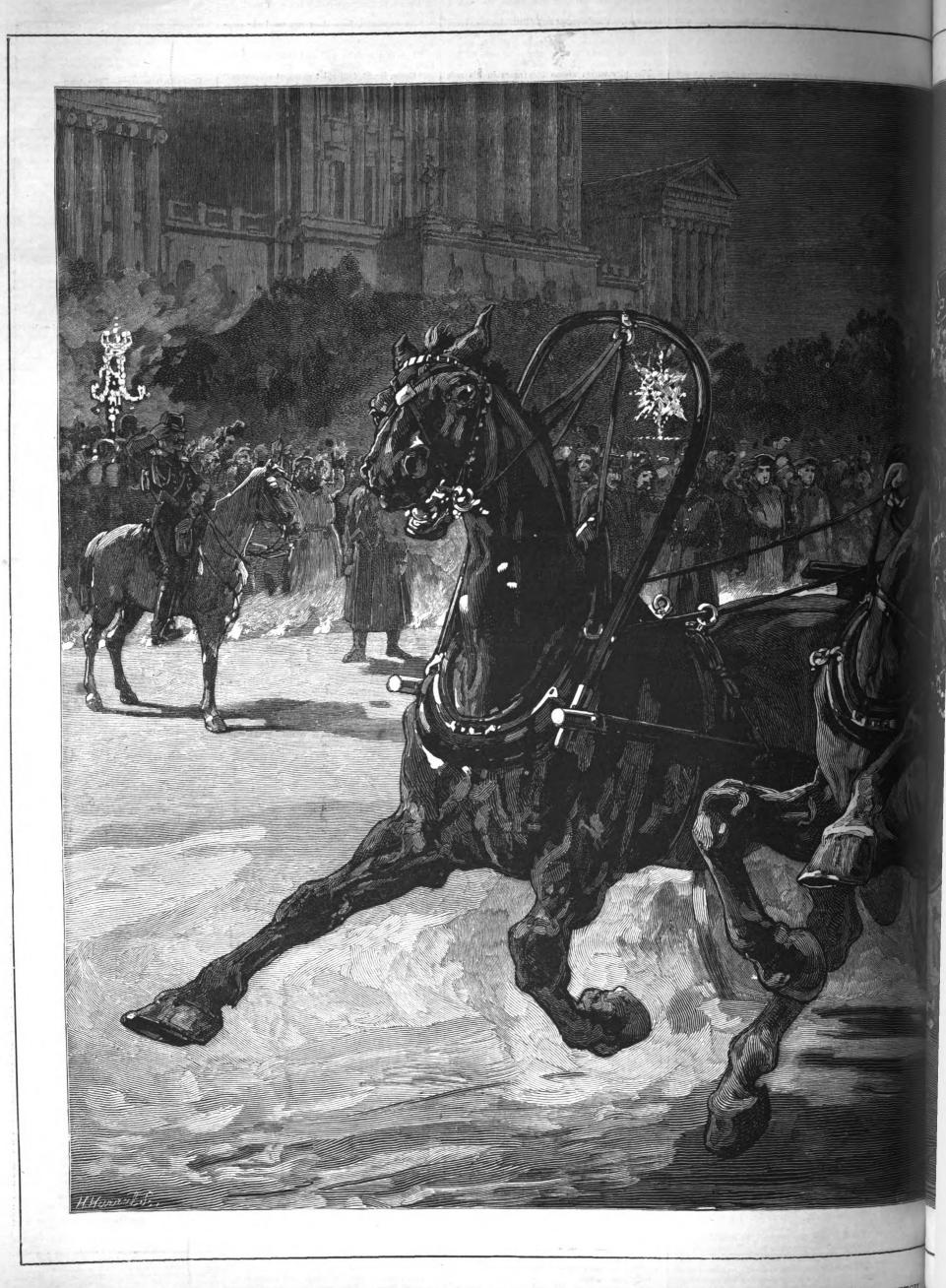
num the colored straw mattings, some rigs, or carpet bordered in rig fashion, and cottage furniture, you can furnish a modest summer home for a small sum. Get Madras muslin curtains for your best room, and sprigged muslin sash curtains for all the others. You could prepare the bed and table linen now, before you begin housekeeping.

Susonman.—The professional cleaners can probably restore the black of your rusty lace, but we do not know their processes.

OAK LEAY.—The low Queen Anne sets of silver of simple outlines will probably remain longest in favor.

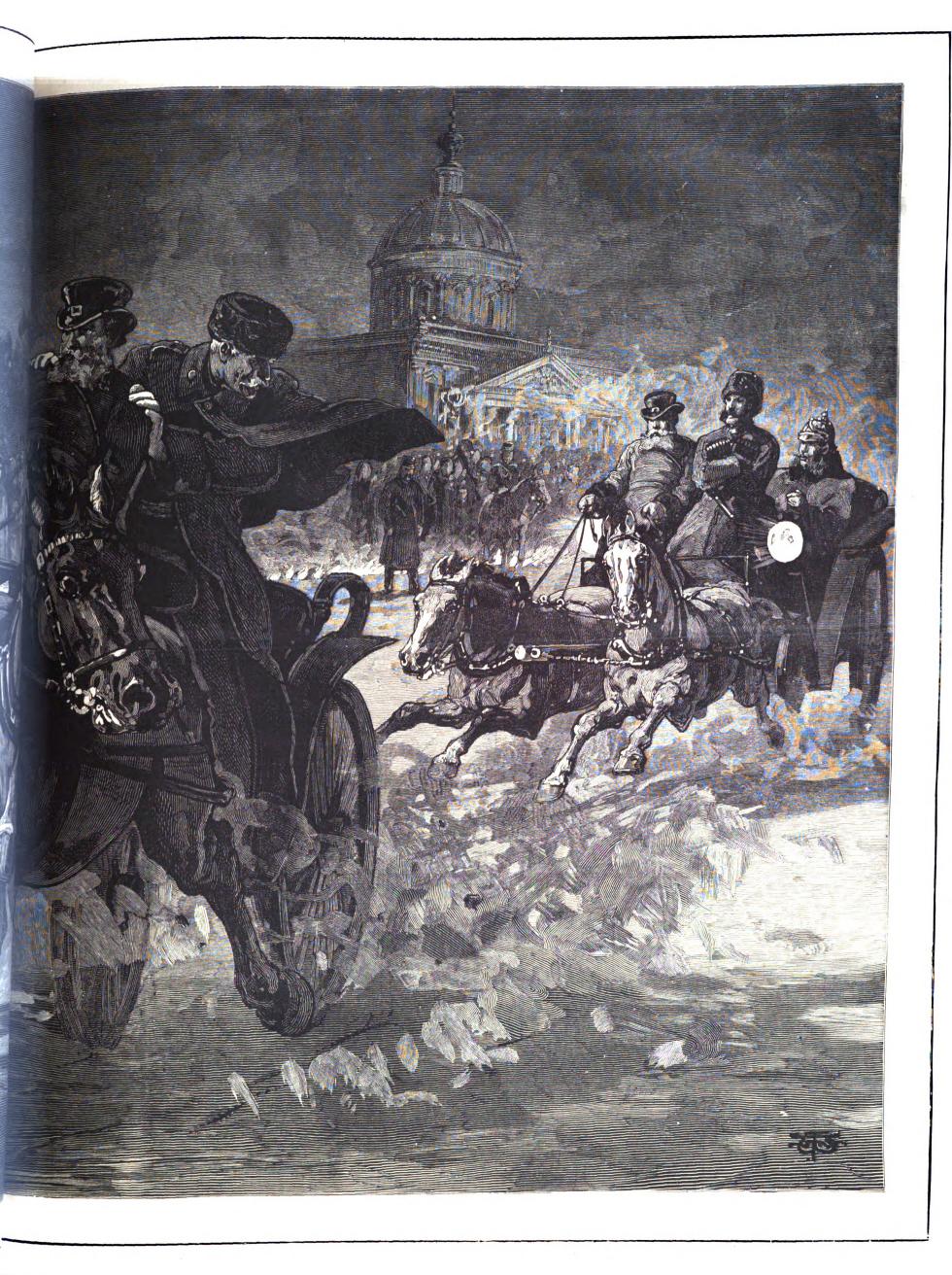
LEONOR. —The waistcoat is a broad vest inserted in

many of the new garments.
FAITHFUL SUBSCRIBER, -- Have 6cru and gilt wall-FATTHER, SCHSCHUER,—Have CERI and gilt wall-paper, with wood-work painted darker brown, shaded ecru to brown carpet, and Swiss embroidered muslin curtains for your parlors in a village house. Use momie ci th, cretonne, and Turkey red calico covers for your beds, and do not give up white Marseilles conterpanes. Brown and gray shades are as becoming as hine to those with adurn hair. Read about large English hats in the New York Fashlone; also about choosed silks and the new polonalses. checked silks and the new polonaises.



"THE CZAR COMES!"-A SKETCH

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ETERSBURG.—[See Poem on Page 362.]

"THE CZAR COMES!"

See illustration on double page. THE Czar rides through the wintry street; The steeds are driven fast; His people stand in reverent groups As he goes whirling past; A dauntless courage marks his brow, Defiant and austere; No smile upon his firm-set lips, Though all his people cheer.

The hollow mockery well he knows, The feint of homage well: A curse he hears in every sound. In every cheer a knell. What though the cringing multitude Their lord and master own, Amidst them all, in grim reserve, The Czar rides on-alone,

Alone! What state can lonelier be Than his who can not trust ?-Whose people cheer because they dread, And bow because they must Who doubts in all his broad domain Around him, near or far, To find one honest, faithful heart To cry, "God save the Czar!"

So rides he forth amongst them all In grim and lonely state, And in his people's eyes he reads Their dumb despair and hate. His palace but a prison is, His throne may be his bier, Not guarded by a nation's love But hedged with wrong and fear. S. S. CONANT.

SOME AFRICAN SNAKE STORIES.

ON our return home after several months' absence, we were much disturbed by the riotous conduct of several families of rats which had taken possession of the space over the ceilings where we had stowed away some old skeletons of animals collected at various times. For a long time I thought these rats were making too free with the old bones, as we would hear occasionally a general scrimmage, then suddenly the bones seemed dashed down, and a universal steeple-chase followed, to be succeeded by some poor fellow getting a "wigging," at which time there was otherwise a dead silence. A hole accidentally made in the ceiling, which was left unre-paired for several days, disclosed the mystery. Within these few days no less than four snakes dropped through this hole. Out of this number there were three varieties, none, however, venomous. The parent snakes must have climbed up the grape-vine running across the back veranda, and finding the space under the roof comfortable, with game abundant, had settled down to housekeeping. It was their hunting expeditions which had so frequently broken up the rat festivals. Having removed the vine and repaired the ceiling, we left the unwelcome lodgers to settle their disputes in their own way. In a few weeks the rats had disappeared, and with them went the snakes, as we never again were troubled by either.

The night-adder, supposed by many to be of the same family as the puff-adder, is a justly dreaded snake in Natal, and many tales are told of its deadly bite. It is usually between two and three feet long, has a thick body, abrupt tail, and flat head. Instead of the body being round, it rises into a ridge over the backbone, which ridge is thickly studded with a row of small smooth white excrescences or buttons. Like the puffadder it is sluggish in its habits, but quick to strike when disturbed. We fished one up out of an underground water tank one day. How it got in was a puzzle, unless it had climbed up the grape-vine on to the roof, and accidentally tum-bled into the tank by way of the pipe leading from the gutter. There was much satisfaction among the kitchen boys at killing it, although the Swa helie boy (a liberated slave) who drew it up by a bucket, much to his surprise and consternation, turned green with fright, but had sufficient presence of mind to transfix the snake with a pointed stick he had at hand until assistance arrived.

In my early country life I lived in a roughly made grass hut, which, in fact, was a mere apology for a shelter, as both wind and rain in stormy weather freely entered, as did all kinds of field vermin; nevertheless it was a healthy and cool dwelling-place. In those early bachelor days litwas given to regular house-cleanings; but one afternoon, ably assisted by my cook and stable-boy, I "cleaned up." All being cleared out save the sheet of corrugated iron which served to keep the damp of the earthen floor from my mattress, we stood with sticks in hand ready to pounce upon any unwary rats which we half expected to find below. The iron was whipped off, and lo! instead of rats we found three goodly sized snakes, which for weeks and weeks possibly had been enjoying the warmth of my bed.

The "imfezi" or "spitter" (Naja hæmachates) is frequently met with and invariably shunned by the natives. It is a snake of from five to six feet long, of a brown steel-color. When attacking it shows its true cobra relationship by expanding its hood, and has the power of projecting a jet of poison several feet distant. It generally directs the poison against the eye or some exposed part of the body, causing partial blindness, with great pain in the eves, and on the skin a blister, followed by a running sore. The poison when received in the circulation is said to be deadly in its effects, and the natives believe that any sore occasioned by its poison will break out afresh at each full moon, and so continue for years. I had an overseer who showed me a scar on his hand occasioned by the poison of the imfezi, and he declared that for months after the wound first healed it broke out anew periodically.

Fortunately this, like so many other snakes, was easily killed: a light stroke from a supple stick broke its back, after which its destruction was

We had a little grass snake which had the fiercest temper imaginable, but perfectly harmless. It would glide away from you as if to escape, and then turn a back somersault, landing at your feet with jaws distended, tongue darting out, making frantic efforts to strike, while all the time it was make-believe.

A different customer was the eblouble (unclassified), a snake over twelve feet long, rarely seen, but, when seen, best remembered by the efforts made to get out of its way. It has a small feathery crest, crimson in color, which stands erect when the reptile is excited, and from the movements of which it produces a whistling noise not easily forgotten. Fortunately there were few in the colony, and their haunts, when known, were carefully avoided. It will attack man, woman, or child unguardedly passing by. Its immense strength and agility permit few to escape who come within its reach. With a spring it strikes, bearing the victim to the ground, who by the force of the blow and the pain of the wounds is rendered insensible, and the poison which is speedily coursing through his veins quickly does its cruel work.

A friend of mine had an encounter once the escape from which I am sure even now he remembers with thankfulness. My friend and a companion were riding along an unfrequented pathway on the "South Coast"; it being a broiling hot day, they were jogging along at an easy pace in Indian file, when from the scrubby bush a few yards off emerged a pair of flaming eyes under cover of the ehlouhlo's crimson crest. Fortunately both saw it at the same moment, and spurred their horses into a canter, yet the snake followed up, and as they got on to a wider road seemed to be gaining upon them. The ehlouhlo was attempting apparently to come up alongside the riders so as to strike them, not the horses. They urged their horses into a gallop, and in a few moments could look back in comparative safety and see the huge fellow tearing after them with diabolical energy his crest carried at least as high as the saddlebow as he swung along by the powerful leverage of his muscular body and tail. The riders were thankful when they reached the way-side "Ac-commodation-house," and were able in safety to digest their adventure. It seems the spot where the encounter took place had long borne the reputation of being the haunt of the monster, and was universally avoided accordingly.

Travellers are said to see marvellous things, vet sometimes their true tales do not receive the perfect credit to which they are entitled. The following snake story is true, and was described to me by the coffee-planter to whom it happened, the Caffre boy concerned, although unwilling to speak of his share in the adventure, yet confessed all to his father to whom he fled for shelter after his exploit, and the snake's body was a convincing although dead witness of the encounter.

Trower, taking a short-cut home from the pulping-house one evening, was deeply cogitating on the prospective results of his crop, taking little heed of his footsteps as he tramped along a Caffre path through the long grass, hands in pocket, when he was rudely awakened by a severe blow on his leather gaiter. Like a flash he bent down and seized a black mamba by the neck just as the reptile was drawing back for another stroke. He gripped with his other hand, and held the snake as in a vise; then ensued the fight. The snake coiled round his legs, holding him fast. What could poor Trower do? He could not free his limbs; he dared not let go his nervous grip. Meanwhile he was in a strained position, holding on for dear life. He shouted as only a man can shout for instant help; he strained his muscles to raise the reptile's body so as to get a greater purchase; but the snake made the more increasing efforts to strike him again, using Trower's embraced legs as a fulcrum. The man was desperate; but new life came to him as he saw a Caffre herd-boy approaching. He yelled to him to strike the snake. The boy, terrified at the sight, scarcely knew what he did as he raised his induku" (Caffre throwing stick), and brought it down with what force he in his fear could summon-upon the helmet of poor Prower instead of upon the snake. what he had done, and fearing he had killed or stunned his master, with a wild cry he fled. Fortunately Trower's helmet was sufficiently strong to resist the blow, although for a second or two he felt dazed, nevertheless his grip relaxed He began to feel faint; he imagined his muscles were giving way, and he feared he must give in. In desperation he bent down still further and seized the reptile with his teeth. How he bit, or how often, he does not know, but he had dislocated the backbone. The snake uncoiled, having now lost its power, when with an effort Trower threw the body away from him, and staggered homeward. A few steps off he met his stable-boy, and had just strength to say "Bulala inyoko" (kill the snake), when he fainted. He was carried into the house, and although the venomous fangs had not penetrated to his skin, he was for days utterly prostrated by nervous affection. The stable-boy went back along the pathway, and discovered the mamba some yards away from the scene of the struggle: it was alive, but unable to make much progress, so was easily killed and brought up to the house in triumph. It was a male, measuring eight feet ten inches in length, about the thickness of a lad's arm. It had evidently been in search of food when it came across Trower, as. when opened, its stomach was empty. The wretched herd-boy's father came over next morning in fear and trembling to tell his son's tale: but he was speedily rejoicing that the termination was no worse, although the lad's ill-directed seal might have had serious results. Trower

declared that for days and days he could not get the taste of snake flesh out of his mouth; his favorite pipe, when he reached that stage, whispered snake flesh, and even his friendly " face" (the colonist's too frequent spiritual com-panion) had no longer the smack of true Geneva.

In conclusion, I must not omit to mention the snake plaything of colonial children. It is a tiny little earth snake, rarely found over three inches long, with a glossy jet black skin, long pointed head and tail. It is petted and played with by children, who tie its little body up in knots, to have the pleasure of seeing it unwind itself. It is perfectly harmless.

YOLANDE.*

By WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "SHANDON BRILLS," "MACLED OF DARR,"
"WHITE WINGS," "SUNBIBE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"O' BY-GANE DAYS AND ME."

THE Master of Lynn was walking along Church Street, Inverness, leisurely smoking his morning cigar, when a small boy from the hotel overtook him and handed him a letter. He glanced at the handwriting, and saw it was from his sister; so he put it in his pocket without opening it. Then he went on and into Mr. Macleay's shop. This was a favorite lounge of his. For not

only was it a valuable museum of natural history -all kinds of curiosities and rarities being sent thither to be preserved—but also, to any one with sufficient knowledge, it afforded a very fair report as to what was going on in the different forests. More than that, it was possible for one to form a shrewd guess as to the character of some of the people then wandering about the Highlands—the sort of sportsmen, for example, who sent to be stuffed such rare and remarkable birds as gannets, kittiwakes, and skarts, or who wished to have all the honors of a glass case and a painted background conferred on a three-pound trout. It was not difficult (as he sat on the counter or strolled about) to imagine the simple joy with which these trophies had been secured and carefully packed and sent away for preser vation; while, on the other hand, some great stag's head-a magnificent and solitary prizeperhaps awoke a touch of envy. The good-natured proprietor of the establishment, busy with his own affairs, let this young man do pretty much what he liked in the place; and so it was that the Master, having had a look at the latest specimens of the skill of the workshop, took out his sister's letter and read it, and then begged for a sheet of paper and the loan of a pen. He thought he might just as well finish his cigar here, and answer his sister at the same time.

He wrote as follows:

"INVERNESS, September 29.

"DEAR POLLY,-I wish you would be pleased to moderate the rancor of your tongue; there is quite enough of that commodity at Lynn. Whoever has told you of the latest row has probably not overstepped the truth; but isn't it a blessed dispensation of Providence that one can obtain a little peace at the Station Hotel? However, that is becoming slow. I wish I knew where Jack Melville is; I would propose a little foreign travel. For one thing, I certainly don't mean to go back to Lynn until Mr. Winterbourne has left Allt-nam-ba; of course he must see very well that the people at the Towers have cut him: and no doubt he understands the reason; and he might ask, don't you see; and very likely be might get angry and indignant (I shouldn't blame him), and then he might ask Yolande to break off the engagement. Such things have happened before. But you needn't get wild with me. I don't seek to break off the engagement; certainly not; if that is what they are aiming at they will find me just as pertinacious as vou were about Graham (you needn't assume that you have all the obstinacy in the world); and although I'm not too squeamish about most things, still, I'm not going to break my word simply because Auntie Tab doesn't like Mr. Winterbourne's politics.

"Now there's a chance for you, Miss Polly. Why don't you set to work to make the leopard change his spots? You think you can talk any-body over. Why don't you talk over Mr. Winterbourne into the paths of virtue and high Tory ism? I don't see why it should be so difficult. Of course he's violent enough in the House; but that's to keep in with his constituents; and to talk with him after a day's shooting you wouldn't guess he had any politics at all. I'd bet a sovereign he would rather get a royal than be made a cabinet minister. You'd much better go and coax him into the paths of the just than keep getting into rages with me. You talk as if it was you that wanted to marry Yolande; or rather as if it was you who were going to buy the Corrievreak side from Sir John, and couldn't wait for the conveyancing to be done. Such impetuosity isn't in accord with your advancing years. The fact is, you haven't been having your fair dose of flirtation lately, and you're in a bad temper. But why with me? I didn't ask the people to Inverstroy. I can see what sort of people they are by the cart-load of heads Graham has sent here (I am writing in Macleay's shop). If ever I can afford to keep our forest in my own hands there won't be anything of that kind going onno matter who is in the house.

"And why should you call upon me for the explanation of the 'mystery'? What mystery is involved in Yolande's going south? Her father, I understand, leaves on the 15th of October; and I am not surprised that nothing has been said about a lease of the place. Of course Winter-

* Begun in HABPER'S BAZAR No. 3, Vol. XVI.

bourne must understand. But in the south, my dear Polly, if you would only look at the reasonable aspect of affairs, we may all of us meet on less embarrassing terms; and I for one shall not be sorry to get away for the winter from the society of Tabby and Co. Yolande and I have not quarrelled in the least; on that point you may keep your hair smooth. But I am not at all sure that I am not bound in honor to tell her how I am placed; and what treatment in the futureor rather what no-treatment—she may expect from my affectionate relatives. Of course it can not matter to her. She will be independent of them

—I also. But I think I ought to let her know, so that she will not be surprised at their silence and of course if she resents their attitude to her father (as is very likely)—well, that is their fault, not mine. I am not going to argue any more about it; and as for anything like begging for their patronage or sufferance of Yolande, that is entirely out of the question. I will not have it, and I have told you so before; so there may just as well be an end to your lecturing. I am a vertebrate animal.

"Yolande is at Worthing-not in London, as you seem to think. I don't know her address; but I have written to Allt-nam-ba for it. I believe she left rather in a hurry. No; I sha'n't send it to you; for you would probably only make mischief by interfering; and indeed it is not with her that any persuasion is necessary. Persuasion ?—it's a little common-sense that is necessary. But that kind of plant doesn't flourish at the Towers—I never heard of Jack Melville getting it for his collection of dried weeds.

"Well, good by. Don't tear your hair. "Your affectionate brother, ARCHIE, "P.S.—It is very kind of you to remind me of

Baby's birthday; but how on earth do you expect me to know what to send it? A rocking-horse, or a Latin Grammar, or what?"

He leisurely folded the letter, put it in an envelope, and addressed it; then he turned to have a further chat with Mr. Macleay about the various triumphs of the taxidermic art standing around. Several of these were in the window; and he was idly regarding them, when he caught sight, through the panes, of some one passing by out-For a second he seemed to pause, irreso lute; then he quickly said good-morning to Mr. Macleay, went outside, threw away his cigar, and followed the figure that he had seen passing the window. It was that of a young woman, neatly dressed; indeed, it was no other than Shena Van -though probably Janet Stewart had acquired that name when she was younger, for now she could not strictly be described as fair though her hair was of a light brown and her eyes of a deep and exceedingly pretty blue.
"Good-morning, Miss Stewart," said he, over-

taking her.

The young lady turned quickly, perhaps with a slight touch of alarm as well as of surprise in her look. "Oh, good-morning, Mr. Leslie," said she, with

ner; though the sound of her speech, with its slight accent, was naturally gentle and winning.
"I had no idea you were in Inverness," said I just caught a glimpse of you while I

a certain reserve-not to say coldness-of man-

was in Macleay's shop. Why, it is a long time since I have seen you now." She was a little embarrassed and nervous; probably desirous of getting away, and yet not

wishing to be rude. "I am often in Inverness now," she said, with her eyes averted, "since my sister was married."

"Are you going to the steamer?" he asked

for she carried a small parcel in her hand.

"Yes," said she, with some hesitation.

"I—

I was thinking of walking to the steamer. Then I suppose I may go as far with you, said he, "for I have a letter that I want the

clerk to have sent on to Inverstroy.' She glanced quickly up and down the street; but he did not give her time to say yea or nay; and then, with something of silence and resentment on her part, they set out together. It was a very pleasant and cheerful morning; and their way was out into the country; for Miss Stewart's destination was that lock on the Caledonian Canal from which the steamer daily sails for the south. Nevertheless the young lady did not seem overwell pleased.

At first they talked chiefly about her friends and relatives, he asking the questions and she answering with somewhat few words; and she was careful to inform him that now she was more than ever likely to be away from Inverness-shire, for her brother had recently been elected to one of the professorships at Aberdeen, and he had taken a house there, and he liked to have her in the house, because of looking after things. She gave him to understand that there was a good deal of society in the ancient city of Aberdeen, and that the young men of the University were

anxious to visit at her brother's house.
"It is a natural thing," said pretty Shena Van, with a touch of pride in her tone, " for the woung men to be glad to be friends with my brother; not only because he is one of the professors, but because he was very distinguished at Edinburgh, and at Heidelberg too-very distinguished in-

deed.' "Oh yes; I know that," said the Master of Lynn, warmly. "I have heard Jack Melville speak of him. I dare say your father is very proud of his success."

"Indeed I think we are all rather proud of it," said Miss Stewart.

But when they had crossed the bridge over the wide and shallow waters of the Ness, and were getting away from the town into the quietude of the country, he endeavored to win over his companion to something more of friendliness. He was a gentle-spoken youth; and this coldness on the part of his ancient comrade he seemed to consider unfair.

"We used to be great friends," said he; "but I suppose you have forgotten all that. I suppose you have forgotten the time when Shena Van was reaching out for the branch of a rowan-tree, and fell into the burn ?"

She blushed deeply; but there was the same cold reserve in her manner as she said,

"That was a long time ago."
"Sometimes," said he, with a sort of gentleness in his look, "I wish your father had never

gone away to Strathaylort; you and I used to be great friends at one time."

"My father is well pleased with Strathay-lort," said Miss Stewart, "and so are we all; for the manse is larger, and we have many more friends in Strathaylort. And the friends we left well, I suppose they can remember us when they wish to remember us."

This was rather pointed; but he took no notice of it-he was so anxious to win his companion over to a more conciliatory mood.

"And are you as fond of reading poetry as

ever?" said he, regarding her; but always her eyes were averted.

"Sometimes I read poetry as I read other things," she said; "but with my sister in Inverness and my brother in Aberdeen, I am very often on visits now."

Do you remember how you used to read 'Horatius' aloud, on the hill above Corrie-aneich? And the bridge below was the bridge that the brave Horatius kept; and you seemed to see him jump into the Allt-crom, not the Tiber at all; and I am quite sure when you held out your finger and pointed-when

'he saw on Palatinus The white porch of his home'—

you were looking at the zinc-roofed coach-house

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A PE

at Allt-nam-ba.' "I was very silly then," said Shena Van, with

red cheeks. "And when you were Boadicea, a flock of sheep did very well as an army for you to address; only the collies used to think you were

"I dare say they were right."

"Do you remember the Sword Chant of Thortein Raudi, and my bringing you a halberd from the Towers—'Might-Giver! I kiss thee;' 'Joy-Giver! I kiss thee;' 'Fame-Giver! I kiss thee'?' "Indeed you have a wonderful recollection,"

said Miss Stewart. "I should think it was time to forget such folly. As one grows up there are more serious things to attend to. I am told" and here, for the first time, she turned her beautiful dark blue eves to him, but not her face; so that she was looking at him rather askance, and in a curious, interrogative, and at the same time half-combative fashion—"I am told that you are about to be married."

Now it was his turn to be embarrassed: and he did not meet those too searching eves.

"As you say, Shena, life turns out to have serious duties, and not to be quite like what one dreams about when one is young," he observed, somewhat vaguely. "That can't prevent your remembering other days with a good deal of affection-'

"But you must let me congratulate you, Mr. Leslie," said she, sharply bringing him to his senses. "And if the wedding is to be at Lynn, I am sure my father would be glad to come over from Strathaylort."

There could be nothing further said on this rather awkward subject just at the moment, for they had arrived at the steamer, and he had to go and hunt out the clerk to intrust him with those small commissions. Then he rejoined Miss Stewart, and set out for the town again; but while she was quite civil and friendly in a formal fashion, he could not draw her into any sort of conjoint regarding of their youthful and sentimental days. Nay, more; when they got back to the bridge she intimated, in the gentlest and most respectful way, that she would rather go through the town alone; and so he was forced to surrender the cruel solace of her companion-

ship.
"Good-by, Shena," said he, and he held her

"Good-morning, Mr. Leslie," said she, without

turning her eyes toward him.

Then he walked away by the side of the river. with a general sense of being aggrieved settling down on him. Whichever way he turned, people seemed only disposed to thwart and controvert Surely there was no harm in being on friendly terms with Shena Van, and in remind-ing her of the days when he and she were boy and girl together? If he had jilted her, she would have good grounds for being vexed and angry; but he had not. Nothing in that direction had ever been spoken of between them. It is true he had at one time been very much in love with her; and although he had but little romance in his character (that being an ingredient not likely to be fostered by the air of Oxford, or by the society of the young officers of the Senforth Highlanders), still the glamour of love had for the moment blinded him, and he had seriously contemplated asking her to be his wife. He had argued with himself that this was no stage case of a noble lord wedding a village maiden, but the son of an almost penniless peer marrying a well-accomplished young lady of perfectly respectable parentage, a young lady whose beautiful qualities of mind were known only to a few only to one, perhaps, who had discovered them by looking into the magic mirror of a pair of strangely dark and clear blue eyes. The infatuation was strong-for a time; but when pretty Mrs. Graham came to learn of it there was trouble. Now the Master of Lynn detested trouble. Besides, his sister's arguments in this case were terribly cogent. She granted that Shena Van might be everything he said, and quite entitled, by her intelligence and virtues and amiabilities of character, to become the future mistress of

Lynn Towers. But she had not a penny. And was all the labor that had been bestowed on freeing the estate from its burdens to be thrown Were the Leslies to remain in those pinched circumstances that prevented their taking their proper place in the country, to say nothing of London? Mrs. Graham begged and implored; there was some distant and awful thunder on the part of his lordship; and then Archie Leslie (who hated fuss) began to withdraw himself from the fatal magnetism of those dark blue eyes. Nothing had been said; Miss Stewart could not complain. But the beautiful blue eyes had a measure of shrewdness in them: she may have guessed; nay, more, she may have hoped, and even cherished her own little romantic dreams of affection. Be that as it may, the young Master of Lynn gave way to those entreaties, to that warning of storm. When his sister said he was going to make a fool of himself he got angry, but at the same time he saw as clearly as she that Lynn was starved for want of money. And although love's young dream might never return in all its freshness of wonder and longing, still there were a large number of pretty and handsome young women in this country, some one of whom (if her eyes had not quite the depth and clearness of the eyes of Shena Vân) might look very well at the head of the dinner table at Lynn Towers. And so for a time he left Lynn, and went away to Edinburgh; and if his disappointment and isolation did drive him into composing a little song with the refrain,

"O Shena, Shena, my heart is true To you where'er you go,"

that was only the last up-flickering flame from the dust and ashes of the extinguished romance. and the Master of Lynn had done everything that was required of him, and had a fair right to expect that his relatives would remember that in

And now it can be well understood how, as he walked alone along the shores of the wide river, he should feel that he had been ill-treated. even Janet Stewart's friendship was left to him. He had looked once more into those blue eyes; and he could remember them shining with laughter, or dilated with an awful majesty as Boadicea addressed an army of sheep, or perhaps softening a little in farewell when he was going away to Oxford; but now there was nothing but coldness. She did not care to recall the old days, And indeed, as he walked on and out into the country, some other verses that he had learned from Shena Van in those by-gone days began to come into his head, and he grew in a way to compassionate himself, and to think of himself in future years as looking back upon his youth with a strange and pathetic regret-mingled with some other

"O, mind ye, luve, how aft we left
The deavin', dinsons toun,
To wander by the green burn-side
And hear its water croon?
The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the glounin' o' the wood.
The through hungit water? The throssil whusslit sweet."

"O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison, Since we were sindered young
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I dee,
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
O' by-gane days and me!"

These were some of the lines he remembered (they were great favorites of Shena Vân in former times); but instead of this compassionating of himself by proxy, as it were, leading him to any gentleness of feeling, it only made him the more bitter and angry. "I have had enough of this— I have had enough of it," he kept repeating to himself. "Very few men I know have kept as straight as I have. They'd better look out. I have had just about enough of this."

That evening he dined with the officers at Fort George, and drank far more wine than he usually did-for he was very abstemious in that direction After dinner he proposed unlimited loo; but more moderate counsels prevailed, and the familiar and innocent sixpenny Nap was agreed upon. But even at this mild performance you can lose a fair amount if you persistently "go Nap" on almost any sort of a hand that turns up.

CHAPTER XL. A GUESS.

Some well-known pieces of writing have described to us the ecstatic visions vouchsafed to the incipient opium-eater, and these, or some of these, may be a faithful enough record. At all events, Yolande's first and only experience was of a very different character. All through that terrible night one horror succeeded another, and always she felt as if she were bound and gagged -that she could neither flee away from those hideous things, nor shriek out her fear and cry for aid. First she was in a vast forest of impenetrable gloom; it was night, and yet there was a grayness in the open glade; there was no sky visible: she was alone. Then down one of these glades came a slow procession - figures walking two by two; and at first she thought they were monks but as she came nearer she could see that within each cloak and hood there was a skeleton with eyes of white fire. They took no heed of her; she could not move; in the awful silence she beheld them range themselves behind the trunks of the great oaks, and although they were now invisible, it appeared to her that she could still see their eyes of fire, and that they were gazing on the figure of a woman that now drew near. The woman was wringing her hands; her hair was dishevelled; she looked neither to the right nor to the left. And then, as she passed, the spectres came out two by two, and formed a crowd, and followed her; they

pressed on her and surrounded her, though she did not seem to see them; it was a doom overtaking her. The night grew darker; a funeral song was heard far away, not as from any opening heavens, but within the black hollows of the wood-and then the ghastly pageant disappeared.

Presently she was in a white world of snow and ice, and a frantic despair had seized her, for she knew that she was drifting away from the land. This way and that she tried to escape, but always she came to a blue impassable chasm. She tried to spring from one side to the other, but something held her back; she could not get There was a fire-mountain there, the red away. flames looking so strange in the middle of the white world; and the noise of the roaring of it was growing fainter and more faint as she floated away on this moving ice. The sea that she was entering—she could see it far ahead of her -was black, but a thin gray mist hung over it; and she knew that once she was within that mist she would see nothing more, nor be heard of more, for ever and ever. She tried no longer to escape horror had paralyzed her; she wanted to call aloud for help, but could not. Denser and denser grew the mist; and now the black sea was all around her; she was as one already dead; and when she tried to think of those she was leaving forever, she could not remember them. Her friends? the people she knew? she could remember nothing. This vague terror and hopelessness filled her mind; otherwise it was a blank; she could look, but she could not think; and now the black waters had reached almost to her feet, and around her were the impenetrable folds of air, so that she could no longer see.

And so she passed from one vision of terror to another all through the long night, until in the gray of the morning she slowly awoke to a sort of half-stupefied consciousness. She had a headache, so frightful that at first she could scarcely open her eyes; but she did not mind that; she was overjoyed that she could convince herself of her escape from those hideous phantoms, and of her being in the actual living world. Then she began to recollect. She thought of what she had done-perhaps with a little touch of pride, as of something that he might approve, if ever he should come to know. Then, though her head was throbbing so dreadfully, she cautiously opened her eves to look around.

No sooner had she done so than Jane, who was awake, stole noiselessly to her young mistress's bedside. Yolande made a gesture to insure silence-for she saw that her mother was lying asleep; then she rose, wrapped a shawl round her, and slipped out of the room, followed by her

ner, and supped out of the room, followed by her maid.

"What shall I get you, miss?—I have kept the fire alight down-stairs. I can get you a cup of tea in a minute."

"No, no, never mind," said Yolande, pressing her hand to her head. "Tell me about my mother. How long has she been asleep?"

"Not very long. Oh, she has passed a dreadful night—the poor lady. She was so excited at

ful night—the poor lady. She was so excited at first I thought she would have killed herself; but in the end she fairly cried herself to sleep, after got her to lie down on the bed. And you don't feel very ill, miss, I hope? But it was a terrible thing for you to do."

"What ?"

"I beg your pardon, miss," said Jane, with a little embarrassment; "but I guessed what you had done. I guessed from what the poor lady said. Oh, you won't do that again, will you, miss? You might have killed yourself, and then what ever should I have said to your papa? And I don't think you will ever have need to do it again-I heard what the poor lady kept saying to herself; you won't have to do any such terri ble thing again; she declares that she will kill

herself before you have cause to do that again."

"I hope there won't be any occasion," said Yolande, calmly; and then she went to the win-

It was truly a miserable morning-dull and gray and overclouded; and it had rained during the night; the street and the terrace were sodden and wet, and a leaden-hued sea tumbled on to the empty beach. But notwithstanding that, and notwithstanding her headache, Yolande vaguely felt that she had never looked on a fairer nic-This plain, matter-of-fact, commonplace world was such a beautiful thing after those phantom horrors through which she had pass-She liked to look at the solid black boats high up on the shingle, at the terraced foot-way, at the iron railing along the road. She began to wish to be out in that substantial world: to see more of it, and more closely: perhaps the cold sea-breezes would temper the rack-

ing pain in her head?

"Jane," said she, "do you think you could slip into the room and bring me my things without waking my mother?"

"But you are not going out, miss?" said the maid, wondering. "The night is scarcely over

yet. Won't you go back and ne down:
"No, no," said Yolande, almost with a shudder
of dread. "I have had terrible dreams—I want to get outside-and I have a headache besides Perhaps the fresh air will make it better. But you can lie down, Jane, after I have gone; and don't wake my mother, no matter how late she sleeps. When I come back, perhaps the people in the house will be up, and I shall try to take some breakfast-'

'I could get it for you now, miss," said Jane.

"I could not touch it," the girl said, shivering. The maid went and fetched her things; and when she had dressed she stole noiselessly down the stairs and got outside. How cold and damp the air felt! but yet it was fresh and new and strange; the familiar sound of the sea seemed pleasant and companionable. As yet, in the dull gray dawn, the little town appeared to be asleep; | blindness that she had not seen it before. And

all the people she could find as she passed were a policeman leaning against a railing and reading a newspaper, two men working at the roadway, and a maid-servant cleaning the windows of a first-floor parlor. She walked on, and pushed back the hair from her forehead to let the cold sea-breeze dispel this racking pain. But although the headache was a bad one, and although it was a most rare thing for her to know what a headache was, still it did not depress her. She walked on with an increasing gladness. This was a fine, real world; there were no more processions of skeletons, or arctic mists, or fields covered with coffins. This was Worthing: there was the pier; these were most substantial and actual vaves that came rolling in until they thundered over and rushed seething and hissing up the beach. Moreover, was there not a gathering sense of light somewhere—as if the day were opening and inclined to shine? As she walked on in the direction of Lower Lancing a more spacious view of sea and sky opened out before her, and it appeared to her that away in the direction of Brighton the clouds seemed inclined to bank up. And then, gradually and here and there, faint gleams of a warmer light came shooting over from the east; and in course of time, as she still followed the windings of the shore, the rising sun shone level along the sea, and the yellowbrown waves, though their curved hollows were in shadow as they rolled on to the beach, had silver-gleaming crests, and the wide stretches of retreating foam that gurgled and hissed down the shingly slopes were a glare of cream white dazzling to the eves.

She walked quickly-and proudly. She had played a bold game, and she hoped that she might win. Nay, more, she was prepared to play it again. She would not shrink from any sacrifice, It was with no light heart that she had undertaken this duty. And would he approve ?-that was always her secret thought, though generally she tried to banish all remembrances of what was by-gone. Should he ever come to know of what she had done? For it was of her own planning. It was not his suggestion at all; probably, if he had thought of such a means of terrorism, he would not have dared to recommend it. she had laid this plan; and she had watched her opportunity; and she was glad that some days had elapsed before that opportunity had occurred, so that her mother had had time to become attached to her. And what if that once did not suffice? Well, she was prepared to go on. It was only a headache (and even that was quietly lessening, for she had an elastic constitution, and was a most capable walker). What were a few headaches? But no, she did not think that much repetition of this experiment would be necessary; she could not believe that any mother alive could look on and see her daughter poisoning herself to save her.

The morning cleared and brightened. When she got to Lancing she struck inland by the quiet country ways; a kind of gladness filled her. And if she should be successful, after all—if the thing that she had feared was to turn out a beautiful thing, if the rescue of this poor mother was to be her reward—what should she not owe him who had told her what her duty was! He had not been afraid to tell her, although she was only a girl. Ah, and where was he now? Driven vay into banishment, perhaps, by what had happened up there in the north, through her blindness and carelessness. Once or twice indeed, during these long evenings, she had followed out a curious fancy that perhaps his crossing the Monalea hills to catch the afternoon train at Kingussie had really some connection with her coming south. Had he wished to see that she was secure and guarded, now that she was embarked on an errand of his suggestion? It pleased her to think of him being in the same train. Perhaps, in the cold gray morning at Euston Station, standing backward from the people, he had watched her get into the cab; perhaps he had even followed in his own cab, and seen her enter the hotel? Why should he have hurried to catch that particular train? Why should he have adopted that arduous route across the hills, unless it was that he wished to travel with her, and yet without her knowing it? But it was so strange he should make this long journey merely to see that she was safely lodged

Now she had been studying this matter on one or two occasions, and letting her fancy play about it with a strange curiosity; but it was on this particular morning, as she was nearing the little village of Sompting, that a new light suddenly flashed in on her. Who was it who had told Lawrence & Lang of her being in London? who had explained to them what her business was? who had asked Mr. Lang to go to her hotel and see her? Was it possible, then, that he had journeyed to London in that same train, and gone direct to the lawyers' office, so that she should have their assistance? He knew they were her father's lawyers, for she herself had told him to whom she should apply in case of difficulty; whereas, on the other hand, it was not possible for her father to have written. Had he been guarding her, then, and watching over her all that time—perhaps even looking on? And if looking on— Then, in a breathless kind of way, she recalled the circumstances of her taking her mother away. She had been disturbed and bewildered, no doubt; still, had she not the impression of some one darting by-some one who felled the man who had seized her arm, and then passed quickly by? Surely, surely it must have been he. Who else could have known? Who else could have interfered? Her heart grew warm with gratitude toward him. Ah, there was the true friend, watching over her, but still keeping back, and unrequited with a single word thanks. She began to convince herself that this must have been so. She accused herself of



"HE CAUGHT SIGHT OF SOME ONE PASSING BY OUTSIDE."

for how long had his guardianship continued? When had he gone away? Perhaps—

Then her face grew pale. Perhaps he was even now in Worthing, still exercising this invisible care over her? Perhaps she might meet him, by some accident, in the street? She stopped sheet in the read appearable of raid to go on. For short in the road, apparently afraid to go on. For what would their meeting be, if such a meeting were to happen? But no, it would not happen—it should not happen. Even if he were in Worthing (and she tried to get rid of the dreams and fancies begotten of this morning walk) he would not seek to see her; he would avoid her rather; he would know, as well as she, that it was not fit and proper that they should meet.

And why should he be in Worthing? His guardianship there could be of no avail; she had nothing to fear in any direction where he could help. The more she calmly reviewed the possibilities of the case the more she considered it likely that he had indeed come to London with her; that he had given instructions to the lawyers; perhaps, even, that he had been present when she bore her mother off; but even if these things were so, by this time he must have left, perceiving that he could do no more. And whither? She had a kind of dim notion that he would not quickly return to Gress. But whither, then—whither? She saw him an outcast and a wanderer, she imagined him away in far places, and the morning seemed less cheerful now. Her face grew grave; she walked firmly on. She was returning to her appointed task, and to any trials that might be in store for her in connection with it,

She was getting near to Broadwater, when she saw along the road a pony-carriage coming quickly in her direction; the next moment she perceived that her mother was in it, and that Jane (who had been brought up in the country) was driving. A few seconds sufficed to bring them to her; and then the mother, who seemed much excited, got out from the trap and caught her daughter by both shoulders, and stroked her hair

"We have been driving everywhere in search of you—I was so afraid. Ah, you are alive and well, and beautiful as ever. My child, my child, I have not murdered you!"

Hush, mother," said the girl, quite calmly. "It is a pity you got up so early. I came out for a walk, because my head was bad; it is getting better now. I will drive you back if you like."

She drew the girl aside for a few yards, caressing her arm and stroking her fingers.

"My child, I ought to be ashamed and miserable; but to see you alive and well—I—I was in despair—I was afraid. But you need not fear

any more, Yolande, you need not fear any more."
"I hope not, mother," said Yolande, gravely,
and she regarded her mother. "For I think I would rather die than go through again such a night as last night.'

"But you need not fear-you need not fear," said the other, pressing her hand. "Oh no; when I saw you lying on the bed last night, then—then I seemed to know what I was. But you need not fear. No, never again will you have to poison yourself in order to shame me."

"It was not to shame you, mother; it was to ask you not to take any more of that—that med-

"You need not fear, Yolande, you need not fear," she repeated, eagerly. "Oh no; I have everything prepared now. I will never again touch it; you shall never have to sacrifice your-self like that-"

"Well, I am glad of it, dear mother, for both our sakes," Yolande said. "I hope it will not cost you much suffering."

"Oh no, it will not cost me much suffering,"

said the mother, with a strange sort of smile. Something in her manner attracted her daugh-

ter's attention.

"Shall we go back?" she asked. "But I wished you to understand, Yolande, that

you need have no longer any fear-

"You have promised, mother." "Yes; but did I not promise before? Ah, you-you, so young, so strong, so self-reliantyou can not tell how weak one can be. But now that is all over. This time I know. This time I can tell that I have tasted that poison for the last time—if there were twenty bottles standing by, it would not matter."

"You must nerve yourself, mother-"

"Oh, but I have made it secure in another she said, with the same curious smile. "How, then?"

"Well, what am I worth in the world? What is the value of my life? It is a wreck and worthless; to save it for a week, for a day, would I let you have one more headache, and be driven away into the country by yourself like this? Ah, no, Yolande; but now you are secure; there will be no more of that. When I feel that I must break my promise again, when I am like to die with weakness and-and the craving, then, if there were twenty bottles standing by, you need not fear. If living is not bearable, then, rather than you should do again what you did last night, I will kill myself—and gladly." Yolande regarded her with the same calm air.

"And is that the end you have appointed for me, mother?"

Her mother was stupefied for a second; then he uttered a short, quick cry of terror.

"Yolande, what do you mean?"
"I think I have told you, mother, that I mean to follow your example in all things—to the end, whatever it may be. Do not let us speak of it."
She put her hand on her mother's arm, and led

her back to the pony-carriage. But the poor woman was trembling violently. This terrible threat had quite unnerved her. It had seemed to her so easy-if the worst came to the worst, if she could control her craving no longer-that, sooner than her daughter should be sacrificed, she herself should throw away this worthless fragment of existence that remained to her. And now Yolande's manner frightened her. This easy way of escape was going to produce the direct of all catastrophes. She regarded the girl—who was preoccupied and thoughtful, and who allowed Jane to continue to drive-all the way back; and there was something in her look that sent the conviction to her mother's heart that that had been no idle menace.

When they got back to Worthing, Yolande set

about the usual occupations of the day with her accustomed composure, and even with a measure of cheerfulness. She seemed to attach little importance to the incident that had just happened and probably wished her mother to understand that she meant to see this thing through, as she had begun it. But it was pitiable to see the remorse on the mother's face when a slight contraction of Yolande's brow told that from time to time her head still swam with pain.

The first hamper of game from the north arrived that day; and it was with a curious interest that the mother (who was never done wondering at her daughter's knowledge and accomplishments and opinions) listened to all that Yolande could tell her about the various birds and beasts. As yet the ptarmigan showed no signs of donning their winter plumage; but the mountain hares here and there—especially about the legs—showed traces of white appearing underneath the brownish-gray. Both at the foot and at the top of the hamper was a thick bed of stag's-horn moss (which grows in extraordinary luxuriance at Allt-nam-ba), and Yolande guessed-and guessed correctly—that Duncan, who had observed her on one or two occasions bring home some of that moss, had fancied that the young lady would like to have some sent her to the south. And she wondered whether there was any other part of the world where people were so thoughtful and so kind, even to visitors who were almost strangers to them.

At night, when Yolande went into the bedroom, she noticed that there was no bottle on the mantel-piece.

"Where is it, mother?" she said.

be so hard a thing to die; that must come if one

"You are not going to die, mother," said Yolande, gently patting her on the shoulder. "You are going to live; for some day, as soon as you are strong enough, you and I are going to Nice, to drive all the way along to Genoa; and I know all the prettiest places to stop at. But you must have courage and hope and determination. And you must get well quickly, mother; for I should like to go away with you; it is such a long, long time since I smelt the lemon blossom in the air."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GIRLS IN A WOOLLEN MILL.

THE woollen trade has always been one of our L important industries. During our colonial period a large quantity of home-made cloth was woven, and Alexander Hamilton in 1791 speaks of a mill for cloths and cassimeres at Hartford, Connecticut. By the census of 1810 the total value of woollen manufactures for the United States in 1809 was \$25,000,000. At this time the old domestic manufacture was superseded by the erection of mills, and the production declined till it reached the low value of \$14,500,000. In 1840 it had risen to nearly \$21,000,000. In 1860





GIRLS IN A WOOLLEN MILL.

the value of all products was nearly \$81,000,000, and in 1870 was returned at over \$200,000,000: this estimate included woollen goods, worsteds, hosiery, and carpets other than rag. By the last census, 1880, the value of the product at wholesale price is \$267,182,964; of all materials used, \$164,342,099; while the capital invested represents \$160,061,270, and \$47,334,228 of wages are distributed among 161,489 employés.

sale price is \$267,182,964; of all materials used, \$164,342,099; while the capital invested represents \$160,061,270, and \$47,334,228 of wages are distributed among 161,489 employés.

The chief centres of the woollen industry are in New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, and Pennsylvania. The operations which the wool has to undergo before it is transformed into broadcloth are numerous. The wool has to be sorted, so as to determine the different qualities that are to be mixed for a given

quality of cloth; it has to be scoured, washed, and dried. All kinds of ingenious appliances are used to free the wool from sand and other impurities; it is oiled and repeatedly carded before it enters the spinning process. When woven, the cloth is dressed, and this is still performed in the best kinds of cloth by means of the natural teasel, for although metallic teasels, or cards with fine metallic teeth, have been constructed, they do not work as well as the vegetable burrs. The crop of wool in this country shows a steady increase. Thus the total clip in 1866 was 137,000,000 pounds; in 1881 it was 290,000,000, showing a gain of over 111 per cent. The production of Lowa, Missouri, Minnesota, and the States east of the Mississippi and north of Mason and Dixon's

line, was, in 1866, 120,000,000 pounds; in 1881, 164,000,000 pounds—an increase of only thirty-seven per cent.

seven per cent.

But if we take the other States, the development of the wool crop is enormous. In Texas in 1866 it was 6,000,000 pounds; in 1881 it was over 26,000,000—an increase of 333½ per cent. In Georgia and the Southern States the figures for 1866 were 2,000,000, and in 1881 12,000,000 pounds—an increase of 500 per cent. But, as is to be expected, it is in the Western States and Territories that the growth has been most rapid and striking. California, Oregon, Colorado, New Mexico, and other Western States produced in 1866 only 9,000,000 pounds of wool, while in 1881 the clip was 87,200,000 pounds—a percentage

increase of 868 per cent. In the year 1881, when our total clip reached the figures of 290,000,000 pounds, we imported 68,000,000 pounds of foreign wool—figures which do not show any pressing demand for a protective duty. The imported wools are used almost exclusively for carpets, and it will always be more profitable to import them from Russia or South America than to grow them here. No part of the world shows more favorable conditions for successful sheepfarming than many of our States, and it is a mere question of time when we shall produce wool of a staple equal in fineness, softness, and silkiness to the best Silesian wool. Girls are largely employed in woollen mills, an interior view of one of which is shown in our graphic illustration.

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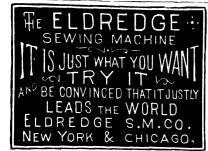
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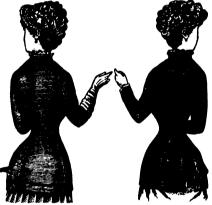
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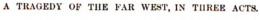
FACETIÆ.

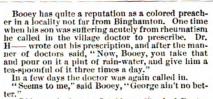
Bersy, the colored cook, never made an attempt at a joke during the whole five years she was with us but once, and that came about in this way. She had been complaining one morning that her stewed prunes had not been eaten. "They've sot aroun' an' sot aroun' fur fo' days," she drawled, in the soft voice peculiar to her race. "An' it begins to 'pear to me, Miss Madgy, dat de folks done don't like 'em dat ar way. 'Pears twould be sensibler to make a pie outer 'em.' "A prune pie!" cried I, "that's a queer idea." "Guess Miss Madgy means dat's a queer piedea," chuckled Betsy, as she retired to herkitchen. Bersy, the colored cook,

It is said that in London one person in every four receives gratuitous medical advice. These are the first figures that have come to hand which indicate, even approximately, the percentage of dyspeptics in the British metropolis.









ter." Did you do just as I told you?" asked Doctor

"Yes, sir. Here it is. Fust I gave him seemed as ef it did make him feel better, but after dat he was as bad as ever agin."

The doctor took the bottle, looked at it, and there was the prescription which he had given floating around in about half a pint of rain-water. No wonder the boy's rheumatism was no better!

der the boy's rheumatism was no better!

Booey, although very illiterate, had a yearning to preach, and his fine-sounding words drew around him a large congregation of sable hearers. He always had an idea that he preached better when he had on a pair of the minister's second-hand pantaloons. One day he came up behind Mr. M—, the Presbyterian minister, and followed him for some distance, exclaiming, "Min'ster! min'ster! when yer goin' to let me hev dose pants?"

"Well," said Mr. M—, turning around, "I guess you can come for them some time nex' week, Booey."

"Oh!" cried Booey, clasping his hands in a fervor of anticipation, "I do hope I kin hev 'em by nex' Sunday! Seems as ef I couldn't preach!"

One Sunday evening Booey arose with an air of

Sunday! Seems as ef I couldn't preach!"

One Sunday evening Booey arose with an air of great importance, and said, "Bredren, my tex' will be found in de twenty-fort chapter of Matthoo, an' de forty-fort verse." Here he broke down completely, looked around with an air of bewilderment, and then pointing eagerly and excitedly to one of his audience, shouted aloud, "Here, you, George Washington Youngs, you'll jest hev ter preach dis evenin'. I've done gone forgot my tex'."

Booey being mellet to read on write, frequently

Booey being unable to read or write, frequently got things terribly mixed, and one of his favorite discourses was about Old I-ze-er. "Old I-ze-er," said he, "took de chi!"ren troo de wil'erness, an' when deir faith begin ter fail he said to 'em, 'Press on, bredren! press on! we's mos' to de promise lan'."

A reverend gentleman who has the reputation of making felicitons pains and droll remarks, rejoices in three initials to his name, the middle one being M.

"Did you ever know my middle name?" he inquired of a friend. "It is a very odd one, and would take you nearly all winter to think of it."

"Then I won't begin. What is it?"

"Midwinter."

"Queer enough," remarked his companion.
"Rather unusual. You were named after some very dear friend of your father, I suppose?"

"Yes," said the doctor, "a very dear friend indeed. My mother."



FORETHOUGHT.

Uncle. "Now what would you say if I gave you Ten Cents Apiece?"

Master Jack. "I'd rather you gave mine to Sadie, Uncle, and told her to buy me a Cannon, as Pa said the first money I got should go for that Window I broke."



Had it not been for the proposed coronation of the Czar, the world might never have known how averse potentates are to making fatiguing jour-neys.

One swallow doesn't make a summer, but a toad often makes a spring.

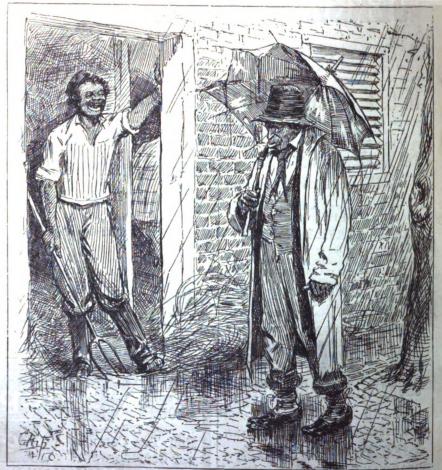
REVISED PROVERBS.

REVISED PROVERBS.
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel justified he feels like it.
Charity covereth a multitude of sins—and begins at home.
A prophet is not without honor save in his own country—unless he happens to be a weather prophet.
Two heads are better than one—especially if the other fellow is guessing tails.
Every dog has his day—but with a good many poor dogs it is the 29th of February.
Pride goeth before destruction—except in the dictionary.



NOT UP IN THE LATEST STYLES.

HE. "MY DEAR, I FOUND THESE STOCKINGS LYING ACROSS THE PARLOR CHAIR." SHE. "YOU GOOSEY! THOSE ARE MY NEW THREAD GLOVES,"



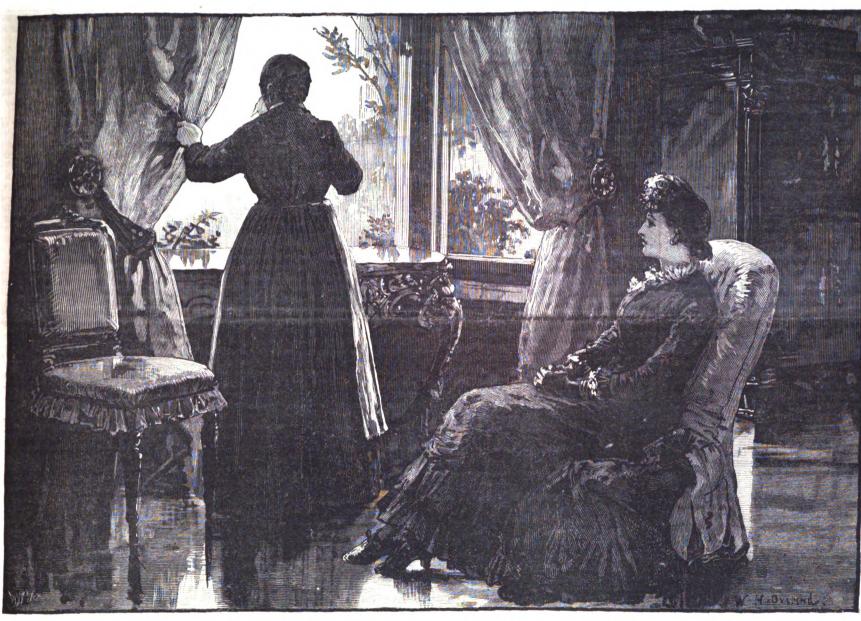
LEVITY REBUKED.

HORSEY PARTY (subsequently described by the other as "one of dese yer dancin', prancin' niggers").
"WHAR YO' GWINE, UNCLE EPHR'M, IN DE RAIN? Y'UNBEREL LOOKS MIGHTY BLIZZARDY."
UNCLE EPHRAIM (sternly). "LOOKS! LOOKS! WHAT I KEER 'BOUT LOOKS, MAN, AN' OUTURD 'PEARANCE, SO I GETS PERTECTION FROM DE AILMENTS?"

Vol. XVI.—No. 24. Copyright, 1883, by Habper & Brothers.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1883.

WITH A SUPPLEMENT.



"Tears rose unbidden to the old dame's eyes, and she had furtively to wipe them away."

YOLANDE.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "MACLEOD OF DARE," "WHITE WINGS," "SHANDON BELLS," ETC.

CHAPTER XLI.

subsequent events were to prove, Yolande had, by this one bold stroke, achieved the victory she had set her heart upon. But as yet she could not know that. She could not tell that the frantic terror of the poor mother at the thought that she might have killed her only child would leave an impression strong enough to be a sufficient safeguard. Indeed, she could see no end to the undertaking on which she had entered; but she was determined to prosecute that with unfailing patience, and with hope in the final result; and also, perhaps, with the consciousness that this immediate duty absorbed her from the consideration of other problems of her life.

* Begun in Harper's Bazar No. 3, Vol. XVI.

cupations, keeping her mother as much as possible in the open air, and lightly putting aside the poor woman's remorse over the incidents of that critical night—there came to her reminders from the outer and farther world. Among these was the following letter from the Master of Lynn, which she read with strangely diverse emotions contending for mastery in her mind:

"STATION HOTEL, INVERNESS, October 2.

"MY DEAREST YOLANDE,-It is only this morning that I have got your address from Allt-nam-ba; and I write at once, though perhaps you will not care to be bothered with much correspond-ence just at present. Your father has told me what has taken you to the south, and indeed I had guessed something of the kind from the note you sent me when you were leaving. I hope you are well, and not overtroubled; and when you have time I should be glad to have a line from you—though I shall not mis-construe your silence if you prefer to be silent. In fact, I prob-ably should not write to you now but that your father is leaving Allt-nam-ba shortly, and I suppose he will see you as soon as he goes south, and I think I am bound to give you some explanation as to how matters stand. No doubt he will think it strange that I have rather kept out of his way, and very likely he will be surprised that my father has never called at the lodge, or shown any sign of civility, and so forth. Well, the plain truth is, dear Yolande, that I have quarrelled with my father, if that can be called

But while she tried to shut up all her cares and interests within | a quarrel which is all on one side-for I simply retire, on my part, or estrangement, is that he is opposed to our marriage; and he has been put up to oppose it, I imagine, chiefly by my aunt, the elderly and agreeable lady whom you will remember meeting at the I think I am bound in honor to let you know this; not that it in the least affects you or me, as far as our marriage is concerned, for I am old enough to manage my own affairs; but in order to explain a discourtesy which may very naturally have of fended your father, and also to explain why I, feeling ashamed of the whole business, have rather kept back, and so failed to thank your father, as otherwise I should have done, for his kindness to me. Of course I knew very well, when we became engaged in Egypt, that my father, whose political opinions are of a fine old crusted order, would be rather aghast at my marrying the daughter of the Member for Slagpool; but I felt sure that when he saw you and knew you, dear Yolande, he would have no farther objection; and indeed I did not anticipate that the eloquence of my venerated aunt would have deprived him of the use of his senses. One ought not to write so of one's parent, I know; but facts are facts; and if you are driven out of your own home through the bigotry of an old man and the cattish temper of an old woman, and if you have the most angelic of sisters take to nagging at you with letters, and if you are forced into the sweet seclusion of a hotel adjoining a railway station, then the humor of the whole affair begins to be apparent, and you may be inclined to call things by their Digitized by Continued on page 374.

ROSE-TIME.

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Tur purple of Rome in the noon of her glory Has faded like ashes that follow a flar The marbles of Greece in the pride of her story Survive but in rnins, a shadow, a name. But here are the roses that climbed o'er the palace Whence Casar his scentre stretched over the world. The roses that beauty enwreathed o'er the chalice With drops of libation to Juno impearled.

The wind of the south that through Eden went straying, And kissed the first bads into being and breath, In garden and thicket unworn it is playing,
Though ages grown hoary have slumbered in death. And aye where its harp-thrills are set to the measure Which stirs every pulse when the minstrel is June, Earth turns on her pillow, and smiling for pleasure, She summons the roses to vary the tune.

Oh, sweet is their blooming by chancel and altar, And pure is their light on the veil of the bride, And gentle their mission to spirits that falter And bow 'neath the anguish of blessings denied. Oh, dear is their smile where the hectic is burning, And weary-lipped pain makes the sign of the cross

A pledge of the love which forever is yearning To ransom its own, and to purge them from dross

All hail to the roses by rill and by fountain, A ripple, a flood-tide, a splendor of gold, Of crimson, of white, over valley and mountain, The roses, the roses, that never grow old, That year after year are renewing our reasons For trust in the goodness that will not decline, But onward shall lead us, and upward, through seasons That, change as they may, have an Author divine.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1883.

WITH A PATTERN-SHEET SUPPLEMENT.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN OFFER TO YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS.

For the best original drawing to illustrate ALPRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn"-the draw ing to be suitable for publication in Harper's Magazine, and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age — Messes. Harper & Brothers offer an award of THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience

of the recipient for the purposes specified.

The drawings must be received by Messes.

Harper & Brothers not later than August 1, 1883, addressed "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York"; and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope accompanying the drawings, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A.; MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A.; and Mr. Charles Parsons, A.N.A., Superintendent of the Art Department, HARPER & Brothers, will act as judges of the competition.

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing

as one page for HARPER'S MAGAZINE of December, 1883; and should other drawings submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page HARPER'S WEEKLY, \$300; one page HARPER'S BAZAR, \$200; one page HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, \$100.

If the judges should decide that no one of the

drawings is mitable, Messrs. Harper & Brothers reserve the right to extend the limit of time and reopen the competition.

Two Christmas Hymns by Alfred Domett have been published. That published in 1837 is the one for the illustration of which artists are invited to compete, and a printed copy of it will be sent on application to

HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

NEW ILLUSTRATED SERIAL

HARPER'S WEEKLY for June 9 will present the opening chapters of a new and beautifully illustrated Serial Story, entitled

"THIRLBY HALL,"

by W. E. Norris, author of "Matrimony," "Mdlle. De Mersac," " No New Thing," "Heaps of Mon-

CIVIS ROMANUS SUM.

S the season of summer travel ap-A proaches again, our sea-board cities are througed with people bound for European ports, their letters of credit in hand, their sea chairs and berth trunks bought, and they themselves already beginning to speak, all unconsciously, it may be, with the very slightest rising inflection in the world. But this rising inflection is of no avail; they may use it till the last trump, and all Europe will detect a nasal twang, be it ever so fine and attenuated, behind it, and all Europe will know them for Americans in its every gallery and in its every shop, and they will be robbed because of it, and their ready grace in submitting and even begging to be robbed will raise the price of living in every place throughout the civilized conti-

We wonder why it is that all these gay travellers who would see the world never seem to think any part of the world lies west of the Greenwich meridian. Is not the Hudson as beautiful as the Rhine, the Mississippi as well worth the seeing as the Danube, Niagara as Schaffhausen ? Has all the East anything grander to offer us in natural scenery than the Yellowstone Park, the Colorado Cañon, the Yosemite Valley, the vast prairies of the Southwest in blossom? Will not our old Southwestern cities, half Spanish and half American, with all the romance of the conquistadores about them, and with ruins and decay enough to move the heart of every traveller, pay for the trouble of journeying their way? And is not Mexico opening upon us, and brimming over with the interest of a civilization older and stranger than anything our travellers will be likely to see in their limited sojourns abroad, to say nothing of the interest of its later eras of the Spanish poetry and romance? What a strange taste is that which, when it can watch the long roller of the Pacific break at Monterey in uttermost sea beauty, will prefer to behold it at Brighton or at Etretat, or which finds more subject of thought in Dryburgh or Melrose ruins than in the vast mysteries of Palenque or Uxmal!

It would appear, then, as if it were not altogether objects of intellectual interest or scenes of natural beauty that people go away to visit and inspect, but that, aside from the fashion of the thing, it is the people abroad who constitute the points of allurement. Are they, then, such valuable and interesting studies? or do they add, to any appreciable extent, to the traveller's pleasure or profit? We think it would hardly be claimed for them that they condescend to make themselves delightful or helpful, or that they treat the American traveller with much but lofty indifference where they can not turn this traveller to pecuniary account, although this same lofty indifference may have a piquant effect upon the appetite for their notice. Out of the hundreds of thousands sailing abroad, perhaps one hundred individuals are received into private houses on arrival, and have opportunity of knowing something of the real foreign life there, and not the mere externals of inns and shops and boarding-houses alone; and these may stimulate others with the hope of a corresponding success. But what one marvels at is why this is considered a success. It would possibly be insulting our fellow-countrymen and women to suppose they would think it a privilege to know barons, princes, duchesses, merely as such, and with any other sentiment than that with which they visit the menagerie, in mild curiosity concerning the inmates of the cages. They know that but very few of these dignitaries are descendants of those that won their titles by acts of nobility, but are for the most part now the descendants, here of venal factors, here of men whose titles displayed their disgrace or their mothers' disgrace, and here of men who spent a fortune in getting their titles, and have been spending a century in getting used to them. But even if the society of people born

some degrees beneath that of the holders of principalities and counties were more interesting or more inspiring than the society of people at home, the exceptional person who obtains an entrance to it is so rarely to be numbered among our travellers that in the great average he does not count at all; and the most that can be hoped for by the republican snob is to know somebody who knows them, and shines by their reflected light, who thinks if they did not make the world they were yet present at its creation, and looks with the contempt of ignorance upon everything outside the little circle of their movements. Is there, then, anything to learn of such people except the chronicles of the court and scandals attaching to the names of families who have nothing to do but gratify their love of pleasure their lives long? Not that there are not to be found abroad multitudes of people learned in useful and desirable knowledge; but it is not they, or any of them, that attract the mass of our travellers. And if they did, it would be but an unprofitable sort of attraction, for there are just as many, and possibly more, people of culture, people whose acquaintance is every way desirable, close about us at home, and perfectly accessible, or accessible with the same amount of effort, and all that would be gained in such regard by mingling with foreigners can be gained by staying at home.

It really appears as if these travellers considered the fact of their being Americans a great drawback on their position in the world—the world being European opinion-instead of a great glory. It is a terribly false and foolish idea. Civis Romanus sum was a proud old boast. With all our assumption, neither Englishman, nor Pole, nor Hungarian, nor Frenchman, would confess to so little national feeling as some of our travellers betray. To our mind the proudest of all boasts is that of being an American. An interest in Piccadilly, in the Faubourg St. Germain, in the Grand Canal, in the Via Sacra, is all very well, but it must be only supplementary to an interest in that avenue at one end of which stands the Capitol and at the other the White House. Never since time began has humanity had such an opportunity of rising undwarfed to its full stature, of putting on its own crown, before which the crowns of individual kings and queens are but petty, valueless baubles, obstructions in the path of progress. To have more interest in these crowns and nobles and their surroundings and the life made possible by their existence than in the uplifting of a great people and the formation of a great new race is something baser and more slavish than good Americans should be guilty of. Not in all Europe can be found any fraction of the culture and intelligence to the square mile that can be found in New England or in Ohio; not in all Europe exists a people that have proved themselves capable of such calm self-government in periods of war and civil commotion as the people between the Atlantic and Pacific seas. Such a people, then, is worth a summer's study; and to know the causes that operate to produce such results, to know the character and genius of Americans themselves, to have a better acquaintance with the scenes along the lines of our continental railways, is better than to know the Corniche Road, the shops of Paris, or the purlieus of London.

A JUNE BRIDE.

THE June bride has determined this year to I trust to the doctrine of chances, and to have a part of her wedding out-of-doors. So much bad weather has been doled out to us this spring that she reasons that a great deal of fair weather ought to follow, and that she can reasonably expect a pleasant day, when skies are bright and grass is dry, for the great occasion of her bridal feast.

At least three suburban brides have made an out-of-door "programme" which sounds attractive. One of these forth-coming June weddings will be up on the lordly Hudson, at a rural church not far from a historical locality. The rector's residence is near the church, with a sort of little garden lawn between, something like the gardens at Oxford; this, like them, is shadowed by lofty trees. It is a delightful arrangement; the little stone church, with its vines, and the rectory, all stand in one green park-like inclosure, inviting to all the senses. The bridal procession will form in the rectory, and will walk to the church in the following order: First, the children of the Sundayschool, scattering flowers; then the choir boys, These last will stop about twenty feet from the church, dividing on either side, forming an alley for the procession. The Sunday scholars go into the church, and arrange themselves in the side aisles, having scattered their flowers even to the altar; on one occasion these flowers will be daisies. Then will come the relatives and friends of the young couple; then the six ushers; then the bridemaids, all dressed in different colors, with hats to match their dresses, and carrying parasols of flowers of various colors; then the bride, leaning on her father's arm, and carrying a parasol of white flowers; then six young married women, friends of the bride, in an informal group, surround the bride's mother, who thus follows her daughter out of the house where she was bred, and watches her even to the altar steps. The groom and best man will meet the bride at the altar. The choir boys sing the epithalamium until the bride reaches the altar. The friends who follow the bride take their places in the front pews, and the ceremony goes on as usual.

We have been asked by some correspondents if there is any change of programme at a Presbyterian wedding. We know of none. The se-lection of the Episcopal service is now allowed by most clergymen of different and simpler denominations, if the young couple so elect. even if the clergyman marries by the usual form of the Presbyterian Church, the entrance and

exit may be the same.

Another country wedding, at a large place in Orange, will have the usual ceremony at the church, but the wedding breakfast will be spread out-of-doors under the trees. At this wedding the English fashion of speeches will be in order. The bridegroom will respond for the bride, the best man for the bridemaids. This last speech is always intended to be humorous, the best man insisting that the time is coming when the bride maids shall speak for themselves, etc. Each speaker must endeavor to be easy and funny, and not to destroy the peace of mind of the bride by breaking down. The easy small-talk which paves the way toward pleasant companionship should never flag at these entertainments, and the slightest thread of merriment should be woven into the rather dangerous topic of farewell and departure. Charles Lamb says, "The bridemaids were in tears and white muslin." There are almost always tears, and the speakers do not need to be too emotional. Every one is not gifted with this talent for making an off-hand and lively speech. Let no one attempt it without thinking it over and arranging his thoughts. Let him try to get rid of self-consciousness, and utter the simplest and most agreeable expressions of goodwill. Admiration of the bride, a few words of encomium on the groom, a very great profusion

of flowery compliments to the bridemaids, all in a funny vein, with a little dash of sentiment at the end, would seem to be a good recipe for the wedding-breakfast speeches, without superlatives or any very great attempt at eloquence. People especially clever in making what is called smalltalk are very useful at the wedding breakfast,

June weddings are very pretty occasions, as they admit of that light, delicate, airy kind of costume which is most becoming to our young girls. Since the admission of color in bride maids' dresses the group is exceedingly effective if the colors are studied by an artist or professional costumer, so that they set off each other,

The bridal dresses for June are made of lighter fabrics than those of winter. A very beautiful crêpe de Chine embroidered with silver, with tulle veil ornamented with crystal drops, has just been imported for a June bride. The effect is carefully delicate. It has no garish or theatrical effect. It looks like dew-drops on the flowers, and will form a part of that procession under the trees in early June of which we have spoken.

At another wedding the effect will be more Amazonian and Early English. All will wear bonnets d la Directoire. Bride and bridemaids will look like pictures of the days long past. The bride will be in white, and her maids in lilac, yellow the state of the days long by the bride will be in white, and her maids in lilac, yellow here. low, blue, and pale pink Surah, with draperies of

gaze de Chambéry, and Leghorn hats tied down. We can not sufficiently emphasize the fact that black, especially mourning black, should never be worn at a wedding by any of the relatives of the bride. The mother, if a widow, must lay aside her mourning for that day, and all the near relatives must avoid any suspicion of crape.

The bride has a right to decide on the dress-

es of her bridemaids, and is in all things the queen of the occasion. If she gives the bridemaids their dresses, she can, of course, command them as costly as she pleases, but if she allows them to buy them she should be careful how she taxes a slender purse too freely.

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The groom presents the ring and any other article of jewelry he may choose, and he gives the bridemaids a handsome fan or piece of jewelry, and the bridal bouquet, also bouquets for the bridemaids.

Wedding favors for the groom, best man, and ushers, made of white satin ribbon and silver, are coming back, and will be worn at some June weddings. There is no doubt that these favors give a very festive look to the whole scene in a country neighborhood when the universal refinement of June in the rural districts prevents any association which might seem too showy.

In one or two instances the bride will not appear at the wedding breakfast. She leaves the groom to represent her on this trying occasion, and slips off with her mother for a few farewell words, and to change her wedding dress for the travelling costume.

This dress in our country is almost always of some soft drab color, and is generally of woollen or foulard. In England it is frequently of velvet, but in our warm summer weather velvet would be uncomfortable.

When the bride absents herself from the breakfast, of course it is a sign of great timidity or of fatigue, and yet it may seem to have its advan-It gives the speakers greater opportunity to speak words in her praise; it certainly spares her blushes. She re-appears in her travelling dress fresh for the shower of rice and slippers, which should not, however, be thrown so as to frighten the horses.

The wedding presents will be shown at these June weddings. They are to be laid out in an upper room, and carefully guarded by the trusted servants of the family, as in these days of tramps one can not be too careful at the wedding, which has also a garden-party freedom. It is an exposed occasion for valuable silver and jewelry

A wedding breakfast in the open air should be a cold collation, bouillon being, however, served hot if the guests please to call for it. Salads of chicken, lobster, and salmon, pâté de foie gras, jellies and ices, champague and sherry, and perhaps a bowl of punch on a side table, are in order, but no hot dishes.

The great bride cake, so famous amongst English pastry-cooks, has hardly taken its place amongst us, but as an accompaniment of the reintroduction of the wedding breakfast we hear of a very elaborate one which has just been made, which will contain a ring, and will be cut by the bride and passed after the ceremony.

As for June weddings in town, they can have but few features which render them in any way unlike the winter weddings, excepting in the lighter character of the dresses, and the departure of the bride and groom in a carriage and four horses, gayly decorated with favors and bouquets, for the country house which they borrow for the honey-

Another innovation which the June bride makes this year is a very good one, and prevents an awkwardness which has been seriously felt: she does not wear gloves. This has been observed as a growing custom this winter, several brides having gone to the altar with gloveless hands. There is thus avoided that dreadful moment when the first bridemaid is pulling off the sticky glove from a hot and trembling hand. It would seem an cspecial propriety to leave off the glove, if the glove is ever to be dropped, during that short transit from the house to the altar and back again; certainly the two betrothed hands should meet gloveless, and the ring hand should be ungloved

A widow should be married in a bonnet; therefore the coming fashion for even the June bride to wear a bonnet will be very convenient for those who en secondes noces tempt the hazardous experi-

ment of matrimony. Some of our correspondents have asked us if it would be proper for the groom to furnish the carriages, etc., if the wedding were to take place from a hotel. It is not the custom in England,

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or in polite society anywhere, for the groom to furnish any carriage but the one in which he carries off his bride. The family of the bride, if they have invited guests staying in the house, furnish carriages for all who go to the church from their house, but invited guests from the outside furnish their own carriages.

At a wedding breakfast in the country, as elsewhere, every lady guest wears her bonnet, and removes her gloves as she sits down to table. There should be some usher, or near relative, or master of ceremonies, who shall tell each gentleman what lady he is to take in to the breakfast, for, if a seated banquet, it has much the formality of a dinner.

A table spread under the trees, with camp-stools scattered about-no formality, but a general sort of a garden party-is the favorite method adopted at June weddings for "feeding" the guests, to use a vulgar Americanism. Often another table is furnished in the house to avoid the accident of had weather.

The bride, if she is to walk to the church, should either have a carpet of flowers or a real carpet to walk on. Great care must be taken that the wedding dress, with its voluminous train and trimmings, is not soiled in the transit.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

SUMMER DRESSES.

DRINTED mull dresses are the novelty for watering-place toilettes. This is the sheerest white mull, as silky-looking as gauze or as India muslin, and on this transparent surface are flowers of most natural hue and design, printed there by some fine process that makes them look as if painted by hand. The great rose patterns are liked by young ladies, while their mothers wear the scabieuse flower, the purple fleur de lis, or bunches of pansies or lilacs. These thin tissues are made up over white silk, a separate white silk under-waist answering with several dresses, but the silk skirt has the material placed directly on it in each breath, and sewed up with it in its seams. Flounces of scantily gathered white lace are the trimmings, and the skirt when finished is of scarcely perceptible weight. Seven flounces of the lace cross the front and sides, but only two pass around the skirt. The short full dra-pery crosses in front, has a lace frill on the edge, and its longer back breadths are looped to represent a great sash bow with ends. Some of the waists are basques shirred in surplice shape, and others are baby waists full and belted, with the neck cut square. The waist lining of silk is also high in the back, but is cut out in a point or square to match the outside waist. Rose or olive satin ribbons are made into loops for these dresses, matching either the flower or its foliage in color. Dark violet or pansy-colored velvet ribbons are used when the flowers are of these

COLORED EMBROIDERY ON WHITE MUSLIN.

21.7

Gav little dresses that are not costly are made of the new white Swiss muslins that have colored dots embroidered on them, with ruffles for trimming that have red scallops and wavy lines as well as the red dots. These form the entire dress without lining, and need only some bows of red or blue ribbon to deepen the tone of color given by the embroidery, which, it must be said, is voven, but in loose yet heavy stitches that make it resemble hand-work. One of these dresses, all white and red, that will serve as a model, has the round skirt trimmed across the front and sides with three of the dotted scalloped ruffles very scantily gathered, alternating with three pleated ruffles made of the dotted muslin without the scallops. The curtain over-skirt extends down beside these flounces, is edged with a scalloped frill, and falls low behind, where there are only two flounces. The fitted basque has a frill on its lower edge, two frills on each sleeve caught upward outside the wrist, and a standing full frill of the scalloped muslin around the neck, while below this frill is a straight turned-down scalloped collar. No extra frills of lace need be added in the neck and sleeves. Long red ribbons are placed at the throat, to be tied in a bow; there are smaller bows on each sleeve, and a large one on the basque as a tournure bow. This is a simple little dress easily made at home, and would be becoming to either a blonde or brunette, provided she has not much color; the blue dots and scallops on white muslin will better suit those of more brilliant complexion. These muslins are also made up with shirred yokes and belts, to be worn with a sash. For ladies in light mourning they are shown with white dots on black muslin, or black dots on white.

ECRU BATISTE DRESSES.

We have already spoken of the revival among Parisiennes of the écru batistes that had fallen into disuse here, and could be bought last season for twenty-five cents a yard. Worth, it is said, has determined to restore them to favor, and one of the daintiest toilettes he has sent the Empress of Russia is a fête dress of green China crape covered with écru batiste that is heavily embroidered and trimmed with Valenciennes lace; the large ceinture and bow-knots are of moiré ribbon, and the small capote to complete the costume is of rose velvet. It is, however, the simpler linen batistes, with plain écru surface, or with white or brown embroidered diamonds, sprays, leaves, dots, or stripes, that are being used here in the way they were five or six years since, as over-dresses above brown, blue, green, and, it may be, black silk skirts. There are also colored embroidered flounces, notably those with the open machine-work done in dark brown or garnet, that are very effective trimmings when the groundwork is this creamy transparent batiste. Midsummer hats are made of the batiste to match these dresses; their large round crown is shirred in soft puffs, and the brim is covered with écru embroidery.

INEXPENSIVE SILE DRESSES.

Tasteful dresses for afternoons at summer resorts may be made of the pretty chiné silks at \$1 a yard. Their trimming is full pinked ruches of the chine silk, with facings, collar, and cuffs of dark velvet—garnet, sapphire, or ruby—on these pale rose, light blue, shadowy gray, or brown silks. The dress should be simply made with a gored skirt, very bunchy over-skirt, and a short basque of the plainest shape. Instead of the bristling ruches, softer-looking flounces are also made of this silk; they are scantily gathered, deeply lapped, and are cut out on the lower edges in leaf points that are also pinked or notched. One of the prettiest of these dresses is of the rose amber shade so becoming to clear brunettes, trimmed with darker golden brown satin. The basque is cut out in the tongue-like sharp scallops that Worth uses so much; these are on the lower edge, and also around the Pompadour square neck, reaching forward on a full plastron of dark brown satin that fills the open square, and is gathered at the top to form two standing frills that pass around the neck.

The silk Surahs and those with satin face worn last year remain popular, and are not costly when trimmed with wide gathered flounces of the Surah cut out on the lower edge in the sharp narrow scallops, and with two erect headings of the Surah doubled; the soft texture of the twilled Surah prevents it from "pinking" well. At a little more cost there are lovely evening dresses pale blue or rose Surah, trimmed with écru embroidered muslin flounces and dark velvet. Thus one of pale blue satin Surah has a basque, the sash paniers that are not curved in front, but pass in straight folds around the hips, and a gored skirt made of the Surah; for trimming, the front and sides of the skirt are covered with écru embroidered muslin frills, and some rosettes of sapphire blue velvet are down each side. The very simple basque with elbow sleeves has a sapphire velvet collar and cuffs, with two frills of the eeru embroidery down the front, strapped across by bands of blue velvet fastened by small buckles of Rhine stones. Dark green satin Surah, with a little écru embroidery on the basque, is also a refined dress that need not cost much money. Another return to the fashions of six or seven years ago is the use of low-priced black silks for travelling dresses. At the furnishing houses small repped black gros grains are made up in severely plain dresses for this purpose, and are worn on short journeys when a lady wishes to be quietly well dressed, and on very long journeys where sudden changes of temperature are encountered. The skirt for these has one or two gathered ruffles, or else a single finely pleated flounce. The apron over-skirt is so deep that it reaches nearly to the foot in front and back, is not lifted very high on the sides, and is trimmed with a wide pleating like that on the lower skirt. The basque is a short postilion, fitted as simply and as perfectly as those of tailor dresses; it is fastened by small jet buttons, and is without any trimming. Another style, slightly more dressy, is that of putting three gathered ruffles on the skirt, with three rows of narrow velvet ribbon on each ruffle. The long over-skirt is then caught up very high on each side, and held there by a large jet buckle, or by a rosette of velvet ribbon; a piping of the velvet is then added to the collar

A novelty in Surah silks is weaving them in checks of two colors in strong contrast, such as red with green or blue. These are used for entire dresses, and have garnet velvet for draperies across the hips; for a vest or plastron, turnedback cuffs, and a high standing collar that meets in front, or else laps, and is sometimes so high that it requires two buttons and button-holes to fasten it. The Louisines and smooth-finished check silks are more used than they have been for many seasons, and there are many silks with large plaids of dark colors-not Scotch tartans, but the fanciful French plaids—used for combination dresses. These are commended for dresses that are to be remodelled, especially for plain brown, dark blue, green, or garnet silks. The plain colored silk is used for the basque, and the soft dark plaid is gathered or pleated in vest or plastron shape. The skirt has four pleated flounces in front and on the sides, two of which are plaid and two are plain, but only two of these extend around the skirt bottom. The plain silk forms a simple drapery, short and wrinkled in front, and bouffant and long behind.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Breakfast caps are made of the new Valenciennes laces, or of the real Valenciennes, which is now called antique, because of its more oldfashioned designs of branching flowers and vines that cover the ground well, instead of the small leaf or dot patterns with pointed feathery edges, and wide spaces of the plain meshes. The pointed Fanchon frame is used for these caps, but the lace is put on in rows to give a circular effect. Loops of ribbon placed under each row of lace lap on the next row, and there is a rosette in the High linen collars are made with a very narrow

rolled over piece at the top, on which is a fine vine of embroidery, and the plain space below this is covered by a neck ribbon of becoming col-This is either ottoman or satin ribbon an inch wide, and is passed around the neck and tied in a long bow in front. A yard of ribbon is suf-

The sheer mull squares that are so pleasant to wear in summer as neckerchiefs now have a printed vine of natural colors just above the hem, or large flowers strewn all over the square. Morning-glory vines are very prettily represented, and there are roses and pansies of large size printed at intervals on others.

Closely woven colored silk mitts are newer than those of the more open lace patterns known

as the Marguerite gloves. They are embroidered at each end with a light vine that passes around the hand and the arm. They may be had of various lengths, and are shown in shrimp pink salmon, rose, pale blue, dark blue, yellow, brown,

strawberry, black, and white.

The red-purple Judic shades are the novelty for grenadine veils worn in windy weather, and to protect the bonnet on journeys. There are also dark gauze or Japanese silk crape veils worn with round hats, where they serve as almost the only trimming, being passed around the crown, and one long scarf end then wound around the neck and secured in a button-hole of the dress. Red, black, or white beaded tulle is used for the very small mask veils that are worn with small bonnets. Gilt, silver, pearl, or jet beads are used, and may be quite large, or else the merest speck in size.

Parasols to be used in open carriages have large covers made in a single piece of white Escurial lace. This is the name given the heavy silk Spanish lace that has its figures outlined with thick cord. This lace is laid over white satin, and the thick stick is of very light bamboo, Chiné silks and the Venetian satins that change from red to green, blue to gold, red to blue, etc., are liked for sunshades for more general use.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. Arnold, Constable, & Co.; Lord & Taylor; and JAMES B. MCCREERY & Co.

PERSONAL.

A COPT of the bust of LAURA BRIDGMAN, made by Mrs. HAWTHORNE at the request of Dr. S. G. HOWE, when she was Miss_SOPHIE_PEA-

made by Mrs. HAWTHORNE at the request of Dr. S. G. Howe, when she was Miss Sophie Peabody, was lately presented to the Horace Mann school for deaf mutes, in Boston, by Mrs. Horace Mann, the sister of Mrs. Hawthorne.

—It makes one recall the days of Daniel Webster to read that the political friends of the Hon. Alexander McKenzie, of Canada, presented him with a purse of ten thousand dollars the other day as he set sail for Europe.

—Mr. Martin Fable, who died at Lockhaven, Pennsylvania, not long since, served with Bonaparte, and was the last survivor of the One Hundred and Forty-ninth Regiment. He had the medal dated St. Helena, 1821.

—Dr. Graham, of Louisville, the father-in-law of Congressman Blackburn, is about to celebrate his one-hundredth birthday. He is in frequent correspondence with the Bureau of Eth

or congressman BLACKBURN, is about to celebrate his one-hundredth birthday. He is in frequent correspondence with the Bureau of Ethnology in Washington, and takes great interest in the Zuñis.

Of Mr. E. A. Abbby's contribution to one of the marginal and the sum of the

Of Mr. E. A. ABBRY'S COULTIONION to one of the regular annual water-color exhibitions in London, Mr. Frederick Wedmore writes in the Academy: "Mr. E. A. Abbry, whose dainty drawings have been so much admired in the American magazines, appears for the first time as a contributor to the Institute, and not as an acustidar for he has abtained membership. His as a contributor to the Institute, and not as an outsider, for he has obtained membership. His subject is the 'Widower.' It is very delicate comedy. Here, in an agreeable interior, prettily planned as regards light and shade, if it betrays some deficiency in the artist's sense of color, stand a widower and a comely young creature who is performing about his person the last filial services before he goes out into the world. She is robed in black, but she is young, and mourning can not oppress her; he too mourns, he sorrows truly, yet his sorrow will one day pass. It is a true student of character who has been able to note and to reproduce his expression. He to note and to reproduce his expression. He mourns, yet there is still the world to go into;

he grieves, yet is careful of his appearance."
—Grief for the death of Miss La Forge's lover,
Lieutenant CHIPP, executive officer of the Jamwelle, is said to have resulted in her own death —In London Mr. James R. Lowell is thought superior as an after-dinner speaker to anything

England can produce.

—In her lecture upon lyric poets, Lucy Larcom mentioned Mrs. SIGOURNEY, HANNAH GOULD, and ALICE and PILEBE CARY as the representative women lyrists of America.

—Fifty thousand dollars has been voted President Syron of Honduras, in order that he may

sident Soro, of Honduras, in order that he may visit the United States.
—Since Longfellow and Emerson have died,

Mr. WHITTIER says, Dr. HOLMES and Mr. WHITTIER receive much of their fugitive correspondence, which, added to their own, proves a serious

—One of the best portraits ever painted by Bonnât is said to be that of Mr. Morton, the

American Minister to France.

—WALDO STORY is to marry MAUD, one of the five pretty Misses BROADWOOD, as they are called in Rome. He is the eldest son of the sculptor in Rome. He W. W. Story.

—The spruce-worm of the woods of Maine is to be interviewed by Professor A. S. PACKARD, Jun., of Providence, Rhode Island, in June, un-

less the early bird gets ahead of him.

—A ranch and sheep flock bought about a year ago by Miss JENNIE CORSON in Montana for ten thousand dollars, which she has managed entirely herself, are now estimated to be worth seven thousand six hundred dollars more than

the whole cost her.

—Mr. Howells and family are in Venice. It is the "Wedding Journey" over again in anoth-

er form, perhaps.

—When General ROBERT C. SCHENCK was declared to be dying of Bright's disease he lived on milk and tomatoes for an entire year, by the advice of his physician, and is now perfectly restored to health.

—Thurlow Werd's earliest employment was blowing a blacksmith's bellows, at the age of

eight, for six cents a day, when he stood upon a box to reach the handle of the bellows.

—JAMES JACKSON JARVES suys that in general treatment and conception the "Snow Angel" which LARKIN G. MEAD has put into marble in his Florentine studio, and which he sculptured in snow at Brattleborough, Vermont, when a lad, reminds one of the best feeling for pure art of the Tuscan school of the time of DONATELLO, but with more poetical sentiment. Mr. MEAD is a brother-in-law of Mr. Howells. He married, about fifteen years ago, a very beautiful

Dalmatian girl.

—A complete autograph copy of the "Screnade" in Longfellow's "Spanish Student," an autograph copy of "Old Father Time," by O. W. HOLMES, a letter lamenting the death of ARTHUR

HUGH CLOUGH, from JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, manuscript of FIELDS'S, WHITTIER'S, HAWTHORNE'S, EMERSON'S, and that of other people of note, have been given to a public school in Cincinnati, Ohio, by Mrs. JAMES T. FIELDS, the school having chosen her late husband as the poet whose memory it should especially keep green.

—Miss Chamberlain, the beautiful young American abroad, is said to be not only lovely, but simple and natural, and unspoiled by the admiration she has received. She is said to have a style similar to that of the Princess of Wales, who has shown her kind attention. She is tall, slender, with brilliant dark eyes and grace-

ful bearing.

—It having been asked at a Boston dinner —It having been asked at a Boston dinner party the other day who were the two authors whose works are most widely known and sung in this country, Dr. O. W. Holmes said they were "Smith and Brown"; for "America," the national hymn, was written by Dr. S. F. Smith, and the hymn "I love to steal awhile away," by Miss Brown, of Utica, New York.

—The mother of Don Augustin Iturbide, presumptive heir to that non-oxistent thing the imperial crown of Mexico, is the granddaughter of old General Forest, of Revolutionary fame.

—Mrs. Mackey, of Nevada, who went to Moscow with her husband to the Czar's coronation, took fifteen court dresses with her. It is not

took fifteen court dresses with her. It is not pleasant to think of Americans being so frivo-lous just now.

The handsomest woman in Paris, Madame

GAUTHEROT, is an American, and Mr. SARGENT, the American artist born in Florence, is painting

the American artist born in Florence, is painting her portrait, but did not get it ready in time for the opening of the Salon.

—The great Austrian manufacturer of iron sales, Baron Werthelm, was of uncertain origin, and began as an apprentice; he learned in his youth the secret of the American sufe, and died with six million florins and a title. He subjected his safes publicly to the action of fire as an advertisement, and obtained forty decorations from the rulers to whom he sent magnificent specithe rulers to whom he sent magnificent speci-mens of them. Men, it seems, can be "self-made" and amount to something otherwhere

than in America.

—The Hebrew philanthropist Sir Moses Mon-terfore is nearly a hundred years old.

—The oldest member of the English newspa-

—The oldest member of the English newspaper press is J. Payne Collier, who is ninety-five.

—Victor Hugo has a great appetite, and is particularly fond of fat meats and sweetened wines. Zola, on the contrary, never touches liquors, lives on the simplest food, but is fond of sweetmeats, which he prepares himself.

—Shelley is the rage at present among the people called collectors in England. Some of his hair is in this country.

be open came a concerns in England. Some of his hair is in this country.

The daughter of PALM, the bookseller of Nuremberg who was shot by NAPOLEON I. for printing a pamphlet against him, lives, at the age of eighty, in Manich, chiefly on a small pendenty. sion paid by the successors of the Berlin house at whose suggestion the pamphlet was printed, and whose name PALM refused to tell.

-Tourguéneff, the Russian novelist, has lost his memory; he suffers such pain that his cries are heard in the street, narcotics having no effect

-Daudet is only forty-three years old. He is very near-sighted, dark, and piratical-looking.
-A favorite dish of the Prince of Wales is the bouillabaisse, which TEACKERAY celebrates, a sort of fish chowder.

—A home for aged and destitute authors and

journalists is to be established at Versuilles by the widowed Baroness Rothschild.

the widowed Baroness Rothschild.

—It is said that De Tocqueville's famous Democracy in America, which secured a prize from all the academies of Europe, was far from being a financial success; and Balzac once confessed that he, one of the most prolific of writers, never made more than three thousand dollars a year. Literary aspirants, take warning!

—The son of Napoleon Bonaparte died in the arms of the Austrian Emperor's "John Brown," Anton Hannakampf, who has lately celebrated his fiftieth anniversary in the imperial service. He once gave Napoleon III. a pair of shirt links containing a lock of the hair of the young King of Rome.

—A Lord Byron dress, which was "black, like his melancholy, and covered with diamonds, like his poetry," was lately worn at a ball in Paris by the Baroness Alphonse de Rothschild.

by the Baroness Alphonse de Rothschild.

—Auguste Maquet, Ludovic Halévy, Alphonse Daudet, and Édouard About are mentioned to fill the vacant seat of Jules Sandeau

in the French Academy.

—The first sod of perhaps as expensive a railroad as any in the world was recently cut by Ludy GORDON - CATHCART on her estate. Its cost on the average is over eighty-nine thousand dollars a mile, it being but fourteen miles long, and estimated at a million and a quarter, and comprises a vast stone viaduct and a gigantic bridge on the Spey.

The most attractive picture in the Grosvenor

Gallery is said to be Mr. BURNE-JONES'S picture

Miss JENNIE ACE, a light house - keeper's -MISS JENNIE ACE, a light-house-keeper sedaughter on the English coast, has just received from the Empress Augusta a gold brooch worth fifty guineas, in token of her brave rescue of a boat's crew.

-American art may well be proud of the received

ognition it receives in the appointment of the Messrs. TIFFANY & Co., of New York, imperial and royal jewellers, and gold and silver smiths to the Queen of England, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Duke of Edinburgh, to the Emperor and Empress of Russia, and the Grand-Duke Verneward Australes. Duke VLADIMIR, to the Emperor of Austria, and to the Kings of Belgium, Italy, Greece, Denmark, Portugal, and to the Sultan of Turkey. As Mr. Hunt, our Minister to Russia, says, "Compliments such as these, from such distinctions of the such as the su guished rulers of the most enlightened countries of Europe, are of more than ordinary signifi-cance; they are the tributes of approved con-noisseurs in art." This is the first recognition of the kind ever conferred upon any ican house, and rises into the dignity of a national compliment, as it marks our ability to compete successfully with the older nations in branches where they have long been celebrated. The thanks of the public are due to the Messrs. Tiffany that their enterprise, and the beauty and originality of their metal-work, long recognized here, have now brought our national progress in artistic matters and all refinement into such world-wide prominence.

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EMBROIDERED VEILING DRESS. [For Front, see Page 380.] For description see Supplement.



Fig. 1.—Travelling Dressing-Case. Closed.—[See Fig. 2.]

Umbrella Case.—Figs. 1-3.

This case is extremely useful in packing umbrellas for a journey. A piece of gray linen duck thirty-two inches long

Fig. 1.—Umbrella Case.—Open.—[See Figs. 2 and 3.]

and twenty-nine wide is required to make it. Fold the linen to half its width, and slope it on the open side from the top toward the bottom, nar-rowing the lat-ter to eighteen inches, after which sew up the side, slant the top and bot-tom slightly, and

BACK.—[See Fig. 4.]



Fig. 1.—CAMEL'S-HAIR AND VELVET DRESS. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 17-25.

Fig. 2.—Bordered Percale Dress.





Fig. 2.—Travelling Dressing-Case.—Open.—[See Fig. 1.]



Fig. 4.-Travelling Toilette Mirror. FRONT.—[See Fig. 3.]



SUMMER TRAVELLING CLOAK OR DUSTER Back.—[For Front, see Fig. 2, on Page 380.]—Cut Pattern, No. 3458: Price, 25 Cents.

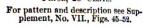




Fig. 5.—TRAVELLER'S KNIFE AND FORK.

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Espeat Espeat Estimes In as d the first

bind the edges with écru linen braid. Divide the linen into four equal spaces as shown in Fig. 1, and stitch down on the outside strips of écru canvas braid three-quarters of an inch wide, ornamented with cross stitch embroidery in brown silk in the simple pattern given in Fig. 3. Having stitched down the bands, overseam the spaces at the bottom on each side, leaving an opening only large enough for the top of the umbrella to pass through. Sew brown



Fig. 2.—Umbrella Case.—Closed. [See Figs. 1 and 3.]



EMBROIDERED BORDER FOR DRESSES AND WRAPPINGS.

VOLUME TO

- For Front, see Fig 1

TRAVELLEE'S KIEL OF FORE

ges with eer has he nen into four equi me Fig. 1, and since im-strips of a braid

of an namented itch em-own silk

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bottom leaving ly large top of

See Figs. 11

silk ribbons to the outside at four inches from the top and bottom, to be tied as shown in Fig. 2 when the case is rolled up.

Infant's Knitted Boot.

This boot is knitted with white Berlin wool and steel needles. Begin at the middle of the sole with a foundation of 70 st. (stitches), and work 24 rows in plain knitting forward and back. 25th row (right side of the work).—K. (knit plain)

30th row.-

Fig. 6 .- TRAVELLING TRUNK.



CHECKED CLOTH MANTLE. FRONT.—[For Back, see Fig. 1, on Page 380.] For pattern and description see Suppl., No. VIII., Figs. 53-55.

Slip 1, p. 1, k. 2, p. 5, k. 2, p. 1, p. 2 together for narrowing. 31st row.—Slip 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 7, p. 1, k. 1, k. 2 together for narrowing. Repeat the 26th-31st rows. 8 times, narrowing regularly as described throughout the first 4 repetitions or pat-terns; from the 5th pattern take up the remainder of the st, that had been left



Sofa Cushion with Japanese Embroidery.



EMBROIDERED CLOTHES-BRUSH HOLDER,

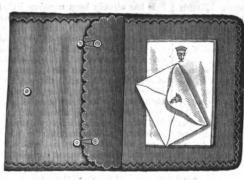


Fig. 7.-WRITING PORTFOLIO.

and p. 3; finally p. 2. 5th row.—K. all st. that appear plain and p. all that appear puried on this side. 6th row.—P. 2, then alternately k. 3 st. together and p. 3; finally p. 2. Repeat the 3d-6th rows 8 times, but transpose or alternate the pattern in the manner shown in the illustration. 39th row.—Plain throughout. 40th row.—To make the row of holes alternately put the thread over and k. 2 st. together. 41st-43d rows.—Plain throughout. 44th row.—Alternately put the thread over twice and k. 3. 45th row.—*P. 2, slip the next, and drop the two

next, and drop the two thread loops from the needle so that the slipped st. can be lengthened out, then carry the thread in front of the slipped st. to the next st., and repeat from *. 46th row.—Alternately slip the next st. and carrying the thread forward on the wrong side k. the following 2. 47th row. — Alternately p. 2 and slip the next, 2 and slip the next, bringing the thread forward in front of the slipped st. 48th and 49th rows.—Plain throughout. 50th-52d rows.—Work as in the 44th-46th rows. 53d—82th. wows.—Plain rows. - Plain



Fig. BACK.—[See Fig. 1.]
For pattern and description see
Suppl., No. II., Figs. 15 and 16.

throughout. Next cast off the st., and finish the edge with crochet scallops as follows: * 1 sc. (single crochet) on the next st., 4 ch. (chain stitch), 1 double crochet on the first of the 4 ch., pass 2 st.; repeat from *. Work similar scallops around the front and sides of the instep, and in the 9th row from the top of the foot as well as in the 38th of the



LACE COLLAR WITH PLASTRON. For description see Supplement.



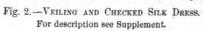
Fig. 1.—INFANT'S KNITTED BOOT.

Fig. 2.—CROCHET STOCKING FOR CHILD FROM 1 TO 3 YEARS OLD.

aside, and work them off in plain knitting in every following row; narrow only once in each of these last 4 patterns, and then on both sides of the middle 11 st. on the instep. Next work 10 rows in plain knitting, which complete the foot, and then continue for the leg as follows: 1st row (left side of the work).—K. throughout. 2d row.—P. throughout. 3d row.—* K. 1, k. 1 and p. out of the next st., p. the next, p. 1 and k. 1 out of the following st.; repeat from **. finally k. 1 4th repeat from *; finally k. 1. 4th row.—P. 2, then alternately k. 3



Fig. 1.—BLACK LACE MANTLE.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 3.] For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 15 and 16.





VELVET COLLAR WITH PLASTRON. For description see Supplement.



LADY'S KNITTED SILK STOCKING.

leg work scallops composed of 2 rows as follows: 1st row.—1 sc. on the first st., then alternately 3 ch. and 1 sc. on the next 4th st. 2d row.— * 4 sc. separated by 3 ch. on the next sc. in the 1st row, 1 ch., 1 sc. on the mid-dle st. of the 3 passed over in the 1st row, working around the 3 ch., 1 ch.; repeat from *. On the last purled row of the foot work alternately 1 slip stitch on the next st. and 3 ch. A light lining or sock is in the foot of the boot, worked loosely in plain knitting with Shetland wool and coarse wooden needles; take up the stitches around the ankle on



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YOLANDE.

(Continued from front page.)

real names. I have written to your father to say that he need not bother about either the dogs or the horses; when he has left I will run down to Allt-nam-ba and see them sent off; but I have not told him why I am at present in Inverness; and I tell you, my dear Yolande, because I think you ought to know exactly how matters stand. I should not be at all surprised to hear from you that you had imagined something of the state of the case; for you must have wondered at their not asking you and your father to dinner, or something of the kind, after Polly taking you to the Towers when you first came north; but, at all events, this is how we are situated now, and I should be inclined to make a joke of the whole affair if it were not that when I think of you I feel a little bit indignant. Of course it can not matter to you—not in the least. It is disagreeable, that is all. If dogs delight to bark and bite, it does not much matter so long as they keep their barking and biting among themselves. It is rather hard, certainly, when they take possession of your house, and turn you out into the street; especially when you have a lovely sister come and accuse you of having no higher ambition in life than playing billiards with commercial travellers.

"I shall hang on here, I expect, until our other tenants—they who have the forest—leave for the south; then I shall be able to make some final arrangements with our agent here; after which I shall consider myself free. You must tell me, dear Yolande, when and where you wish to see me. Of course I don't wish to inconvenience or trouble you in any way-I shall leave it entirely in your hands as to what you would have me do Perhaps, if I go away for a while, the people at Lynn may come to their senses. Polly has been at them once or twice; she is a warm ally of yours; but, to tell you the truth, I would not have you made the subject of any appeal. No word of that kind shall come from me. Most likely when the last of the people that the Grahams have with them at Inverstroy have gone, Polly may go over to Lynn and establish herself there, and have a battle royal with morevered aunt. Of course I would not bother you with the details of this wretched family squabble if I did not think that some explanation were due both to you and to

your father.

"I shall be glad to hear from you, if you are not too much occupied. Yours affectionately, "ARCHIE LESLIE.

"P.S.-I hope to be able to leave here about

Her first impulse was to rush away at once and telegraph to him, begging him not to come south; but a moment's reflection showed her that was unnecessary. She re-read the letter; there was nothing of the impetuosity of a lover in it, but rather a studied kindness, and also a reticence with regard to her present surroundings and oc-cupations that she could not but respect. For she knew as well as any one that this matter concerned him too; and she could even have for-given a trace of apprehension on his part, see-ing that a young man about to marry is naturally curious about the new conditions that are to surround him. His silence on this point seemed part of the careful consideration that prevailed throughout this message to her. Then it was so clear that he would be ruled by her wishes. He was not coming to claim her by the right he had acquired. She could put away this letter for future consideration, as she had for the moment put aside her engagement ring. While she was first reading it, some strange fancies and feelings had held possession of her-a quick contrition, a desire to tell him everything, and so release herself from this bond, a remonstrance with herself, and a vague kind of hope that she might make atonement by a life-long devotion to him, after this first duty to her mother had been accomplished. But these conflicting resolves she forced herself to discard. She would not even answer this letter now. There was no hurry. He would not come to Worthing if she did not wish it. And was it not fortunate that she could turn aside from unavailing regrets, and from irresolute means and purposes, to the actual needs of the moment? She calmly put the letter in her pocket, and went away to see whether her mother were not ready for her morning drive And now it had come to pass that whenever Yolande drew near there was a look of affection and gratitude in this poor woman's eyes that made the girl's heart glad.

Day after day passed: the weather happened to be fine, and their exploration of the surrounding country was unwearied. The castles of Arundel and Bramber, the parks of Angmering and Badworth, Harrow Hill, Amberley Wild Brook, Sullington, Washington, Storrington, Ashington -they knew them all; and they had so educated the wise old pony that, when Jane was not with them, and they were walking along by the hedge-ways or climbing a hill, they could safely leave him and the pony-carriage far behind them, know-ing that he would come up at his leisure, keeping his own side of the road, and refusing to be tempt ed by the greenest of way-side patches. Yolande, both at home and abroad, was always on the watch, and carefully concealed the fact. But now she was beginning less and less to fear, and more and more to hope; nay, at times, and rather in spite of herself, a joyful conviction would rest upon her that she had already succeeded. Four days after that relapse, a desperate fit of depression overtook the poor woman; but she bravely fought through it.

"You need not fear this time, Yolande," she would say, with a sad smile. "I said that once before, but I did not know then. I had not seen you lying on the bed-perhaps dying, as I thought. You shall have no more headaches through me.

"Ah, dear mother," said Yolande, "in a little time vou will not even think of such things. You will have forgotten them. It will be all

like a dream to you."

"Yes, like a dream—like a dream," the other said, absently.

"It was in a dream that you came to me. I could not understand—I heard you, but I could not understand. And then it seemed that you were leading me away, but I scarcely knew who you were. And the evening in the hotel, when you were showing me your things, I could scarcely believe it all; and when you said you would get me a dressing-bag, I asked myself why I should take that from a stranger. You were so new to me—and tall—and so beautiful—it was a kind of wonder—I could not think you were indeed my own daughter, but a kind of angel, and

I was glad to follow you."
"Well, I carried you off," said Yolande, plainly (for she did not like to encourage fantasy). There is no mistake about it; and I shall not let you go back to those friends of yours, who were not at all good friends to you; that also is quite certain,"

"Oh, no, no!" she would say, grasping the girl's hand. "I am not going back—never, nevr, to that house! You need not fear now, Yo-

It has already been mentioned that this poor woman was greatly astonished that Yolande should know so much, and should have seen so much, and read so many different things. And this proved to be a field of quite unlimited interest: for there was not a single opinion or experience of the girl that she did not regard with a strange fascination and sympathy. Whether Yo-Brittany, of which she knew a good many, or describing the lonely streets of Pompeii, or telling her of the extraordinary clearness of the atmosphere in Washington (the physical atmosphere, that is), she listened with a kind of won-der, and with the keenest curiosity to know more and more of this young life that had grown up apart from hers. And then Yolande so far wandered from the path of virtue—as laid down by her father—as sometimes to read aloud in French; and while she frequently halted and stumbled in reading aloud in English, there never was any stumbling, but rather a touch of pride, when she was pronouncing such sonorous lines as this-

"La vaste mer murmure autour de son cercueil."

and it was strange to the poor mother that her daughter should be more at home in reading French than in reading English. She would ask the minutest questions-about Yolande's life at the Château, about her life on board ship during her various voyages, about her experiences in those mountain solitudes of the north. Her anxiety to be always in the society of her daughter was insatiable; she could scarcely bear to have her out of her sight. And when Lawrence & Lang sent her, in the course of time, her usual allowance of money, her joy was extreme. For now, whenever she and Yolande went out, she scanned the shop windows with an eager interest, and always she was buying this, that, or the other trinket, or bit of pretty-colored silk, or something of the kind for the girl to wear. lande had rather severe notions in the way of personal adornment; but she was well content to put bit of color round her neck or an additional silver hoop round her wrist when she saw the pleasure in her mother's eyes. At length she felt justified in sending the fol-

lowing letter to her father:

"WORTHING, October 12,

"My DEAR PAPA .- I intend this to reach you before you leave Allt-nam-ba, because it carries good news, and I know you have been anxious. I think everything goes well—sometimes I am quite sure of it—sometimes I look forward to such a bright future. It has been a great struggle and pain (but not to me; please do not speak of me at all in your letters, because that is nothing at all), but I have not so much fear now. Perhaps it is too soon to be certain; but I can not explain to you in a letter what it is that gives me such hope, that drives away what reason suggests. and compels me to think that all will be well. Partly it is my mother's look. There is an assurance in it of her determination-of her feeling that all is safe now; again and again she says to me, 'I have been in a dream, but now I out of Mr. Melville said I was not to be too sanguine. and always to be watchful; and I try to be that; but I can not fight against the joyful conviction that my mother is now safe from that thing Only she is so weak and ill yet-she tries to be brave and cheerful, to give me comfort; but she suffers. Dear papa, it is madness that you should reproach yourself for doing nothing, and propose to take us to the Mediterranean. No. no; it will not do at all. My mother is too weak yet to go anywhere; when she is well enough to go I will take her; but I must take her alone; she is now used to me; there must be no such excitement as would exist if you were to come for us. I am very thankful to Mr. Shortlands that you are going to Dalescroft; and I hope you will find charming people at his house, and also that the shooting is good. Dear papa, I hope you will be able to go over to Slagpool while you are in the north; and perhaps you might give an address or deliver a lecture—there are many of the members doing that now, as I see by the newspapers, and you owe something to your constituents for not grumbling about your going to Egypt,

"I hope everything has been comfortable at

the lodge since I left; but that I am sure of, for Mrs. Bell would take care. You must buy her something very pretty when you get to Inverness, and send it to her as from you and me together —something very pretty indeed, papa, for she was very kind to me, and I would not have her fancy that one forgets. Mr. Leslie says in a letter that he will see to the ponies and dogs being sent off, so that you need have no trouble; he is at the Station Hotel, as probably you know, if ou wish to call and thank him. I remember Duncan saying that when the dogs were going he would take them over the hills to Kingussie and go with them by the train as far as Perth, where he has relatives, and there he could see that the dogs had water given them in the morning. But you will yourselves take them, perhaps, from Inverness? Another small matter, dear papa, if you do not mind the trouble, is thiswould you ask some one to pack up for me and send here the boards and drying-paper and handpress that I had for the wild flowers? We go much into the country here, and have plenty of time in the evening; and my mother is so much interested in any pursuit of mine that this would be an additional means of amusing her. You do not say whether you have heard anything farther of Mr. Melville.

"Do not think I am sad, or alone, or repining. "Do not think I am sad, or alone, or the happy Oh no; I am very well; and I am very happy when I see my mother pleased with me. a hundred things—examine the shop windows, walk on the pier or along the promenade, or we drive to different places in the country, and some times we have lunch at the old-fashioned inns. and make the acquaintance of the people-so good-natured they are, and well pleased with their own importance; but I do not understand them always, and my mother laughs. We call the pony Bertrand du Guesclin; I do not remember how it happened; but, at all events, he is not as adventurous as the Connétable: he is too wise to run any risks. But when I am quite sure, and if my mother is well enough for the fatigue of the voyage, I think I will take her to the south of France, and then along the Riviera, for I fear the winter here, and she so delicate. Dear papa, you say I am not to mind the expense: very well you see I am profiting by your commands. In the mean time I would not dare. I try to keep down my excitement; we amuse ourselves with the shops, with the driving, and what not; it is all simple, pleasant, and I wait for the return of her strength. Yes, I can see she is much depressed sometimes; and then it is that she has been accustomed to fly for relief to the medicines; but now I think that is over, and the best to be looked forward to. Yes, in spite of cau-tion, in spite of reason, I am already almost assured. There is something in her manner toward me that convinces me; there is a sympathy which has grown up; she looks at me as she does not look at any one else, and I understand. It is this that convinces me.

"Will you give a farewell gift to each of the servants, besides their wages? I think they deserve it; always they helped me greatly, and were so willing and obliging, instead of taking advan-tage of my ignorance. I would not have them think that I did not recognize it, and was ungrateful. And please, papa, get something very pretty for Mrs. Bell. I do not know what: something she could be proud to show to Mr. Melville would probably please her best. Write to me when you get to Dalescourt.
"Your affectionate daughter, Yolande."

There is no doubt that Yolande made these repeated references to Mr. Melville with the vague expectation of learning that perhaps he had returned to Gress. But if that was her impression she was speedily undeceived. The very next morning, as she went down into the small lobby, she saw something white in the letter-box of the door. The bell had not been rung, so that the servant-maid had not taken the letter out. Yolande did so, and saw that it was addressed to herself—in a handwriting that she instantly recognized. With trembling fingers she hastily broke open the envelope, and then read these words, written in pencil across a sheet of note-

"You have done well. You will succeed. But be patient. Good-by.

She stood still-bewildered-her heart beating quickly. Had he been there all the time, then? -always near her, watching her, guarding her, observing the progress of the experiment he had himself suggested? And now whither had he gone—without a word of thanks and gratitude? Her mother was coming down the stairs. She and turned to meet her. In the dusk of this lobby the mother observed nothing strange or unusual in the look of her daughter's face.

CHAPTER XLII.

A LAST INTERVENTION

It has already been said of Mrs. Graham, as of her brother, that she was not altogether mercenary. She had a certain share of sentiment in her com-It is true, she had summarily stamped out the Master's boyish fancies with regard to Janet Stewart; but then, on the other hand (when the danger to the estates of Lynn was warded off), she could afford to cherish those verses to Shena Van with a sneaking fondness. Nay, more than that, she paid them the compliment of imitation-unknown to her husband and everybody else; and it may be worth while to print this, her sole and only literary effort, if only to show that, just as seamstresses imagine the highest social circles to be the realm of true romance, and like to be told of the woes and joys of high-born ladies, so this pretty Mrs. Graham,

being the only daughter of a nobleman, when casting about for a properly sentimental situation, must needs get right down to the bottom of the social ladder, and think it fine to speak of herself as a sailor's lass. One small touch of reality re-mained—the hero she named Jim. But here are the verses to speak for themselves:

"I care not a fig for your brag, you girls
And dames of high degree;
Or for all your silks and satins and pearls,
As fine as fine may be;
For I'll be as rich as dukes and earls
When my Jim comes home from sea.

"It's in Portsmouth town that I know a lane, And a small house jolly and free,
And a small house jolly and free,
That's sheltered well from the wind and the rain,
And as sung as sung can be;
And it's there that we'll be sitting again
When my Jim comes home from sea

"Twas a fine brave sight when the yards were manned,
Though my eyes could scarcely see;
It's a long, long sail to the Rio Grand',
And a long, long waiting for me;
But I'll envy not any one in the land
When my Jim comes home from sea.

"So here's to your health, you high-born girls
And ladies of great degree,
And I hope you'll all be married to earls
As proud as proud nay be;
But I wouldn't give fourpence for all your pearls
When my Jim comes home from sea."

Of course she carefully concealed these versesespecially from her husband, who would have led her a sad life if he had found them and discov. ered the authorship; and they never attained to the dignity of type in the Inverness Courier, wh the lines to Shena Van had appeared; but all the same, pretty Mrs. Graham regarded them with a certain pleasure, and rather approved of the independence of the Portsmouth young lady, al-though she had a vague impression that she might not be quite the proper sort of guest to ask to Inverstroy.

Now her anger and dismay over the possible breaking down of the scheme which she had so carefully formed and tended were due to various causes, and did not simply arise from a wish that the Master of Lynn should marry a rich wife. It was her project, for one thing, and she had a certain sentimental fondness in regarding it. Had she not wrought for it, too, and striven for it? Was it for nothing that she had trudged through the dust of the Merhadj bazars, and fought with cockroaches in her cabin, and gasped with the Egyptian heat all those sweltering afternoons? She began to consider herself illtreated and did not know which to complain of the more-her brother's indifference or her father's obstinacy. Then she could get no sort of sympathy from her husband. He only laughed, and went away to look after his pheasants. Moreover, she knew very well that this present condition of affairs could not last. The Master's ill temper would increase rather than abate. Yolande would grow accustomed to his neglect of her. Perhaps Mr. Winterbourne would interfere, and finally put an end to that pretty dream she had dreamed about as they went sailing down the Mediterranean.

Accordingly she determined to make one more effort. If she should not be able to coax Lord Lynn into a more complaisant frame of mind, at least she should go on to Allt-nam-ba and make matters as pleasant as possible with Mr. Winter-bourne before he left. The former part of her endeavor, indeed, she speedily found to be hopeless. She had no sooner arrived at the Towers than she sought out her father and begged him to be less obdurate; but when, as she was putting forward Corrievreak as her chief argument, she was met by her father's affixing to Corrievreak, or rather prefixing to it, a solitary and emphatic word—a word that was entirely out of place, too, as applied to a sanctuary—she knew it was all over. Lord Lynn sometimes used vio-lent language, for he was a hot-tempered man, but not language of that sort; and when she heard him utter that dreadful wish about such a sacred thing as the sanctuary of a deer forest, she felt it was needless to continue farther.

"Very well, papa," said she, "I have done my best. It is not my affair. Only everything might have been made so pleasant for us all."

Yes, and for the Slagpool Radicals," her father said, contemptuously. "I suppose they would land at Foyers with banners, and have picnics in the forest."

"At all events, you must remember this, papa," said Mrs. Graham, with some sharpness, "that Archie is a gentleman. He is pledged to marry Miss Winterbourne, and marry her he

"Let him, and welcome!" said this short, stout, thick person with the bushy eyebrows and angry eyes. "He may marry the dairy-maid if he likes. eyes. suppose the young his own tastes. But I say he shall not bring his low acquaintances about this house while I am

Mrs. Graham herself had a touch of the family temper, and for a second or two her face turned quite pale with anger, and when she spoke it was in a kind of forced and breathless way.
"I don't know what you mean. Who are low

Yolande Winterbourne is my acquaintances? friend. She is fit to marry any one in the land, I care not what his rank is, and-and I will not have such things said. She is my friend. Low acquaintances! If it comes to that, it was I who introduced Archie to Mr. Winterbourne; andand this is what I know about them, that if they are not fit to-to be received at Lynn, then neither am I."

And with that she walked calmly (but still with her face rather pale) out of the room, and shut the door behind her; and then went away and sought out her own dressing room of former days, and locked herself in there and had a good cry. She did feel injured. She was doing her best, and this was what she got for it. But she was a courageous little woman, and presently she

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had dried her eyes and arranged her dress for going out; then she rang, and sent a message to the stables to get the dog-cart ready, for that she wanted to drive to Allt-nam-ba.

By-and-by she was driving along by the side of the pretty loch under the great hills; and she was comforting herself with more cheerful re-

flections.

"It is no matter," she was saying to herself.

"If only Mr. Winterbourne remains in good humor, everything will go right. When Archie is married he will be rich enough to have a home where he pleases. I suppose Jim wouldn't have them always with us?—though it would be nice

them always with us:—blough it would be filed to have Yolande in the house, especially in the long winter months. But Archie could build a house for himself, and sell it when he no longer wanted it. The country about Loch Eil would please Yolande. I wonder if Archie could get a piece of land anywhere near Fassiefern? That would be handy for having a yacht, too, and of course they will have a yacht. Or why shouldn't he merely rent a house—one of those up Glen Urquhart, if only the shooting was a little better? or over Glen Spean way, if Lochaber isn't a little or over Gien Spean way, it Lochaber isn't a little too wild for Yolande? or perhaps they might get a place in Glengarry, for Yolande is so fond of wandering through woods. No doubt Archie ex-aggerated that affair about Yolande's mother; in any case it could easily be arranged; other families have done so, and everything gone on as usual. Then if they had a town house we might all go to the Caledonian Ball together. Archie looks so well in the kilt, and Yolande might go as Flora Macdonald."

She drove quickly along the loch-side, but moderated her pace when she reached the rough mountain-road leading up the glen, for she knew she would not mend matters by letting down one of her father's horses. And as she approached Allt-nam-ba a chill struck her heart—those preparations for departure were so ominous. Duncan was in front of the bothy, giving the rifles and guns their last rub with oil before putting them into the cases; boxes of empty soda-water bottles had been hauled out by the women-folk for the men to screw up; a cart with its shafts resting on the ground stood outside the coachhouse; and various figures went hurrying this way and that. And no sooner had Mrs. Graham driven up and got down from the dog-cart than her quick eye espied a tall black-bearded man, who, from natural shyness—or perhaps he wanted to have a look at Duncan's gun-rack-had retreated into the bothy; and so, instead of going into the house, she quickly followed him into the wide, low-roofed apartment, which smelled considerably of tobacco smoke.

Isn't your name Angus?" said she.

"Yes, ma'am," said he, with a very large smile that showed he recognized her.

I suppose Mr. Macpherson has sent you about the inventory?"

Yes, ma'am."

"Have you been over the house yet?"

"No, ma'am; I have just come out with the empty cart from Inverfariguig."
"Well, then, Angus, you need not go over the

house. I don't want the gentlemen bothered. Go back and tell Mr. Macpherson I said so."

"There was £7 of breakages with the last tenant, ma'am," said he, very respectfully. "Never mind," said she; and she took out her

purse and got hold of a sovereign. "Go back at once; and if you have to sleep at Whitebridge that will pay the cost; or you may get a lift in the mail-cart. My brother is in Inverness, isn't

"Then you can go to him, and tell him I said there was to be no going over the inventory. This tenant is a friend of mine. You go to my brother when you get to Inverness, and he will explain to Mr. Macpherson. Now good-by, Angus;" and she shook hands with him, as is the custom in that part of the country, and went,

The arrival of a stranger at Allt-nam-ba was such an unusual circumstance that when she went up to the door of the lodge she found both Mr. Winterbourne and John Shortlands awaiting her, they having seen her drive up the glen; and she explained that she had been leaving a message with one of the men.

"I heard you were leaving, Mr. Winterbourne," said she, with one of her most charming smiles, when they had got into the drawing-room, "and I could not let you go away without coming to say good-by. Both my husband and I expected to have seen much more of you this autumn; but you can see for yourself what it is in the Highlands—every household is so wrapped up in its own affairs that there is scarcely any time for visiting. If Inverstroy had come to Allt-namba, Inverstroy would have found Allt-nam-ba away shooting on the hill, and vice versa; and I suppose that is why old-fashioned people like my father have almost given up the tradition of

visiting. When do you go?"
"Well, if we are all packed and ready, I suppose this afternoon; then we can pass the night at Foyers, and go on to Inverness in the morn-

"But if I had known I could have brought some of the people from the Towers to help you. My father would have been delighted."

She said it without a blush; perhaps it was

only a slip of the tongue.

"Do you think Mrs. Bell would suffer any interference?" said John Shortlands, with a laugh. "I can tell you, my dear Mrs. Graham, that she rules us with a rod of iron—though we're not supposed to know it."

And how is dear Yolande?" said Mrs. Grahaın.

"She is very well," Yolande's father said, instantly lowering his eyes, and becoming nervous and fidgety.

"I heard something of what had called her away to the south-at least I presumed that was

the reason," continued Mrs. Graham, forcing herself to attack this dangerous topic in order to show that, in her estimation at least, nothing too important had occurred. "Of course one sympathizes with her. I hope you have had good news from her?"

"Oh yes," said he, hastily. "Oh yes. I had

a letter last night. Yolande is very well."
"Archie," continued Mrs. Graham, thinking enough had been said on that point, "is at Inverness. I declare the way those lawyers fight over trifles is perfectly absurd. And I confess," she added, with a demure smile, "that the owners of deer forests are not much better. Of course they always tell me I don't know, that it is my ignorance; but to find people quarrelling about the line the march should take-when an acre of the ground wouldn't give grazing for a sheep—seems stupid enough. Well, now, Mr. Winterbourne, may I venture to ask how you found the shooting?"

""Oh excellent acreallent," said he brightly.

Oh, excellent-excellent," said he, brightly, for he also was glad to get away from that other topic. "We have not found as many deer coming about as we expected; but otherwise the place has turned out everything that could be wished."

I am glad of that," said she, "for I know Archie had qualms about inducing you to take the shooting. I remember very well, on board ship, he used to think it was a risky thing. Supposing the place had not turned out well, then you might have felt that—that—"

"No, no, my dear Mrs. Graham," said he, with a smile, "careat emptor. I knew I was taking the place with the usual attending risks; I should not have blamed your brother if we had had a bad year."

She was just on the point of asking him whether he liked Allt-nam-ba well enough to come back again, but she thought it was too dangerous. She had no means of knowing what he thought of Lord Lynn's marked unneighborliness; and she deemed it more prudent to go on talking of general subjects, in her light and cheerful way, and always on the assumption that the two families were on friendly terms, and that Yolande's future home would be in the Highlands. At length she said she must be going.

"I would ask you to stay to lunch," said Mr. Winterbourne, "but I dare say you know what lunch is likely to be on the day of leaving a shoot-

"Dear me!" said she, in tones of vexation. "Why did they not think of that at the Towers? They might have saved you a great deal of bother that way; but they have got into an old fashioned groove there."

"At the same time, my dear Mrs. Graham," said Mr. Winterbourne, with great courtesy, "if you like to take the risk, I dare say Mrs. Bell can find you something; and we have not often the chance of entertaining any one at Allt-namba. Will you take pity on us? Will you sit in Yolande's place? The house has been rather empty since she left."

"I should like it of all things," said pretty Mrs. Graham, taking off her hat and gloves and putting them on the sofa, "for I feel that I haven't given you half the messages I wish you to take to dear Yolande. And you must let me have her address, so that Jim can send her a haunch of

"I am afraid that would not be of much use, thank you," said he; "for I hope by that time, if all goes well, that Yolande will be away in the south of Europe."

"Archie is going south also," said Mrs. Graham, pleasantly. "There is little doing here in the winter. After he has made all the arrangements with papa's agents in Inverness, then he will be off to the south too. Where is Yolande likely to be?"

"Well, I don't exactly know," said Mr. Winterbourne, with a kind of anxious evasion. "But she will write to you. Oh yes, I will tell her to write to you. She is-she is much occupied at present-and-and perhaps she has not much time. But Yolande does not forget her friends.

"She shall not forget me, for I won't let her," said Mrs. Graham, blithely. "If she should try, I will come and ferret her out, and give her a proper scolding. But I don't think it will be needed."

The luncheon, frugal as it was, proved to be a very pleasant affair, for the two men-folk were glad to have the table brightened by the unusual presence of a lady guest, who was, moreover, very pretty and talkative and cheerful; while, on the other hand, Mrs. Graham, having all her wits about her, very speedily assured herself that Yolande's father was leaving Allt-nam-ba in no dudgeon whatever; and also that, although he seemed to consider Yolande as at present set apart for some special duty, and not to be interfered with by any suggestions of future meetings or arrangements, he appeared to take it for granted that ultimately she would live in the High lands. Mrs. Graham convinced herself that all was well, and she was a skillful flatterer, and could use her eyes; and altogether this was a very merry and agreeable luncheon party. Before she finally rose to go she had got Yolande's address, and had undertaken to write to her.

And then she pleased Mr. Winterbourne very much by asking to see Mrs. Bell; and she equally pleased Mrs. Bell by some cleverly turned compliments, and by repeating what the gentlemen had said about their obligations to her. In good truth Mrs. Bell needed some such comfort. was sadly broken down. When Mrs. Graham asked her about Mr. Melville, tears rose unbidden to the old dame's eyes, and she had furtively to wipe them away with her handkerchief while pretending to look out of the window.

"He has written two or three times to the young lad Dalrymple," said she, with just one suppressed sob; "and all about they brats o' bairns, as if he wasna in mair consideration in

people's minds than a wheen useless lads and | assies. And only a message or two to me, about this family or the other family—the deil take them, that he should bother his head about their crofts and their cows and their seed-corn! And just as he might be having his ain back againto gang awa' like that, without a word o' an address. I jalouse it's America—ay, I'm thinking it's America, for there they have the electric things he was aye speaking o'; and he was a curious man, that wanted to ken everything. wonder what the Almichty was about when He put it into people's heads to get fire out o' running water! They might hae been content as they were; and Mr. Melville would hae been better occupit in planting his ain hill-sides—as a' the lairds are doing nowadays—than in running frae ae American town to anither wi' his boxes o' steel springs and things.'

"But he is sure to write to you, Mrs. Bell,"

said Mrs. Graham.

"I just canna bear to think o't," said the older woman, in a kind of despair. "I hope he didna leave because he thought I would be an encumbrance on him. I hae mair sense than that. But he's a proud man, though I shouldna say it— Ay, and the poor lad without a home—and without the land that belongs to him—"

The good old lady found this topic too much for her, and she was retiring with an old-fashioncourtesy, when Mrs. Graham shook hands with her in the most friendly manner, and assured her that if any tidings of Mr. Melville came to Inverstroy (as was almost certain), she would write

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A VISIT TO THE MARES.

See illustration on page 377.

THE picture which we reproduce this week was exhibited in the Paris Salon of 1881. It is by M. Goubie, an artist who has displayed several sporting and fishing scenes of high merit, not merely on account of the truth with which animal life is depicted, but also for the landscape of his backgrounds. The one before us represents a visit paid by the ladies of some venerable château to the brood-mares who are running about with their foals at their feet. The mothers, with their bright soft eyes and intelligent faces, have no fear of their visitors, but come up to welcome the friendly hand stretched out toward them. The breeding-farms for horses are much less numerous in France than in England. The chief establishments for this purpose in private hands are those of La Bastide and Saint-Jean de Legouve, in the Haute Vienne, of Hance and Cognat l'Yonne, in the Department of the Allier, of Copeus, in the Haute Garonne, of Courteuil, in the Oise, and of Viroflay, in the Department of the Seine and Oise. The studs maintained by the government are the most important since the days of the great Cardinal Richelieu. All the governments of France have devoted much attention to the improvement of the breed of horses. The present organization of the establishments, which are chiefly intended to rear remounts for the cavalry, dates from the Empire. It consists of a director-general with eight inspectors and a whole army of officers under him. A similar system of government management prevails in Hungary and in Russia, where, however, the stude of horses are allowed to roam freely over the vast uninclosed places. In England, as in our country, private enterprise does the work elsewhere done by the government, and does it with much greater sucress, as our and the English stables have produced more good horses than any other nations. The proper place for the horse is the homestead of the proprietor. Any kindness lavished on a horse will be certainly repaid hereafter. The education of the foal should commence with its birth; it should not be left to run entirely free by its mother's side, and allowed merely to grow up in some handy paddock; but it should be accustomed to see its future master, to be spoken to and to be handled. All the vice attributed to horses is caused by bad treatment or cruel neglect. No weak familiarity, however, must be indulged in, for horses, like the rest of us, are soon spoiled by petting. But we have wandered away from the French landscape, with its green pas-tures and shady trees and its fair visitors, as portrayed by M. Goubie. Other paintings of this artist illustrative of rural life are "Chasseurs à la Promenade des Chevaux," and "Une Rencontre le Matin," both in the Salon of 1880, and "La Calèche des Dames," in that of 1882.

Lady's Knitted Silk Stocking.

See illustration on page 373.

See Illustration on page 373.

This stocking is knitted with knitting silk of dark color and No. 18 needles. The leg and the top of the foot are in ribbed knitting, and the heel, toe, and sole in plain knitting. Cast on 124 stitches equally on four needles, and knit 317 rounds for the leg, 2 stitches plain, and 2 stitches puried alternately; begin to narrow for the ankle in the 199th round by knitting 3 stitches together after the first 7 stitches, and before the last 5 on each side of the middle of the back, and in the 200th round narrow in the same manner after the first 6, and before the last 4 stitches; repeat the narrowing in the 222d and 223d, 246th and 247th, and 269th and 270th rounds. After completing the 317th round, put the last 24 and the first 22 stitches together on one needle for the neel; add a thread of fine silk to the working thread to strengthen it, and knit 38 rows forward and back, one plain and one puried alternately, so that all will look plain on the right side, and always slipping the first stitch. When there are 18 loops up each side of the heel leave off with a puried row. In the next row *k knit to the 5th stitch past the middle, slip the 5th, knit the next, and pass the slipped stitch over it; knit the next, turn, slip the first stitch, and puri to the 5th stitch past the middle; slip the 5th, purl the next, and pass the slipped stitch over it; purl the next, and pass the slipped stitch over it; purl the next, turn, and repeat from *, always slipping the first stitch on the other side of the opening tormed until all the stitches are knitted off from each side. Take up the 18 loops on the left side of the heel on a needle, knitting each as it is taken up, knit around to the opposite side, and take up the 18 loops on the right side in the same manner. In the next 70 rounds the 46 stitches on the top of the foot are worked in ribbed Turs stocking is knitted with knitting silk of dark

knitting, and the stitches for the gussets and sole in plain knitting; to form the gussets, narrow in the next second and in every following 4th round on the stitches next to the ribbed knitting of the front on each side; narrow nine times in all on each side. After the 70 about 76 more rounds are required to complete the stocking. In the 28d of these knit together the first 2 and the last 2 stitches of the instep, and the first 2 and the last 2 stitches of the sole; then in every following 4th round narrow on both sides of each of the first narrowings, 12 times in all. Next, in order to point the stocking, work 3 similar narrowings in a straight line above each of the first narrowings, and then narrow in the manner previously described in every following 3d round until the narrowings of both halves meet, whereupon knit 2 stitches together until all the stitches are used up.

Crochet Stocking for Child from 1 to 3 Years old.

See illustration on page 373.

See illustration on page 23.

This stocking is worked in crochet with white Berlin wool, partly in open and partly in close work. Begin at the close top; make a foundation of 15 st. (stitches), and work back and forward in ribbed crochet as follows: 1st row.—Pass the first st. and work 14 sc. (single crochet) on the other 14. 2d row.—1 ch., 14 sc. on the back vein or chain of the next 14 st. Repeat the 2d row 44 times, and then join the last row to the foundation by a row of sc. on the wrong side. Next work in rounds as follows on the edge st. at the bottom: 1st round.—Form a loop, ** with this loop on the needle take up a loop or st. each out of the 1st and 2d rows of the next rib, work off these 2 loops together, then work off together the 2 loops now on the needle, 1 ch.; repeat from ** 22 times. 2d round.—* Take up 2 st. out of the next 2 st. in the preceding round, pull the wool through them and work them off together with the st. on the needle, 1 ch.; repeat from *. 3d-28th rounds.—Work as in the preceding round, but narrow in the 17th 1sth, 22d, and 28d rounds as follows: in the 17th and 22d rounds when working the 2d pattern take the 2d of the 2 st. to be taken up from the following 3d st. instead of from the next, thus uniting two patterns of the preceding round into one in this; in the 18th and 23d rounds narrow in the same manner at the 4th and 3d patterns respectively. Fasten off at the end of the 28th round. Next work the heel, which is in Afghan stitch or tricote, for which take up 8 st. out of those of the first 7 st. in the 28th round, and work off the loops one by one. Work 10 of these double rows on the 15 st., taking up loops when working forward, and working them off going back; in the 6th row narrow by 1 st. on both sides of the middle 3 st., and in the 7th and 8th rows narrow on both sides of the middle st., for which work off 3 st. together instead of 1 in the 24 row of a pattern. In the 10th row pull the thread through all the st. at once and faster off. Fastern on anew where the heel wa This stocking is worked in crochet with white Ber-

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANSIWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Anxiety.—Pillow shams are still used, and are trimmed with drawn-work, tucks, embroidery, ruffles, and lace. The brown wool dress is suitable for a bride's travelling dress in September.

Subscriber.—Get the armure grenadine like the open pattern of your sample. Line it with inexpensive silk, both basque and foundation skirt, and make with a wrinkled apron over-skirt, loose plearings for lower skirt, and a short basque lined throughout.

Constant Subscriber.—Put fine lines Sinyria lace around your linen spread, or else open embroidery. Have loose pleats of batin, edged with lace, falling on two narrow pleatings to modernize your black skirt. Use green and white checked silk for a skirt for your green camel's-hair dress, and trim it with velvet ribbon. Marik.—Get red velvet ribbon to trim your pongee like the checked silk dress ilinstrated in Bazar No. 12, Vol. XVI. Make sprigged muslin dress by hints in Bazar No. 14, Vol. XVI.

A. M. K.—Have your dress of checked silk without stripes. See Bazar No. 12, Vol. XVI., for an illustration.

Constant Rrader.—Get blue and white checked silk, and trim with blue velvet ribbon. For hints about the complexion read The Ugly Girl Papers, which will be sent you from this office by mail on receipt of \$1.

A Sursoriber.—Black silk stockings and black silppers should be worn with evening dresses by a girl of twolve years.

Constant Rrader.—The nine-year-old bridemail

the complexion read are says and some complex of \$1.

A Synsorider,—Black silk stockings and black slippers should be worn with evening dresses by a girl of twelve years.

Cosstant Reader.—The nine-year-old bridemaid should have silk stockings and kid boots or slippers to match the color of her dress.

Printextity.—A married lady in addressing her physician should write thus: "Dear Doctor Smith,—Please send me the cough mixture of which you spoke. Yours truly, Emma Parsons," and when writing to a tradesman, write thus: "Mrs. Thomas Parsons will be obliged if Arnold & Jones will send to her specimens of fashionable goods," etc. "Obelin, Pennsylvania, May 30." Addressed "Arnold & Jones, New York." Never write "Dear Mr. Arnold," nor sign it "Mrs. Emma Parsons," Always write in the third person to people you do not know.

City Subsoriner.—The favorite style of serving afternoon tea is to have a little table in the parlor, and for the lady to make the tea and hand it herself to those near her. For a meal called "high tea," the table is set with the first course, lobster salad, or cold chicken, or whatever solid dish you prefer. This is removed, fresh plates are added, and the hot cakes, toast, or biscuit and cake are then passed. All the dishes can be on the table at once if you prefer.

Constant Subsoning.—Cards for a crystal wedding should be exactly like those issued for any other anniversary. "At Home" would be proper; add the words "Crystal Wedding."

Indeed of the corner, as "Mrs. Philip Schafter, 18 W. Canal Street. Wednesdays in April, from three to six." Be at home on those days, with a cup of tea ready to be served to those who call. On a little table in the room with you have ready a basket of cake or a plate of thin bread and butter. The tea should be kept hot in a silver tea-kettle over a spirit-lamp. Or, if you prefer, have a bottle of sherry wine, or some lemonade, or punch, instead of tea.

Eonomy.—Cover your skirt as far as visible with the eight-inch ruffles you have, and put blue velvet ribbon an

a shirred muslin hat to match the dress. Your suggestions about the wine-colored dress are good. The sh-wife poke of basket straw will suit it, trimmed with hows and forked ends of ribbon. Tan-colored undressed gloves with loose wrinkled wrists will remain in favor for any dress.

E. M., Pittsburgel.—The process of polishing stained wood is described in Bazar No. 47, Vol. XIV.

A. C.—A basque of embroidery, with apron overskirt edged with embroidery and two or three gathers described in the process of polishing stained described in the product with a pronounced described in the product with smooth products.

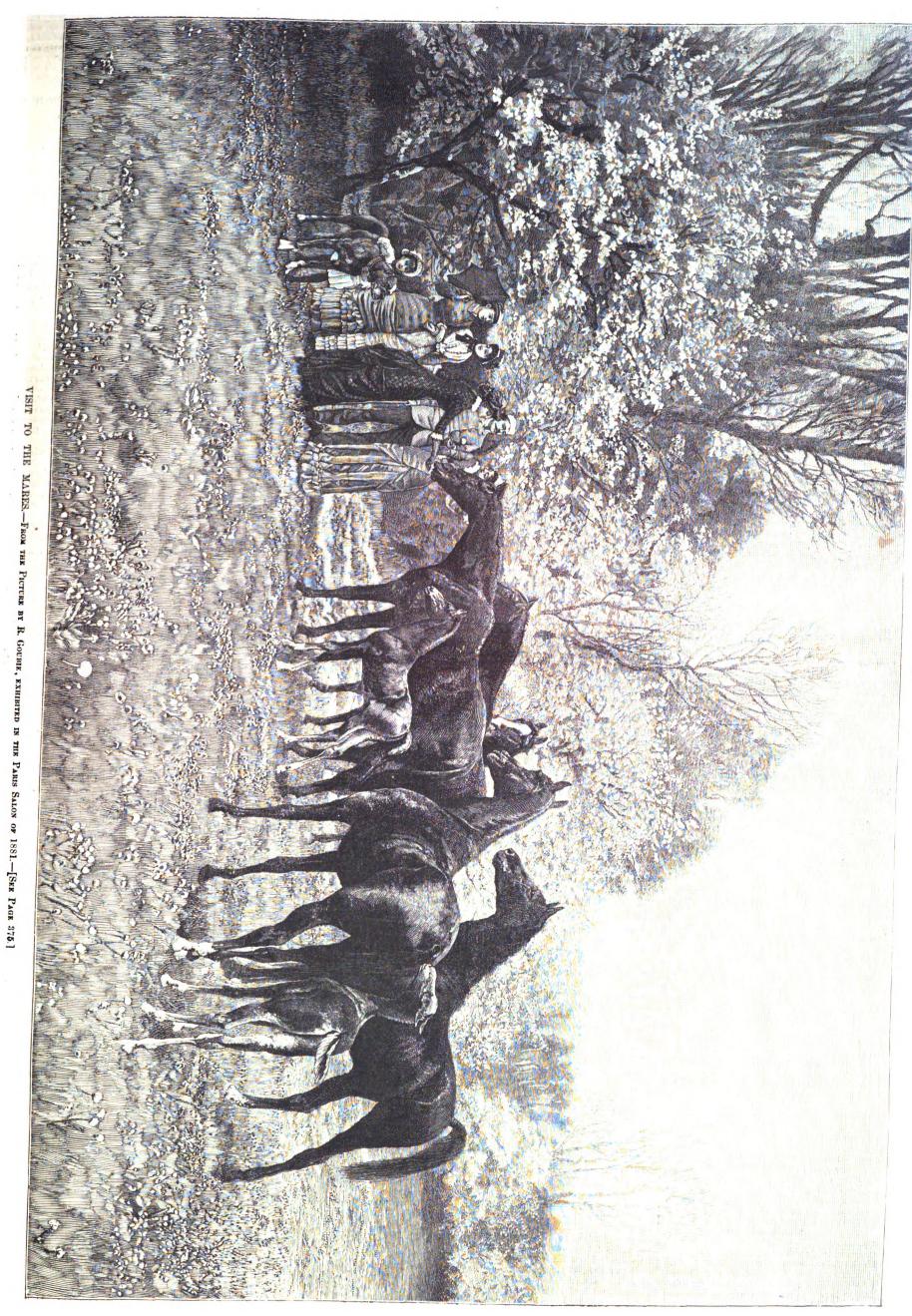
skirt edged with embroidery and two or three gathered flounces trimmed with embroidery would be best
for a white dress. The basque should be simply
shaped and short. Make your pink satteen by either of
the designs on the upper half of page 188, Bazar No.
12, Vol. XVI. Blouse-waists are gathered to a belt,
and either plain or shirred on the shoulders. Either
Spanish or French lace trims ottoman silks. The lace
polonaise and silk skirt will answer for summer.

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FLORA.—From an Etching by Robert William Macbeth, A.R.A.





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IONE STEWART.*

By E. LYNN LINTON,

AUTHOR OF "PATRICIA KEMBALL," "THE ATONEMENT OF LEAM DUNDAS," "UNDER WHICH LORD ?" "MY LOVE," RTG.

CHAPTER XVIII. PLAYING WITH FIRE.

St. Claire was a man who might be trusted to keep out of temptation-to keep out of it better than he could withstand it when in it. But he was not a man to arrange circumstances for himself. He had no firm grip on life or things anyhow. A man of sensitive soul and tender conscience seldom has. So long as he kept from doing wrong he was content. He did not always trouble himself to make sure that he was doing wisely. The strongest characteristic about him was his patience, the most tenacious his affections, the most active his pity. He had eliminated from the roll-call of his moral qualities all that part of human nature which is sometimes called the savage and sometimes the animal, and he had not left alive in his soul the root of one ferocious passion, the outgrowth of one form of tyrannous desire or high-handed selfishness. Per haps he had eliminated more than ferocity and selfishness. Be that as it may, he was eminently the kind of thing that women love, as approaching nearer to themselves; and the dream of some among them is a race of men like Armine St. Claire, unselfish, loving, domestic, gentle, unskeptical, and pure.

Pitiful as he was by nature, use had so far hardened him to the sight of the physical pain inseparable from his profession as to make his nerves steady and his skill more serviceable than his sympathies; but sorrow found him as soft as if he had been a woman, and the tragedy woven into the substance of Ione's life touched him profoundly. He mentally pictured all manner of helpful positions, and made up no end of schemes for her benefit, each one more unworkable than the other. He would have adopted her as his sister, if an unbelieving world would have accepted the relationship in its integrity, and neither have sneered on the one hand nor punished on the other. He thought of writing to Mrs. Barrington, begging her to ask her on a visit, when perhaps Edward Formby would be taken by her eauty, her grace, her charm, and end once and for all his unsubstantial relations with Monica in the hard-and-fast fact of marriage with Ione. He tumbled out of the bag of his memory the names of the lonely spinsters who would be so much happier if only they would adopt as a daughter a charming young creature with red-gold hair and amber-colored eyes, given to fits of moody melancholy and to outbursts of violent jealousy He worried himself into a couple of sleepless nights and an attack of fever on account of her; and Clarissa's clever revelation only drew him closer to the girl from whom it was sought to detach him. But he merely gave himself a head-ache, upset his digestion, shook his nerves, and made himself generally feeble, while he did no

earthly good to Ione.

This desire to play Providence was as futile in his case as it has been in that of others; and he had to confess the sorrowful truth that each of us must dree his own weird as best may be, and that bearing one another's burdens is as difficult in fact as it is problematical in issue.

Then he went to the Villa Clarissa; and, be-

cause he was pitiful and sympathetic, he threw a great deal of superfluous tenderness into his manner, and his handsome eyes looked far more love than he felt. For it was not love that he felt for lone. It was only love's mimetic kinsman, pitv.

Coincident with the strengthening of his interest in Ione, that of the Stewarts in himself declined. They were disappointed in him, they said one to the other. They had believed him to have been a young man of good principles and refined tastes; but they saw now that he did not possess the latter, and they were beginning to suspect the former. They would have been as hard put to it to explain why they thought this, as if they had set out to look for a snipe in a stubble field. But the reason why has very little to do with feeling, and logic and emotion are the vinegar and oil which, do what you will, never coalesce. The Stewarts, however, were too just and kind-hearted to turn an actively cold shoulder to St. Claire. They turned only one that was passively tepid, and for the former warm and hearty hand, gave five limp and flabby fingers. Still it was as yet a change of spirit to be felt rather than one of programme to be read aloud as he ran along the way; and St. Claire, though sensitive, was unsuspicious, and constitutionally averse from finding flaws in others, or causes of discomfort for himself.

Neither did he see, as any one else would have done, that he was assigned to Ione—told off to her as her special property in the oddest way imaginable; and that she was assumed to be the sole cause of his coming to the villa at all.

When he called, and she was not in the room, Mrs. Stewart would say to Clarissa, so soon as

"Go and call lone, my dear, and tell her that
Dr. St. Claire is here." Or she would say to St.
Claire himself: "Ione will be here directly. She has only gone out of the room for a moment."

Once when the girl had driven into Palermo with the Captain, Mrs. Stewart put on a mournfully sympathetic face as she said: "I am so very sorry! Ione has gone into town with my She could not have expected you to day, else I am sure she would not have gone;

and I am afraid you will find your visit very uninteresting with only myself and my daughter to amuse you.

se you. No; do not say that, Mrs. Stewart," answered laire. with genuine earnestness. "You know St. Claire, with genuine earnestness. how pleased I am always to be here, with you and Miss Stewart.

On which the plump little pigeon took up the parable on her own account, and with a flushed face, that yet had no sweet softness in its color, said, in a voice acrid for all its forced laughter: "Oh, how can you say that, Dr. St. Claire? I am

"You are sure not?" he repeated, with a little surprise; then he added, with more gallantry: "And I am sure of just the contrary. An hour passed with you, Miss Stewart, and you" (turning to Mrs. Stewart), "makes my day a veritable

"Then what is it when Nony is at home?" cried Clarissa, shrilly.

"When your father and sister are at home? a festa of superlative quality—'Est, Est, Est,'" he laughed.

"What a flatterer you are, Dr. St. Claire!" said

Mrs. Stewart, in her mildly peevish way.
"Is confessing the truth flattery?" he asked, in his sweetest.

"No; but making out that every one is so very precious to you-and always the one with whom you are, the most precious—that is flattery," she returned.

St. Claire looked grave, and his countenance perceptibly fell.

"I am sorry you think so meanly of me as that," he said, in a pained voice. "I was not aware that I was a flatterer, which to my mind is merely synonymous with being a hypocrite. I am only conscious of very strong affections for those who, like yourselves, touch my heart and inspire me with respect; and of as strong grati-tude when people have been as kind to me as you have been.

But you make no distinction," she objected. "You are so desperately communistic in all your feelings. One person is just the same to you as another."

"Surely not," he said, with energy. "Here, in Palermo, no one is to me what you all are."
"And you mass us all in a lump together,"

said Mrs. Stewart, as if stating a grievance. "You

see no difference between us."
"Oh yes, he does, mother," said Clarissa, coming to the rescue with her wise little air. "He likes Nony the best-don't you, Dr. St. Claire ?"

"I like your sister very much indeed," he answered. "About liking her the best, I scarcely know what to say. I like you all so much, there is not a best among you, because there is not a

"Oh yes, there is," said Clarissa, positive and amiable; and St. Claire let the matter drop.

He was conscious of breakers ahead, and he had no fancy for amateur shipwrecks.

Soon after this Ione and Captain Stewart came in, and St. Claire, troubled and a little embarrassed by the conversation, which had been substantially a bill of indictment against him, met the girl with less than his usual pronounced sympathy and admiration, not so much to shield himself from blame as to protect her. Ione caught the change of tone as swiftly as a mirror catches the reflection of a shadow that passes before it.

"They have been speaking ill of me; they have prejudiced him against me; he has been paying compliments to Clarissa, and he does not care to see me; he is a wretch, and I hate him; and I do not care whether he likes to see me or not. I do not care for any one or anything; but I wish I could kill St. Claire!"

Put into words, these were the sensations, rather than connected thoughts, which possessed Ione like angry demons, burned and stung like fiery serpents, as she stood at a little distance from St. Claire, motionless as if struck to stone, with a face that might have been the face of a dead Fate save for the palpitating nostrils and the quivering of the downcast evelids.

"Are you tired, Ione?" asked Mrs. Stewart, watching her, but not quite comprehending what she saw

"No," said Ione, with an effort.
"Then sit down," said Mrs. Stewart.
"I said I was not tired," said Ione, disdainfully.

"Where have you been? whom have you seen in Palermo?" asked Clarissa, in a chatty and

amiable way.
"No one," Ione answered.

"The Marchese Mazzarelli?" was the girl's next question, made with sympathetic interest.

"No; I said no one," returned Ione.

"That was a pity," laughed Clarissa, with mean-

"Why?" asked Ione, suddenly raising her eyes, flaming with scorn. "I did not go to see any one. I went to shop, as you know."

"Still, it would have made it pleasanter if you had seen some one," said Clarissa, significantly.
"You might have thought so; I did not," was

But in truth she had hoped to have seen St. Claire, and she had been disappointed at not having met him. Yet now, when she had found him, how strange and unlike himself he was! It was

more pain than pleasure to see him; and she

wished he had left before she had arrived. How unhappy and unfortunate she was! she thought to herself. Some subtle poison always infected what might else have been her happiness, and reduced it to nothing. It was as if she had been marked out for special persecution by a malignant Fate, determined to punish and torment This new friend of theirs-how strange it seemed to think of him as new! she could scarcely imagine what her life had been without himbut this friend, whose kindness and sympathy had flung as it were a rainbow into her gray sky, now he was passing into the dead dullness of the rest.

He was becoming indifferent to her, withdrawing

himself from her, turning from her to Clarissa. Was she never to have a friend of her very own? Was she always to be second to this girl, who, without giving her the love, usurped the privi-leges, of an elder sister? How wretched she was!
—and how hateful all men and women were!

She was startled out of her reverie of mingled jealousy and despair by Captain Stewart saying, abruptly: "Now that you are here, St. Claire, let us have a game at billiards. There will be time enough. Come, Clarissa—come, Io. Are you asleep?" he added, to this latter, sharply.

"I do not want to play," said Ione, sullenly.
"Nonsense! stuff!" said the Captain. "Come."
"Don't be so selfish, Nony," said Clarissa. "We all want to play. Why should you spoil our pleasure for your own selfishness?"

"Do as you are told, Ione," said Mrs. Stewart. "Why should I, when I do not wish it?" asked

Ione.
"It would be such a pity to spoil the game," said St. Claire, in his soft voice and gentle way.

"The game would not be spoiled without me Perhaps quite the contrary," she returned, still Perhaps quite the contrary," she returned, still sullen, jealous, and unpleasant. "Mamma, you

"You know I take a cue only when there is no one else. I do not care for it," answered that

lady, rather crossly.

And indeed this was the truth. Standing for half an hour, with intervals of walking smartly round a table and leaning over the edge in uncomfortable angles, to strike a ball which never by any chance went where she had aimed, and always did unexpected things—caracoling to undesirable places, and diving into pockets which seemed as if they had some special attraction for her balls in particular—all this was an amusement by no means to Mrs. Stewart's taste; and, as she said, she never played save when compelled by politeness and the laws of hospitality to make the fourth

"Oh, Nony, how tiresome you are! What a fuss you always make over every little thing! said Clarissa, with a weary air, not to be wondered at, considering the provocation. For indeed Ione was essentially tiresome when these fits of jealousy were on her.

in a game which could not be made without her.

Raising her eyes to look at her sister and slaughter her by their "dynamic glance," Ione caught St. Claire's by the way. He made the faintest little sign with his head, meaning "yield" and "come"; and with this sign he smiled as if sure that she would pleasure him by her obedience. This was the second time that he had undertaken the direction of her actions and the softening of her temper, and the second time that he had not miscalculated his power.

Her face changed from its present sullenness quickly as it had changed from its radiance of delight at seeing him to the gloom of disap-pointment and the hardness of resentment at his comparative coldness. The strain and tension of her lips relaxed; the angry light died out of her eyes; the dead whiteness of her cheeks and lips became less opaque, less livid, and more as if the blood had left her heart, where it had all gathered, to flow once more naturally and easily through her veins. Then in the most gracious, the sweetest way possible, she turned to Mrs. Stewart, and said, as amiably as if she had been Clarissa herself:
"Poor mamma, I am sure I do not wish to annoy

Of course I will play if you desire it.

Her sudden outburst of unwonted amiability startled her family as if it had been a cry. The two women, and even the Captain-who naturally, as only a dense-witted man, had not the keen flair of these others-saw the motive and understood the reason why; while St. Claire thought, as he had thought more than once before, "She is perfectly tractable if taken the right way; it is they who do not understand her, not she who is unmanageable."

And thinking this, he "peacocked himself" not a little on the deftness of his manipulation and

the eleverness of his good generalship.

After this little scene the Stewarts gave up the young doctor more and more to Ione, and took ever less part in him themselves. This was not done as if they threw Ione at his head, or wished to make up serious relations between them. It was done in a balf-disdainful, half-uncomfortable way, as if they had said: "As this is your bad taste, take it and make the best of it you can. We hold ourselves superior to you and her and the whole sorry play going on before our eyes. We countenance your special interest in this un-desirable girl—if you have any special interest, and it is not all a show or sham—but we wash our hands of you, and do not care what becomes

And indeed this was the mental attitude of all three; for Clarissa, reasonable after the event, and submissive to destiny, according to the way of the lymphatic and amiable, had accepted her position econd to Ione with equanimity when once she had shed out all her tender feeling for St. Claire in one copious outburst of disappointed tears. Her normal dislike to her adopted sister had not greatly increased; and her tepid contempt for the young Englishman's bad taste was perhaps but natural to a pretty girl who sees herself dis-tanced by one not held to be her equal in good looks, social position, or moral conduct, in home attractions or matrimonial desirability. At all events there was no bitterness, no poison, in her feelings toward the two; and so far her philosophy was to her credit.

It was Mrs. Stewart rather than Clarissa who resented with bitterness the way in which things had gone; and if she did not make things so act ively unpleasant for St. Claire that he could not visit at the house at all, it was only because she saw a chance of getting Ione well settled and off her hands for life; and between maternal jea-lousy and the prospect of relief, she cherished the latter rather than the former as the more paying investment of time and feeling.

As for Captain Stewart, he simply dropped his young countryman and handed him over to the women, as a poor creature not worth powder and He was disappointed in him, he said; but he said no more; and his wife knew him too well to press on his reserve. There are things not to be dissected even between husband and wife, and this was one of them.

TO BE CONTINUED.]

"THE END OF THE RAINBOW," By L. B. COCROFT.

OH!" cried Molly. It was a big round "O," or would have been, in print. As it was, her brown eyes opened wide by way of emphasis, and her tiny figure grew an inch taller, as she craned her neck and stretched herself on tiptoe to look out of the window.

Elsie, sitting on the floor deep in a fairy tale, was roused to something like interest by that

was folded to solve the condensation of the condensation of worder and delight.

"What is it, Molly?" she queried, with a little air of condescension. Elsie, be it understood, was seven years old-seven, going on eight, she would have told you-while Molly was not yet six. Finding that her sister was too absorbed to an-

swer, Elsie, after vainly repeating her question, was obliged to drop her book and run, in her turn, to the window to satisfy her curiosity

A rainbow! Is that all ?" she said, disdainfully.
"Free," corrected Molly.

"One, two, three—why, so there is! Hester! Hester! come here to see three rainbows!"

"Sisser's busy; she always is," murmured Molly; and Hester Kingsley, the elder sister, a girl of nineteen or twenty, called from the next

Sister is busy, dearie. Wait a little while." "She is going to Mrs. Rogers to give Miss Amy her music lesson," said Elsie. "When she comes

home again we'll have our tea, and then Hester will talk to us till bed-time, if we like."

Molly nodded. "I don't like sisser to be busy,"

she said, sorrowfully.

Elsie smiled superior. "You can't understand. Molly, 'cause you are only a little girl. Sister has to be very busy now 'cause we're poor. Some

speckilators got all our money."
"What's a spec'lator?" queried Molly. "Speckilator," corrected Elsie. "Its-its-oh, something like an alligator, I guess, only bigger and wickeder."

"Lalligators eat little boys and girls," said Molly, sinking her voice to a whisper. Elsie shrugged her small shoulders.

"That's nothing," she retorted. "The speckila-tors ate up everything, our house and all. I heard Judge Curry tell Hester about it. We had a nice house, Molly. Molly sighed. "Big," she said, briefly. "And

sisser had pretty things too.'

"'Cause papa and lots of people gave her things," said Elsie, indulging, in her turn, in mem-ories of past glories. "And she was 'gaged, too, Hester was, like Cinderella and the Prince."

Molly nodded her small head in a way that said that she knew all about it.

"Was we rich?" she inquired, dreamily.

"Awful!" returned Elsie.
"How rich?"

"Oh, I don't know. A hundred dollars, I shouldn't wonder."

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Hester, coming into the room at that moment, caught the last words, and laughed. Both little girls looked up at the sound, and with one accord cast themselves upon her, recklessly regardless of her fresh muslin gown. Hester had spent two weary hours doing up that gown that very morning.

Sisser, don't stay long," pleaded Molly's baby

"I shall be home early, my pet," said "sisser," cheerily, as she stooped to give each wistful little face a loving kiss. "There! Be good children; don't go near the well, and don't meddle with the

"No, sister."

sister?

"And, Elsie—"
"Yes?" said Elsie, promptly, divining that there was a treat in store.
"—when the clock strikes five go into the

bedroom and look on the bureau for a brown paper bag. There are two cakes in it."

"For Molly and me? Did you have one too,

"I'm too big to eat cake," said Hester, gayly, smiling as the sunshine broke over the two little upturned faces. And all for a penny bun! Thinking what her own childhood had been, Hester gave an impatient sigh. Poor children! it was hard. "And it will be worse as they grow older and need more," she thought, sadly. "What is to need more," she thought, sadly. become of them, with only me to look to, when every door seems shut against me—I who had so

many friends a year ago?" But last year's friends were like last year's snow-flakes-gone. Poor Hester had found that out long ago.

"If only the children didn't grow so fast," she murmured to herself as she walked slowly down the village street, revolving in her mind various plans by which five dollars might be made to do the work of ten.

Her own shoes were past patching, and Elsie's were not much better. Molly's stockings were in rags, and her frocks were far above her knees. Then there was the rent to pay, and a bill at the grocer's besides. Miss Kingsley had not been taught in earlier days to count dollars and cents very carefully, and the gift of so doing is one that comes to few women by nature.

Elsie stood in the doorway watching her sister till the last fluttering fold of the white gown disappeared. Then she turned to the rainbow again, and for the space of five minutes studied it silent-

ly and intently.
"Molly," she whispered, presently, "I'm going

^{*} Begun in Harper's Bazar No. 2, Vol. XVI.

to do something nice. Don't you want to come It's something for Hester.

JUNE 16, 1883.

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mystery. "Why don't you speak out loud? Anybody isn't here." "What is it?" asked Molly, puzzled by all this

'You mean 'nobody,'" corrected Elsie. "Somebody might be listening to us down there behind that lilac bush. Bend your head close to me, and I'll whisper. I'm going to go and get a whole pile of money for Hester, so she needn't ever be poor any more."
"But, Elsie, where?"

"Right over there," returned Elsie, calmly. "Didn't you ever hear about the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow? Lots of little girls have

found it. The fairies put it there for them."

"For good children," corrected Molly.

True enough! Elsie stood confounded for a moment, gazing in mute distress at her sister.

Then suddenly her face brightened again. "Hester's good, anyway, and it's all for her,"

she said, triumphantly. The argument was conclusive. Molly silently put on her hat; Elsie donned hers, and likewise provided herself with a little round basket in

which to bring home the spoils.

"Hurry," she said, briefly, when they were safely outside the gate, and Molly, always obedient, quickened her steps to a run, which soon brought the little travellers to the end of the straggling

"How far must we go?" panted Molly, when they came at last, breathless, to a pause. "On the top of Scrabble Hill," returned Elsie,

calmly. She had taken her bearings as she stood in the kitchen doorway, and knew exactly where she was going. That Scrabble Hill was seven miles away was a triffing detail that she scorned to take into consideration.

'Oh!" Molly was beginning, forlornly, but just at that moment a farm wagon came lumbering up behind them.

"Holloa!" said the driver, reining in his horses. He had children of his own at home, and the sight of those two little figures toiling up the dusty road in the glare of an August sun touched his kind heart.

Molly hung her head shyly, but Elsie dropped a quaint little courtesy, and then looked up, silently expectant.

"Goin' up the hill, be ye? Wa'al, I reckon ye'd better jump in. Here, little one. That's it. Git up, you lazy critters!" This last to the horses, which showed small inclination to stir.

If Hester could have but seen the pace at

which her two little sisters were carried from her and home!

Truth to tell, they enjoyed it vastly. Rides of any kind were few and far between, and a ride in a farm wagon was bliss unspeakable. It seemed all too soon when they came in sight of a huge bowlder familiarly known to the villagers as Orr's Rock. Elsie, standing in the kitchen doorway, had fixed upon this rock as a landmark quite within reasonable walking distance of the top of Scrabble Hill. Here accordingly she signified her desire to alight, and the farmer lifted

his two little passengers to the ground.
"Goin' to Orr's, be they?" he ruminated.
"Come to think of it, Jem Baker was saying he heard they'd taken in some city folks for a spell. Wonder if they let them two youngsters go marching round this way down to York? If it don't beat all how keerless some folks is of their children!"

Elsie had told no fibs, but it will be seen that she had kept discreetly silent regarding the ob-

ject of her journey.

"Come along," she said, encouragingly to Molly.

"It isn't far now. Only over this field, and down that hill, and up the other one—and then

It was too late to protest. Molly surrendered her hand to Elsie's keeping, and after climbing the rail fence and crossing the field the two plunged valiantly into the darkness of the thick pine woods.

Down the hill went the two small Argonauts, making very fair progress at first. Had Elsie but known it, she might have spared her pains, for she was wandering, not toward the top of old Scrabble, but simply to the shore of the little lake which lay between the hills. As it was, she plodded on in happy ignorance, slipping here and stumbling there, scratching her hands and tearing her skirts, but through it all uplifted for a time beyond the reach of pain or weariness by the thought that she was toiling for Hester, her own dear Hester, who had to work so hard to provide her motherless little sisters with their daily bread.

But an hour spent in this way served to tire the but an nour spent in this way served to the the little wanderers completely. Another half hour, and poor Molly's courage ebbed low. "Elsie," she said, plaintively, "isn't it 'most time to be there? Oh, Elsie, the sun's all gone away, and it's dark! I want to go home; I want my supper. I've got a headache in my foot, and I can't walk

Elsie herself was thoroughly tired of scrambling, but she could not give up all prospect of the pot of gold without a further struggle. "Just a teenty little way further," she urged;

but poor Molly could go no further, not even a

"I want to go to sisser!" she sobbed, forlornly.

"Oh, Elsie, we's lost!"
Poor Elsie knew it. "I'm 'fraid we are," she owned, sorrowfully, doing her best to steady her quivering voice, for was not she the elder sister, the "big girl," whose place it was to comfort poor Molly?

In vain; the dusk was deepening, and she too was hungry and frightened and tired. She sat down on the ground, put her arms around her little sister, and let the sobs come fast.

I want my supper!" Molly wailed again. Elsie checked her sobs long enough to search for a diminutive pocket, and spread its contents on the ground. There was a dolly's broken arm, a four-leaved clover, the stub of a pencil, two shoe buttons, and a bit of string. The display was not appetizing, and Molly, who had stopped sobbing in the hope of seeing a cracker appear, burst out afresh. "I want-my-supper; I'm 'tarved, Elsie."
"Starved!" Elsie had never thought of that.

Would they have to stay there all alone in those awful woods till they died of thirst and hunger? Or, perhaps, might not a big bear find them, and gobble them up at a mouthful? There bears in the woods, no doubt, not to speak of lions and tigers, and giants and wicked ogres, who were

"Molly," she said, pathetically, "let's say our prayers;" and Molly, between her sobs, managed at last to murmur her evening "Now I lay me,"

the only prayer she knew.
"Now you hear me," began Elsie; but Molly, kneeling at her sister's knee, as she knelt every night at Hester's, again set up a bitter wail for her lost sister.
"I want to go to sisser!" she was reiterating,

when suddenly a crashing sound was heard, as of somebody plunging through the bushes. Was it a bear or an ogre? Both children were silent from excess of terror, only Molly now and again gave a shuddering sob as she knelt with both hands clutching Elsie, and her face buried in her

sister's lap.

"Holloa! Holloa there!" came a shout;

"where are you? Can't you speak?"

Speak to an ogre, indeed! Elsie knew better

than that. But the ogre, whoever he was, bore steadily down upon them, and in another five minutes, with a final reckless plunge, a tall gray figure burst through the bushes, and stood beside the children. Elsie screamed and threw her arms around Molly. The new-corner stopped short, surveying them in amused perplexity.

"Two babies! How in the name of wonder

did you come here?"

The voice sounded kind and gentle enough, and Molly shyly raised her golden head to peep

and mony snyly raised her gotten head to beep at the tall stranger, who, bending over her, had put a firm, kind hand upon her shoulder. "I'll not hurt you," he said, re-assuringly "Only you may stop sobbing, if you please. So; that is better. Now tell me your name and where you live. Don't you know whose little girl you

Yes, Molly did know that much. "Sis-sississer's," she sobbed, forlornly, "and we live at home—and oh, I want my supper!'

"Satisfactory, to say the least of it," said the gentleman, smiling a little. "So you want your supper, do you, poor little kitten? There, never mind; you shall have something to eat before long, I promise you. Put your arms round my neck, and hold fast, and I'll carry you down to the lake in five minutes."

He stooped to take her in his arms, stuffing various packages into his pockets as he did so, and setting a big basket and a tin kettle on the ground.

The pot of gold! Elsie in her misery had forgotten it for a moment; but now, at sight of that shining pail, the object of her journey flashed upon her. Molly too gave a heart-broken little ery. "He's got it all! Oh, Elsie!" and poor Elupon her sie, feeling her worst fears confirmed, sank back upon the ground in a fit of bitter weeping.

I to do?" he soliloquized, despairingly. "Two rty of crying children, night coming on, and searlet fever at the only house in the neighborhood. I dare not take them there, of course. Well, there seems to be nothing for it but to take them to the camp. Come, come, little one, be good and stop sobbing, and come with me."

He made a vain attempt to take her on the other arm. Elsie pushed his hand away and pointed to the pail. "We came to look for it; we wanted it for sister. She is so poor!" And the tears burst out afresh.

"You wanted what? I don't understand you."
"That!" sobbed Elsie—"the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow."

The stranger burst into a roar of laughter. "Oh, the-mischief! Is that the trouble? My dear child, I haven't touched the pot of gold, I solemnly assure you. That's only a kettle of milk. Just taste and see for yourself."

"It is milk, Elsie," Molly gravely assented, having tasted it approvingly; and, thus re-assured, Elsie scrambled to her feet, and let the good-natured ogre (so she mentally dubbed him) take her hand and lead her slowly down the hill and toward the shore, where, seen now and then through the bushes, a bright camp fire was blazing.

Around this fire the ogre's companions to the number of five were gathered. One, the eldest of the party, had evidently been indulging in a bath, for he was still guiltless of the vanity of shoes and stockings, and in his right hand was a dripping towel, with which from time to time he rubbed his shock of curly red hair, apparently under the delusion that this operation assisted the drying process.

Another of the company, lazily stretched at full length on the ground, was smoking, and between the puffs offering various critical suggestions to his nearest neighbor, who, with a tin plate upside down on his knees, in lieu of a sketch-block, was working at some trifle that had caught his artist fancy.

Still another lay swinging in a hammock; and the fifth man, who was bending over the fire in earnest contemplation, completed the party.

Done to a turn!" he announced, transferring half a dozen fish from the embers to a plate. "But, see here, does anybody know what has be-He started on a foraging expedition more than an hour ago, vowing, as he hoped for supper, to lay hands on some milk and a few loaves of bread, and anything else that came convenient."

"Perhaps, like his townswoman, the young lady from Boston, he declines to take the milk because it isn't blue enough," suggested a voice from the

"More likely the milk-maid's blue eves are in question," amended the sketcher, adding, in a tone of much exasperation: "confound him and his packing! I don't see what he has done with my sketch-book. Here I am actually reduced to wrapping-paper."

The cook laughed, passing over the latter part

of the sentence.

"Eric Grattan spooning? Just suggest it when he comes in—if he ever does come, that is. sides, there are no 'maidens with the milking pail' in this part of the country. Barefoot boys do all that kind of work."

"Pshaw!" grumbled the sketcher. "But why should Eric shut his eyes when he sees a pretty girl, I'd like to know?"

The cook shrugged his shoulders. "Miss Kingsley," he answered, briefly.
"What! Grattan engaged? You don't say so!"

"I do not say so," retorted the other, irritably.
"She amused herself with him two years ago. It isn't a very unusual story.

Two years ago!" laughed the smoker. "Why

don't you say before the deluge at once?"
"Oh, you may laugh," retorted the first speaker, "but it's true, nevertheless. Carl here can tell you all about it," he added, nodding toward the knight of the towel.

"Let's have it, Wagner," said the smoker, persuasively.

The German shook his tousled head by way of decided negative, humming half under his breath the while a suggestive line—

"Was macht der Herr Papa?"

Avery laughed, suddenly enlightenened.

"Oho! And the young lady?"
Wagner heaved a sigh, half comic, half pathet.
"An angel," he said, briefly.

"Rich, young, beautiful, fine musician, great artist, commonly conversed in blank verse when she didn't happen to be singing in a voice that would have driven Patti wild with envy," supplemented Avery.

She was young, and really very pretty," said the cook, taking upon himself the rôle of narrator. "People supposed, too, that Mr. Kingsley was fairly well off, but at his death last year I tor. heard that he had left a trifle less than nothing —lived beyond his means, and that sort of thing. Somebody told me, too, that he had speculated very rashly just before his death. But I'll venture to say that he never had much to lose. That, no doubt, was the reason that he was bent upon having Miss Hester marry her rich lover rather than her poor one."

"Ah, very true! You're right, Mark. Of course there was a rich old fellow, whom she wouldn't look at. I quite forgot that little item," murmured Avery. "He offered her a set of diamonds one morning. Each separate stone was double the size of the Koh-i-noor; but she only shook her head sadly, and waved him and his gift aside, saying, 'What are such toys to me? A simple violet, plucked by my dear Eric's hand—' Did she marry the other one, by-the-way?" snddenly dropping his dreamy air, as Wagner's boot came flying at him.

"How should I know?" growled Mark Carter. "Probably she did. What can it be that keeps Eric all this time? Avery, set the table, will you?"

Avery yawned, threw away the stump of his cigar, and slowly rose. Having done this much, and taken a dozen steps to the left, he rubbed his eyes and stared. "Wagner," he shouted, warningly, "here's Eric with two young ladies."

"Young ladies! Oh, donner—"
The rubbed his eyes diese ward in the rubbed is a start of the same all the ward in the rubbed i

The last syllables were discreetly smothered in the speaker's beard probably out of respect to the young ladies in question. He gave his hair a last frantic rub, threw the towel aside, ran his fingers through his ruddy curls by way of a last touch, and finally thrust his bare feet into a pair of gaping shoes. This last operation was speed-ily followed by a despairing groan. "Both my

stockings-" "Are in the toe of your left boot. I saw you put them there. Never mind, old fellow; keep your agonies to yourself for the present. The Philistines be upon us."

"Philistines indeed! I believe you," growled Wagner, under his breath, and just at that moment Grattan came into full view

There was a general breath of relief, followed

by a laugh.
"The Babes in the Wood."

"Runaways."

"Eric, keep quiet for five minutes, while I sketch that little one in your arms." Did you beg, borrow, or steal them, may I

"They are two lost babies," answered Grattan, depositing his provisions in a heap. "Carl, cut some bread; these little waifs are half starved.

Did I get any butter? Plenty. You'll find it in the basket. Avery, you have half a dozen small nieces; suppose you try your hand at comforting this child? But Elsie, looking up at Avery, only clung the

closer to Mr. Grattan, till, glancing round the laughing group, her eyes fell upon Carl Wagner. True German and child-lover that he was, he smiled and held out his arms, and without a moment's hesitation, straight into them went Elsie.

There was some anxious consultation before supper was served, some of the young bachelors having grave doubts as to whether children of tender age might not suddenly expire after a banquet of milk, canned lobster, cheese, trout, green corn, bread, and pickles.
"Alice would faint at the mere mention of

such a thing," Avery declared. "I know her youngsters have bread and milk."

"Bread and milk be hanged!" was Grattan's retort. "Don't you see that the poor little things are famished? Just pass that spoon, if you please, and leave Molly and her supper to me."

He had the prudence to omit lobster and pickles from Molly's bill of fare; but Elsie, scated upon Wagner's knee, took a little of everything. finishing, by way of dessert, with a large lump of

moist brown sugar.
"You may as well wash her hands and face after that last morsel," advised Avery. "I think

-look there!" There" was Eric's arm, where Molly's golden

head was pillowed, fast asleep.
"What comes next?" inquired Grattan.

"Take them home, of course.

"Exactly; but where do they come from? Wagner, what did she tell you her name was?" "Elsie," said the owner of the name, distinctly.

"And what else?"
"Elsie Martin," responded Elsie, promptly, just as she always answered when Hester heard the easy questions in the catechism. "And hers is Molly," she added nodding toward the slagner she added, nodding toward the sleeper. "Nothing but just only Molly. Only in the big Bible where mamma wrote it it's Mary."

"And you live down in the village yonder, I suppose?

Elsie nodded. "With sister. And, oh! won't she be frightened when we don't come home!

She might think, perhaps, we had got lost."
"With good reason," grumbled Avery. "Donald, go up to the farm yonder and see if you can't get some sort of a wagon. Somebody must take these precious children home."

"I volunteer to drive," answered the young man addressed as Donald. "Eric and Wagner can act as nurses, and we'll get on capitally."

"If you can get a wagon," said Avery, doubt-

"There will be no difficulty about that," an-

swered Grattan, as Donald disappeared. The event proved that he was right. Barely twenty minutes afterward Donald's shout gave notice that the wagon was waiting.
"There he is, Eric. You may as well take my

coat to wrap around that little pickle of yours. Lift her head higher; she isn't comfortable." Meanwhile in the village excitement ran high.

The children had been kidnapped, had fallen into the river, had run away. Not for years had the sleepy little place been roused to such a degree of apprehension and interest. Most people inclined to the theory of kidnapping as being the most romantic. One young woman whispered of a mysterious figure in a red cloak, seen at the end of the street just as twilight was falling. Without doubt there were gypsies somewhere in the neighborhood, and where the gypsies were,

there too, without doubt, were Elsie and Molly.

The women, after prudently counting their silver tea-spoons to make sure that no vagrant had invaded the sanctity of their cupboards, found their way, one after another, to the room where Hester sat. She, it was agreed on all sides, must take no part in the search. Others would do that; she must wait at home ready to receive the little wanderers when they should return.

"If they return," sobbed poor Hester, laying her aching head down upon the table beside Molly's untasted supper, unheeding, and indeed not hearing, the words of "consolation" which flowed

so glibly from the lips of her group of comforters. Only Hester did not behave as, in the eyes of the good gossips of Melton, she should have

She neither shrieked, nor wept, nor fainted, nor tore her hair, though everybody in the room was well aware that a well-conducted young lady ought to find vent for her emotion through at least one of these four channels.

The good people who had come prepared to assist at a really touching scene felt defrauded and disappointed. How could one administer volatile salts or burned feathers to a heartless creature who had evidently no more feeling than a stone? And meanwhile poor Hester sat still, making no outery, shedding no tears, only hiding her face from the curious eyes and from the light, and now and then drawing a shuddering breath, half sigh, half moan.

The clock struck nine. Hester, counting the slow strokes, knew that the children had been gone five hours-only five short hours. It seemed to her that those hours had held the anguish

"Oh, Molly! Molly! my little Molly!" she cried, brokenly, and then, deaf as she had been to all the murmured words of her companions, she suddenly raised her head as her ears, quickened to every sound without, caught the roll of heavy wheels. Surely they were stopping at the gate, and there!—was it, could it be, Elsie's voice?

At all events, it was Elsie herself, who, scrambling down from Carl Wagner's arms, rushed forward and hid her face in Hester's gown. "Sister, don't be angry; we couldn't find it,

after all."
"Angry!" echoed Hester, between tears and laughter; and at the sound of her voice Grattan

started forward, with one word—
"Hester!" That was all. 'Hester!" The neighbors looking on felt a thrill of virtuous indignation that made their very bonnets tremble. They could not have believed it of Miss Kingsley had they not seen her shocking

conduct for themselves Even Elsie was bewildered. Hester was glad? Then why did she cry? And who was the gray ogre, that sister should suffer him to put his arms around her-yes, and kiss her too? Elsie, whose sense of the proprieties was strong as Mrs. Grundy's own, felt that such doings required an ex-

planation. But Hester never gave one, but instead laughed and kissed her, when, next morning, the elder of the explorers propounded a question which had troubled her speculative mind ever since breakfast:

"Sister, what did the ogre mean when he said to Molly that as she hadn't found the pot of gold, she might as well take as a substitute the brother she found at the end of the rainbow ?"

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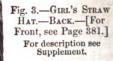
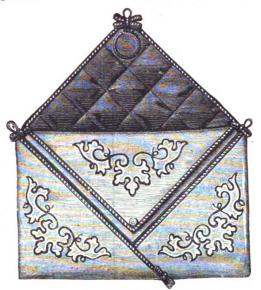


Fig. 4.—Bonnet of Gold Braid and Velvet Ribbon. For description see Supplement.



WHITE MULL DRESS.—CUT PATTERN, No. 3459: BASQUE, OVER-SKIRT, AND SKIRT, 20 CENTS EACH. For description see Supplement.



 $\label{eq:Wall_Pocket.} W_{\text{ALL}} \ \ \text{Pocket.}$ For design and description see Supplement, No. IX., Fig. 56.



EMBROIDERED NIGHT-CLOTHES CASE.
For designs and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 26 and 27.



Embroidered Veiling Dress.—Front.—[For Back, see Page 372.]

For description see Supplement.

Monograms.-Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE monograms for marking lingerie are executed in satin stitch with fine white embroidery cotton.

Borders for Covers, Tidies, etc.-Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE borders, for ornamenting linen bureau and sideboard covers, tidies, etc., are worked in cross stitch with red or blue embroidery cotton in two shades, or with washing silk of various

Travelling Conveniences.-Figs. 1-7.

See illustrations on pages 372 and 373.

EVERY year brings some additions and improvements in the list of articles designed for tourists' and travellers' use, a few of which we have illustrated for our readers. Fig. 1 shows a black leather dressing-case, in which all needful toilette appliances are packed into the smallest



Fig. 1.—Gibl's Straw Hat.—Front.—See Fig. 3, on Page 380.—[For description see Supplement.]

Fig. 2.—Young Lady's Summer Hat. For description see Supplement.

possible compass. A view of the case opened is given in Fig. 2. In the toilette mirror, Figs. 3 and 4, the back of the bevelled glass is covered with leather, and provided with leather loops for holding brushes, etc. It turns on two pivots, by which it is fastened into the frame, which is faced with plush and ornamented with appliqué embroidery. The movable support is attached to the top of the frame. A

and leaves are executed in satin stitch in five shades of greenish-blue silk, and the scrolls are defined by conched double lines of gold thread, sewed down with overcast stitches in red silk. A bias scarf of peacock blue plush is set around the side of the cushion, and puffed together with ribbon bows on the sides. The embroidered top is edged with a satin frill and a thick silk cord, and chenille tassels are set at the corners.



Figs. 1 and 2.—Cashmere Dress with Velvet Ribbon.—Back and Front.—Cut PATTERN, No. 3460; BASQUE, OVER-SKIRT, AND SKIRT, 20 CENTS EACH; CAPE, 10 CENTS. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 28-38.

paper is pasted around the edge for a binding, and buttons and elastic loops are used for fastening.

Embroidered Border for Dresses and Wrappings.

See illustration on page 372.

This border for ornamenting dresses and wrappings is executed on a satin or silk ground with chenille and beads of self-color. The chenille is worked on in satin stitch, and the beads are either strung and sewed down in rows as in the leaves and flowers, or fastened down singly as for the stems. The ground must be backed with fine foundation to keep it smooth.

Sofa Cushion with Japanese Embroidery.

See illustration on page 373.

The top of this cushion is faced with cream-colored satin, decorated with embroidery in imi-tation of the Japanese. The irregular flowers



CLOAK FOR GIRL FROM 7 TO 15 YEARS OLD. CUT PATTERN, NO. 3462: PRICE, 20 CENTS. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 39-44.



2.—Monogram. WHITE EMBROIDERY.

Embroidered Clothes-brush Holder.

See illustration on page 373.

THE holder is made of thick paste-board, faced on the front with copper-colored plush, and lined and backed with velvet paper, The plush on the front is decorated

with embroidery, the large flower in pink silk of three shades, with the centre crossed with gold thread, the bud in reddish-purple silk, and the leaves and stems in several shades of olive green. The back of the brush is faced with plush.

Bordered Percale Dress.

See illustration on page 372.

s which is made of blu with a printed border, consists of a skirt with deep side-pleating trimmed with bands of the border, an apron over-skirt which forms a deep point at the middle of the front and is looped high on the sides, and a box-pleated blouse. The latter is confined by a ribbon belt at the waist, and ribbon bows are on the sleeves.



Fig. 2.—Border for Covers, Tidies, etc.—Cross

STITCH EMBROIDERY.

tourist's knife and fork is shown in Fig. 5, made of silver, with ivory handles. The handle of the knife is so contrived as to contain a sheath for the prongs of the fork, while that of the fork receives the blade of the knife. The travel ling trunk, Fig. 6, page 373, is constructed with a view to com

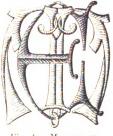


Fig. 1.--Monogram. WHITE EMBROIDERY.

bine lightness and durability. The outside is covered with woven cane, and bound in brass, while the inside is lined with canvas, and provided with a movable partition and a tray. The writing portfolio, Fig. 7, page 373, is of smooth gray cloth, lined with red opera flamed. The outside is cut in one piece, thirteen inches wide and twenty-six long, which is falked into the gray all near the provided in the tray. which is folded into three equal parts for the tw covers and the pocket, formed by turning one end over. A piece of stiff mill-board is placed between the outside and lining of the covers to give substance. A flap for the pocket is made of gray cloth lined with red flannel, pinked at the edge, and fastened in between the covers. A pinked strip of red flannel backed with tissue-

Dress for Girl from 7 to 15 Years old, Cut Pattern, No. 3461: Price, 25 Cents.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-14.

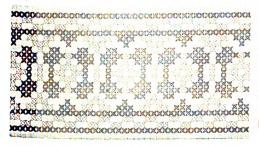


Fig. 1.—Border for Covers, Tidies, etc.—Cross

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5th. This statement of results is accurate to our personal knowledge.
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own direction, instead of being culled, as ordinary testimonials are, from hundreds or thousands of experiments.

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such a boon for the suffering.

Now, if the Baltimore Methodist, or The Pioneer, can produce from the records of any physician of any school, or from the history of any proprietary remedy, achievements equal to these, we proffer our columns for a like publicity; still the fact will remain, that they have maligned this agency of cure without adequate investigation of its merits. Prejudice and pre-judgments are as poor helps to editorial consistency as elsewhere in life.

We copy the above from The Whispers of Peace, published by Rev. S. H. Platt, A. M., at Southampton, N. Y. Mr. Platt has been using Compound Oxygen for some four years, and during that time has tested it in forty-one cases, the results of which he has voluntarily given to the public in his paper. Mr. Platt is well known among the Methodists, to which denomination he belongs, as a truth-loving and conscientious man. No question can therefore lie against the fairness of his report. The Compound Oxygen Treatment can be obtained only from Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 Girard Street, Philadelphia. Their treatise on Compound Oxygen, giving a history of the discovery, nature, and action of this remarkable therapeutic agent, and containing a large record of the surprising cures which have been made during the last thirteen years, will be mailed free to any one who will write for it.



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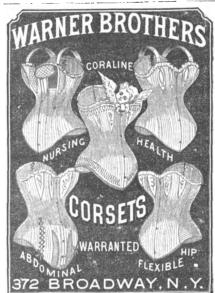
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31 & 33 West 23d Street, New York.



OUR RAPIDLY GROWING BUSINESS HAS MADE IT NECESSARY FOR US TO TAKE THE ADJOINING BUILDING TO PROPERLY ACCOMMODATE OUR CUSTOMERS; AND THE SAME HAS BEEN CONNECTED WITH OUR STORE, MAKING IT THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD DEVOTED TO THE OUTFITTING OF CHILDREN. TING OF CHILDREN.

We believe our success is due to the fact that we have made the

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A REAL HELP TO ALL WHO HAVE CHILDREN TO PROVIDE FOR, IN FURNISHING EVERY-THING REQUIRED FOR COMPLETE OUTFITS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS OF ALL AGES UP TO 16 YEARS, FROM HATS TO SHOES. THE VERY BEST STYLES OF RELIABLE GOODS AT THE LOWEST PRICE POSSIBLE AND WITH LARGE-LY INCREASED FACILITIES, IT IS OUR PURPOSE TO MAKE IT A GREATER CONVENIENCE THAN EVER BEFORE.

Mail Orders have careful attention. Catalogues free on application.

BEST & CO.,

Nos. 60 and 62 WEST 23d STREET, BETWEEN 5TH AND 6TH AVES., N. Y.

CARD COLLECTORS.—A handsome set of cards for 3c. stamp. A. G. BASSETT, Rochester, N.Y.

\$72 A WEEK. \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address Типк & Co., Augusta, Maine.

MRS. E. DICKERSON'S TRUSS AND BANDAGE PARLORS.—Ladies' Abdominal Supporters; Belts of every description; Elastic Stockings, Knee-Caps, and Anklets; Improved Shoulder-Braces; CORSET, BACK - SUPPORTING BRACE. Instruments for all deformities. Mail orders promptly filled. Send for price-list. 2 East 14th St., cor. 5th Ave., N. Y.



third floors.

"CachemireMarguerite"

Made in Genoa, Italy. Genoa Silks are noted in Europe for purity of texture and wearing qualities. Being soft and pliable, they do not crack or cut, nor turn Gray like Lyons Silks. For sale by all first class retailers from \$1.25 to \$3.00 per yard, none genuine unless branded on the selvage of every second yard. Jobbers supplied by the agents. SHAEN & FITHIAN, 55 Leonard Street, New York.



I WAS DREADFULLY AFRAID

THAT HORRID FEVER WOULD RUIN MY COMPLEXION FOR LIFE, BUT LAIRD'S BLOOM DE YOUTH HAS SETTLED THAT QUESTION WITH A LOYELY SUCCESS.

Every lady desires to be considered handsome. The most important adjunct to beauty is a clear, smooth, soft, and beautiful skin. With this essential a lady appears handsome, even if her features are not perfect.

Ladies afflicted with Tan, Freckles, Rough or Discolored Skin, should lose no time in procuring and applying

LAIRD'S

It will immediately obliterate all such imperfections, and is entirely harmless. It has been chemically analyzed by the Board of Health of New York City, and pronounced entirely free from any material injurious to the health or skin.

Over two million ladies have used this delightful toilet preparation, and in every instance it has given entire satisfaction. Ladies, if you desire to be beautiful, give LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH a trial, and be convinced of its wonderful efficacy. Sold by Fancy Goods Dealers and Druggists everywhere.

Price 75c. per Bottle. Depot, 83 John Street, N. Y.

"Nonpareil PLAIN Recommended by every AND WOVEN FASHION BROCHE JOURNAL THE and Bon-Ton Costume WRITER in America. for Seaside wear. THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY SUBSTITUTE FOR LYONS SILK VELVET.

The most FASHIONABLE. Every second yard stamped with Trade-Mark. None others Genuine.

TO BE PURCHASED FROM ALL FIRST-CLASS RETAILERS, FROM 80c. TO \$2.50 A YARD. Beware of Cheap Imitations under other names, which will never prove satisfactory.

NEW STORE, JERSEYS LE BOUTILLIER BROTHERS,

Bon Marché,

\$5 00.

Broadway and 14th Street.

A change of partnership took place in our business on the 1st of May, one partner withdrawing. The entire stock has been purchased by Ma. GEORGE LE BOUTILLIER, the remaining partner, who hereby announces that the business will be continued on an enlarged scale, under the same firm name as heretofore, and at the same address.

OFFER THIS WEEK THE FOLLOWING

SPECIAL BARGAINS:

75 dozen Ladies' Fine French Fancy Striped Hose, 25c. per pair. 150 dozen Finer Quality, in Plain Colors and Stripes, 37%c. per pair; worth 65c. 150 dozen Muslin Chemises, 30 Tucks and Embroidered Insertion, 49c.; worth 75c. 115 dozen Skirts, Tucked and Em-broidered, 90c. each. 75 dozen Night - Gowns, 54 in. long, with Tucks and Embroidery, 99c.; worth \$1 35.

PARASOLS.

22-in. Satin Coaching Parasols, all colors, \$1 85; worth \$2 50.
24-in. Twilled Silk Sun Umbrellas, Natural and Fancy Handles, \$1 85; worth \$2 60.

Keep in constant communication with us. Advise us of all your wants, small or large. It will be profitable to you. Mail Order Department thoroughly equipped.

Le Boutillier Bros., Broadway and 14th Street.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & CO.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Imported Underwear in Sets and Singly; also, those of their own manufacture, readymade or to order. Wedding Trousseaux, Infants' and Children's Outfits complete. Misses' Suits and Sacques. Ladies' Silk and Cashmere Wrappers, Matinée and Nainsook Suits with garniture of Lace and Embroidery, &c.

Broadway and 19th St.

EVERALL BROS., LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

No. 236 FIFTH AVENUE. Cloth Suits,

Riding Habits,

Jackets.



HARPER'S BAZAR CUT PAPER PATTERNS.

We have transferred our WHOLESALE PAT-TERN DEPARTMENT to Ms. J. G. CROTTY, Nos. 180 to 186 Cherry Street, New York, who will conduct it upon his own account and responsibility.

SPECIAL CAUTION.

We are not interested in nor responsible for any contracts made by J. G. CROTTY & CO., whether for HARPER'S BAZAR Patterns or for any other business.

HARPER & BROTHERS.

NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF Scrap - Pictures, Visiting and Advertising Cards, Palettes and Printing Presses, including new set of Imported Cards, sent to any address for 6 cts. CLARK CARD CO., Box 22, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"OPERA BOXES."

Beautiful set of *Imported Cards*, by mail, on receipt of two 3c. stamps. WHITING, 50 Nassau St., N. Y.

\$60 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free, Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine.

"Dr. Bensen's Celery and Chamomile Pills cured my sick headache. W. W. Hubbard, Manchester, N. H.

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VERY RARE, INDEED.

ANTIQUARY. "HERE IS SOMETHING VERY RARE; THE IDENTICAL COLT'S PISTOLS WORN BY THE GREAT ROLAND, WHO WAS SLAIN AT RONCESVALLES BY THE TURKS."

CUSTOMER. "BUT THERE WERE NO PISTOLS IN THAT DAY."

ANTIQUARY. "I KNOW THAT, MY DEAR SIR; THAT'S WHAT MAKES THEM SO RARE."



A PICKED NINE-The quart of early strawberries.

ASTRONOMICAL.

FACETIÆ.

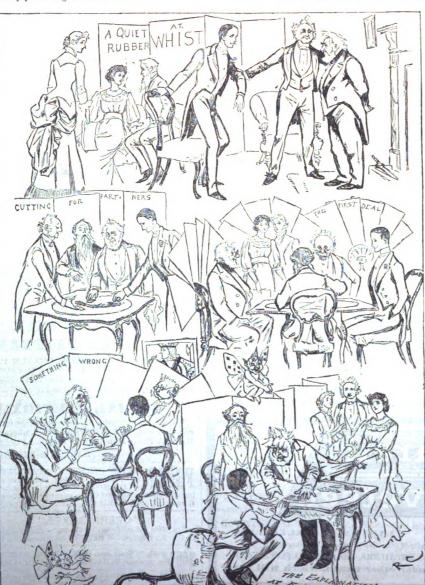
"When I decide to go upon the stage, I'll make a brilliant debut, I'll engage," Said Tom; "and will be heralded afar, The latest marvel! the unequalled star! "Genius like mine, you know, need never be Upon the plane of mediocrity, But with a sudden glow itself displays, And sets the wondering firmament ablaze." Said Fred, of compliments extremely chary, "Tis time, I think, to snuff this luminary. You'll miss your chance, Tom, if you longer wait: Already you've begun to scin-til-late!"

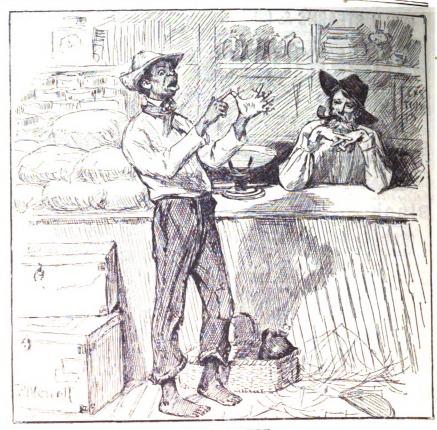


GIME

"O WAD SOME POWER THE GIFTIE GIE US," ETC.

These young Ladies are not admiring Mr. Jones, as he vainly supposes, but are viewing their new Spring Costumes as reflected on the window panes.





STRING MEMORY.

"LES SEE, SHUGAR, TERBACKER, 'LASSES, TEA, COFFEE-AN' TERBACKER. BUT WHA'S DAT UTHER FINGAH GONE?"



A pessimist claims to have discovered that women do not marry for love nor for money, but in the hope of revelling in spring house-cleaning.

Yale College students are organizing a brass band. Thus there will be a considerable addition to the number of college tooters.

There is a Tennessee law which forbids the sale of liquor within four miles of a church. It is now pro-posed to repeal this law, the Tennesseeans not hav-ing agreed as to which corner of the State they would set apart for their churches.

Mr. R—, an Albany gentleman, about to entertain some friends of his bachelor days at dinner, was anxious that his little daughter, whose speeches were often very amusing, should say something at table that might prove entertaining to his guests. Fearing the presence of three visitors might bring about the slyness that the child often exhibited with strangers, let took her aside before dinner, and said;

"Do not be afraid of threes gentlemen that will dine with us, Katy; they are old friends of mine. And besides, Katy, papa has something he wants to teach you to say."

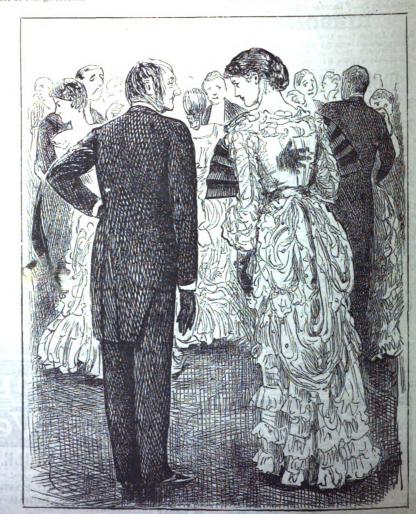
R— accordingly gave the child a sentence to learn, with instructions that she was to say it after a certain observation from R— himself, to which her reply would be most apropos. Katy fell in with the idea, and they both practiced their respective little speeches until R— was satisfied that Katy would manage her part very creditably. In the midst of dinner R— led up to the remark for which he had prepared his little daughter, who was on the alert to come in with her reply, which she delivered to her father's entire satisfaction. But unfortunately the child was wholly unprepared for the storm of laughter that followed, nor could she understand why her father—who knew so well what each was to say—should be laughing as heartily as the rest. Only one explanation presented itself to her: she had undoubtedly made some mistake.

In the midst of the merriment her answer had created she heard one of the gentlemen say: "That's too good to run the risk of forgetting. I must make a note of that. R—, she's a prodigy."

The unfamiliar word "prodigy" was the last drop in Katy's cup. Deeply mortified by her supposed blunder, she turned her eyes, in which stood the tears, toward her father, and said, reproachfully, "I'm sure, papa, I said exactly what you teld me to say."

It is needless to add that peals of laughter followed this announcement.

say."
It is needless to add that peals of laughter followed this announcement.



AN IMPRESSIONIST. BINKS ALWAYS WEARS BLACK GLOVES FOR THE SAKE OF ECONOMY. Digitized by

VOL. XVI.—No. 25. Copyright, 1883, by Harper & Brothers.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1883.

TEN CENTS A COPY. \$4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



Fig. 1.—Promenade Toilette.—Cut Pattern, No. 3463: Panier Polonaise and Trimmed Skirt, 25 Cents each.

Fig. 2.—VISITING TOILETTE.

,11

Promenade and Visiting Toilettes. Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustration on front page.

Fig. 1.—PROMENADE TOILETTE. This tasteful French dress for the street is of flax gray nuns' veiling, with gray silk and cherry-colored velvet. The skirt has five gathered lapping flounces pinked on the lower edges, and mounted on a silk foundation skirt. An apron or demi-tunic of the veiling is draped across the front and sides in many folds. The polonaise has paniers turned on the sides, beginning under a full front that is shirred at the collar and waist line, and terminated there by bows of cherry velvet ribbon. The standing collar is of cherry velvet passed under little tabs of the veiling, and there are similar revers on the rather long sleeves. The back of the corsage is flat, and terminates in long and ample drapery caught up in graceful curves, and extending down upon the flounces. Flax gray straw hat trimmed with loops and facing of cherry velvet and roses. Red parasol trimmed

Fig. 2 .- VISITING TOILETTE .- This Parisian toilette is of pink and blue shot taffeta, trimmed with ruby velvet. The skirt is covered by five wide folds of the silk mounted on foundation muslin, and each edged with a narrower fold of ruby velvet sewed on in blind stitches that do not show on the outside. The corsage is made very ample in princesse shape, and its lower part resembles a very fully draped over-skirt in the design of the vertugadin puff; this is slightly longer in the back, where it forms two puffs that are supported by ruby velvet ribbons that extend down each side. These ribbons also trim the corsage front, and are placed diagonally across the fine pleating on the front. There are straight cuffs of ruby velvet, and a rosette of the same fastens the guipure lace collar. The glacé straw hat matches the dress in color, and is lined with ruby velvet. A band of the velvet around the crown is fastened by a buckle. The ostrich tips are rose and ruby colored. Shot silk umbrella, trimmed with white lace. Suède gloves and mordoré shoes.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1883.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN OFFER TO YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS.

For the best original drawing to illustrate ALFRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn"—the drawing to be suitable for publication in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age — Messrs. Harper & Brothers offer an award of THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, upon the honorable understanding that the suc cessful competitor shall use the same for the pros-vention of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old mas-ters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.

The drawings must be received by Messes.

HARPER & BROTHERS not later than August 1, 1883, addressed "Art Competition, Harper's Mag-azine, Franklin Square, New York"; and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a scaled envelope accompanying the drawings, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the pub-

lication of the drawing.

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A.; MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A.; and Mr. Charles Parsons, A.N.A., Su-perintendent of the Art Department, Harrer & Brothers, will act as judges of the competition.

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for HARPER'S MAGAZINE of December, 1883; and should other drawings submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page HARPER'S WEEKLY, \$300; one page HARPER'S BAZAR, \$200; one page HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, \$100.

If the judges should decide that no one of the

drawings is suitable, MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS reserve the right to extend the limit of time and re-

open the competition.

Two Christmas Hymns by Alfred Domett have been published. That published in 1837 is the one for the illustration of which artists are invited to compete, and a printed copy of it will be sent on application to

> HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

A SUPPLEMENT, with portraits of some distinguished American scholars, is issued gratuitously with the number of HAMPER'S WEEKLY for June 9.

THE GARDEN.

FROM the beginning of the history of I the earth there has been the history of a garden with it, and the love of gardens seems to be a part of the affections of most of us like the love of all other lovely things. Whenever the prophets, for example, wanted figures to illustrate the uttermost of blessing and beauty, they were wont to use the garden for their similes. "And their soul," said JEREMIAH, "shall be as a watered garden, and they shall not sorrow any

more," while Isaiah makes the promise, "And thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not," as if promise could no further go. Nor did the poets of old time forget them. And was not half the beauty of Babylon and the forgotten cities made by the architects who hung their very roofs with gardens?

How much they thought of gardens in those old times when the Song of Songs was sing! "Thy plants are an orchard of pomegranates, with pleasant fruits, camphire, with spikenard, spikenard and saffron; calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense; myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices: a fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon. Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden," sang the Oriental lover. "I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse; I have gathered my myrrh with my spice; I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey." And the spouse sings, "My beloved is gone down into his garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies." And the lover returns, "I went down into the garden of nuts to see whether the vine flourished, and the pomegranates bud-In fact, the Song of Songs would be as badly off without a garden as "Paradise Lost" itself would be, or as "Paradise Regained," indeed.

But precious as gardens were in those long-gone days, in those hot countries with their bare hill-tops and arid plains, they are no less pleasant, but perhaps equally expensive, to-day and in our own temperate regions. There is nobody who owns a house but longs for a bit of land that shall be attached to it; and few are there, even among the crowded denizens of cities, who do not make the most of the little strip of a clothes-yard, be they so fortunate as to have the little strip, with a peach-tree in its corner, grape-vines on its walls, and roses everywhere; while the man in the country, where all things are possible, who does not care for a garden, is something to be looked at and looked over that one may see what is the matter with him-for something is. All the women in the country, at any rate, want a garden, whether the men of the family do or not, and it is pathetic to see their little efforts to inclose one, or else the tender consideration shown for them by the stronger arm which has already inclosed one without the feminine assistance, where the pitiful little marigolds and cinnamonroses may flower, and where these women get some sort of roses in their cheeks by leaving the in-door delving and pottering in the kindly earth an hour or so now and then with a broken and rusty old case-knife. It is enough to break these determined gardeners' hearts, if they had nothing else to break them, to read of hedges of foxglove, of every color under heaven, as high as your head, in sunny California gardens, fuchsias growing to the tops of the houses, and clusters of roses the double handful to the stem, and then to see the white fly devour their single rose tended with such care, and know that if there were no white fly the plant would be only a feeding ground for the rosebugs which shall be the ruin of successive broods of young turkeys by eating their way out of the tender little crops that can not destroy the hard shells. In spite of all these drawbacks these garden-loving women never give up their gardens, and year after year the larkspur spindles there, the bluebell and the columbine grow more pale, and the little deep blue star-of-Bethlehem opens as if it were the cachet with which every garden should be signed and scaled in memory of that spot of the East where not only the first gardens grew, but the gardens most sacred of all.

Gardens have always played a great part in all our dramas and romances. In Romeo and Juliet you see the heavy-headed flowers hauging in the moonlight; much of the action of Twelfth Night goes on in Olivia's garden; of Much Ado about Nothing in Leonato's the Merchant of Venice, and lessons in Sicilian gardening in the Winter's Tale. What one poet did, all the others did, and the novel of modern days would be missing its opportunity to make much of the luxury of life that did not give us a garden scene. For a garden is the out-door home, where nature makes roofs and walls, hangings and pictures, where sunshine and birds and flowers are not guests, but members of the family, and health is wooed to come, and being there, to stay. Wherever there is a garden, one thinks of it as peopled by lovers, by pleasant gray-haired people sitting in the sun, by happy laughing children with their pets and plays. Those of us who have a garden count the days before we can stay there hours together, book in hand, without injury; those of us who have none long for the time to come when we can walk in our own paths, pluck the grapes of our own

vines, and the roses of our own trees; we are only too sure that there are few things better in life than the possession and cultivation of a garden; and we all remember reading the old prophet's words when the Lord promises to turn the wilderness into a garden with pools and streams and trees for the suffering, as if it were the last, best, greatest blessing that could be given: "When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them. I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys: I will make the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water. I will plant in the wilderness the cedar, the shittah-tree, and the myrtle, and the oil-tree; I will set in the desert the fir-tree, and the pine, and the box-tree together."

THE FRIEND.

THERE are few things so essential to happiness, so convenient and desirable, as a friend, to whom we may confide our as pirations, with whom we may take sweet counsel, who will not ridicule our little vanities behind our back, who will flatter us enough for encouragement, but not enough for injury-a friend who believes in us and understands us. Perhaps this species is rare. Somebody has finely remarked, "All that can be said of friendship is like botany to flowers." We may point out the calyx, describe the corolla, count the stamens and pistils; but as all this is but the skeleton of the blossom, will give no idea of its exquisite shape and effect, its grace, the wondrous tints and texture of a single petal, the rich charm of its perfume, so no words are comprehensive enough to portray the friend, who is a kind of second self, whose interests and happiness are one with ours, who never rubs ns the wrong way, who, even if obliged to find fault with us, does it with such graciousness that it is sweeter than another's praise; who softens the harshness of others by the warmth of his admiration. Each of us has friends, to be sure, or people whom we dignify by that name, who exchange visits, gifts, letters, and compliments with us; who talk gossip with us, consult us upon their spring clothes, confide to us, with more or ess truth, the amount of their "allowance," the cost of their "things"; who have the same acquaintances, meet us at the same houses, and read the same books that we do; whose affection, however, is only skin-deep, and not in any degree stronger or better than that which they entertain for others whom they criticise and laugh at with us; friends who are not altogether gratified by our successes nor sorry at our failures, who through familiarity know the weak point in our armor, and take advantage of their knowledge at times; friends who do not scruple to assure us, in the cause of truth, that our Carlo Dolce is not an original, that our Persian rug was woven in American looms, that our Satsuma ware is an imitation, and never saw a province of Japan; friends who take it for granted that we yearn to know our valued Kioto tea-pot is only a Yaukee reproduction. "Friends," says some one, "are like melons; you must try a hundred before finding a good one." But who is not willing to try ten hundred if he may only find one eventually, and not always be put off by a counterfeit? And perhaps the difficulty in finding one is due more than we suspect to the fact, as Alphonse KARR says, "that every one is anxious to have a friend, without taking any particular pains to be one himself."

WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

TEA-MAKING has become so very popular parlor amusement at fashionable receptions NEA-MAKING has become so very popular a in the large cities that perhaps some of the oldtime accessories of tea-making which have been revived in Washington may prove of interest to the Razar

Justice and Mrs. Field remained at their residence in Washington until May 30, then went to California, and will soon visit Japan. She kept up her Monday receptions in an informal way throughout the spring, and toward the last these became so sociable that she had the tea table, at which she presided, set in a dainty corner of the cheerful reception-room, whose southern windows look on the garden, instead of in the large dining-room, which she had used for refreshments at her crowded receptions during the gay season. The walls on either side this tea table were suitably decorated, a Japanese paper screen forming a temporary wainscoting, and above it were fans, panels, and other ornaments brought from the tea-growing nations—China and Japan. On the table were very fine china and silver, and beside it a guéridon dating back to the reign of Queen Anne. This was sent Mrs. Field by an English gentleman whom she met in her travels in Europe, and who has since sent her many antiques from his old homestead in England.

This gueridon is a box of fine satin-wood, supported by a permanent standard, bringing it to level of a tea table of the ordinary height. The box is lined with red plush, and has compartments lined with zinc for the tea leaves on one side, and one for the sugar on the other, while in the centre room is left for the tea-pot, amid plush linings, which can be set in this warm place after the tea is made, and the lid of the box is then shut down to keep the tea hot, thus serving the purpose of a "tea cozy."

Tea cozies, by the way, have long been out of

general use in this country, though they have been common enough in England.

Mrs. Ogle Tayloe, of Washington, who has lived

there in the same house over half a century, had one on her tea table in the parlor one evening, and said she did not expect any one present except Mr. Corcoran to know what it was, as no other was old enough. It was made of bright-colored patch-work, wadded and lined with gay. colored silk. It was hood-shaped, and fitted loosely over the large solid silver tea - pot which Mrs. Taylor used, until she became an invalid, to make tea in her parlor every evening at half past eight o'clock. All visitors were made welcome to this and the variety of choice cakes served at the same time. Her house, fronting Lafayette Square, on the east side of that park, was built by her husband, Benjamin Ogle Tayloe, near the close of John Quincy Adams's administration, and has never been occupied by any save his own family. His father, Colonel John Tay-loe, of Mount Airy, Virginia, was an intimate friend of General Washington. Mr. B. Ogle Tayloe was educated at Oxford, England, and enter-tained in his house every distinguished person, native and foreign, who visited Washington city from about 1828 to the breaking out of the civil war. While his father lived he did the same in the old Octagon house, which was built in 1800.

Apropos of antiques, it may be mentioned that Mrs. Sanders Irving, whose husband is a nephew of Washington Irving, has in the parlor of her Washington home a pair of steeple-topped burnished brass andirons which were used while he was Postmaster General by her grandfather, Gideon Granger. When he left Washington in 1814 he carried these to his home in the State of New fork, where they remained for over sixty years, when Mrs. Irving brought them to her house, then just completed, in Washington. Gideon Franger was appointed Postmaster-General by Mr. Jefferson in 1801, re-appointed by him in 1805, and again re-appointed by President Madison in 1809, and so served continuously from

1801 to 1814.

It is rarely indeed that any lady marries the kind of man either in appearance or in disposition and mental endowments which she adopted as her ideal in childhood or girlhood. The marriage of Miss Swearingen, the sister of the wife of Justice Field, of the United States Supreme Court, was, however, in some respects an exception to this rule, Colonel Condit Smith, whom she mar, ried at Justice Field's residence on May 15, in physical proportions corresponding to the ideal hero of her childhood. Once, when quite a little girl, she met General Winfield Scott while travelling, and was so struck with his fine appearance and size that she exclaimed, "If ever I marry, I want a husband as big as General Scott." onel Smith is quite as tall as General Scott, but not yet so stout. He too has served with distinction in the army, but he retired after the last war was over. Miss Swearingen had also said that she would not wear, if ever she married, the conventional white bridal robe and veil. thereof she wore a rich gros grain silk having the faintest possible tinge of pale amber color, and a sheen as delicate as the white bloom on a plum. It was as if a ray of winter morning sunshine on a frosted pane of glass had been caught and made permanent in the meshes of the silk. The garniture across the front was a deep fall of appliqué embroidery the same shade as the dress, and across the train at the back was "resurrection" or "church" lace, which had been presented to her some time before, and never used by her till then. Diamonds fastened the lace which finished the V-shaped neck, and lace pins set with diamonds caught to her hair the shawl-shaped old thread lace—an heirloom in her family was arranged over her head as the Spanish ladies wear a mantilla. These diamonds and other ornaments of the same precious stones were the gift of Governor and Mrs. Leland Stanford, while the enormous solitaire diamond ear-drops she wore were one of the very wealthy bridegroom's

No subject appears to possess more vital interest for Mr. George Bancroft than questions of constitutional law, and he discusses them, by whomsoever suggested, with great eagerness. He said lately to a lady, who had repeated to him the views as to the intention of the Constitution on a given point expressed by certain modern statesmen, that if he were a younger man he would devote himself exclusively to the study of constitutional law, and the endeavor to elucidate the real meaning the framers of the Constitution

had in preparing it.

Mr. Kingsley, Secretary Chandler's brother-in-law, who has been appointed one of the Board of Visitors to Annapolis, is the survivor of a once large family, in which sudden deaths, many of them of a tragic character, have been the rule. Out of nine who have died, not one was ill an entire week before death. One of the parents was killed by an accident, and the other dropped dead of heart-disease without a moment's warning. Four of the children died within a few days of scarlet fever, two others were burned to death on the steamer Henry Clay, and another was thrown from a carriage and killed.

An ex-American minister to St. Petersburg, when congratulated on being appointed elsewhere, said it was indeed a subject for congratulation as he had nothing to do in the Russian capital



but bury the royal family, and look after a few Jews. It so chanced that while he was in St. Petersburg three of the royal family died, and other high dignituries also, for each of whom our minister, his family and servants, horses and carriage, had to wear mourning. This was very costly as well as depressing to the spirits. For a certain length of time his wife and daughters could wear only black flannel, then they wore black cashmere, then silk, all of which was prescribed by a court circular.

Mr. Harvey Watterson, the father of the editor

of the Louisville Courier-Journal, and an ex-Representative in Congress from Tennessee, is considered to resemble ex-Senator Simon Cameron so strongly that he is frequently addressed by friends of the latter under the impression that he is Mr. Cameron. A gentleman so accosted him not long ago. His wife says that twenty years ago they were so much alike that across the street even she could not tell them apart.

Professor Baird, the director of the Smithsonian Institution, and the president of the Fish Commission, while he rarely fails to recognize a species of fish or any scientific specimen on sight. and is able at once to give the most accurate information about such, will often be at a loss to call his best-known acquaintances by name when he meets them casually.

NEW YORK FASHIONS. COACHING TOILETTES.

THE annual parade of the Coaching Club is one of the prettiest shows of the spring in New York. The gentlemen drivers wear the club uniform of dark green coats with drab trousers and tall light hats, and the ladies are attired in pretty reception toilettes, in which they are to attend the club dinner after the drive. This year white, écru, and strawberry dresses were most used, and the materials were silk, nuns' veiling, and foulard Laces for flounces, for full drapery of over-skirts, and for trimming the basque were on almost every dress. There were fewer striking toilettes than are usually seen, as the dresses were of delicate colors, with sometimes velvet of very decided tone to give character to the whole. Thus a cream white foulard dress had broad sapphire blue velvet bands on the kilt-pleated skirt, with velvet collar, vest, and cuffs. An écru wool dress with brown dots and lace trimming had the basque of olive brown velvet. An ottoman silk of pale strawberry shades was trimmed with écru lace and velvet. The flowered India foulards and the dull electric blue dresses were among the prettiest seen. The bonnets were, with few exceptions, small capotes of colored or white straw trimmed with the velvet and lace used on the dress, and some small flowers. White net mask veils were worn with these bonnets. For other coaching excursions there are effective dresses of cream white wool-twilled flaunel or camel's-hair-made up with the tapestry figured wools that are now woven in large designs of fruits and flowers, and even with small Watteau figures and bits of landscape. Only one or two strips of this design are needed for a white wool dress, and these are bought separately woven across the breadth of double-fold wool; a single stripe of the figures half a yard deep is placed across the lower part of the front and sides of the skirt, or else it is draped in wrinkles as a tablier, though this plan is objectionable, as it breaks the figures too much; the basque, upper drapery, and back of the dress are then of the plain white wool, with perhaps a relief of velvet about the neck and wrists. There are also dark Oriental mixtures of silk and wool in Persian designs for draperies of black and dark-colored wool and silk dresses for driving. The plaid and block patterns of nuns' veiling in the French combinations of color instead of in Scotch tartans are also made up in these gay toilettes, and there are copper-colored wool dresses with gay Persian designs stamped on the pleated flounces, the over-dress, corsage, and vest.

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INDIA FOULARDS, TUSSORE SILKS, ETC.

Écru and cream tints are seen in the new India foulards, which are finer and softer than French foulard silks. These cream grounds have large rings, singly or interlinked, of dark brown, green, red, or blue for their stylish design, or they are strewn over with small fruits, berries, cherries, damsons, or else they have nut patterns, showing almonds or filberts; but the flower designs, though not new, are by no means given up. One of the favorite trimmings for these is open-worked écru embroidery either on muslin or pongee, placed plainly as a transparent over dark satin across the lower part of the front and side breadths of the skirt. This is handsome over dark brown satin (Surah satin will answer), while above and all the rest of the dress is of écru foulard with large brown rings. The vest is of the dark satin pleated and strapped with embroidered écru bands, and the collar and sleeve trimmings are similar. Dark garnet and bottle green satin Surah are used in the same way, but blue is considered less effective. The plain Tussore silks, which are really very fine light India pongees, in their natural écru shades are in as great favor for cool summer dresses as when they were first used here six or seven years ago. These are now given a relief of very dark velvet, and are also draped with quaintly colored embroidered India goods.

NOVEL TRIMMINGS.

For these India fabrics and for the new batistes and linos there are some novel trimmings of twine, India cottons, linen, and leather that seem of rather incongruous materials, but are so effective that lovers of novelty are using them on seaside and country dresses. For instance, there are écru linen galloons or braid an inch wide with stitching or embroidered figures done in In-

dia red and indigo blue cotton, or else there are oval medallions of leather basket-work set on buff linen bands, and the edges are wrought with red and blue. White linen scalloped borders have beautiful Persian designs stitched in bright red and blue, and wrought with gold threads. Then there are bands of printed cotton satteen with Turkey red or indigo blue grounds, with quaint Eastern designs stamped upon them, and rows of silk cords are stitched upon this background; these trim the delicate buff Tussore silks, although made on cotton ground. Twine trimmings are also shown, making a lace-like edge for galloons of blue, red, or ecru linen, or else the twine forms a basket-woven galloon with dark red or blue threads in it. There are many new écru embroideries showing open designs and two scalloped edges, with a galloon in the middle made of cords or of twine, through which is passed black or dark velvet ribbon. All these rimmings are used in connection with some very dark fabric on the pale silks, either satin underneath as a transparent, or else velvet on the outside as relief; the lighter silks, however, whether Tussore or foulard, are now used of a single kind for the entire dress, in preference to the figured foulard for one part and plain foulard for another.

NEW APRON OVER-SKIRTS, ETC.

Some of the new apron over-skirts on French dresses are made entirely without gores, the five breadths of which they are composed being straight—not sloped—and they are thus as full at the top as at the bottom, in order to give the appearance of large hips and voluminous draperies. Indeed, some of these over-skirts have the upper parts lined throughout to give them greater size, though this lining is of some soft stuff instead of the crinoline lawns. The top of the over-skirt is gathered in two rows and sewed to the foundation skirt just below the belt, instead of being gathered to the belt with the lower skirt. Below this the drapery is most irregular, being sometimes caught back and under to make the vertugadin puffed effect, while in other cases the three front breaths are laid in curved or horizontal folds, and fastened in place by stitches taken in the lengthwise seams attaching them to the foundation skirt. A Supplement pattern of a full over-skirt is given in Bazar No. 14, Vol. XVI.

There is no prettier or less expensive finish to kilt-pleatings than a group of tucks near the foot, and these are now used alike on silk and wool dresses, such as foulards, albatross cloth, etc., and even on the better changeable silks and ottomans. For a single kilt-pleating covering the whole skirt below the short apron drapery it is only necessary to allow six inches of length to each breadth when cutting them, and this is taken up in a hem and two tucks. When the material is soft wool these tucks should be done by hand, but machine-stitching is used for thicker goods. The wide breadth of double fold wool goods that now forms the drapery of the back should have similar tucks across it at the bot-

CORSETS.

Two kinds of corsets are now found in fashionable shops. Modistes who follow French fashions commend the low, short, pliable corsets that give a drooping bust, and follow the outlines of the figure without undue pressure or tight lacing. At the large furnishing houses there are also seen corsets in what is called the English styles, that have the bust gores cut high to push up the flesh, and are very long on the hips to give the effect of a slight figure with long waist. For stout figures the best corsets are short above to let the bust droop, and are long on the hips. Corsets of the English cotton satteens in delicate colors of pink, blue, or cream are now much used. The ventilating corsets made partly of open net are liked for midsummer wear. The spoon-shaped steels for the front of corsets are now made very broad below, and are liked for stout The Helix corsets, instead of being fitted with bones, have coiled wires in casings that do not break or double up, as they are not affected by heat or moisture.

BUSTLES, SHOULDER-STRAPS, ETC.

The most fashionable modistes depend principally on the drapery of the dress itself for giving the very large tournures which are now in vogue There are, however, many who do not understand arranging these intricate draperies, and there are flat figures that need a small bustle in addition to any dress, no matter how full. For these slight figures the newest bustles are made of eight narrow frills of barred muslin or hair-cloth very fully pleated on a V-shaped foundation piece of the same muslin, that is curved into shape by strings tied across it—not by the objectionable bones or two steels are put in casings across the back breadths of the dress skirt. There is also what is called a bustle skirt, combining a tournure and petticoat in one, and this when trimmed across the foot with flounces is worn by stout ladies, and made to serve as the only skirt. This has some hoons across the back that stop on the sides and there are one or two muslin flounces around the foot; tapes attached to the sides are tied underneath the hoops to give them the desired curve. Another skirt that gives good size, dispenses with hoops, and may be easily made at home, and laundried there at small cost, is also a bustle skirt made of corded muslin. The muslin with the cords in bars takes the starch best, but that with the cords in stripes will do very These skirts are about two yards and an eighth in width at the foot, with the front and side gores slightly sloped to the top, and the back breadth sloped up the middle, thus cutting it in two pieces to make a shapely foundation for flounces that are placed across it. There are five of these flounces that cover it from a few inches

below the belt to the foot, and the lowest flounce goes around the skirt. These gathered flounces are very full, and after being stiffly starched they are worn "rough-dried"—that is, without ironing. Instead of a straight belt they have a French waistband shaped to a point in front, and made quite large, with a drawing-string in the top. Such skirts can be bought in the sliops for \$1, and can probably be made at home at even less expense. The hair pads or cushion bustles are still put inside of dress skirts, but are objected to on account of their warmth. A pleating of very stiff barred crinoline is a better arrangement, and may be attached to the belt of each dress.

Shoulder-straps similar to gentlemen's suspenders are furnished to hold up heavily trimmed dress skirts, and keep them in their proper place just below the waist line. These may be merely elastic ribbons sewed permanently to the skirt back to be passed over the shoulders and hooked or buttoned to the belt in front. There are also separate suspenders that may be attached to any dress by the hooks that finish each end. straps transfer the weight of the dress from the hips to the shoulders, and the wearer must decide for herself where she can best endure this weight.

SUGGESTIONS.

Long silk gloves that are worn out at the tips of the fingers may be made into stylish mitts by cutting off the fingers entirely, and also half of the thumb. The top is then hemmed neatly, or else button-hole stitched around.

To keep kid shoes from cracking apply glycerine very lightly by rubbing on with a bit of flannel before applying any of the patent dressings used to give gloss to the kid.

Gauze Balbriggan stockings of very light quality are worn inside colored silk stockings to protect the skin when the color rubs off, to prevent the unpleasant "creepy" feeling, and also to keep the fine stockings from being stained by perspira-

When there are two or three sets of narrow ribbon strings to bonnets, each set should be tied separately in order to make loose-looking loops, and keep them from matting together.

Worth's newest sleeves have but one scamthat outside the arm. Coat sleeves, in order to be stylish, must now be fitted as closely as pos-

Scotch plaid twilled silk is again used in bias scarfs for neck-ties to brighten up dark dresses. For information received thanks are due Miss SWITZER; and Messis. Arnold, Constable, & Co.; Lord & Taylor; James McCreery & Co.; and Thomson, Langdon, & Co.

PERSONAL.

Twenty-five thousand dollars have been given for a Widows' Home in Washington by Mrs. ELIZABETH STONE.

ELIZABETH STONE.

—Madame Modjeska and her husband, the Count Bozenta, will pass the coming season at the National Yellowstone Park.

—Ex-Governor Hendricks amuses himself at his home in Indianapolis with a pet white mouse, with which he made acquaintance during his illness, and which is named for Oscar Wilde.

—On Decoration-day Mrs. Julia Ward Howe read a poem before the Soldiers' Club and the Students of Wellesley College.

—The bust of Longellow in Westminster Abbey is to be placed between the tombs of

—The onst of Longfellow in westminster Abbey is to be placed between the tombs of Chaucer and Dryden.
—It is said that the idea of the Harvard Annex originated with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gilman, of Cambridge, through anxiety concerning the was given in jest by a Cambridge lady of cutting speech. Professor Greenough offered the idea mental hospitality at once.

—"A rainbow wedding," where the bridemaids in couples will wear India silks in prismatic colors, is the sweetest thing out, and will matic colors, is the sweetest thing out, and will

matic colors, is the sweetest thing out, and will be celebrated in June by the daughter of General Bucknes, of Louisville, Kentucky, and Mr.

al Buckner, of Louisville, Kentucky, and Mr. Belknap.

—Mrs. Gresham, the wife of the Postmuster-General, is thirty-two, has large hazel eyes and silky lashes, a skin like a peach, and blonde hair; she is short and slender.

—An eminent literary lady was lately heard at a dinner party inveighing loudly against the practice of vivisection, who nevertheless ate with relish oysters wrenched alive from their shells, cod crimped while alive, lobsters boiled alive, lamb and chicken bled to death, and Strasburg pie made from the livers of geese baked to death before an under-ground fire. Her dress was before an under-ground fire. Her dress was trimmed with humming-birds, and the cloak in which she came was made of the skins of scals

flayed alive.

—It is idle to say that the average of life is not lengthening when we have occasion to report JONEKEN, a squaw living on the reservation six miles from Syracuse, New York.

-Mrs. Rorbling is one of those who make e rest of her sex proud of being women. the r -President ARTHUR passes the summer at the Soldiers' Home, as several of his predecessors

-The last letter, it is believed, which THOMAS The last letter, it is believed, which I nomes Jefferson ever wrote has come to light in an old family Bible in Baltimore. It was written in 1826 to Mayor Weightman, of Washington, declining an invitation to Fourth-of-July exercises in that city on account of illness.

—The novel gift of a cranberry patch, which threatens to be worth twenty-five thousand dollars, has been bestowed upon Williams College by JOHN Z. GOODRICH, of Stockbridge, Massabaratte

-HENRY D. McDaniels, the present Governor of Georgia, is a bad stammerer, and can not talk. His predecessor, ALEXANDER H. STE-PHENS, could not walk.

—Louis Jennings says Beaconsfield would never have liked such a modest flower as the primrose. If it is the yellow primrose to which he refers, it is certainly showy enough.

—It is reported that Senator Jones, of Nevada,

mountain-side which did not pan out well, HAYwood promising that when he struck, Jones should have a quarter interest. A month afterward Haywood struck the richest mine in the world, and sold it, later, for five million dollars.

world, and sold it, later, for five million dollars. Miss HAYWOOD eventually became Mrs. Jones. —A Bulgarian, Ivan N. Martincheff, who has studied three years at Oberlin, two in Yale Theological Seminary, and two in the New York Medical College, is going home, having been ordained to the Congregational ministry, to organize a church in the city of Sophia. —Mr. Whittier will hold his summer vacation at Holderness, New Humpshire. It is said that young people send him their verses with the cool request that he will attend to their publication and remit the proceeds. They do not

the cool request that he will attend to their publication and remit the proceeds. They do not even offer a commission. A school-house has just been named for him in Denver.

—A missionary paper has been edited in Lucknow, India, under the auspices of the Methodist Church, by Rev. James Mudor during his ten years' stay in that place.

—The English nurse who takes care of Mr. Alcort once had Dickens for a patient.

—The sixty-fourth birthday of Queen Victoria was celebrated by eighty members of the British Charitable Society at Young's Hotel in Boston.

-Judge Ritchie, of Bultimore, having sixteen beautiful daughters, only one of whom is married, somebody suggests that it is what the French would call an embarrassment of RITCHIES.

French would call an embarrassment of RITCHIES.—Madame DROUET, who for forty years has copied every work of VICTOR HUGO'S, in order that the risk of its being lost at the printer's should not be encountered, and who has written a diary about the great man, taking BOSWELL as her model, has lately died in Paris. She was at one time a fine actress, and was HUGO'S house-keener for verrs.

Heeper for years.

—A niece of Robert Burns, Miss Agnes
Brown Begg, died lutely at the Bridge House,
Ayr, Scotland, aged eighty-three, and leaving a

younger sister.

—The late Dr. WILLIAM CHAMBERS, founder of Chambers's Journal, begun life as a bookseller's apprentice, and in his first venture at printing was obliged to eke out his scanty supply of type by letters cut from wood with his own hand. He declined knighthood, but accepted honorary degrees from the leading Scotch universities. He was a benefactor to his native place, and in-

terested in prison reform.

—If Cardinal Manning attends the Queen's levee this season, as it is said he will do, his health allowing, it will be the first instance in some centuries of a Catholic bishop going to court

-THOMAS HARDY, the novelist, was an architect until the success of his writing diverted his career. Many of his heroes are architects.

—The Prince of Wules's children use the tri-

cycle in the grounds of Sandringham, and the Vicar of Wolmar and his wife have been met skimming along on the coast road near Deal upon this vehicle. Young Paul Butler, the General's son, and his friend Mr. Farrington, are making the tour of the British Islands on a double bicycle.

—The superintending of Lafayette Square, in

the Crescent City, has been accepted by the wife of Major E. A. BURKE, of the New Orleans Times Democrat.

Times Democrat.

—HATTE HUTCHINSON, a girl of ten, is the presiding genius of a Texas telegraph office, and a girl of fifteen has charge of seven important switches on the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railway. Are these girls of the period?

—EDWIN BOOTH SAYS he never saw a better actor than SOWNEYSTALL the German place.

—EDWIN BOOTH says he never saw a better actor than SOWNENTHAL, the German player, who was the first to move him to tears.
—When Mrs. Aston, wife of the American Minister at Rome, who is only twenty-three, and very beautiful, was presented at court, it is said that the Queen was voiceless with admiration.

SALVEN'S con is to enter the Italian again.

—Salvint's son is to enter the Italian army by the Italian species of conscription. —Sir Jules Benedict thinks that Patti has

—SIT JUES BENEDICT Units that PATT has a rival in Albani. Patti knows fifty operas.

—Probably the first woman ever occupying the position of national bank president is Mrs. Louisa B. Stephens, who has been elected to succeed her late husband, Mr. R. D. Stephens, as president of the First National Bank of Marion Lowe.

Shortly since a dingy bit of painting was sold for a trifle to a cabinet-maker at a sale of old household effects in Gloucester, England.
A priest bought it of the cabinet-maker for about thirty-five dollars, had it cleaned and restored, and sold it for thirty-five hundred dollars to a well-known London dealer, it proving to be a genuine BottickLLI-a portrait of St.

-Rev. ROBERT COLLYER, of New York, is going abroad this summer "to lie among the hea-ther, hear the larks sing, and drink at old wells, and eat out-bread and milk, and tumble in familand eat out-oread and mink, and tumole in faintier rivers, and hunt up old cronies," he says, "and toddle through some woods between an old abbey and an old tower, where he used to go a-courting."

—The second prize at the recent exhibition of

paintings held to celebrate the centennial of the Academy of Fine Arts in the city of Mexico was conferred upon Señorita ELBNA BARREIRO FELEX PARKA, a Mexican artist studying in Europe hav-ing carried off the thest period. ing carried off the first prize.

—The Duc de la Rochefoucauld-Bisaccia is to

—The Due de la Rocheloucauld-Bisaccia is to be nominated as president by the Paris Jockey Club, which in its half-century of life has had but four presidents, Lord Henry Seymour, Prince de la Moskowe, Count Achille Delamarre, and the Marquis de Gontaut-Biron.
—President Arthur is said by a brother angler to be an enthusiastic lover of beautiful scenery, gentle as a woman, impressible as a child, companionable and courteous.
—The successor of Sir Grouge Jessel. Chief

The successor of Sir George Jessel, Chief.

—The successor of Sir Gronge Jessel, Chief Justice Brett, is a great oarsman.

—A large number of Italian titles have been bought with money. Since 1848 the Duke of Lucca made any one a count who would pay for it; a hundred dollars would buy any title in It; a hundred dollars would buy any title in Fiesole twenty years ago; anybody could buy a dukedom in Naples; and a papal dukedom can now be had for twenty thousand dollars. Cavour, who despised titles, thought their sale would cheapen them, and fill the public treasury, and he brought forward a bill making the price of a count's title two thousand dollars. There are colvictore hundred and sixteen families in —It is reported that Senator JONES, of Nevada, made his fortune by lending two thousand dollars to an associate in his mining camp named HAYWOOD, who had owned a claim on the

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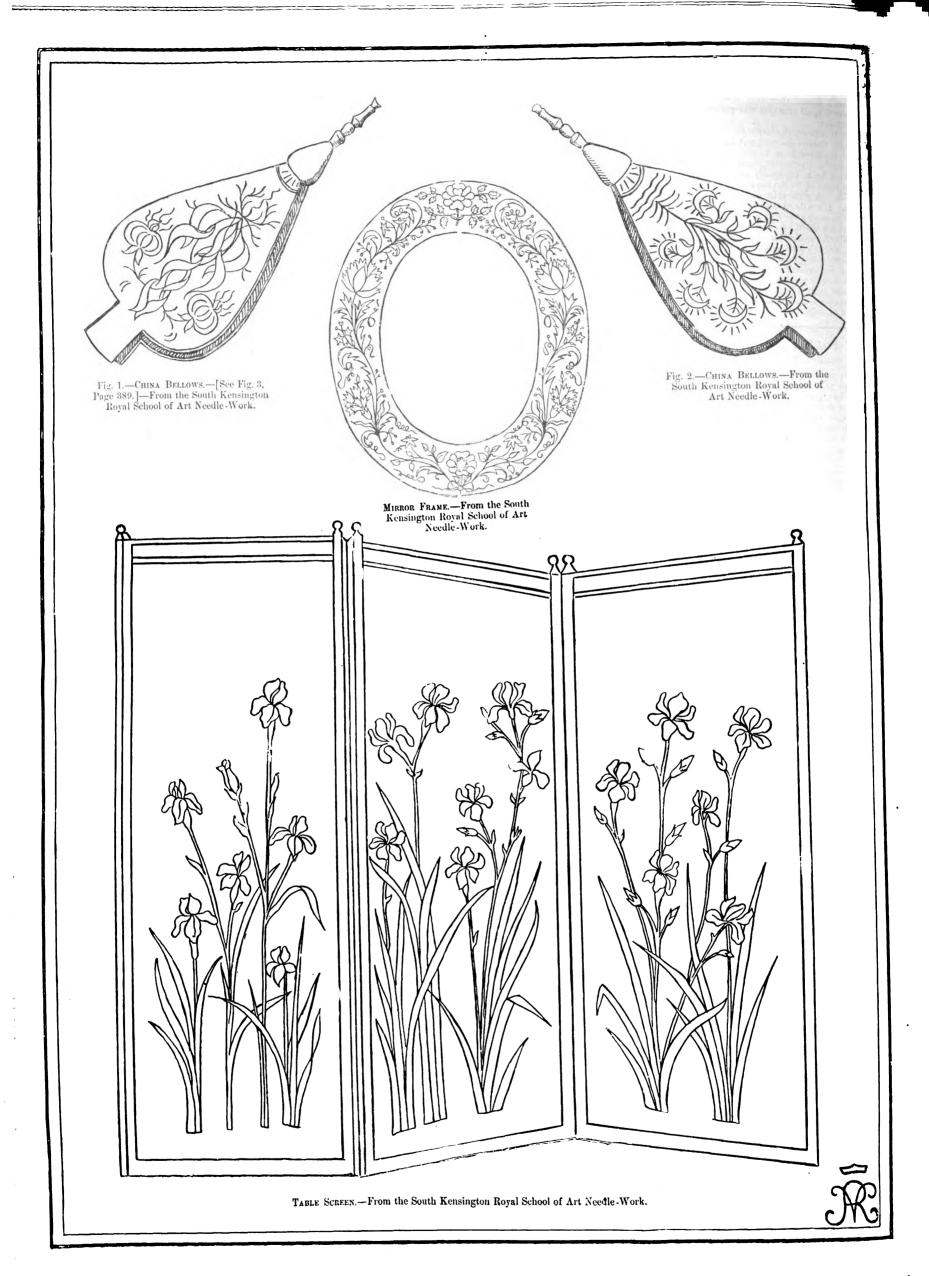


Table Screen.

Screens are much used in England for shading one's eyes and book from the light of the lamp when reading. The present example, like the mirror frame, is worked in the finest crewels and stitches on dark green satin, and the wood mounting is stained dark green to correspond. The iris flowers are interpreted in violets, purples, grays, and whites, some blossoms being more red-purple than others, and some being in yellows. The leaves, in fine close rows of stem stitch, are in soft gray-greens of medium

and dark shades, with here and there a leaf in yellower green. The stems are greenish-yellow, and the flowers are worked in feather

Mirror Frame.

This is worked on cream-colored satin sheeting, or finest gray satten, in the very finest split crewels, and in the most dainty coloring. Carnations, dark red; roses, pale pink; peonies, red; the small blossoms yellow and blue; leaves and tendrils in greens; but these colors are to be chosen and blended with consummate

taste, in order that the result may come up to the required standard of beauty, and lead the eye away from the reflection in the mirror to the frame that encompasses it. The stitches are the finest and smallest that can be made, and the whole thing will be found very effective. be found very effective.

China Bellows.—Figs. 1-3.

THESE pretty things are so rapidly puffing themselves into favor, and affording the mistress of the house such a dainty method of dusting her priceless, high-priced, valuable and invaluable bric-à-

brac, that we present our readers with two more patterns of them, accompanied by working designs. brac, that we present our readers with two more patterns of them, accompanied by working designs. Work the tiger-lily pattern, Fig. 1, in orange-brown, yellow, and gold thread, with dark green leaves and brown stems, all this thrown up on rich dark brown satin. The pattern can be worked either in outline or solid, according to the temperament and diligence of the worker; if the latter be preferred, silks should be chosen; they give a better effect. A working pattern is given in Fig. 3. What may be the botanical title of the shrub conventionalized in the bellows Fig. 2 we are unable to say; but the point is immaterial; "Love-in-a-mist" will do as well as any. The design is most the worked in conventional coloring, such as shades of about a blue on the blue material. safely worked in conventional coloring, such as shades of electric blue on dark blue velvet, with high lights and feathery spikes in white floss silk. It is always worked solid, the crescents in

trancous matter. Again, it is idle to devote the first page of a letter to trivial excuses for not having written sooner, when no particular reason existed why a still longer delay in writing might not have been allowed to elapse, if it suited the convenience of the writer. Of course, when a letter requires an immediate answer, it is then a matter of politeness to give the reason for the omission, but this should be explained without circumlocution, and other matters should at once be referred to. A want of punctuation in a letter will often cause a sentence or paragraph to be misunderstood, and made to convey the reverse of what was intended. Notes of interrogation should not be omitted from a letter when questions are asked, though many consider it a waste of time to make use of them. Notes of exchamation, when required, materially assist the clearer understanding of a passage which without them might have a vague meaning. It is not the fashion in these days to accuse one's self of writing a stupid letter, a dull letter, or an uninteresting letter; one's friends are only too likely to take one at one's own valuation and to indorse the written verdict, while the solecism of laying the blame of bad writing on pens, ink, and paper is confined to the servants' ball, where writing materials are perhaps not always of the best quality, and seldom ready to hand. In answering a letter it is a great proof of a poor imagination, besides being extremely tedious, when each paragraph of the gination, besides being extremely tedious, when each paragraph of the letter under treatment is minutely paraphrased. Questions naturally demand answers, and important facts call for comment; but trivial remarks and observations, perhaps pleasantly put, were never expected to be returned to their author with poor platitudes attached to them.

A postscript was formerly supposed to convey the pith or gist of a lady's letter—a poor compliment, it must be confessed, to her intelligence; it is now considered a vulgarism to put P.S. at the bottom of a letter containing the few last words; if something is remembered when the letter is concluded that should have been said, it is added without apology. PARIS FASHIONS .- [From Our Own Correspondent.] THE busy imagination of our dressmakers knows no rest. Just at this moment, after dresses for the races and expositions, it is occupied in preparing those for travelling, watering-places, etc., simpler evidently, but on this very account exacting a stamp of originality, not to say eccentricity. As for the elegant toilettes made for the races, they are a mass of embroideries, glittering, light, heavy, etc., brocatelles of gold net, and scarfs and draperies overloaded with gold, or embroidered. The corsages are pointed, with the skirts puffed around the points, forming a kind of vertugadin.

A few have crossed draperies, showing a vest which may be as rich as possible.

Bonnets participate in this confusion. Some are almost of rustic simplicity, and others of extreme richness. Among the first we will cite moss capotes, trimmed with vegetables, apricots, and mandarin oranges; by the side of which are seen bon-nets composed wholly of plaited gold galloon. Charming summer stuffs, which will be much worn, are glacé taffetas, Surahs, and serges, in checks or narrow stripes. These are in exquisite iridescent colors that remind one of Venetian glass, and also in warm rich tints, such as flames of punch, etc. These stuffs do not require elaborate trimmings; pinked ruches or flounces, which do not produce a heavy effect, are much used. Retroussés below the waist are very effective for these costumes, as the broken lines set off the play of light and shade to advantage. of light and shade to advantage.

Chous, with ends, can be set here and there in the loopings.

Dresses for travelling, walking, and country wear are made almost exclusively of wool, plain, striped, or checked. A kind of coarse barége, which is supple and light, and does not rumple, is much used for this purpose. The skirt is often simply trimmed on the bottom with two or three horizontal folds, a bottom with two or three horizontal folds, a plain trimming which is again in vogue, or else with one or several flounces extending half-way up the skirt. With these can be worn a blouse over-skirt and a corsage with small flat basques. Sometimes, also, instead of this corange, a tight-fit-ting casaquin, with a vest and loose sleeves, is worn. Another very pretty combination for the country or for travelling is a retroussé polonaise, in the Watteau style, of plain dark wool, with a skirt of bright Scotch plaid. For bonnets there are coarse chiné or plaid straws, trimmed to match the dress in color, or else round hats, turned up on one side, with a conical crown. The dress is completed by high boots and coarse Saxony or Belgian gloves without buttons. Although it is far from graceful, the blouse polonaise is considerably in vogue, and is convenient for travial of the coarse straight with which have elling. It is even made of blue linen trimmed with white lace, and also of light vigogne. We have already spoken of the popularity of red this season, It is used for very elegant toilettes, as well as for sea-side costumes. We have seen a dress made of purple Surah, glacé with silver, which was trimmed half-way up the skirt with flounces of white Barcelona lace, interspersed with red butterfly bows, and furnished on each side with large panels edged with a lace shell. A Louis XV. jacket of red

satin stitch, the leaves in stem stitch. FASHIONABLE LETTER-WRITING. THERE are many points to be considered in the art of letter-writing, as it enters largely into the every-day life of most people, any left after young ladies have left the school-room, and young gentlemen have left school or college, they are supposed to be above and beyond requiring instruction on this head, while in reality few have mastered little more than the rudiments. Some are conscious of their deficiencies—painfully so—and to write a letter or even a simple note is to them a trouble and a bore; as they get older they take refuge in the fact that they are bad correas they get older they take relage in the late that they are bad correspondents, and in saying this it serves as an excuse for writing very short letters, or for not writing at all, while a few with money at command communicate by telegrams instead of through the post, and thus avoid the necessity of putting pen to paper. There is not a little excuse for short-comings in the matter of letter-writing on the part of very young people; home letters have probably been their only experience in this branch of the late and with fauts and affection for a basis the compositions have not study, and with facts and affection for a basis, the compositions have not offered much difficulty during school-days. It is when girls are merging into womanhood and boys into manhood, even more than in after-years, that want of fluency in letter-writing is acutely felt by them. To commence a letter to a comparative stranger, or to a person with commence a letter to a comparative stranger, or to a person we whom the writer is but slightly acquainted, on any matter of interest, is the first difficulty to be got over. Shall it be a letter or a note, written in the first or in the third person? This is to many a perplexing question, and yet there need be no doubt on the matter, as there is a safe rule for every one's guidance respecting it. In all communications with strangers, or almost strangers, it would be correct to write in the third person. A very slight acquaintance, however, or a faint personal knowledge, would authorize a letter being written in the first person, if it were to be of any length. Notes are principally confined to the briefest of communications, as, when they are lengthy, the repetition of the pronoun "she" and "her," "he" and "him," becomes wearisome if not involved, to say nothing of the possessive pronouns which are frequently brought into use, with the addition of surnames. When it is imperative to write in the third person it is most desirable to construct each sentence with care and with due regard to an extravagant use of pro-nouns, and never at any time to resort to the vulgar expedient of attempting a sort of compromise by making the initial letter of the writer and of the person written to do duty for their respective surnames. To frame a note without introducing "compliments" at its beginning is the received mode of writing one. The subject under discussion does not resistant with the mality introducing the description. quire this preliminary introduction, and it is best to embody it in the opening sentence. There are few people eless or ignorant enough to lapse from the third person into the first in the course of a short note; but still it is worth guard ing against. To turn from notes to letters, again, it is observable that a cramped style and a small Italian handwriting are no longer in vogue, and, when seen, appear very much out of date. The prevailing style of writing is bold and free, the characters very upright, and tall toppling "Ps" and long-tailed "g's" have quite disappeared from letters in general; a free use of capitals is also indulged in, which gives a dash of originality and spirit to a letter when not overdone. Many gentlemen and a few ladies affect a literary style of letter-writing; that is to say, a margin is left from three-quarters to an inch on the near side of the sheet of paper, which gives rather an imposing look to it; but this is only done when the letter is almost a note in the matter of length. A strictly business habit, adopted for the convenience of being copied by letter press, by no means a fashionable one, is to write on the first and third pages of a sheet of note-paper, leaving the second and fourth pages blank, or to write on the first and fourth pages, leaving the other two unwritten upon; but still some few people fall into the mistake of doing this under the impression that it is rather fine, whereas it is very much the reverse. Some little care should be taken in paragraphing a letter to avoid incoherency. Thus a fresh line and a capital should be allowed to each new subject. As much variety is instroduced into the letters of the present day as possible; thus, should a sentence or a remark require to be referred to, the eye can at once light upon it without re-reading the whole epistle. It used to be an idea that to underline words in a letter was "missish" in the extreme, and rather bad style than not; but now, if a writer wishes to be very emphatic, or to call par ticular attention to any remark, an additional stroke of the pen is not objected to; but it is a liberty not to be taken when writing to those with whom one is on ceremony. Another practice of the past which is now happily discarded is that of crossing letters. Many people experience a certain difficulty in the choice of a conventional term with which to conclude a ceremonious letter, and it must be admitted that there is not much variety at command, "yours truly," sincerely," "yours faithfully," with the addition, perhaps, of the adverb "very," being the principal formulas in use; and it is on the whole immaterial whether "sincerely" is employed when writing to friends. The affectionate expressions addressed to still dearer friends and relations are beside the question, and yet many devoted husbands make use of the words "yours truly" when writing to their wives, in preference to any more affectionate phrase. By way of not concluding a letter too abruptly, it is usual, before the words "yours truly," to add one or other of such phrases as these: "Believe me, dear Mrs. Jones," or, "I remain, dear Mrs. Jones," or, "Believe me, dear Mrs. Jones, with kind regards,"

A few words as to the actual composition of a letter. It should always be borne in mind that if a letter has a purpose, a reason, or an object for being written this fact should not be lost sight of, or overweighted with a mass of ex-

and this gives a certain finish and completeness to a letter which would otherwise

be wanting.

Fig. 3.-Working Design for CHINA BELLOWS, FIG. 1, PAGE 388.—TIGER-LILY PATTERN. From the South Kensington Royal School of Art Needle-Work.

green velvet. This trimming was repeated behind. We will also describe a very handsome tollette for visiting or carriage wear, of oak satin merveilleux, trimmed on the bottom with a puffing of the same stuff, surmounted by a flounce of old rose silk, embroidered in open-work. The panels and retrousses were of oak armure, trimmed with a narrow flounce embroidered in old rose silk. The corsage of oak armure was pointed at the waist, with a flounce in large pleats set on all around. A rose embroidery edged a vest of satin merveilleux, which came down in a point. The elbow-sleeves were finished with an embroidered rose flounce. This costume was completed by a capote of seal brown kid, with pompons of seal brown and pink feathers. The brim of the bonnet was entirely filled in with rose-buds; seal brown strings, lined with rose; gray Suède gloves; mordoré shoes, and

velvet striped with silver, open in front, and extending in the back to form tabs, which fell on the drapery of the skirts, completed the toilette. Light Suede gloves with bouquets of vervain at the wrists, low red slippers,

and white silk stockings embroidered with red flowers. This color is seen in profusion in Scotch plaids. We will cite a simpler toilette than the pre-ceding, from one of our best houses. With a skirt of large Scotch plaid, of

cream, old blue, and Bordeaux, was worn a jacket of Bordeaux red cloth, trimmed with velvet of the same shade, which opened over a vest of cream

cloth. This combination was very effective. At the same house we saw a

very pretty pelisse of very pale vert d'eau cashmere, sprinkled with palm leaves

in dull tints. Large revers of dark green velvet met at the waist. This garment was fastened at the waist by a large chou bow, with long ends of grow

seal brown or rose stockings. It will be readily comprehended that this dress will serve as a type to be made up in simpler and less expensive materials, such as plain veilings, silk, linen, etc.

In conclusion, we will cite a few capotes from among the numbers that appear daily; the fan capote, of yellow straw, which owes its name to the pleated brim that encircles the fan-shaped crown; this brim is trimmed with three flounces of lace to match, pleated at the top, and mixed with a bunch of flowers. Then the elegant capote of moss straw, with a round lattice brim of the same straw. The cape is likewise latticed, with the narrow strings run through it. This bonnet may be made very effective when interlaced with narrow ribbons of pretty tints, and trimmed with a pinked chou bow.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

Embroidered Toilette Cushion. Figs. 1-3.

See illustrations on page 397.

THE top of this cushion is covered with winecolored satin, on the centre of which an octagonal piece of old-gold satin, embroidered as shown in Fig. 2, is applied. The marguerites are worked in satin stitch with white silk, with French knots in yellow silk for the centres, the forgetme-nots are in blue silk, and the leaves and stems are in shades of olive. The bird is embroidered in feather stitch with silk in shades of bronze and yellow. The edge of the applied satin is covered with couched dark blue silk sewed down in yellow, and this is surrounded by two parallel rows of old-gold silk cord, with the space between them studded with French knots of silk of the same color. The embroidered centre is encircled by the border Fig. 3, worked in brown and blue silk, two shades of each color. A puff formed by gathering a bias strip of wine-colored satin covers the edge of the cushion, and this is partly veiled by a frill of cream-colored lace, the upper edge of which is concealed by a thick silk cord finished with loops and tassels at the four corners.

LOVE IN ASHES. Br SARAH J. CLARKE.

"SCANT of nine, and the washing all out," mused thrifty Mrs. Chutter as she scrubbed the porch. "Deacon, I'll get you to set the big tub down cellar, if you will." "Certain, wife," responded the deacon from

his cart in the door-yard.

"There comes Kendall's new basket wagon, with two women in it," pursued the lady, wring-ing her mop. "Isn't that the horse that balks?" Being in the critical act of emptying a four-gallon bucket of soap, the good man vouchsafed

no reply. When the jellied mass had quivered and splashed into the barrel in waiting he looked up just in season to see the gay little pony shy at cart and go tearing down the road

"They'll upset! they'll be killed! Run after 'em! Do something!" shrieked Mrs. Chutter.

"Don't get excited, wife: they're all right now.

That girl drives like a man.'

And picking up his bucket, the moderate deacon marched off for a second supply of soap. But though the little incident had failed to shake his nerves, it did make him oblivious of his wife's wash-tub poised on the landing of the dim stairway, and as a natural consequence he put his foot in it. The tub rolled; the deacon swayed like a pestle in a mortar; there was a lively succession of bumps, followed by a clatter and a thud, and deacon, tub, and bucket strewed the cellar floor.

"Adab and Abihu!" ejaculated the fallen

eaint, with sinful energy.
"What's up, uncle?" cried an anxious voice overhead. "I can tell you what's down," was the grim

"Come and brace me while I try to step."
The owner of the voice, a fine-looking youth

of one-and-twenty, was already groping his way among the debris, his aunt in the rear with the camphor.

The deacon's attempted locomotion resulted in

a groan.
"I must have sprained my ankle, Harvey. If I'd postponed this tub race till after I'd been my rounds, 'twould have been better calculation."

"Oh, I wouldn't worry about my rounds, un-e. What's the hurry?"

cle. What's the hurry?"
"My customers expect me to-day, that's the point. I hate masterly to break my word. Now there's the widow Cleaves waiting for me to take her ashes, so she can scrub after me with the boiling suds, and up at Kendall's they're clean

out of soap."
"And not clean without it, eh?" laughed the young man. "See here, uncle: since you are going to feel so uneasy about disappointing the people, why not send me in your stead?"

"You, in your fine clothes! I should smile," mumbled Mrs. Chutter, with the stopper of the camphor bottle between her teeth.

Why can't my uncle's mantle fall upon me, I was intending to borrow the frock.

"Well, if I do say it, you've got the Vance common-sense. Some young men of your bringing up would be ashamed to drive a soap cart.

Humph! Some young men would be fools," I the deacon, with warmth. "Nobody has said the deacon, with warmth. any call to be ashamed to deliver such soap as I make. If you've a mind to run the team to-day, Harvey, I shall be obleeged to you.

Fifteen minutes later the worthy deacon was extending his aching length upon the sittingroom lounge, and gazing through the open window after his youthful proxy, who, duly initiated into the mysteries of the calling, was driving away in the big blue cart. Behind jounced and creaked an empty ash-bin, flanked by two covered barrels of soap; but the swinging seat was clean and comfortable, commanding a fine view of the surrounding country.

A half-mile and more the road wound through his nucle's fertile acres, for Deacon Chutter was withal a farmer. Farming, indeed, was his chief vocation, soap-boiling being an accessory venture growing out of sundry extensive experiments in the use of leached ashes as a fertilizer. It was one of those tuneful mornings in early June when all nature joins in a glad doxology. The newly arrived bobolinks, tipsy with glee, carolled in the meadows. The orioles, hanging their hammocks in the elms, could scarcely work for singing. Gay breezes whispered love to the graceful young clover, then danced away to flirt with the coy hillside birches. Everywhere were life and motion irradiated by the benignant sun. For Harvey Vance's study-weakened eyes there was too much glare, too much flutter. He lost no time in putting on his blue goggles.

"Who cares if they do make me look like a frog?" mused he, as he settled them astride his aristocratic nose. "Thanks to them, and to change of air, my poor optics are undoubtedly improving. I shall be back to college by fall. Ha! ha! if the fellows could only see me now!

And here, to the infinite surprise of staid Dobbin, his new master broke into a rollicking class song-a song abruptly ended as a turn in the

road revealed a near farm-house.

"If I peddle soap, I'll peddle it with due decorum," soliloquized the youth, knocking upon the back door with the handle of his whip.

To have seen the capable air with which he measured ashes bushel by bushel, giving in exchange money, or gallons of soap, according to the customer's desire, one would have pronounced him bred to the soap business. Since his month's rustication at his aunt Chutter's he had made the acquaintance of most of the farmers along the river, and these expressed their gratification at meeting "a judge's son that wasn't afraid to work," but outside the parish limits his triumphal march terminated. He was a stranger in a strange land. One man asked if he had bought out the deacon; a second hoped he wasn't proposing to run an opposition team; and the loval widow Cleaves could hardly be persuaded to surrender her ashes, because, for sooth, she preferred to trade with Deacon Chutter.

Obedient to his uncle's instructions at her cottage the young man took a cross-road to Kendall's, a summer hotel, familiarly styled "The

Eyrie."
"You'll find it a long three miles," had been Mrs. Cleaves's parting remark

"Three miles, and not a neighbor between here and there: I couldn't blame the widow if she should want to change her situation," mused the deacon's deputy, scanning the western horizon. "Shouldn't wonder if that cloud yonder meant business. I thought the sun was too bright this Well, a little high-toned thunder will drown this everlasting racket."

Facing about to wedge in position an empty soap barrel, he observed two ladies driving up the hill in a basket phaeton.

"That looks like Kendall's team that gave auntie such a panic this morning," thought he, "Those ladies are some of his boarders, I suppose -Tom Cavender's mother and sister, for aught I know. I have heard they were stopping at the Eyrie. Goodness! wouldn't it be a joke if I should fall in with them to-day!"

Meanwhile the younger lady in the carriage was merrily commenting on the quasi soap-man's active figure, conspicuously and amply clad in the deacon's canvas frock and overalls.

"I hope he isn't a perambulating maniac, mamma.

"It's the very cart that frightened the pony!" was the terrified response. "Do let me get out, Lila! Oh! oh!"

But already the horse was backing down the Harvey sprang from the cart, and grasped the refractory animal by the bridle just in season to prevent the carriage from overturning in the

"Thank you, sir-thank you very much," said the girlish driver, the color rushing back to her face. "Now if you'll be kind enough to lead our pony past your cart we shall be yet more obliged.

"A pretty girl—stylish too, but abominably patronizing," thought the young Sophomore, stalking resentfully at the pony's head.

"There, now your cart is behind us, we shall have no further trouble. I'm sorry to have detained you, sir. Infinitely obliged."

In leaving the ladies Harvey mechanically raised his hat, the deacon's hat—alas! vellowed and frayed by farm service. The touch set flying the ashes upon its brim, giving our receding hero the effect of being caught away in a cloud. A little blinded, but laughing behind his goggles, went back to old Dobbin, and waited for the

ladies to go on in advance.

But what ailed that surprising pony? The young lady chirruped to him; he would not budge. snapped the whip; he stood as stiff as the wooden horse of the Trojans.

"Oh, daughter, daughter, he's balking!" cried the elder lady, who appeared to be an invalid. "If there's anything I'm afraid of, it's a balking

"Allow me, madam," said Harvey, again advancing.

He twisted the animal's ear a moment to divert his attention, then took him by the bit and led him several paces

"See, mamma, the pony has got over his sulks. Thank you, sir.'

The young lady resumed the reins; the fractious quadruped promptly refused to stir.
"Let me get out, Lila; I won't go another step

with him " "He doesn't seem to be going," said the daugher, with a vexed laugh. "You know you can't ter, with a vexed laugh. "You know you can't walk a rod. You'll surely have a relapse, mamma, if you don't sit still." Again Harvey led the pony. Again the tan-talizing nag stiffened in his harness the instant Miss Lila took the reins. Many times was this farce repeated, and many were the minutes wast-Meantime the sky had become overcast, and thunder was muttering in the distance.

"My mother has been very ill. If she is caught in the shower she may get her death," cried Miss Lila, in distress. "Oh, what shall we do?"

"If you'll pardon the suggestion, I might drive you to the Eyrie, if that is your destination," said Harvey, with a deprecatory glance at his masquerading costume.

"Oh, will you? But there is your horse and

"I could come back for them."

"And with all mamma's shawls and pillows, the phaeton is hardly wide enough for us two." That is true; it is a Lilliputian affair." T

youth was gravely testing its light springs and

braces.
"Is there danger of breaking down? Then you go with mamma, and I'll drive the cart."
"Lila Cavender! The idea!" expostulated the

invalid.

"Tom Cavender's mother and sister, by the ashes of my uncle! Confound it, what a scrape!" was the young soap merchant's inward ejaculation as he awaited the ladies' pleasure.

"What better can I do, mamma? I shall ride famously. Unless you're afraid to trust me with your horse," the young lady added, with a glance

toward Harvey.
"Not in the least. He's far from being a fiery Bucephalus."

Struck with the incongruity of the remark from such a source, Miss Lila lost all control of her

"That seat is suspended between the heavens and the earth, like Mohammed's coffin, mamma, she jested, by way of cloaking her untimely mirth.

"One ought to be shot into it out of a catapult."
To aid the young lady in mounting, Harvey silently extended a hand, whose exceeding smut tiness was intensified by a seal ring that glit-tered upon the little finger. Miss Lila glanced curiously at the fine cameo with its quaint setting. Who was this anomalous being who sported costly ornaments and quoted from the classics? And where, where had she seen that peculiar cameo before, or one just like it?. Ah! now she recollected: Tom had worn it home last vacation, when he and his chum had exchanged But how had this soap-man become possessed of it? Could it be that he and Harvey Vance were identical? Tom had said that Harvey was spending the summer in the neighborhood. This must be he. Yes, she was sure

Obedient to the young man's will that unaccountable pony darted away on the wings of the wind. Close behind, head down, tail up, followed old Dobbin in a heavy canter which seemed to shake the very leaves on the trees. Charged upon by the empty soap barrel, Miss Lila slipped to the other side of the seat, and clung to the ash-bin. A mile was passed, two miles. The gable-roofed Eyrie loomed in the distance. On sped the pony; on lumbered old Dobbin; on swooped the storm-cloud. A dozen guests crowded out upon the hotel piazza to witness the exciting race

"How white Mrs. Cavender looks!" cried one. "Where did she pick up that fantastic driver?" "Is that Miss Lila in the cart?" exclaimed the gentleman addressed. "Well, she's a girl of mettle! Ha, here comes the rain!"

As the phacton dashed up he rushed out with open umbrella to escort Mrs. Cavender into the house. In mounting the steps she turned toward Harvey.

"You have done us a great service, sir. I assure you we are grateful. My daughter will see that you are recompensed for your time and trouble."
"The dickens she will!" thought the deacon's

indignant substitute.

Standing beneath the dripping eaves, with rivnlets of lye coursing down his cheeks, he assisted the moist young lady to alight. "I am—we are deeply indebted to you," she stammered, blushingly. "My mother—"

"Has taken no cold, I trust," said he, loftily. "Good-afternoon."

And horse, cart, and driver disappeared kitch-

In putting the cart to rights that evening Harvey discovered a grimy object caught between the seat and the ash-bin. It proved to be a lady's pocket-handkerchief, bearing in one corner the name of "Lila Cavender." He handed it to his aunt for bleaching purposes, and received in

his aunt for Dieacuning properturn a letter from Tom.

"My mother and sister have perched at the mother and sister have perched at the mother is mother is mother is a mother is a mother as getting up from a fever, and is bound to get as high up as she can. If you're anywhere near their secluded nest, do peep in upon them. They'll be charmed to make your acquaintance."

"I believe I'll take that handkerchief to Miss Cavender to-morrow, auntie, and have it off my mind," remarked Harvey, carelessly, as he folded

"Well-or you might send it by the stage." But Harvey was deaf to the suggestion.

The next evening, faultlessly attired, and minus

spectacles, he presented himself at the Eyrie, and was cordially welcomed by both Mrs. Cavender and her daughter. Convinced that he was not recognized as squire of the soap cart, he saw no necessity for proclaiming himself such. In making his first call why should he introduce himself as a clown 9

'You've made quite a visit," was his aunt's salutation when Harvey entered the sitting-room. "Was the girl glad to get her handkerchief?"

To tell the truth, auntie, I didn't give it to her."
"Humph! Strange how a handsome young

woman will weaken a chap's memory," observed the deacon, slyly, as his wife bandaged the of-fending ankle. "I don't see but Harvey 'll bave fending ankle. to call again."

He did call again, and again, and again. Indeed, his rides to the Eyrie grew so frequent that his uncle one day teasingly counselled him to buy a second saddle-horse.

"Or get a carriage that will hold two," amended his aunt. At which the youth flushed guiltly, confirming Mrs. Chutter in her private opinion that he was "very far gone."

He went further yet that evening-even to the length of proposing to Miss Lila,

The little coquette only laughed, and bade him not to be absurd.

Absurd? He would really like to know what she meant.

Oh, they were both so young.

Harvey looked hurt, and intimated that he, at least, was nearing the down-hill of life.

And he didn't know her well enough

The youth eagerly protested that he knew her well enough to love her.

"Besides, I'm not sure but I like another young man better.'

"Oh, if you care for somebody else, why, then— why, in that case—" Harvey found the English tongue terribly intricate, and rose with precipita-

"I met him first, you know," said Miss Lila, dropping her eyes apologetically, "and I am un-

der great obligations to him."
"Oh, it's all right. You're all right, I mean; but I think Tom might have told me.

"Told vou what?"

"About this other fellow."

"There isn't much to tell," said Miss Lila, demurely. "He hasn't come forward." Harvey drew on his glove with a mystified air. "But I am looking for him any day now, for the Eyrie is nearly out of soap."
"You bewitching little tease!"

Miss Lila's cheeks were eddying with dimples deep enough to drown a man's heart. Perhaps they made Harvey's head swim. I can't say. I only know that he laid hold of the young lady's hands at that moment in the most giddy fashion, and she seemed quite willing to let him steady

himself in this manner.

"Well, Harvey, I expect to be on my legs again to-morrow," observed the facetious deacon, at breakfast; "and when I call at the Eyrie I guess you'd better let me give that young woman her handkerchief."

"Thank you very much; I attended to that last night." "It didn't seem just right to keep her out of it

so long, Harvey," remarked his aunt, dryly, as she passed his coffee. "You ought to have paid her interest."

"Humph! don't you be a mite concerned, wife," said the deacon, with a mischievous wink. "Depend upon it, Harvey has squared accounts with that young woman before this, and taken her note of hand. He's driven business since that day I set him up in the cart."

THE CERTOSA OF PAVIA.

See illustration on page 392.

THE exceptional traveller who thinks it worth while to take train from Milan to the Certosa of Pavia, no great distance away, usually finds himself the solitary passenger dropped from the carriage at the way-side station as a kind of derelict. At once catching sight of the Carthusian monastery on emerging from this station, he conceives it useless to employ the cab driver, fatted by drowsiness, who provides conveyance for visitors; out so many a lane has to be traversed ere the building is really approached that it takes a good quarter of an hour to gain a spot to which a bee-line would have conducted any pedestrian in three minutes. On the road traversed a living being is rarely to be met. The frogs have it all their own way in this quarter, and chorus in a curiously unanimous manner, with short and long pauses of absolute silence, as if some batrachian chef d'orchestre were beating strict time all the while. The very ducks on the stagnant ditch under the walls of the monastery sleep on their shadows. Once in an hour the far-away bells of Pavia may be heard. Toward evening a bird or two will chirp in the gaunt poplars. At the little inn the host may come out and clap his hands for his horse, who forthwith clatters stableward from the field to have his supper of poor oats. Such things are at the most all the signs of life that eatch the traveller's attention in this desolate region; he may wander about all day, and constantly wonder at a new phenomenon-a landscape of sounds alone.

Arrived at the entrance to the Certosa, he comes upon the entire population of the neighborhood six or eight beggars, not unlike the frogs in their crouching attitudes and croaking prayers. And leaving them behind him, he enters the quadrangle, or court-yard, to come at once upon the richest ecclesiastical façade in Christendom. Sixty-six exquisite statues, executed between the fourteenth and seventeenth centuries; sixty Carrara medallions of Roman kings and emperors; innumerable minor decorations in porphyry and serpentine; two areades of finely proportioned columns-all harmonize into an incrustation of marble-work, characterized from basement to eaves by the most delicate taste. Above it towers a pyramidal cupola, as graceful in its way as Giotto's Campanile. This is the precious Church of the Carthusians, founded by Galeazzo Visconti, first Duke of Milan, on the 8th of September, 1896, and consecrated by the special blessing of Pope Urban VI. The façade, however, is the later work of Ambrogio Borgognoni, and was commenced in 1473. The style of the Certoss, as a whole, is Gothic, although the rounded arch predominates in it. Except in the front, the whole

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building, with the monastery attached, is very uniform in its style; but nothing within the edifice equals the magnificence of the facade. The altar is loaded with carving and precious stones the smaller cloister is decorated round and round with terra-cotta busts and other enrichments of unsurpassed excellence. It also boasts a great doorway by Giovanni Autonio Amaldeo, surmounted by a lunette of sculpture representing the Virgin and Child, flanked on the right by John the Baptist, and on the left by Saint Vescovo. The best pictures, among the many adorning side chapels in the church, were Borgognoni's Crucifixion, and Luini's Madonna; but the latter is now

This earthly paradise of monks is entirely deserted at present. The government preserves the building, but allows of no service in it. Thirty monks, in old times, formed the complement of the establishment, and each of these had an partment of three rooms. But none of these is

"to lie through centuries And hear the blessed mutter of the mas

The Certosa is a beautiful perfect thing of the past. Long may it remain as perfect! There is not such another gem of architecture in Europe. But now it is void of a spirit. One leaves it dejectedly. What good came out of it all? What great spirit nurtured itself amid all this loveliness of ecclesiastical form? The workmen who reared it "wrought in a sad sincerity, and builded better than they knew." Theirs is the glory: the monks lived to themselves in a selfish pictism and died, and made no history for their beloved Certosa. They have passed and made no sign. The frogs alone perpetuate the voice of animated nature outside, and their unctuous croakings seem to be a perpetual refrain from Molière; anciens, monsieur, sont les anciens; et nous sommes les gens de maintenant."

DIET FOR INVALIDS. By JULIET CORSON.

MEATS.

MEAT for the use of invalids should be chosen for three qualities—digestibility, nutriment, and suitability to the case in hand the last consideration is the most important. meat may be tender, nutritious, and ordinarily digestible, but if from any idiosyncrasy of the paent, or from his lack of capacity to assimilate its nutritive properties, it fails to afford the desired nourishment, its use should not be continued. Presupposing that the physician is cognizant of his patient's physical peculiarities, he is the best judge of his diet, and usually will indicate it: but general information on the subject is always useful to those in charge of the sick-room.

Beef is the meat most used in health; it is the most stimulating and nutritious of all flesh when the system is able to digest it, and its flavor does not offend the most fastidious palate: it is always in season. But in some physical conditions the use of mutton is preferable, because it is less stimulating, less highly flavored, and more digestible. In such cases it is really more nutritious than beef, because its nutritive elements can be assimilated; for instance, mutton is a better meat than beef for dyspeptics. The broth made from mutton is no more digestible than that of beef, and is less nutritious. If all fat is removed from it in cooking, its flavor is more delicate. Lamb should not be used by dyspeptics; although tender, it is less nutritious, because immature, and less digestible, because its soft, semi-glutinous tissue renders complete mastication difficult. lamb is used during illness it should be broiled, because by that process its loose texture is made comparatively dense, and the entire substance of the flesh is thoroughly cooked. The flavor of lamb is of course more delicate than that of mut-As the indigestibility of veal is due to this looseness of fibre, it also should be thoroughly

There is no reason why underdone meat should be considered more nutritious than that which is moderately and properly cooked, with all its juices The chemical elements of underdone meat are not sufficiently acted upon by heat to be either readily digested or assimilated. Unless a physician orders raw or partly cooked meat for some special dietetic reason, it is far better to give an invalid well-done meat, or that which is

Of course pork should not be eaten by any one who has not the strongest of digestive organs. Salt pork with lean flesh is difficult to digest; fat salt pork cut very thin and broiled is sometimes given to invalids as an "appetizer" in New England. Broiled English bacon is used by dyspep tics in England, where it is considered by physiss exceptional qualities more or less curative in dyspepsia. It should if possible be cooked in a double gridiron over a moderate fire, and when delicately browned served hot with a very little Cavenne pepper dusted over it. When the fire is not in good condition for broiling, the bacon may be laid on slices of bread arranged in a dripping-pan, and quickly baked in a very hot oven: the bread will absorb all the fat which flews from the bacon; of course it is not to be eaten by the dyspeptic invalid, but the toast with the bacon on it is not a bad breakfast dish for healthy people.

The preparation of beef for invalids has been indicated in the BAZAR; in the issue of December 2, 1882, beef tea was treated at length, as prepared freshly; and in the BAZAR for Febru-17, 1883, directions were given for the oldfashioned beef tea, made in a bottle, and for bouillon, the beef tea which has of late years become so fashionable as a refreshment at receptions in place of wine, and at luncheons and garden parties as the nutritious and invigorating dish in the midst of many palatable trifles. Here I shall give several additional recipes which will be useful in connection with those already specified.

PORTABLE BEEF TEA (a stimulating nutrient, use ful in general illness, and during travelling). Chop two pounds of lean beef very fine, put it into an earthen bowl with one ounce of gelatine and one pint of cold water, and soak it for an hour; then put it into a saucepan and gradually heat it to the boiling-point; then strain it through a fine wire sieve, and put it into a widemouthed glass bottle or jar; set the jar in a saucepan of boiling water, and let the beef tea heat again; while the water boils cork the jar tight, and seal it. The jar can then be taken from the boiling water and cooled. When the beef tea is wanted for use, dissolve two tea-spoonfuls of it in half a cupful of boiling water, season it with a little salt, and give it to the patient

BEEF JUICE ON TOAST (a stimulating, nutritious, digestible food, useful in general illness where the system requires concentrated nutriment : in disor ders of the alimentary canal this food is of especial is it can be digested and assimilated with ease). -Broil a slice of lean round steak for six min utes on each side, taking care not to burn it; meantime make a slice of delicate toast; when the beef is broiled, put it on a plate and cut it in very small pieces; sprinkle it lightly with salt, set another plate on it, and squeeze the beef between the two, letting the juice run out on the toast; serve the toast hot.

CHOPPED BEEFSTEAK (a nutritious, stimulating food more digestible than unchopped steak, and valuable in all sickness caused by malnutrition). -Trim the fat from a pound of round or sirloin steak, cut the meat in inch pieces, put it into a meat chopper or mincing-machine, and chop it for five minutes: then take from the top of the meat the fine pulp which rises during the operation of chopping; continue to chop and to remove the pulp until only the fibre of the meat remains. Press the pulp into a round flat cake, and broil it over a very hot fire for about five minutes on each side; season it lightly with salt and Cayenne pepper, and serve it hot.

In selecting beefsteak for invalids some persons choose the filet, or tenderloin, because it seems most tender; it is hardly more digestible on that account, for its looseness of fibre does not favor complete mastication; and it is less nutritious than sirloin or round steaks, because its muscular tissue is not so well nourished as that of the last-named cuts. Beef for the use of invalids should either be broiled quickly over a very hot fire, and lightly seasoned with salt and Cayenne pepper, roasted at an open fire, or baked in a very hot oven without any water in the pan; if the inside of beef is purple, it is not sufficiently cooked to be easily digested; the color of properly cooked beef is pinkish-red. The inner cuts are the most digestible.

Mutton cooked for invalids should either be broiled or roasted like beef, or made into broth with the addition of some farinaceous food. A recipe for mutton tea was given in the BAZAR of February 17, 1883.

MUTTON BROTH WITH BARLEY (a nutritious, digestible food, less stimulating than beef tea, and more suitable for use in any disorder of the digest-ive organs).—Cut the lean meat from two pounds of the neck of mutton, free it from all fat, and put it into a saucepan with two quarts of cold water; remove any small bits of the bone which may have been broken in chopping it, and put the bone with the meat; set the saucepan over the fire, and let its contents slowly approach the boiling-point; if any scum rises, remove it. Meantime pick over half a cupful of pearl-barley wash it thoroughly in cold water, put it in a bowl and cover it with warm water; after the mutton broth boils, drain the barley and add it to the broth, together with two level tea-spoonfuls of salt and a small red pepper, or a dust of Cayenne; cover the saucepan, and let the broth simmer very gently for two hours; then remove the bone, and serve the broth with the mutton and barley in it. If the digestive organs are very much enfeebled, the broth may be strained before using it. The fat can be entirely removed from the broth by laying pieces of soft white paper suc-cessively on its surface; the paper will absorb the fat, but not the broth.

MUTTON-CHOPS, BROILED (a nutritious dish, less stimulating than beef, and more digestible; useful in general convalescuce, and more suitable than beef for delicate invalids, women, and children).— Use chops cut from the shoulder or loin of fullgrown tender mutton; to insure having the chops juicy let them be about an inch thick; trim off nearly all fat, put them between the bars of a double gridiron, and broil them quickly over a very hot fire-five minutes on each side; serve them on a hot dish, with a very little salt, pepper, and butter, and a slice of dry toast or a plain boiled potato, as the patient's condition will permit

ROYAL BEAUTIES.

T is a generally understood fact that a comparatively small amount of beauty is necessary to make a princess famous for her leveliness, and somehow or other the inmates of palaces are not often conspicuous by their personal charms. But the present epoch has seen various of the European thrones graced by women whose beauty would have attracted attention had they been actresses or shop-girls. I remember once displaying to an American gentleman a collection of Viennese photographs, amongst which was a number of portraits of the prettiest of the Austrian actresses. I asked him which one he admired the most, and he enthusiastically singled out the likeness of the Empress of Austria, which by chance had gotten amongst the theatrical photographs, and which he mistook for that of one of the queens of the foot-lights.

It is rather singular that none of the daugh-

ters of Queen Victoria should have been pretty, their father having been so strikingly handsome, while their mother in her youth was gifted with quite a sufficient amount of personal charms to cause her to be hailed as a positive Venus after her accession to the throne. She had a lovely bloom, a brow white and smooth as polished ivory, a very pretty mouth, the short upper lip revealing a set of very fine teeth, and a profusion of light brown hair. Her arms and shoulders might have served as models for a sculptor, and it is said that her enforcement of the rule for low-necked dresses to be worn at the Drawingroom arises from her remembrance of her own youthful charms; else her fulminations against "banged" hair had better been directed against the very indecent style of corsage adopted by the stout and elderly dames of London society. Everybody knows that the royal beauty at present of the English court is the Princess of Wales, and photographs and portraits have been multiplied to give some idea to the outside world of her flower-like and gracious loveliness. Queen Victoria, when she was first married, used to call her affectionately "my lily." But those who have never seen her can have but a faint idea of her peculiar and winning charms, which reside no less in the exquisite and simple grace of her manner and the sweetness of her expression than in the delicate outline of her features and of her neck and shoulders, or in the lustre of her soft

Probably the most famous royal beauty of our epoch was the Empress Eugénie. Like the Princess of Wales, her great charm in her youth lay in the melancholy sweetness of her expression, and in the refined grace of her manners. Her complexion was lovely, her eyes of a true and transparent azure, and her hair was of a golden chestnut hue that was simply indescribably beautiful. The delicate outlines of her features, and the exquisite poise of her head on her long slender neck and shapely shoulders, have been immortalized on canvas and in marble. When she was first married she used to dress with great elegance and simplicity, her favorite color being delicate lilac. She was so beautiful in those early days that she called forth the chivalrous devotion of every American gentleman in Paris. One enthusiastic youth, whenever he saw her carriage coming down the Champs Elysées, would dash into the middle of the road, wave his hat in the air, and shout at the top of his voice, "Vive l'Impératrice!"—a proceeding that never failed to elicit a bow and a smile from the royal beauty. She received but little public homage even in those days, so probably our countryman's vehemently expressed admiration was not displeasing to her. The Chevalier Nigra, when ambassador to France from Italy, cherished for the Empress a respectful and hopeless passion, which was no secret in the court circle at the Tuileries. the days of her misfortunes he was her chivalrous knight, as he had been her devoted admirer. He aided in her flight, and was the hero of the incident attributed, in a paper called "The Last Days of a Dynasty," in a recent number of *Temple Bar*, to M. De Lesseps. When the Empress issued from the door of the Louvre on the momentous day of her final departure, a street boy recognized her, and cried, "There's the Empress!" M. De Nigra, with great presence of mind, gave him a cuff, exclaiming, "I'll teach you to cry 'Vive la Prusse,' you little ragamuffin!" This action diverted the attention of the crowd, and the Empress got unnoticed into her cab. But his devotion to the imperial lady has in some degree marred his diplomatic career. When he was spoken of a few years ago as ambassador from Italy to the Republic of France, the French government protested, and with success, against his appointment, on account of his well-known attachment to the cause of the Empress Eugénie.

After the birth of the Prince Imperial the Empress lost much of her loveliness, and it was soon after that date that she began to resort to art to repair the ravages that Time was making in her charms. I saw her a few weeks before she quitted Paris in the eventful days of 1870. Painted, powdered, pencilled, her beautiful golden tresses dyed of a reddish hue, and with her mouth distorted into a set smile like that of a ballet dancer, she looked like a caricature of the fair young Empress that I had seen and admired so many years before. I caught a glimpse of her on the Place Vendome when she visited Paris some months ago. She was just stepping with infinite pain and difficulty (on account of her rheumatism) into a carriage, and I had but one glance at her, but that glance revealed to me a pale and aged countenance, framed in the flowing draperies of a long crape veil. The paint and powder and false locks of the Empress of 1870 had fled to join the exquisite loveliness of the young bride of Napoleon III.

ago, when in the very prime of her surpassing charms. While stopping at the Hotel of the Archduke Charles, at Vienna, we were told one morning by our courier that the Emperor and Empress were then in the hotel paving a visit to the Queen of Holland, and that if we would place ourselves on the balcony outside of a certain window we would be sure to see their Majesties when they left the Queen's apartments, We took up our post accordingly at the point indicated, and in a few minutes the imperial visitors came forth. Ah! how lovely she was, the

saw the Empress of Austria

young and queenly Elizabeth, then in the full pride of the beauty that had won her a place on the imperial throne of Austria! She was elegantly attired in white muslin, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, and set off with a sash in violet silk embroidered with steel. From beneath her small turban hat showed coil upon coil of dark silken braids, her profuse tresses fairly threatening in their abundance to escape from the thralldom of net and comb. She caught sight of our party standing at the window, and, turning to-

ward us she made a brief but noticeable pause as much as to say, "You wished to see me, and I will gratify your wishes." Then, with an inclination of her stately head in response to the salutations of our party, she turned away. It was a graceful act most gracefully performed. The Empress is even yet one of the most beautiful princesses of Europe, and certainly she is the queenliest. She looks the Empress every inch of her. When the courts of Vienna and the Tuileries used to exchange visits, the fair Eugénie was wont to stand in mortal awe of the imperious and haughty Elizabeth. The Emperor of Austria also particularly disapproved of the "loud" tolettes of the French Empress. On one occasion they met at Schönbrunn, and a party of pleasure was arranged to some point of interest in the provinces. environs. The Empress Eugénic arrived at the place of rendezvous in the nattiest of short suits, which style she had just brought into fashion, while the Empress Elizabeth appeared in trailing draperies that suffered scarce the tip of her slipper to be visible. As she was about to step into her carriage her husband drew her back. "Have a care, madam, you are showing your feet," he said, severely. The lesson was not lost on the person for whom it was intended, for the Empress Eugénie turned scarlet.

The Empress of Russia, like her sister the Princess of Wales, is a very lovely woman, petite in form, with large soft brown eyes, and a singularly sweet expression. The third sister, the Princess Thyra, now Duchess of Cumberland, is, on the contrary, very plain. Her lack of beauty so discouraged the Prince Imperial when he went to offer her his hand in 1878 that he left Copenhagen without entering into any negotiations with her parents for the alliance—an affront that was deeply resented by the King of Denmark. This action raised such a storm about the Prince's ears, from his mother and M. Rouher, that it led to his fatal departure for the Zulu war. And so the plain face of a princess has probably brought about the consolidation of the French Republic.

The daughters of the Princess of Wales are y shy and simple-mannered little girls, quite children yet, though the eldest is nearly sixteen. The youngest of the three, the Princess Maud. promise of considerable personal beauty. The eldest girl the Princess Louise, has a heavy featured, inanimate countenance, and is undeniably plain.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

An Old Subscriber.—A "black silk dress for a short, rather stout young lady" could be well made by the design for a black satin merveilleux dress on page 100 of Bazar No. 7, Vol. XVI.

Diana.—Give your own order at table if you like, Serve fruit, ices, biscuits, etc., on trays handed by waiters when there is no table set. Get a polonnise of foulard, pongee, or nums veiling to wear with your blue skirt.

Dine skirt.

Old Subscriner.—Rather light ecru brocaded safin scarfs are worn by ushers at church weddings this

enson.

Bazar.—No; we do not advise it.

A Subsoringr.—"P. P. C." signifies pour prendre ongé—to take leave. A gentleman may have the name of his club on his visiting-cards, but not his distinger advisers address; "Mr." always, unless he has some interestrations.

Dishiese address; "Mr. Always, unless he has some title.

Lolanthe.—The sentences you quote were used as colloquialisms, to give point to the story.

Interested Reader.—You will find your questions more fully answered than we have space for here in the article on weddings in Bazar No. 28, Vol. XV.

A New Sussonible.—You can obtain the cut patterns advertised in Harper's Bazar by addressing Harper & Brothers.

Little One.—Such a dress as you would wear at any reception will answer for you at the university. Pink, blue, or white nums veiling dresses, made short, and trimmed with velve tribbon and lace, are liked for young ladies. Light tan-colored undressed kid gloves, black silk stockings, and black slippers can be used with any such dress.

black silk stockings, and black suppers can be used with any such dress.

CHAUMONT GIBL.—We can not give opinions on books or recommend special works in this column. Some of your questions are not admissible; others have been answered, as you must know if you are a regular reader. You can obtain information concerning the rules of the New York Decorative Art Society by addressing the secretary.

regular reader. You can obtain information concerning the rules of the New York Decorative Art Society by addressing the secretary.

Oscar Whide.—We have never given any such directions in the lazar.

Hermit.—Yes; a gentleman precedes a lady upstairs.

No; ladies do not take the arm of their escort on going into a room; they precede him. If there is no vestry-room for the best man to wait in, he walks up the main aisle. A note of introduction is worded thus; "Dear Madam,—I have great pleasure in introducing to you my friend Mr. J. Wyllis Brown, who will highly appreciate, as shall I, any attentions which you may show him. Yours truly, Mary Smith." On the outside write your friend's address, and add underneath, "Introducing Mr. Brown." Verbal introductions should be simply, "Mrs. Perkins, allow me to present Mr. Bond."

N. A. B.—Write your invitations to the mother of the children, stating hours, etc. Give them a simple refreshment, such as ice-cream and cake, and have a prestidigitator to play tricks, or simply allow them to dance and play games. They generally amuse themselves.

Deurque.—You are right in your belief about the

dance and play games. They generally amuse themselves.

Debugur.—Yon are right in your belief about the wedding cards. The matter ends there.

INA.—Yes; serve your tea and cake in the drawing-room, and use your "five-o'clock-ten" china.

Huon.—Certainly; call again within a week if the lady is not at home at the first call.

An Old Sunschmer.—Put your border across the top and bottom of blue, brown, or olive portieres of terry reps or other wool stuff. Read about wedding gifts in Bazar No. 43, Vol. XIV.

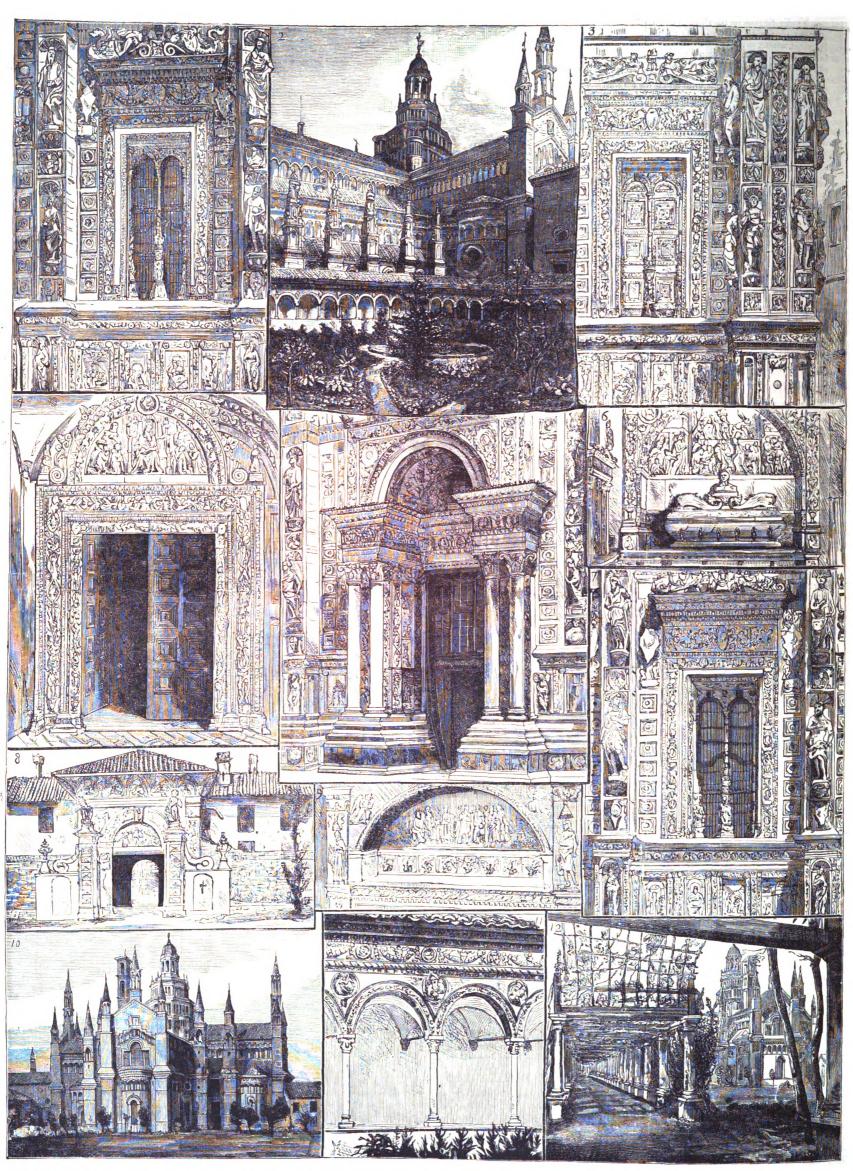
T. C. L.—Our answers, of course, are to bona-fide correspondents, who are so numerous that it is difficult to find space to reply to all their queries.

Miss M. N.—Yon can by a woven silk Jersey at any of the large stores, but we can not tell you where you can get one made.

L. A. B.—The sideboard scarf should cover the top, and should be fringed on each end. Your design of strawberries is good. Tea cloths are a yard square, or larger if the small table requires it. The tea-tray cloth covers the tray; it is made of linen momie-cloth fringed all around.

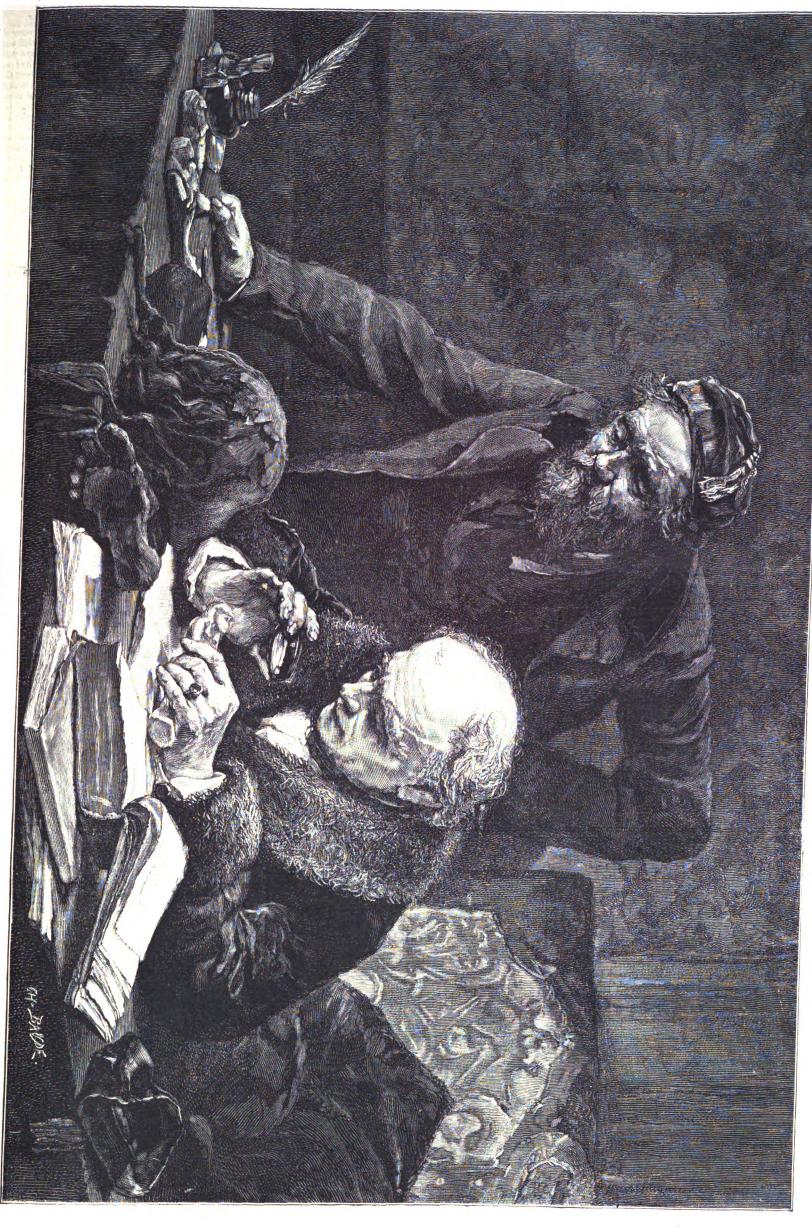
Olivia Phinrose.—Your ingenuous letter deserves a long answer. Do not be ashanned to ask for what you

Digitized by Gogle



1. Third Window of Façade.
2. The smaller Cloister.
3. Fourth Window of Façade.
4. Door of the smaller Cloister.
5. Principal Entrance to the Certosa.
6. The Lavabo (washing-basin) in the Sacristy.
7. Second Window of Façade.
8. Outer Entrance to the Certosa.
9. Lavabo in Cloisters.
10. The Rear of the Certosa.
11. Detail

THE CERTOSA OF PAVIA.-[SEE PAGE 390.]



AN EGYPTOLOGIST.

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By E. LYNN LINTON,

AUTHOR OF "PATRICIA KEMBALL," "THE ATONEMENT OF LEAM DUNDAR," "UN LOBD?" "MY LOVE," RTO. UNDER WHICH

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.) PLAYING WITH FIRE.

It was decidedly an uncomfortable position for St. Claire. These unexpressed displeasures and silent disappointments always are. But his sweetness of temper, his patience, the purity of his mo-tives, together with his sincere gratitude for past kindnesses—in spite of that look and air of a disguised prince which made him appear to accept all homage as his due—carried him safely, and in some sense easily, through the ordeal, enabling him to take the rough with the smooth as of the appointed order of things. And as, fortified in his own heart by his inextinguishable passion for Monica, he was very far from intending to make love to Ione, he had no scruple in showing her attentions which, as has been said, were the offspring of compassion for her unhappy history, a desire to smooth away some of the worst angles of her uncongenial position, and a purely æsthetic kind of admiration for her beauty and originality.

"I wish I could do something to make you happy," he said one day, as they were walking about the garden—the chief pleasure at Villa Cla rissa-well in view but out of hearing of Mrs. Stewart and her daughter, who were at some little

distance behind them.
"Thank you," said Ione, finding her words marvellously difficult of utterance.

It was strange how her voice all but failed her when she was alone with St. Claire; and how un-pleasant it was to her to hear its tones so deepened and roughened when they did come! how still more unpleasant to be obliged to take long breaths before she could speak at all! She had never before experienced these sensations, and she was somewhat humiliated in her own mind to know that there lived any one in the world who could thus throw her off her balance and make her less than the absolute mistress of herself she always was when with others.

"Your life here is evidently uncongenial to you," continued St. Claire, looking at her full of rash pity.
"Yes," she said.

"And you can not change it?"

"How can I?" was her answer, made with that kind of patience which sounds so like disdain. "I can not live on nothing; and they will not allow me to do anything which might support me."

"But indeed what could you do?" he said, so far on their side.

"A thousand things," she answered. "I could do what other girls do who have to get their own living—why not?"

"You are not fit to go into the world alone,"

said St. Claire, thinking of her beauty. "Why not?" she asked, quickly raising her

eves to his. At this moment she was no longer embarrass ed. no longer subdued and softened. St. Claire's opposition to her cherished dream, his acceptance that which she considered a wrong done to her, and caressed as her standing grievance, chased away her gentler mood; and she was once more

herself, stiffened to oppose and armed to resent.
"You are too lovely," said St. Claire,
Her heart leaped with pleasure.

I am not," she said, with that false modesty which asks for further assurance—which craves reiteration of that dear praise.

"You are the most beautiful girl I have ever

known," said St. Claire.

An indescribable expression came into Ione's face. It was not the soft submission of a loving woman, whose love is her honor and her lover her king-not the patient tenderness of a meek maiden accepting with gratitude and prepared to bestow without demanding-but it was the look of a queen who receives with superb satisfaction the homage which yet she claims as her right St. Claire's praises intoxicated her; but for all that they were her right.

"You are very good to say so," she returned, in a lowered voice. "But you forget Clarissa," she added, in an altered tone.

She is not equal to you, pretty as she is," said

St. Claire, ingenuously.

"Do you think her so very pretty?" she asked, jealously.

"Very. She is charming, for her type," he anwered. "But her type is not equal to yours," swered. he went on to say, looking at his companion, as he had looked at her before, with eyes full of admiration.

"Would you tell her so if she asked you?"

said Ione, with an unpleasant smile.
"Well, it would be difficult to tell her that," he replied, also with a smile; but his was frank, and just a little playful, as if he were putting by the folly of a child.

"Then you would say the same things to her that you have been saying to me?" she asked, looking sideways through her narrowed lids.

"No, I should not," was his reply. "I could not, for I do not think it. It would not be true." "Truth has very little to do with the matter,"

said Ione. "Every one tells stories."
"Not every one," he said, gravely.
"Not you, when you flatter?"
"I do not flatter," he replied.

"You have been flattering me just now," said Ione, with a little laugh, not wholly pleasant nor wholly unamiable.

'No; I have only told the truth," he said. And then she looked at him with one of those

* Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 2, Vol. XVL

sudden and wonderful looks which seemed to envelop him as if in a garment of fire—to dazzle his sight and take away his breath, and confuse his brain so that he could not think distinctly nor reason clearly.

"What strange power have you?" he said, after a moment's pause. "Your eyes are worlds in themselves."

"Are they?" she answered. "Not very plea-

sant worlds. I fear.'

"Worlds where one gets lost-unfathomable,

Oh, the key is not very difficult," said Ione, disdainfully.

"I wish I had it," he replied.

"Perhaps you have, if you cared to use it," she said.

"I would use it if I knew I had it. I should like to understand you," he returned.
"I am easily read."

"By what light?"

She hesitated; her eyes wandered a little aimlessly over the ground where they were cast. She could not say what she thought: "By the light of love-the light of homage-the light of confessing my supremacy and submitting to my domination." But after a time she drew her thoughts together under a more befitting veil, and answered, "By the light of common-sense and a little

sympathy."
"I hope I have the former—I know I have the said St. Claire. "Yet I do not under-

stand you."
"I thought you did," she answered, with a

"Not your eyes when you look like that," he said.

"Then you have less sympathy than you think you have," she answered, somewhat disdainfully.
"There is nothing about me or my eyes so very

inexplicable if you cared to understand."
"But I do," he said. "I do wish both to understand and help you."

She turned to him with the sweetest gracious

ness.
"The very wish helps me," she said, softly. "My life is so lonely that any words of sympathy are pleasant."
"You have all mine," was his reply, made just

as the two ladies, cutting across the garden, came face to face upon them at the angle where the lavender walk intersected the rose border.

All his what? Both mother and daughter heard the words, and discussed them between themselves with some anxiety and more curiosity. All his love ?—all his hope ?—what did he mean What had they been saying to each other? It was of no use to ask Ione, and they could not question him; but things seemed to be coming to a crisis somehow; and perhaps the hope, now that Clarissa had thrown him over, of St. Claire's freeing them of Ione was nearing fulfillment. Meanwhile Ione herself pondered on his words, his looks, his manner, the tones of his voice, the very movement of his hands. And the result of all was that vague kind of hope, rather than confessed belief, of a woman who has not yet heard the beloved speak of love-that atmosphere of dumb passion which means, "He loves me, and he will one day tell me so."

It was playing with fire in truth. And the end of it all? Her destruction, or his own? and the bonds which bound him to sweet dreamy Monica burned like tow in the flame?

CHAPTER XIX.

AT LAST!

Some days after this they were all once more in the grounds of the Villa Clarissa-sitting under the carruba-tree which stood in the centre of the rose garden. For three days the scirocco had been blowing, and the nerves and health of every living thing in the island had been severely tried. Frays had been rife among the populace; quarrels had been the rule of life in all the homes; children had cried with more unappeasable insistence than usual; women had shrieked with shriller voices, and heaped insults on each other's heads with wilder gesticulation; men had velled with more fury in their passion, more pungency in their words, more ready recourse to the knife and freer threats of the revolver; while the more refined and better controlled of the educated classes had moved, or snapped, or sulked, according to their natures, and made themselves and all about them as uncomfortable as it was in their power to do.

St. Claire, always sensitive to weather, had been depressed and ailing. He had not left the hotel but had sat in his own room stripping the healthy skin from his healing wounds; dreaming of Monica, and accusing Providence by his grief; fretting about lone, and plaguing himself with impracticable desires and unprofitable schemes for her benefit; making all his mole-hills into mountains full of sharp rocks and deep abysses; and going through a whole world of unnecessary anguish as his participation in the general disturbance of men and things, because the wind blew from the southeast and brought with it some of poison and languor of the desert.

To-day, however, the whole atmosphere was changed. The wind blew fresh and clear from off the sea, and the irritability and nervous exhaustion of the last seventy-two hours had passed like a bad dream.

It was now the middle of March, and the garden was full of fragrant scents and lovely growths. The walls of the house were still crimson with bougainvillia and perfumed by climbing-roses while heliotrope, lavender, rosemary, and geraniums, all in large bushes rather than plants, mingled with mignonette and orange blossoms in one chord of fragrance, which carried a kind of intoxication to the senses. Birds were singing in the trees; iridescent flies were darting through the air; gorgeous butterflies and softer moths

were fluttering like rootless flowers blown hither and thither by the fresh wind; the sky was a pure unclouded blue, where was never a stain— not veiled and softened, not full of dreamy suggestion and tender languor as it is sometimes, but stimulating, productive, energizing—a sky, a sun, an air which seemed to mock all sorrow, to dry up all tears, and to spur the blood to the very madness of hope, the very insanity of joy. Surely there was not a melancholy line, not a saddened scene, in the whole drama of human history Surely all men were strong, all women lovely, all hearts loving and beloved, on such a day as this! -a day which had for its whole essence happiness, and for all its circumstances beauty.

How good it was to live here in this fair and fruitful Palermo—this pearl in the heart of the Golden Shell! How delicious to drink in delight with every breath that brought the very entrancement of existence—the very ecstasy of being! How all the grief of the past was forgotten, and only the consciousness of the radiant present remained! It was as if pain had been transformed to pleasure—as if the very elements of sorrow had been taken to form the substance

And how beautiful Ione looked, sitting in that curule-shaped garden chair-sitting in that motionless and graceful way of hers, which was at once so proud and so seductive! St. Claire, on a lower seat, seemed almost at her feet, and Clarissa took credit to herself in that she was too good-natured to say so, and thus spoil the picture

and the suggestion.

They had been sitting here for some time, with sundry of the servants coming about them on trivial pretexts of business, but in reality like children eager to have a share in the small family festa going on beneath the carruba-tree. Of them all, Vincenzo was the most incessant and the most persistent. Now he came to bring the ladies flowers-whereof Mrs. Stewart had the largest number; but surely Ione's were the most choice, and Clarissa's the most ordinary—now he came to speak to the padrone on some per-fectly unimportant matter, which he would have dilated on till he had lengthened it out into the parley of an hour, had not the Captain stopped him with military abruptness and as much frankness, telling him he was a "ciucco" for his pains, and "che diavolo!"—what did he want? Reand "che diavolo!"—what did he want? Repulsed or not, however, he always came back to the group beneath the carruba-tree, and always stood where he could best see Ione sitting, like a fair and youthful Agrippina, her clasped hands resting lightly on her knees, her eyes now cast down and now looking straight before her into space, or sometimes stealing brief glances at Armine St. Claire, as is the way with women who feel more than they have confessed, and who love, unbidden of the beloved.

The conversation turned on the mafia, which Captain Stewart held as only the tacit convention of certain men to despise the intervention of the law, and to be their own avengers. According to him, it was nothing but the Corsican vendetta under Sicilian conditions; as thus: if A were injured or murdered, and B were known to be the person who had done the crime, A or his family would not deliver B up to justice to be dealt with according to law, but they would bide their time, take their measures, and execute judgment with their own hands. This, and this only, was the mafia, he said; and people who talked about a secret society, or secret subsidies to brigands to be held harmless of aggression, talked a world of nonsense, and did not know what they said.

Had he said all this to a person who knew Palermo, it would have been confirmation of the whispered suspicion that Captain Stewart was a mafiose himself, and that he owed his immunity from trouble to his punctual payments of blackmail. Men get into the habit of suspicion in this beloved Italy, where the impress of the old hand of tyranny still lies on the flesh of the nation, and where, in consequence, words are held as valuable masks for thoughts; but as Armine did not understand more than the merest surface of things, he accepted what he heard in its simplicity, and thought it all very straightforward and

From the mafia and the mafiosi the talk drifted on to the condition of the poor—the wages they received, the food they ate, the dwellings in which they lived; and then on to the strange mixture of servility and familiarity in their manner, and the cleverness which comes by gift of nature to almost all. And specially the Stewarts dwelt on the facility with which a man can turn his hand to anything; so that your gardener can be your cook, and your cook can be your valet, while your valet makes up your old clothes into new suits for himself as well as if he were a professional tailor, and the tailor could bud your roses and cook your macaroni with no more trouble than he can cut out your coat.

"This Vincenzo, now," said Captain Stewart, "he is simply invaluable. He can do everything, and he will do anything he is asked. The fellow has no pride or nonsense, and he is my right hand in all ways. I do not know how I should get on without him, ugly dog as he is; though I take care not to let him know that he is worth more than a pinch of snuff to me. If I did, he would become insolent, and try to be my master. You have to keep your foot on their necks, if you don't

want their knuckles in your own throat."
"You mean they are slaves," said St. Claire, quietly.

"Substantially, yes," said Captain Stewart.
"Centuries of misrule have moulded them into what they are, and the effect of these centuries is not to be overcome in one generation.'

"You are sure he does not understand English ?" asked St. Claire, looking at Vincenzo, who was standing there, cap in hand as usual, surveying the group in the amiable manner of his race.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

YOLANDE.*

By WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "SHANDON BRILLS," "MACLEOD OF DARR,"
"WHITE WINGS," "SUNBISE," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIII. LOOSENED CHAINS,

"You have done well—you will succeed." Yo. lande read and again read that brief note; pondering over it in secret, and always with an increasing joy. He had seen; he had approved. And now, when she was walking about the streets of Worthing with her mother, she found a strange interest in guessing as to which of those houses he had lived in while, as she assured herself, he was keeping that invisible guard over her. Was it this one, or that; or perhaps the hotel at the corner? Had he been standing at the window there, and regarding her as she passed unconscious? Had he seen her drive by in the little pony-carriage? Had he watched her go along the pier, himself standing somewhere out of the way? She had no longer any doubt that it was he who had gone to the office of Lawrence & Lang on the morning of her arrival in London; she was certain he must have been close by when she went to fetch her mother on that fateful evening,

And indeed, as time went on, it became more and more certain that that forgetfulness to which she had looked forward was still far from her; and now she began to regard with a kind of dismay the prospect of the Master of Lynn coming to claim her. She knew it was her duty to become his wife—that had been arranged and approved by her father; she had herself pledged away her future; and she had no right of appeal. She reminded herself of these facts a hundred times, and argued with herself; she strove to banish those imaginings about one who ought henceforth to be as one dead to her; and strove also to prove to herself that if she did what was right, unhappiness could not be the result; but all the time there was growing up in her heart a fear-nay, almost a conviction —that this marriage was not possible. She turned away her eyes and would not regard it; but this conviction pressed itself in on her whether she would or no. And then she would engage herself with a desperate assiduity in the trivial details of their daily life there, and try to gain forgetfulness that way. This was the letter she wrote to the Master of

Lynn, in reply to his. It cost her some trouble, and also here and there some qualm of self-reproach; for she could not but know that she was not telling the whole truth:

"WORTHING, Wednesday afternoon

"DEAR ARCHIE,-I am exceedingly grieved to hear of your trouble with your family, and also to think that I am the cause of it. It seems so great a pity, and all the more that, in the present circumstances, it is so unnecessary. You will understand from my papa's letter that the duty I have undertaken is surely before any other; and that one's personal wishes must be put aside. when it is a question of what a daughter owes to her mother. And to think there should be trouble and dissension now over what must in any case be so remote-that seems a very painful and unnecessary thing; and surely, dear Archie, you can do something to restore yourself to your ordinary position with regard to your family. Do you think it is pleasant to me to think that I am the cause of a quarrel? And to think also that this quarrel might be continued in the future? But the future is so uncertain now in these new circumstances that I would pray you not to think of it, but to leave it aside, and become good friends with your family. And how, you may ask? Well, I would consider our engagement at an end for the present; let it be as nothing; you will go back to Lynn; I am here, in the position that I can not go from; let the future have what it may in store, it will be time to consider afterward. Pray believe me, dear Archie, it is not in anger that I write, or any resentment; for I understand well that my papa's politics are not agreeable to every one; and I have heard of differences in families on smaller matters than that. And I pray you to believe that neither my father nor myself was sensible of any discourtesy-no, surely every one has the right to choose his friends as he pleases; nor could one expect one's neighbors to alter their habits of living, perhaps, and be at the trouble of entertaining strangers. No, there is neither resentment nor in my mind; but only a wish that you should be reconciled to your friends; and this is an easy way. It would leave you and me free for the time that might be necessary; you can go back to Lynn, where your proper place is; and I can give myself up to my mother, without other thoughts. Will you ask Mrs. Graham if that is not the wisest plan?—I am sure she must be distressed at the thought of your being established. tranged from your relatives; and I know she will think it a pity to have so much trouble about what must in any case be so distant. For, to tell you the truth, dear Archie, I can not leave to any one else what I have now undertaken; and it may be years of attention and service that are wanted; and why should you wait and wait, and always with the constraint of a family quarrel around you? For myself, I already look at my position that way. I have put aside my engagement ring. I have given myself over to the one who has most claims on me; and I am proud to think that I are have leaves on the state of the sta to think that I may have been of a little service already. Will you consent, dear Archie? Then we shall both be free; and the future must be

left to itself. "It was so very kind of you to look after the sending away of the dogs and ponies from Allt-

* Begun in Harper's Bazar No. 3, Vol. XVI.



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nam-ba! my papa has written to me from Dalescroft about it; and was very grateful to you. No, I will not tell him anything of what is in your letter; for it is not necessary it should be known — especially as I hope you will at once take steps for a reconciliation and think no more of it. And it was very good of your sister to go out and pay them a visit at Allt-nam-ba. I have had a letter from her also—as kind as she always is—asking me to go to Inverstroy at Christmas but you will understand from what I have said that this is impossible, nor can I make any engagement with any one now, nor have I any desire to do so. I am satisfied to be as I am— also, I rejoice to think that I have the opportunity; I wish for nothing more except to hear that you have agreed to my suggestion and gone back to Lynn. As for my mother and myself, we shall perhaps go to the south of France when she is a little stronger; but at present she is too weak to travel; and happily we find ourselves very well content with this place, now that we are familiar with it, and have found out different ways of passing the time. It is not so wild and beautiful as Allt-nam-ba, but it is a cheerful place for an invalid: we have a pretty balcony, from which we can look at the people on the promenade, and the sea, and the ships; and we have a pony-carriage for the country roads, and have driven al-

most everywhere in the neighborhood.

"So now I will say good by, dear Archie; and I hope you will consider my proposal; and see that it is wise. What may occur in the future, who can tell?—but in the mean time let us do what is best for those around us; and I think this is the right way. I should feel far happier if I knew that you were not wondering when this service that I owe to my mother were to end; and also I should feel far happier to know that I was no longer the cause of disagreement and unhappiness in your family. Give my love to your sister when you see her; and if you hear anything about the Gress people, I should be glad to

hear some news about them also.

"Believe me, yours affectionately,

She looked at this letter for a long time before putting it in an envelope and addressing it; and when she posted it, it was with a guilty conscience. So far as it went, she had told the truth. This duty she owed to her mother was paramount; and she knew not for how long it might be demanded of her. And no doubt she would feel freer and more content in her mind if her engagement were broken off-if she had no longer to fear that he might be becoming impatient over the renewed waiting and waiting. But that was only part of the truth. She could not blind herself to the fact that this letter was very little more than a skillful piece of prevarication; and this consciousness haunted her, and troubled her, and shamed her. She grew uneasy. Her mother noticed that the girl seemed anxious and distraught, and questioned her; but Yolande answered evasively. She did not think it worth while to burden her mother's mind with her private disquietudes.

No, she had not been true to herself; and she knew it; and the knowledge brought shame to her cheeks when she was alone. With a con-science ill at ease, the cheerfulness with which she set about her ordinary task of keeping her mother employed and amused was just a little bit forced; and despite herself she fell into continual reveries—thinking of the arrival of the let-ter, of his opening it, of his possible conjectures about it. Then, besides these smitings of conscience, there was another thing: would be consider the reason she had advanced for breaking off the engagement as sufficient? Would he not declare himself willing to wait? The tone of his letter had been firm enough. He was unmoved by this opposition on the part of his own people; it was not to gain any release that he had written to her. And now might he not still adhere to his resolution-refusing to make up the quarrel; resolved to wait Yolande's good pleasure; and o, in effect, requiring of her the fulfillment of her plighted troth?

It would be difficult to say which was the stronger motive-the shamed consciousness that she had not spoken honestly, or the ever-increasing fear that, after all, she might not be able to free herself from this impossible bond; but at all events she determined to supplement that letter with a franker one. Indeed, she stole out that same evening, under some pretense or other, and went to the post-office, and sent off this telegram to him:

"Letter posted to you this afternoon: do not answer it until you get the one following." she went back to the rooms quickly, her heart somewhat lighter, though, indeed, all during dinner she was puzzling to decide what she should 8ay, and how to make her confession not too humiliating. She did not wish him to think too bad-Was it not possible for them to part Or would he be angry, and call her "jilt," "light o' love," and so forth, as she had call ed herself? Indeed, she had reproached herself enough; anything that he could say would be nothing new to her. Only she hoped—for she had had a gentle kind of regard for him, and he had been mixed up in her imaginings of the future, and they had spent happy days and evenings together, on board ship or in the small lodge be-tween the streams—that they might part friends, without angry words.

"Yolande, there is something troubling you," her mother said, as they sat at table.

She had been watching the girl in her sad, tender way. As soon as she had spoken Yolande

instantly pulled herself together.

"Why, yes, there is indeed!" she said. "Shall I tell you what it is, mother? I have been thinking that soon we shall be as tired of pheasants as we were of grouse and hares. Papa sends us far too many; or rather it is Mr. Shortlands now; and I don't know what to do with them-unless somebody in the town would exchange them. Is it possible? Would not that be an occupation, now-to sit in a poulterer's shop and say, 'I will give you three brace of pheasants for so many of this and so many of that?""

"You wrote a long letter this afternoon." the mother said, absently. "Was it to Mr. Shortlands ?'

"Oh no," Yolande said, with a trifle of color in her face. "It was to the Master of Lynn. I have often told you about him, mother. And one thing I quite forgot. I forgot to ask him to inquire of Mrs. Bell where the ballad of 'Young Randal' is to be found—you remember I told you the story? No, there is nothing of it in the stupid book I got yesterday—no, nor any story like it, except, perhaps, one where a Lord Lovat of former times comes home from Palestine and asks for May Maisrey.

'And bonnier than them a', May Maisrey, where is she?'

It is a pretty name, is it not, mother? But I think I must write to Mrs. Bell to send me the words of 'Young Randal,' if it is not to be found

"I wish you would go away to your friends now, Yolande," the mother said, regarding her in

that sad and affectionate way.
"That is so very likely!" she answered, with much cheerfulness.

"You ought to go, Yolande. Why should you remain here? Why should you be shut up here—away from all your friends? You have done what you came for-I feel that now-you need not fear to leave me alone now-to leave me in these same lodgings. I can stay here very well, and amuse myself with books and with looking at the people passing. I should not be dull. I like the rooms. I should find amusement enough.

And where am I to go, then?" the girl said, calmly.

"To your friends-to all those people you have told me about. That is the proper kind of life for you, at your age—not shut up in lodgings. The lady in the Highlands, for example, who wants you to spend Christmas there."

"Well, now, dear mother," said Yolande, promptly, "I will not show you another one of my letters if you take the nonsense in them as if it were serious. Christmas, indeed! Why, do you know where we shall be at Christmas? Well, then, at Monte Carlo! No, mother, you need not look forward to the tables; I will not permit any such wickedness, though I have staked more than once—or, rather, papa staked for me —five-franc pieces, and always I won—for as soon as I had won five francs I came away to make sure. But we shall not go to the tables; there is enough without that. There are beautiful drives; and you can walk through the gardens and down the terraces until you get a boat to go out on the blue water. Then, the other side you take a carriage and drive up to the little town, and by the sea there are more beautiful gardens. And at Monte Carlo I know an excel-lent hotel, with fine views; and always there is excellent music. And-and you think I am going to spend Christmas in a Highland glen!

Grazie alla bonta sua!"

"It is too much of a sacrifice. You must leave me to myself-I can do very well by myself now," the mother said, looking at the girl with wistful eyes. "I should be happy enough only to hear of you. I should like to hear of

your being married, Yolande."
"I am not likely to be married to any one, said she, with averted eyes and burning forehead. "Do not speak of it, mother. My place is by you; and here I remain-until you turn me

That same night she wrote the letter which was to supplement the former one and free her

DEAR ARCHIE. - In the letter I sent you this afternoon I was not quite frank with you; and I can not rest until I tell you so. There are other reasons besides those I mentioned why I think our engagement should be broken off now; and also, for I wish to be quite honest, and to throw myself on your generosity and forbearance, why I think that we ought not to look forward to the marriage that was thought of. Perhaps you will ask me what these reasons are-and you have the right; and in that case I will tell you. But perhaps you will be kind, and not ask; and I should never forget your kindness. When I promised to marry you, I thought that the friendliness and affection that prevailed between us was enough; I did not imagine anything else; you must think of how I was brought up, with scarcely any women friends except the ladies at the château, who were very severe as to the duty of children to their parents, and when I learned that my papa approved my marrying you, it was sufficient for me. But now I think not. I do not think I should bring you happiness. There ought to be no regret on the marriage-dayno thoughts going away elsewhere. You have the right to be angry with me, because I have been careless and allowed myself to become affectionate to some one else without my knowing it; but it was not with intention; and now that I know, should I be doing right in allowing our engagement to continue? Yes, you have the right to upbraid me; but you can not think worse of me than I think of myself; and perhaps it is well that the mistake was soon found out, before harm was done. As for me, my path is clear. All that I said in the other letter as to the immediate future, and I hope the distant future also, is true; you have only to look at this other explanation to know exactly how I am situated. I welcome my position and its duties-they drive away sometimes sad thinking and regret over what has happened. You were always very kind

my faith to you more strictly; and if I were to see your sister, what should I say? Only that I am sorry that I can make no more amends; and to beg for your forgiveness and for hers. And perhaps it is better as it is for all of us. My way is clear. I must be with my mother. Perhaps, some day, if our engagement had continued, I might have been tempted to repine. I hope not; but I have no longer such faith in myself. But now you are free from the impatience of waiting; and I-I go my own way, and am all the more certain to give all my devotion where it is needed. I would pray you not to think too harshly of me, only I know that I have not the right to ask; and I should like to part friends with you, if only for the sake of the memories that one treasures. My letter is ill-expressed that I am sure it must be; but perhaps you will guess at anything I should have said and have not said; and believe that I could stretch out my hands to you to beg for your forgiveness, and for gentle thoughts of me in the future, after some years have given us time to look back. I do not think little of any kindness that has been shown to me; and I shall remember your kindness to me always; and also your sister's; and the kindness of every one, as it seemed to me, whom I met in the Highlands. I have made this confession to you without consulting any one; for it is a matter only between you and me; and I do not know how you will receive it; only that I pray you once more for your forgiveness, and not to think too harshly, but, if you have such gentleness and commiseration, to let us remain friends, and to think of each other in the future as not altogether strangers. I know it is much that I ask, and that you have the right to refuse; but I shall look for your letter with the remembrance of your kindness in the

It was a piteous kind of letter; for she felt very solitary and unguided in this crisis; moreover, it was rather hard to fight through this thing, and preserve at the same time an appearance of absolute cheerfulness, so long as her mother was in the room. But she got it done: and Jane was sent out to the post-office; and thereafter Yolande-with something of trial and trouble in her eyes, perhaps, but otherwise with brave face—fetched down some volumes from the little book-case, and asked her mother what she wanted to have read.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE HOUR OF VENGEANCE,

THE Master of Lynn had spent the whole of the morning in arranging affairs with his father's agent; and when he left Mr. Ronald Macpherson's office he knew that he had now all the world to choose from. He was anxious to get away from this dawdling life in Inverness; but, on the other hand, he was not going back to He still felt angry and indignant; he considered he had been badly used; and it is far from improbable that if, at this moment, Yolande had been differently situated, and if Mr. Winterbourne had been likely to give his consent, he, the Master, would now have proposed an immediate marriage, leaving his father and aunt to do or think as they pleased. But, in the present circumstances, that was impossible; and he did not know well which way to turn; and had generally got himself into an unsettled, impatient, irritable condition, which boded no good either for himself or for them who had thwarted him,

He returned to the Station Hotel, and was having lunch by himself in the large and almost empty dining-room, when two letters were brought him which had doubtless arrived by that morning's mail. As he was thinking of many things, it did not occur to him to look at both addresses and decide which letter should have precedence; he mechanically opened and read the first that came to hand:

"ST. JAMES'S CLUB, PICCADILLY, October 31,

"DEAR LESLIE,-Are you game for a cruise? I will go where you like; and start any day you like. I have never taken the Juliet across the Atlantic—what do you say? The worst of it is, there ain't much to see when you get there; but we should have some fun going over and coming back. Drop me a line. She is at Plymouth, and could be got ready in a week.
"Yours ever,

DARTOWN '

Now, to have a three-hundred-ton steam-yacht put at your disposal is an agreeable kind of thing; but there were other circumstances in case. Lord Dartown was a young Irish peer who had inherited an illustrious name, large estates (fortunately for him, some of them were in England), and a sufficiency of good looks but who, on the other hand, seemed determined to bid a speedy farewell to all of these by means of incessant drinking. His friends regarded him with much interest, for he was doing it on dry champagne; and as that is a most unusual circumstance - champagne being somewhat too much of child's play for the serious drinker—they looked on and wondered how long it would last, and repeated incredible stories as to the number of bottles this youth could consume from the moment of his awaking in his berth until his falling asleep in the same. The Julict was an exceedingly well-appointed vessel; the cook had a reputation that a poet might envy; but the habits of the owner were peculiar, and most frequently he had to make his cruises alone. But he had always had a great respect for the Master of Lynn, who was his senior by a year or two, when they were school-fellows together: and sometimes in later years a kind of involuntary admiration for the firm nerve and hardened frame of his deer-stalking friend would lead to

and considerate to me; you deserved that I kept | a temporary fit of reformation, and he would even take to practicing with dumb-bells, which his trembling muscles could scarcely hold out at arm's-length.

"Owley must be off his head altogether this time," the Master of Lynn coolly said to himself, as he regarded the shaky handwriting of the letter. "To think of facing the 'rolling forties' at this time of year! We should die of cold besides. Not good enough, Owley; you must throw a fly over somebody else."

So he put that letter aside, and took up the other. It was the second one of the two that Yolande had sent him; he had got its predecessor on the previous day. And now, as he read this final declaration and confession, it was with an ever-increasing surprise; but it certainly was with no sense of dismay or disappointment, or even the resentment of wounded vanity. He did not even, at this moment, heed the piteous appeal for charity and kindliness; it was not of her he was thinking, and scarcely of himself; it was rather of the people at Lynn.

"Now I will show them what they have done!" he was saying to himself, with a kind of triumph. "They shall see what they have done, and I hope they will be satisfied. As for me, I am going my own way after this. I have had enough of it. Polly may scheme as she likes; and they may rage, or refuse, or go to the deuce, if they

like; I am going to look after myself now."

He picked up the other letter, and took both with him into the writing-room; he had forgotten that he had left his luncheon but half finished. And there he read Yolande's appeal to him with more care; and he was touched by the penitence and the simplicity, and the eager wish for friend-liness in it; and he determined, as he sat down at the writing-table, that, as far as he had command of the English language, she should have safe assurance that they were to part on kindly terms. Indeed, as it turned out, this was the most affectionate letter he had ever sent her; and it might have been said of him, with regard to this engagement, that nothing in it so well became him as his manner of leaving it:

"MY DEAREST YOLANDE," he wrote,-"I am inexpressibly grieved that you should have given yourself the pain to write such a letter; and you might have known that whenever you wished our engagement to cease I should consider you had the right to say so, and so far from accusing you or doing anything in the tragedy line, I should beg to be allowed to remain always your friend. And it won't take any length of time for me to be on quite friendly terms with you—if you will let me; for I am so now; and if I saw you to-morrow I should be glad of your companionship for as long as you chose to give it me; and I don't at all think it impossible that we may have many another stroll along the streets of Inverness, when you come back to the Highlands, as you are sure to do. Of course I am quite sensible of what I have lost-you can't expect me to be otherwise; and I dare say, if all the circumstances had been propitious, and if we had married, we should have got on very well together-for when Polly attributes everything that happens to my temper, that is merely because she is in the wrong, and can't find any other excuse; whereas, if you and I had got married, I fancy we should have agreed very well, so long as no one interfered. But, to tell you the honest truth, my dear Yolande, I never did think you were very anxious about it: you seemed to regard our engagement as a very light matter-or as something that would please everybody all round; and though I trusted that the future would right all that—I mean that we should become more intimate and affectionate-still, there would have been a risk; and it is only common-sense to regard these things now as some consolation, and as some reason why, if you say, 'Let us break off this engagement,' I should say, 'Very well; but let us continue our friendship.

"But there is a tremendous favor I would beg and entreat of you, dearest Yolande; and you always had the most generous disposition-I never knew you to refuse anybody anything (I do believe that was why you got engaged to me -because you thought it would please the Grahams and all the rest of us). I do hope that you will consent to keep the people at Lynn in ignorance—they could only know through Polly, and you could keep it back from her-as to who it was, or why it was, that our engagement was broken off. This is not from vanity; I think you will say I haven't shown much of that sort of distemper. It is merely that I may have the whip-hand of the Lynn people. They have used me badly; and I mean to take care that they don't serve me so again; and if they imagine that our engagement has been broken off solely, or even partly, through their opposition, that will be a weapon for me in the future. And then the grounds of their opposition-that they or their friends might have to associate with one professing such opinions as those your father owns! You may rest assured, dearest Yolande, that I did not put you forward and make any appeal; and equally I knew you would resent my making any apology for your father, or allowing that any consideration on their part was demanded. It's no use reasoning with raving maniacs; I retired. But I mention this once more as an additional reason why, if our engagement is to be broken off, we should make up our minds to look on the best side of affairs, and to part on the best of terms; for I must confess more frankly to you now that there would have been some annoyance, and you would naturally have been angry on account of your father and I should have taken your side. and there would simply have been a series of ele-

gant family squabbles. "There are one or two other points in your letter that I don't touch on; except to say that I hope you will write to me again—and soon; and that you will write in a very different tone. I

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A PINE-APPLE FIELD IN BERMUDA.

hope you will see that many things justify you in so doing; and I hope I have made this letter as plain as can be. I have kept back nothing; so you needn't be reading between the lines. If you have no time to write a letter, send me a few words to show that you are in a more cheerful mood. If you don't, I shouldn't wonder if I broke through all social observances, and presented myself at your door—to convince you that you have done quite right, and that everything is well, and that you have given me a capital means of having it out with the Lynn people when the proper time comes. So please let me have a few lines; and in the mean time I hope I may be allowed to sign myself,

Yours, most affectionately, A. LESLIE. "P.S.-Do you remember my telling you of the small youth who was my fag-the cheeky young party who was always smuggling champagne and pastry? I may have told you that he is now the owner of a three-hundred-ton yacht? Well, he wants me to go a cruise with him. I had not intended doing so; but it occurs to me that I might do worse—as all my affairs are settled up here; and so, if you can write to me within the next few days, will you please address me at the —— Hotel, Jermyn Street?"

Then he wrote:

"INVERNESS, October 31.

"DEAR OWLEY,-It isn't a compagnon de voy age you want; it's a strait-waistcoat. You would knock the Juliet all to bits if you took her across now; and a fine thing to choose winter for visit to New York, where the weather is cold enough to freeze the ears off a brass monkey. This letter will reach London same time as my-self; so you can look me up at —— Hotel, Jermyn Street; and I'll talk to you like a father about it. My notion is you should send the Juliet to Gib., and we could make our way down through Spain; or, if that is too tedious for your lordship, send her to Marseilles, and then we could fill up the intervening time in Paris. I have never been to Venice in a vacht; and whether you can get near enough to Danieli's to make it handy; but I suppose, even if you have to lie down by the Giudecca, there would be no difficulty about getting people to a dance on board? I'll see you through it.
"Yours, A. Leslie."

And then (for now the hour of vengeance had struck) he wrote as follows to his sister:

"STATION HOTEL, October 31.

"DEAR POLLY,-I have to inform you, and I hope you will convey the information to his papaship and to Aunty Tab, that my engagement to Yolande Winterbourne is finally, definitely, and irrevocably broken off. I hope they will be satisfied. I shall be more careful another time to keep the affair in my own hands.

"I am off for a cruise with Dartown, in the Juliet. Guess there'll be about as much fluid inside as outside that noble craft.
"Your affectionate brother, Archie."

And then, having folded up and addressed his letters, he rose and went outside and lit a cigar. He thought he would have a stroll away through the town and out by the harbor, just to think over this that had occurred, and what was likely to occur in the future. It happened to be a very bright and cheerful afternoon; and he walked quickly, with a sort of glad consciousness that now he was master of his own destiny, and meant to remain so; and when he came in sight of the ruffled and windy blue sea, that had suggestions of voyaging and the seeing of strange places that were pleasant enough. Then his cigar drew well; and that, although it may be unconsciously, tells on a man's mood. He began to be rather grateful to Yolande. He hoped she would quite understand his letter; and answer it in the old familiar, affectionate way, just as if nothing had occurred. It distressed him to think she should be in such grief—in such penitence. But he knew he should get some cheerful lines from her; and that, and all, was well.

By-and-by, however, a very uncomfortable sus-picion got hold of him. He had had no very large experience of women and their ways; and he began to ask himself whether the ready acquies-cence he had yielded to Yolande's prayer would please her overmuch. It certainly was not flat-tering to her vanity. For one thing, he could not wholly explain his position to her. He could not tell her that he had virtually said to his fa-ther, "Here is a way of getting back Cortie-vreak; and getting the whole estate into proper condition. You refuse? Very well; you mayn't get another chance, remember." He could not fully explain to her why her proposal, instead of bringing him disappointment, was rather welcome, as offering him a means of vengeance for the annovance he had been subjected to. She knew nothing of Shena Van. She knew nothing of the proposal to complete the Lynn deer forest. So he began to think that his letter, breaking off the engagement so very willingly, might not wholly please her; and as he was well disposed tosiring that they should part the best of friends, he slowly walked back to the hotel, composing a few more sentences by the way, so that her womanly pride should not be wounded.

But it was a difficult matter. He went upstairs to his room, and packed his things for the journey to London, while thinking over what he would say to her. And it was very near dinnertime before he had finished this addendum to his previous letter:

"MY DEAREST YOLANDE," he wrote,-"I want to say something more to you; if you get the two letters together, read this one second. Perhaps you may think, from what I said in the other, that I did not sufficiently value the prospect that was before me at one time, or clse I should say something more about losing it. I am afraid may think I have given you up too easily and lightly; but you would make a great mistake if you think I don't know what I have lost. Only I did not want to make it too grave a mat-

ter; your letter was very serious; and I wanted you to think, and I want you to think, that there is no reason why we should not continue on quite friendly and intimate terms. Of course I know what I have lost; I wasn't so long in your seeiety—on board ship, and in the dahabeeyah, too, and at Allt-nam-ba—without seeing how generous you were, and sincere, and anxious to make every one around you happy; and if it comes to that, and if you will let me say it, a man natural-ly looks forward with some pride to having always with him a wife who can hold her own with everybody in regard to personal appearance, and grace and finish of manner, and accomplishments. Of course I know what I have lost. I am not blind. I always looked forward to seeing you and Polly together at the ball at the Northern Meeting. But when you say it is impossible, and seem put out about it, naturally I tried to find out reasons for looking at the best side of the matter. It is the wisest way. When you miss a bird it is of no use saying, 'Confound it, I have missed'; it is much better to say, 'Thank goodness I didn't go near it; it won't go away wounded.' And, quite apart from anything you said in your letter of to-day, there was enough in your letter of yesterday to warrant us both in consenting to break off the engagement. Circumstances were against it on both sides. Of course I would have gone on—as I wrote to you. A man can't be such a cur as to break his word to his promised wife simply because his relatives are ill-tempered—at least, if I came across such a gentleman he wouldn't very long be any acquaintance of mine. But there would have been trouble and family squabbles, as I say, if not a complete family separation—which could not be pleasant to a young wife; and then, on your side, there is this duty to your mother, which was not contemplated when we were engaged; and so, when we consider everything, perhaps it is better as it is. I dare say, if we had married, we should have been as contented as most people; and I should have been very proud of you as my wife, naturally; but it is no use speculating on what might have been. It is very fortunate, when an engagement is broken off, if not a particle of blame attaches to either side; and in that way we should consider ourselves lucky, as giving no handle for any ill-natured gossip.

"Of course Polly will be cut up about it. She always had an extraordinary affection for you; and looked forward to your being her sister. Graham will be disappointed too; you were always very highly valued in that quarter. But if you and I are of one mind that the decision we have come to is a wise one, it is our business, and no one clsc's."

He stopped and read over again those last sen-

"I consider, now," he was saying to himself, "that that is a friendly touch—No blame attaching to either side: that will please her; she align to either side: ways was very sensitive, and pleased to be thought

"And even," he continued, "if I should get reconciled to my people (about which I am in no

hurry), Lynn will seem a lonely place after this autumn; and I suppose I shall conceive a profound detestation for next year's tenant of Alltnam-ba. Probably two or three bachelor fellows will have the Lodge; and it will be pipes and brandy-and-soda and limited loo in the evening; they won't know that there was once a fairy living in that glen. But I don't despair of seeing you again in the Highlands, and your father too; and, as they say the subject of deer forests is to be brought before the House, he will now be in a position to talk a little common-sense to them about that subject. Did you see that the chief agitator on this matter has just been caught speaking about the grouse and red-deer of Iona? ow I will undertake to eat all the red-deer and all the grouse he can find in Iona at one meal; and I'll give him three months for the search."

He thought this was very eleverly introduced. It was to give her the impression that they could now write to each other indifferently on the subjects of the day—in short, that they were on terms of ordinary and pleasant friendship.

"But I dare say you will consider me prejadiced—for I have been brought up from my infancy, almost, with a rifle in my hand; and so I will end this scrawl, again asking from you a few lines just to show that we are friends as before, and as I hope we shall ever remain.

"Yours, most affectionately, "Archie Leslie."

It was a clever letter, he considered. The little touches of flattery; the business-like references to the topics of the day; the frank appeals to her old friendship—these would not be in vain. And so he went in to his dinner with a light heart, and the same night went comfortably to sleep in a same night went comfortably to sleep in a saloon-carriage bound for London.

TO BE CONTINUED.]

A PINE-APPLE FIELD IN

OUR graphic illustration shows this most lus-O cious of all the tropical fruits at home, in its native Bermuda, where it is cultivated in large fields, the slips being planted wherever there is earth enough among the rocks. The pine-apples grow on stems about a foot high, with a crown of long spiked leaves, and the fruit in the mid dle. They are ripe in May, when the whole field is cut down. In addition to the large numbers that are exported both to domestic and foreign ports, considerable quantities are canned for exportation. Fine as are the West Indian pine apples, those grown under glass excel them in flavor, and command a much higher price in market, even in England, where their cultivation in hot-houses—which was once regarded as the highest triumph of the horticultural art—is now comparatively easy, and is one of the luxuries of wealthy establishments. They are propagated chiefly by means of suckers, and also by the crowns, while new varieties are obtained from seed from the partially wild plants.



Embroidered Border for Cotton and Linen Dresses.

Many of the new cotton dresses of this season MANY of the new cotton cresses of this season are accompanied by embroideries such as that illustrated, executed by machine in one or more bright harmonizing colors on a ground of solid

Collar and Cravat.-Figs. 1 and 2.

Collar and Uravat.—Figs. 1 and 2.

The standing collar in Fig. 1 has a stiff foundation two inches deep, covered outside with ruby velvet, and lined with white silk. On each side of the front of the collar a strip of white foundation is attached as a back for the lace plastron; the foundation is three inches wide at its widest part at the upper end, and is sloped to two inches at the lower. It is covered with a yard of écru lace four inches wide, the middle part of which is sloped and pleated to fit around the neek, while is sloped and pleated to fit around the neck, while the ends are shaped to the front. A second piece of lace fifteen inches long is set underneath the first piece on each side, and a row of lace is laid on the collar over the velvet. The front edges are bound with ruby velvet ribbon, and a bow of tellar either is placed at the leaves and a bow of similar ribbon is placed at the lower end. The cravat Fig. 2 consists of a piece of dotted shrimp pink gauze half a yard square, which is edged



Fig. 1.-LACE AND VELVET COLLAR.



AND LACE.

Summer Toilettes.-Figs. 1-5.

Summer Toilettes.—Figs. 1-5.

The black veiling dress shown in Figs. 1 and 2 consists of a skirt with ample drapery and flounces, and a basque trimmed with flat bands and tabs of wide velvet ribbon, and completed by a puffed postilion at the back. The front drapery is an apron of medium length, bordered with two bands of velvet ribbon, and taken up on the sides in deep upturned folds, while the back is looped to form two deep puffs below those of the basque. The skirt border consists of a flounce twenty inches deep, with a shirred heading and a border of velvet ribbon falling over narrow box-pleating at the foot. The young lady's dress Figs. 3 and 4 is composed of a basque and over-skirt of dark blue flannel over a red cashmere kilt skirt bordered with a wide band of the blue flannel. The basque has a vest, collar, and cuffs of red cashmere, and is finished with a belt and bows of red ottoman ribbon. The apron front is caught down with a large bow of similar ribbon. The long fronts and shorter puffed back of the mantle Fig. 5 are of black ottoman silk, while the rounded sleeve forms are of chenille net-work mounted on a silk, lining. Ruffles of wide Spanish guipure large, jet drop ornaments, and long-looped bows a silk lining. Ruffles of wide Spanish guipure lace, jet drop ornaments, and long-looped bows of narrow satin ribbon are the trimming.



Fig. 2.—Embroidery for Centre of Toilette Cushion, Fig. 1.



EMBROIDERED BORDER FOR COTTON AND LINEN DRESSES.



Fig. 3.—Young Lady's Flannel Dress.—Front.—[See Fig. 4.]



Fig. 4 .- Young Lady's Flannel Dress.—Back.—[See Fig. 3.]

with cream-colored silk lace across the top and at the pointed with cream-colored silk large across the top and at the pointed lower end. Both ends of the gauze are side-pleated into a space of four inches, and the lower is tacked up under the unpleated part of the gauze, forming a loop of it. The upper end is turned down over a shrimp pink neck ribbon, which is finished with a bow in front and tied behind.



Fig. 3.—Border of Toilette Cushios, Fig. 1.—Point Russe Emphodery.



Fig. 1.—Embroidered Toilette Cushion.—[See Figs. 2 and 3.]



Fig. 5.—Ottoman EILK MANTLE. Digitized by

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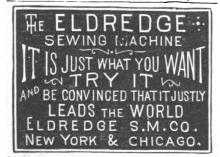


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A Few Unsolicited Letters from Thousands Received.

Feb. 9, 1882.

I have tried experiments on myself and others with Hop Bitters, and can easily recommend them as a pleasant and efficacious medicine. I have found them specially useful in cases of congestion of the kidneys, as well as in bitious derangements.

Rev. J. Milner, M.A.,

Rector to the Duke of Edinburgh.

U. S. Consulate, Manonester, Eng., Nov. 8, 1889.
Gentlemen,—Since writing you of the great benefit I had derived from taking "Hop Bitters," I gave a friend a bottle, who had been suffering much from dyspepsia and singgish liver, and the change was marvellous; he appeared another being altogether. He had tried several other remedies without any benefit I could name over a dozen other miraculous cures.

Abthur C. Hall, Consular Clerk.

I am pleased to testify to the good effects of your "Hop Bitters." Have been suffering a long time with severe pain in the left side and across the loins, and, having tried a number of so-called remedies without any benefit, I am glad to acknowledge the great relief I have obtained from your medicine. I have obtained from your medicin CHARLES WATSON.

COLOURBERR, ENG., Aug. 18, 1882.

Gentlemen,—I was troubled with a very bad form of indigestion for a long time, and tried many things in vain until I got some "Hop Bitters," and on taking was quite cured, and remain so till this time. It is now three months ago since I was bad.

F. Bell.

From Ould Ireland.

Hop Bitters Co.: DUBLIN, NOV. 22, 1882. Gentlemen,—You may be interested to learn that one of the most eminent Judges on the Irish bench (a customer of mine) highly approves of your Hop Bitters, having received great benefit from their use.

T. T. HOLMES, Chemist.

ALEXANDRA PALAOR,
LONDON, ENG., April 18, 1882.
I find Hop Bitters a most wonderful medical combination—healthful, blood-purifying, and strengthening. I can, from analysis as well as from medical knowledge, highly recommend them as a valuable family medicine.

REPLICATION

Barbara Wallage Gothard, Supt.

Surffield, Eng., June 7, 1882.

Sir.—Having suffered from extreme nervous debility for four years, and having tried all kinds of medicine and change of scene and air without deriving any benjefit whatever, I was persuaded by a friend to try Hop Bitters, and the effect, I am happy to say, was most marvellous. Under these circumstances, I feel it my duty to give this testimonial for the benefit of others, as I may say I am now entirely well; therefore I can justly and with conditence give personal testimony to any one wishing to call upon me.

Yours truly,

Henry Hall.

Nonwich, Eng., June 20, 1882.

To the Hop Bitters Co.: Gentlemen,—Having suffered for many years from billousness, accompanied with sickness and dreadful headache (being greatly fatigued with overwork and long hours at business), I lost all energy, strength, and appetite. I was advised by a friend in whom I had seen such beneficial effects to try Hop Bitters, and a few bottles have quite altered and restored me to better health than ever. I have also recommended it to other friends, and am pleased to add with the like result. Every claim you make for it I can fully endorse, and recommend it as an incomparable tonic.
Yours faithfully, S. W. Firt.

From Germany.

KATZENBACHUOF, GERMANY, Aug. 28, 1881.

Hop Bitters—and I can already, after so short a time, assure you that I feel much better than I have felt for months.

assure you that I feel much better than I nave feet for months.

I have had, during the course of four years, three times an inflammation of the kidneys. The last, in January, 1880, was the worst: and I took a lot of medicine to care the same, in consequence of which my stomach got terribly weakened. I suffered from enormous pains, had to bear great torments when taking nourishment, had sleepless nights, but none of the medicine was of the least use to me. Now, in consequence of taking Hop Bitters, these pains and inconveniences have entirely left me, I have a good night's rest, and am sufficiently strengthened for work, while I always had to lay down during the day, and this almost every hour. I shall think it my duty to recommend the Bitters to all who suffer, for I am sure I cannot thank the Lord enough that I came across your preparation, and I hope He will maintain you a long time to come for the welfare of suffering mankind.

Yours very truly,

Particle Hardshape Gebr. Rosler

Yours very truly,
PAULINE HAUSSLER, Gebr. Rosler.

From Portugal and Spain

From Portugal and Spain.

Gentlemen,—Though not in the habit of praising patent medicines, which for the most part are not only useless but injurious, I have constantly used Hop Bitters for the past four years in cases of indigestion, debility, feebleness of constitution, and in all disenses caused by poor or bad ventilation, want of air and exercise, overwork, and want of appetite, with the most perfect success.

I am the first who introduced your Hop Bitters in Portugal and Spain, where they are now used very extensively.

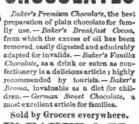
Yours very truly,

BARON DEFORTE BELLA,

Profession de Chemie et de Pharmacle, Coimbra University, Coimbra, Portugal.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1976.

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This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny llue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world. \$1 per bottle; elx for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of Fine Human Hair Goods, 317 Sixth AVENUE, NEW YORK.

PILLA-BOLVENE.—The original and only genuine their Solvens. Permanently dissolves superfluens hair, roet and branch, in five minutes, without pain, discoleration, or injury. ADIPOSIDIA.—"The miratel of medera medicine," renders thin, lean, and stender persons stort. Scaled particulars 6c. WILCOX SPECIFIC MEDICINE CO., Bax 2345, Philade., Pa.

30 GILT-EDGE COMPLIMENT CARDS, with name and elegant case, loc. H. M. Cook, Meriden, Conn.

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L. Shaw's Elastic Spring Waves,

SUPERIOR

softer Clasp softly to the forehead, giving a beautiful shape and a perfectly natural appearance. No nets required, and not a single hairpin. Warranted of naturally curly hair, or money refunded. From \$5 upward.

An immense atock of the gençine Langtry or English Easew, from \$3 upward. All from jeces dressed while you walt, for 19c. each.

Switches, all long hair, 28 in. long, 4 oz weight, \$4. UNRIVALLED Beautifying Cosmetics.

EUGENIE'S SECRET OF BEAUTY,

FUGENIE'S SECRET OF BEAUTY,
For the complexion. Produces a beautiful transparency. It is recommended by physicians. Price, 31 per box. Unrivalled Veloutine Face Powders, 50c. and 31 per box. My Complexion Mask, patented Sept. 4, 1877, so highly recommended and unsurpassed. Price, \$2, complete. Beware of imitations. Indelible Saffoline Lip and Face Rouges, \$1 and \$1.50 per bottle. F. F. Marshall's Adonlue, for Dyeing Instantaneously the hair, the beard, the eyebrows, and eyelashes a beautiful light brown, brown, dark brown, or black, without injury to the hair, skin, or health, \$1 50 per box. Applied on premises if desired.

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Just received, an elegant assortment of naturally gray hair, in the finest shades. Will be sold at reasonable prices.

able prices.

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Goods sent to all parts of the country, C.O.D., with privilege of returning.

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Printed Linen Lawns for Dresses! - Fine for Dresses! - Fine quality of Pure Lines Lawn, new and choice patterns, price 35c. per yard. The most com-

HARPER'S BAZAR CUT PAPER PATTERNS.

We have transferred our WHOLESALE PAT-TERN DEPARTMENT to Mr. J. G. CROTTY, Nos. 180 to 186 Cherry Street, New York, who will conduct it upon his own account and responsibility.

SPECIAL CAUTION.

We are not interested in nor responsible for any contracts made by J. G. CROTTY & CO., whether for HARPER'S BAZAR Patterns or for any other business HARPER & BROTHERS,

A NEW CATALOGUE of NOVELTIES IN ART NEEDLE-WORK is now ready, and will be sent to any address on receipt of 3-cent stamp, by

CHAS. E. BENTLEY, 854 Broadway, N. Y., or \$14 Fulton St., Brooklyn.



CREWELS. 2 sks. 14c.; 3 knots
15c.; 3 skeins Emb. Silk, 9c.; 1 sk. Enb.
15c.; 3 skeins Emb. Silk, 9c.; 1 sk. Etching Silk, 6c.; 3 sks. French Cotton,
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cards Cross-stitch Patterns, 30c.; 3 new
Tidy Patterns, 30c.; Juli instructions for
doring Stamping which will not rub of,
50c.; 2 Stamping Patterns for Kensington,
20c.; 1 for Outline, 16c.; 1 for Flanned,
10c.; 1 for Braiding, 10c.; 1 box Powder,
20c. Special offer—all above,
31.00. Stamping Patterns at wholesale.

Stamping Patterns at wholesale.

Stamping Patterns at wholesale.

FINEST CARDS EVER ISSUED
A beautiful BASKET OF FLOWEBS—Marchal Niel and Jacqueminot Roses; or a BASKET
OF FRUIT—Peaches, Plums, Grapes and Cheries—very natural and from original designs. Full
size. Mailed on receipt of 9 cents each, or 15 cents
the pair in stamps. Mention this paper.
BCOTT & HOWNE, 110 Wooster St., N. Y.

CROCHET AND KNITTED LACE. LADIES! It's all the rage to make Tides and bon. Our New Book of Croomer and Knith Landergoins with twine and rib-Lade contains a number of beautiful Patterns for this work, with Directions for making; also, Patterns for Thread Edgings, etc. Price, 30 cts., 6 for \$1.00. We take P.O. stamps. J. F. INGALLS, Lynn, Mass.

SHOPPING FOR ALL, Of every description. Also, orders taken for Superior Dressmaking. For circular, address Mrs. VIRGINIA C. BREWSTER, 208 West 25th Street, New York.

A SPLENDID OFFER—To introduce these Elegant and Fashionable Decorations, the handsomest goods in America, we send this lot by mail for 10c.: 1 Japanese Napkin (elegant, 5 colors), 1 Japanese Tidy (floral design, 8 colors), 1 Japanese Goesamer Handkerchief (luce design), and 3 Artistic Chromos.

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SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

Mime. Julian's Specific is the only unfailing remedy for removing radically and permanently all annoying distingureaments from the Lips, Check, Chin, Arms, &c., without injuring the Skin. Ladies may address time. JULIAN, Ne. & East 20th St., N.Y.

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Grand, Allen, and Orchard Sts.

DRESS GOODS.

EXAMINE QUALITIES AND STYLE OF GOODS. COMPARE PRICES.

WE SHALL BE CONTENT WITH THE RESULT. ALL FINEST-CLASS GOODS.

LADIES IN WANT OF

of M.P

HIGH NOVELTIES,

WILL FIND OUR 50c., 75c., 98c., \$1 25, THE SAME AS SELLING UP-TOWN FROM \$1 50 TO \$3 PER YARD.

Dress Silks.

OUR \$1 00 BLACK GROS GRAIN REDUCED TO #754. OUR \$1 25 SATIN FINISH REDUCED TO 96c. OUR \$1 50 GENUINE GUINET REDUCED TO \$1 22. OUR \$2 GENUINE GUINET REDUCED TO \$1 48.

COLORED GROS GRAIN.

FORMER PRICE \$1; NOW 79c.
FORMER QUALITY \$1 17; NOW \$1.
FORMERLY SOLD AT \$1 85; NOW \$1 19.
THESE QUOTATIONS ARE GUARANTEED CORRECT.

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REDUCED TO 39c.; HAVE BEEN SOLD AT 55c.

SAMPLES BY MAIL IF REQUESTED.
ORDERS BY MAIL WELL ATTENDED TO.
OUR MAGAZINE AND CATALOGUE, AT 15c.
PER NUMBER, SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOUSE-HOLD.

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309, 311, 313 to 321 Grand St.,

56, 58 TO 70 ALLEN ST.,

69, 61, AND 63 ORCHARD ST., N. Y.

E. A. MORRISON, 893 Broadway, N. Y.,

Importer of rich novelties in Passementeries, Fringes, Ornaments, and Buttons, especially adapted to those in want of really fine

DRESS TRIMMINGS.

For this season we will show, in addition to our regular stock of Plain and Beaded Fringes and Gimps, a line of Silk and Cashmere Embroideries, Rat-tail Chenille Fringes, Plain and Shaded Feather Trimmings; and a complete assortment of new and desirable Buttons in plain, fancy, and artistic designs.

TRIMMINGS MADE TO ORDER.

P. S.-Wholesale Department, second and third 'floors.

ARISIAN FLOWER CO.

IMPORTERS,

No. 8 West 14th St., near 5th Avenue. REDUCTIONS! REDUCTIONS! REDUCTIONS!

To reduce the immense stock on hand we have this week-marked down to astonishingly low figures our PARIS BONNETS AND ROUND HATS, many of which are of last week's importation.
BONNETS and ROUND HATS of OUR OWN MAKE

in novel, attractive, and elegant designs.
ROUND HATS AND BONNETS FOR HALF-GROWN GIRLS, MISSES, AND LITTLE GIRLS.

HATS FOR LITTLE BOYS.

Now is the time for purchase, if elegant goods at the lowest prices are desired.

The ont-of-town trade will do well to bear in mind that REDUCTIONS RULE IN ALL DEPARTMENTS OF OUR HOUSE.

NEW DESIGNS IN FLORAL COACHING-CLUB PARURES.

BRIDAL GARNITURE AND VEILS.

Garnitures for Evening Dresses and Waist Bouquets.

Jardinieres and Jardiniere Plants.

I. LOEWENSTEIN.

"CACHEMIRE MARGUERITE" BLACK DRESS SILKS.

A FULL LINE KEPT IN OUR SILK DEPARTMENT.

LORD & TAYLOR, BROADWAY and 20th St., New York.

A. HAMILTON, 5 East 30th St., New York. SUPERIOR DRESSMAKING.

Dinner, Reception, and Ball Tollets. Short notice. Reasonable prices. Orders by mail and letters of inquiry promptly attended to.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$6 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

BROTHERS,

Broadway and 14th Street.

A change of partnership took place in our business on the 1st of May, one partner withdrawing. The entire stock has been purchased by Ma. GEORGE LE BOUTILLIER, the remaining partner, who hereby announces that the business will be continued on an enlarged scale, under the same firm name as heretofore, and at the same address.

OFFER THIS WEEK THE FOLLOWING

SPECIAL BARGAINS:

75 dozen Ladies' Fine French Fancy Striped Hose, 25c. per pair. 150 dozen Finer Quality, in Plain Colors and Stripes, 37%c. per pair; worth 65c. 150 dozen Muslin Chemises, 30 Tucks and Embroidered Insertion, 49c.; worth 75c.

worth 75c.
115 dozen Skirts, Tucked and Em-broidered, 90c. each.
75 dozen Night-Gowns, 54 in. long, with Tucks and Embroidery, 99c.; worth \$1 35.

PARASOLS.

22-in. Satin Coaching Parasols, all colors, \$1 85; worth \$2 50.
24-in. Twilled Silk Sun Umbrellas, Natural and Fancy Handles, \$1 85; worth \$2 60.

Keep in constant communication with us. Advise us of all your wants, small or large. It will be profitable to you. Mail Order Department thoroughly equipped.

Le Boutillier Bros., Broadway and 14th Street.

CONTINUATION

OF REDUCTIONS IN OUR

LACE DEPARTMENT.

Cream Spanish Lace Fichus from 50c. and \$2; reduced from 90c. and \$3.

Spanish Lace Scarfs, \$150; reduced from \$225.
Black Hand-run Spanish Fichus from \$3 and \$750; reduced from \$450 and \$11.

Real Guipure Lace Capes, \$4; reduced from \$12.
Real Irish Crochet Laces, 25c., 40c., 50c. per yard; half value.

Large Lot Fancy Laces at 20c. per yard; reduced from 50c.

Special Line Fancy Laces at 10c. per yard.

RIBBONS.

8-Inch All-Silk Gros Grain Sash Ribbons at 95c. per yard; reduced from \$1 50.
8-Inch All-Silk Brocaded Sash Ribbons at 95c. per yard; reduced from \$1 50.
Also, Fine French Flowers, reduced to one-half value.

DUNCAN A. GRANT.

28 West 23d St., and 19 West 22d St.

\$72 AWEEK. \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly Ontfit free. Address Truc & Co., Augusta, Maine.



English, \$2 50.

Bon Marché, \$5 00.

The "English" and "Bon Marché" Jerseys represent the latest styles of these deservedly popular garmenta. Being manufactured of an elastic cashmere fabric similar to that generally known as Stockinet, they will fit the form closer than any garment yet introduced; while their elegance of shape, combined with the comfort and freedom of action afforded the wearer, cannot fail to recommend them to all ladies of fashion.

COLORS:

Sky Blue, Navy Blue, Terra Cotta, Cream, Crushed Strawberry, Cardinal, Garnet, Seal, Brown, Black, White, &c.

Send exact Bust and Waist Measures, and we will guarantee a perfect fit. If ordered sent by mail, enclose fifteen cents for postage.

SIMPSON, CRAWFORD, & SIMPSON,

6th Avenue & 19th Street, New York.



Nearly a Million to select from, collected by our own buyers in the markets of the world. Press Goods, Silks, Shawls, Trimmings, Hoslery, Upholstery, Fancy Goods, Ladies' Dresses, Clonks, Underwear, Ties, Luces, Gents' Parnishing Goods, Infants', Boys and Gride Dresses, Clonks, Infants', Boys and Gride Dresses, Complexition, COOPER & CONNER, State & Market St., Philads. CF Please asy where you saw this Advertisement.

Mme. BRADY,
361 Sixth Ave., bet. 22d and 23d Sts.
STAMPING and EMBROIDERING TO ORDER.
Perforating Machines and Stamping Patterns for sale. Send for Circular.

Chromo Visiting Cards, no 2 alike, for 1883, name on, and Illustrated Premium List, 10c. Warranted best sold. Agents wanted. L. Jones & Co., Nassau, N.Y.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine.

"OPERA BOXES."

Beautiful set of Imported Cards, by mail, on receipt of two 3c. stamps. WHITING, 50 Nassau St., N. Y.

NEW.

SOMETHING Genoa Black Silks

TRADE MARK

Made in Genoa, Italy.

Genoa Silks are noted in Europe for purity of texture and wearing qualities. Being soft and pliable, they not crack or cut, nor turn Gray like Lyons Silks. For sale by all first class retailers from \$1.25 to \$3.00 yeard, none genuine unless branded on the selvage of every second yard. Jobbers supplied by the agents. SHAEN & FITHIAN, 55 Leonard Street, New York.

JAS. G. JOHNSON & CO.,

RETAIL HOUSE,

WHOLESALE HOUSE,

S EAST 14th STREET,

653 & 655 BROADWAY.

NEW YORK,

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF

FINE FRENCH MILLINERY GOODS, LACES, DRESS TRIMMINGS, FANCY GOODS, &c.

Orders Carefully and Promptly Filled. Samples on Application.

PLAIN AND WOVEN BROCHÉ

"Nonpareil

Recommended by every FASHION JOURNAL and

WRITER

for Seaside wear.

Bon-Ton Costume

in America. THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY SUBSTITUTE FOR LYONS SILK VELVET.

The most FASHIONABLE.

Every second yard stamped with Trade-Mark. None others Genuine.

TO BE PURCHASED FROM ALL FIRST-CLASS RETAILERS, FROM 80c. TO \$2.50 A YARD. Beware of Cheap Imitations under other names, which will never

Remarkable for closeness of the pile. With light fabric, beautiful soft finish, and depth of color peculiar to Silk Velvets. They are specially adapted to ladies' dresses, and readily drape in graceful folds and puffings.

Le Boutillier Bros., Of 23d Street.

RLACK SILKS.

The best and most reliable in the market, at \$1 00,

\$1 25, \$1 50, and \$2 00.

BLACK and COLORED SILK and
COLORED SATIN RHADAMES at \$1 00,
\$1 25, and \$1 50. These are 25 per cent, under regular

SUMMER SILKS in large variety at greatly

FINE ALL-WOOL double-width Dress Goods

at specially low prices.

SPECIAL BARGAINS IN WHITE

LAWN SUITS and JERSEYS.
Ladles' BLACK and FANCY LISLE
THREAD HOSIERY at greatly reduced prices.
Latest novelties in PARASOLS, COACHING UMBRELLAS, SUN UMBREL-

Prompt and careful attention to all Mail Orders. SAMPLES SENT. IT WILL PAY YOU TO SHOP BY MAIL.

Please note the address:

LE BOUTILLIER BROS.,

Of 23d Street., 31 & 33 West 23d Street, New York.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & CO.

COSTUMES.

For the balance of the season we will offer Paris Pattern Garments and other choice novelties in Suits, Street and Dinner Dresses, Evening and Reception Toilets, Mantles, Wraps, &c., at large reduction from former prices.

Broadway and 19th St.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY..... 4 00 HARPER'S BAZAR 4 00

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Any TWO above named 7 00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States

The Volumes of the WREKLY and BAZAR begin with the first numbers for January, the Volumes of the Young Proper with the first Number for November, and the Volumes of the MAGAZINE with the Numbers for June and December of each year.

Subscriptions will be entered with the Number of each Periodical current at the time of receipt of order except in cases where the subscriber otherwise directs.

Specimen copy of HARINE'S YOUNG PROPER sent on receipt of a three-cent stamp.

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HARPER'S CATALOGUE, of between three and four thousand volumes, mailed on receipt of Nine Cents in Postage Stamps.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO'S

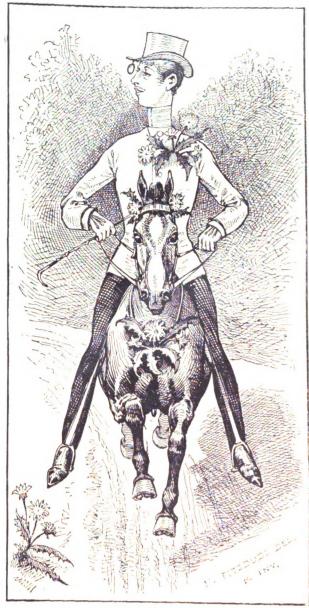
The only establishment making a SPECIAL BUSINESS of ROSES. 60 LARCE HOUSES for ROSES alone, Strong Pot Plants suitable for immediate bloom delivered safely, postpaid, to any post-office. Esplendid varieties, your choice, all labeled, for \$i; 12 for \$2: 19 for \$7: 26 for \$4: 35 for \$5: 75 for \$10; 100 for \$13; We CIVE a Handsome Present of choice and valuable ROSES free with every order. Our NEW CUIDE, a complete Treaties on the time. Pupp, elegantly illustrated—free to all.

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West Grove, Chester Co., Pa. ON RECEIPT OF \$5 00 we will forward to any address a FANCY BANKET OF OUR NEW BONBONS. Address ARNAUD'S, 915 Broadway, New York.

Dr. J. W. J. Englar, of Baltimore, sava: "Dr. Ben-on's Pills—an important addition to materia medica."

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THE DANDY-LION SEASON.

"SEE THE POINT? THAT'S MY JOKE. I CLAIM ALSO A PATENT ON MY ADAPTED EVEGLASS. YA-AS, WE ARE NOT QUITE SUCH ASSES AS THE PAPAWS MAKE US OUT TO BE."

FACETIÆ.

There is nothing like being always ready with an answer. Good Farmer H—was the possessor of a small dog of that peculiar species whose sole delight seems to consist in tearing into the road to yelp at every one passing, and having to his own mind vanquished him, to retire to his tavorite lair behind the great gate post, and growl to himself until the next victim appears.

One day as sedate old bachelor N—, who was a near neighbor, was passing, the dog became more than usually noisy, and actually had the audacity to place himself in front of the worthy pedestrian, and bark furiously, as much as to say, "I own this road, and you can't pass." This was too much, and N—stooped to pick up a stone, when, perceiving H— leaning on the fence, he turned on him and demanded savagely what he meant by allowing his dog to bark at folks that way. But he lost his point, and was compelled to retreat, for with the most provoking gravity H— replied: "Mister N—, my dog ain't ashamed to speak to any man."

Parallel to the story of the sailor who refused to cat a tender piece of meat because there was no "chaw" in it, is that of an old chap who lost his weather-betten razor after many years of use, during which time he had managed to get it into such a condition that it removed not only beard, but a good bit of skin along with it. Mourning his loss, he hastened to town and invested in a fine article, which he at once put to use on his return home. Somehow it didn't work just right; he could not feel it, and so he gave the edge one or two passes over the old stone upon which he was wont to sharpen its predecessor. Then finding that it took right hold, he exclaimed, with delight, "Wa'al, now, that is shaving!"



A HOUSE-CLEANING RHYME.

A HOUSE-CLEANING RHYME.

"For once," he said, in pleading tones,
"I pray give heed to me:
Don't work yourself a single hour,
Don't even oversee.
Tis naught but nonsense your idea
That you must be on hand
At every little tack and turn—
Sheer nonsense, understand.
So let these people you have hired
This dreary cleaning do,
While in your sunny, cozy room
You rest till it is through.
You will? Say yes before he goes,
Your husband, dear, implores;
Plan and command, but leave the rest
To skillful servitors,"
She promised, with a quizby smile,
He joyful went away,
And near those skillful servitors
She never went that day.
And they pulled and hauled and tore

She never went that day.

And they pulled and hauled and tore
The carpets from the floor,
And rent the rugs in slips,
And splinters knocked and chips
from tables, lonnges, chairs;
And cracked the dainty wares
Upon the étagères.
The statuettes they hashed,
The picture-frames they smashed,
They streaked the tinted walls,
Blockaded all the halls,
Broke windows, battered doors,
Those skillful servitors.

And when he merrily skipped in

And when he merrily skipped in From town, as day grew dim, Oh, what a scene of home gone mad He found awaiting him!

And while he stood and wildly stared, She softly, sweetly said:
"I've minded you; all day I've staid Up in my room, and read.

And now how do you think, my love, They've done without my aid?"
"Well," answered he, as round his neck An evicted spider played,
And stumbling o'er some bristling tacks,
He fell upon all fours,
"I think that, after all, 'tis best To boss these servitors."

A Rhode Island girl has married a man who is now in the Bristol jail. She knows surely where her husband spends his evenings.

An amising incident occurred not long since at a prayer-meeting in a little village in Western Massachusetts. Among the church brethren who occupied the foremost seats in the room was a man who was not only a non-attendant of religious meetings, but was known to have scoffed at such gatherings. His presence at this time, and the knowledge that he had repented his past career, and had not only come to the meeting himself, but had brought some of his companious, awakened more than ordinary interest in the man. Attenthe experies had been opened he was called upon to offer prayer. There was profound silence as he began: "O Lord, we come, knowing that where two or three are gathered together in Thy name—" At this juncture he paused and added, after a moment's thought, "there they be." Unable to proceed further, he sat down.

What may be said to be a favorite piece of sculpture with every man?—The fellow that he cut out.

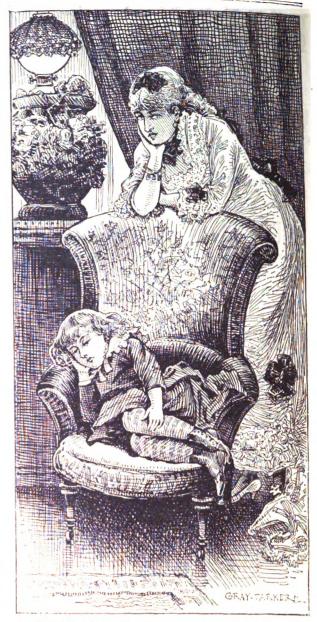
At some amateur theatricals one evening, Mr. C—, a guest in the house where the entertainment was given, was untiring in his endeavors to provide scats for the audience, which far exceeded the number of guests expected. Miss S—, one of the spectators, turned to the friend scated next ber, and in a very low whisper said, in reference to Mr. C—, who was handing chairs very dextenously over the heads of the audience, "He exhibits all the ardor of an undertaker."

heads of the audience, "He exhibits all the ardor of an undertaker,"

Miss K—, to whom the remark was addressed, was convulsed with mirth, the observation appearing the more indictions as she continued to watch Mr. C——. Fearing her immoderate langhter might appear a rudeness, she explained its cause to her next neighbor, a lady with whom, though a stranger, she had already exchanged a few words.

The repetition of Miss S——'s remark was received rather grimly, and though the rising of the curtain put it out of Miss K—'s mind for the time being, she chanced to mention it a day or two after to Miss S—. Miss S——'s horror at learning her remark had been repeated in such a direction was more than equalled by Miss K—'s at being informed that not only was the individual to whom she had confided the remark the wife of Mr. C——, but that Mr. C—— was an undertaker.

The Biffins children, having overheard some one remark in connection with the Biffins evening party that "Mr. Spriggins will have his eye out for the oysters," had a consultation which resulted in their stationing themselves, while refreshments were being served, in good positions to see Mr. Spriggins take out that important organ.



"HARRY, LET MARIE PUT YOU TO BED, YOU CAN HARDLY KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN."

HARRY. "I AM NOT TIRED, ONLY MY HEAD IS."

[A fact.

When the late Rev. Samuel Johnson was preaching in quaint old Salem, many years ago, there was a certain member of the congregation, a portly retired whaler, who invariably slept calmly through the whole service. This at length awakened the ire of one of the good deacons, and one morning he located himself in the pew of the worthy captain, who, coming in himself a few moments later, promptly went to sleep. The deacon leaned over and shook his arm. "Come, come, wake up; don't sleep in meetin'."

"Eh! what's the trouble?" says the captain.

"I say," repeated the deacon, "wake up."

"What's the matter?" responded the captain; "ain't Johnson in the pulpit?" Yes, of course he is; why?"

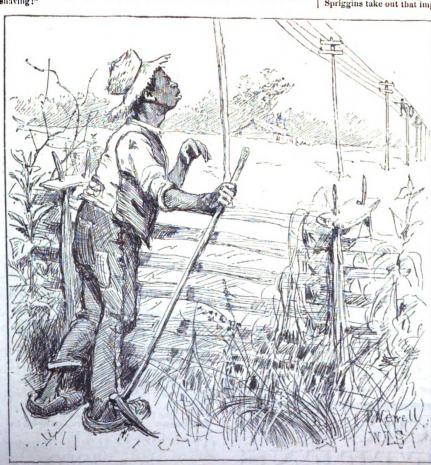
"Wa'al, then I guess things is going on all right."

And the captain calmly resumed his slumbers.

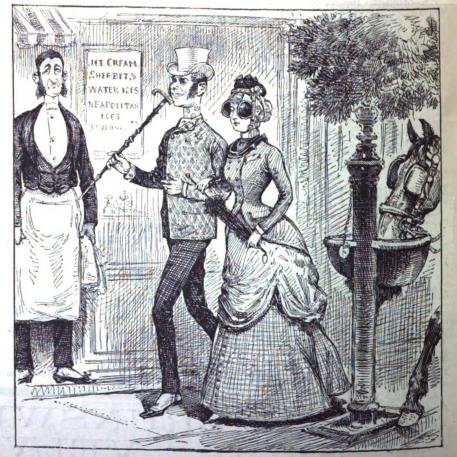
"Say, Pat, what ever made you go to work for old Uncle Dan? He's the meanest man in the country."

"Mane is it?" said Pat; "why, shure an' he's the foinest, aisyest-goin' master iver I had, bedad; he gives a man fifteen hours to do a day's work in."

Robert Collyer says, "in America dyspepsia lurks beneath the pic-crust," and if what follows be true, we may well believe him. Jack had been away for twenty years, and after journeying to many lands, returned to his native town to find none of the old faces there, and even the old home gone. With some trouble he at last found what seemed to be the old cellar, but was undecided for a time, until he found among the rubbish what seemed to be a round bit of very old leather. He gazed at it for a while, and then exclaimed: "Yes, it is! Now I know this is the place; for if here isn't one of dear old Annt Suc's undercrusts, with the plate all moulded away from it!"



"WELL, MY KING! LONG'S I BIN 'BOUT HE-YUR, NEBER SEEN ONE DESE YUR TALLYGRAPHS COMIN' LONG BEFO'!"



CRUEL, BUT EFFECTIVE.

NEW PATENT ICE-CREAM BLINKERS, MAKING IT ABSOLUTELY IMPOSSIBLE FOR ANY YOUNG LADY TO SEE AN ICE-CREAM SALOON.

[Delight of Cadbury, whose salary is \$20 per week.]

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1883.

TEN CENTS A COPY. WITH A SUPPLEMENT.



Fig. 1.—Velvet Jacket.—Front.—[For Back, see Page 404.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 4-9.

Fig. 2.—Brocaded Grenadine Mantle.—Front:—[For Back, see Page 404.]

For description see Supplement.

THE MARQUISE'S WHITE BLACKBIRD.

A WHITE blackbird appears to be a serious possession, especially if it flies away and somebody else catches it, as lately happened in Paris.

happened in Paris.

The albino bird in question had belonged to a certain marquise, who made a present of it to a relative living in the gay capital. This relative put it into a grand cage, and gave it a grand servant; but whether the latter was too proud or too careless to look after his charge, it is beyond doubt that the white blackbird flew away. It did so like the most ordinary bird in the world, and finding some sparrows amusing themselves in a garden, joined them, apparently quite unaware of its own distinguished appearance, and altogether unconscious of its own valuable properties.

But there were those abroad who were not equally innocent of the worth of white blackbirds, and so before long the owner of the garden laid his snares to entrap the curious visitor, and succeeded in catching it. In its new master's possession the bird was

treated with no less distinction than before, and being made much of, soon became the talk of the gossips of the neighborhood. Meanwhile the servant of its previous owner, overcome with remorse at having allowed so rare a creature to escape, had vowed himself to a life-long quest of the missing bird, and after some days came to the quarter where the captive had found a new home. No time, of course, was lost in claiming the truant; but the captor refused to part with his prize, so the police were sent to seize it, and seize it they did, with disastrous legal results; for the first owner brought a charge of theft against the second, who retorted by an action for libel; the servants exchanged actions for assault; the second owner charged the police with forcible entry of his house, and the police summoned him, in return, under "the law of 1811."

In the midst of all this litigation the white blackbird, having been solemnly transferred into an official prison-cage, was removed to the penitentiary, there to await the result of the pending suits, for personal feeling ran so high in the matter that it was consid-

ered unadvisable to leave the bird with either claimant, lest he should cook and eat it to spite the other. In court the evidence on both sides was chiefly ornithological, and turned to some extent upon the point whether a white blackbird could be properly considered a rarity. For the prosecution of the captor it was urged that the creature was a miracle in feathers, a unique wonder, and a phœnix such as appears on earth only once in a lifetime. For the defense it was contended that a white blackbird was a mere freak of nature, and not even an uncommon one, that any bird-seller could at any time furnish such a creature to order, and that Paris itself could probably show a dozen. Writers on natural history were marshalled on either side to prove and disprove the rarity of albino individuals, and if the object in dispute had been a white elephant instead of only a white blackbird, the energy displayed could hardly have been greater. The advocates on either side plunged into abstruse discussions on zoology with a zest that astonished every one, while the ornithological experiences of the police, both original in matter and extensive in scope, afforded the

Court abundant food for reflection and comment. Unfortunately the police of a capital can not have any large personal acquaintance officially with wild birds, and the consequence was that when they came to give evidence as to the crea ture in their charge they found themselves so insufficiently posted as to facts that the case passed virtually out of their hands altogether, and the lawyers themselves, abandoning their law-books and maxims, had to fall back for their arguments upon Cuvier, Buffon, Darwin, and Audubon.

How the case might have been decided it is hard to say, for while the hearing was adjourned on a point of law the white blackbird-died!

While learned counsel were busy working up all the precedents of white blackbirds that they could find, and fortifying themselves with fresh facts from the volumes of naturalists, the distinguished fowl that had succeeded in involving itself and its friends in six lawsuits all at once, put an end to the litigation and to itself by succumbing to a surfeit of cherries

And to show the absurdity of public popularity and fame-in volatile Paris-as many Frenchmen and Frenchwomen came to view the deceased fowl lying in state, and as much rubbish was written over the remains of the white blackbird, as if the defunct had been a prominent statesman.

FLOWER SONGS.

If the buttercups could sing, What a pretty "ting-a-ling" We should hear in summer-time; Could the daisies pipe a strain, It would be like falling rain, Just a silvery chime.

If the violets knew an air, It would sound most like a prayer, On the sea-shell's theme; If the wild rose sang a catch, Never would be heard its match, Save in some sweet dream.

MARY N. PRESCOTT.

HARPER'S BAZAR,

SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1883.

WITH A PATTERN-SHEET SUPPLEMENT.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN OFFER TO YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS.

For the best original drawing to illustrate Alfred Domett's "Christmas Hymn"-the drawing to be suitable for publication in Harper's Magazine, and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age - Messrs Harper & Brothers offer as award of THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old mas-ters.—The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.

The drawings must be received by Messus.

HARPER & BROTHERS not later than August 1, 1883, addressed "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York"; and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope accompanying the drawings, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A.; MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A.; and Mr. Charles Parsons, A.N.A., So perintendent of the Art Department, Harper & Brothers, will act as judges of the competition.

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for HARPER'S MAGAZINE of December 1883; and should other drawings submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page Harper's Weekly, \$300; one page Harper's Bazar, \$200; one page Harper's Young People, \$100.

If the judges should decide that no one of the deawings is suitable, Messrs, Harper & Brothers reserve the right to extend the limit of time and re-

open the competition,

Two Christmas Hymns by Alfred Domett That published in 1837 is have been published. the one for the illustration of which artists are invited to compete, and a printed copy of it will be

> HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL.

IT is not in the power of everybody, on the snowy ways of winter or on the soft mud of spring roads, to take that amount of physical exercise necessary for the health; and no mere walking on wooden piazzas from end to end and back again, no running up and down stairs within-doors, supplies in any sufficient degree the amount of exercise good for the body, for two essential elements of healthy exercise are necessarily wanting, and they are the touch of the ground, and a firmament of fresh air to purify the blood by its eager reception.

Of course house exercise is much better than none at all, because at any rate it brings the body into action, and causes it | the figure, one may say, keyed up to the |

to receive and renew its supplies; that is, it acts on the body itself as it does on the appetite, which it stimulates, and gives it the vigor to appropriate what the appetite procures for it.

But after the weather is settled, and the roads, the sidewalks, the wood paths, and by-ways are firm and elastic ground once more, there is no excuse for any of those who have the time to spare if they fail to take a daily walk of a mile or two and return, other things-that is, their feet and back and strength-being equal; and if they are not equal, there are few better ways of making them become so. To be sure, there are those whose absolute in-door duties will give them no time for a daily walk outdoors, who get up to bake and brew, and darn and scour, and go to bed to dream of it, who are mere slaves in a tread-mill, fortunate if they are happy on the wheel. such as these it would be idle to talk of the daily walk, for which, with all its blessed out-door sights and sounds and smells, they would be glad to make exchange were it possible or right; but the first duty at hand is the one to be done, and a "constitutional" seems a far-off and abstract duty, not apprehended as a duty at all, indeed, and the other things are here at hand and must be done, or woe worth the day in which they shall be left undone!

But to those who may take it this daily walk is a duty, if not as absolute as all others, still to be righteously performed. If the body is God's temple it is right to keep it swept and garnished, well lighted and well aired; and only a fit amount of exercise calls into action every one of its servants to perform such work, for it is that which feeds the muscles, replenishes the vessels, and lights the fires that burn away impurities; it clears a clogged brain, a cloudy mind, a brooding mood, and an ill temper; it arouses all the recuperative power of the system, the restorative energy, so called, and thus does even more than supply waste in creating demand for supply, but it increases the power of assimilation and creates strength. A German scholar thinks so favorably of the advantages of general exercise that he even advocates such a thing as the attaching of skating rinks to schools. He claims that physically skating has not only the excellence of usual exercise, but it causes a fine carriage of the body through trained effort to preserve equilibrium, and a wonderfully equal distribution of the blood and is an actual remedy for that excessive flow of blood to the head which in delicate or studious people occasions bleeding at the nose in more or less dangerous degree, and if not that then worse symptoms of an apoplectic kind; and furthermore this sarant claims that skating is valuable for the mental training it affords the young in requiring presence of mind and quickness of decision for the avoiding of collisions and the turning of corners, and for meeting the other exigencies either of the roller or the genuine skate. Indeed, we think something of this mental effect has always been claimed by the Germans as a result of classified gymnastic work, and it has lately been stated that the leaders of the boating and balling sports of some of our principal colleges are also the leaders in class rank. There seems to be reason in the idea that what promotes the health of the body promotes the health of the brain and will with it, and as the physicians accepting it regard all children over the age of ten years as subjects for the practice of physical exercise, the habit of exercise is one that can thus be acquired so early as to be second nature, and not need to be forced and "doctored up" in later life.

There is always, however, a danger of too ardent performance of this sort of duty by the new beginner, and those in a hurry to get strong and well. They walk till they feel fatigue before remembering that they have to retrace their way, and the step ceases to be buoyant, and the lungs tire of their unwonted combustion, and a fagged and dull weariness comes that is very much worse than the condition before the walk

No one should at first undertake what, to borrow a term from the Milesian, might be called an unaccustomed undertaking in the way of exercise, whether walking, riding, boating, swimming, or any other species of strong muscular exertion. For one not accustomed to exercise, and feeling the want of it, is in a condition where the recuperative power is already deficient, and that power must be coaxed along and not driven; to drive it is simply to exhaust it and the rest of the body both with it and beyond it. All exercise, the physiologist tells us, uses up a certain amount of the strength of the tissues, but the stimulation to the recuperative power, the power of receiving, absorbing, and elaborating nutriment all along the line, not only instantly repairs that waste, but prevents fatigue, and keeps the whole instrument, as, changing

proper pitch. Thus, then, while it is so very important to stimulate this power, it is of superior importance not to exhaust it, for it is the fountain of strength and health and life itself, and its exhaustion is harder to repair than any evil sought to be helped by this too vigorous exercise referred to. This is a matter, however, in which one has to be one's own judge, and can not receive dictation. One must know personally whether fatigue comes in a half-mile, or a quarter, or twice as much, and graduate the constitutional so that when it is over there is no other fatigue than a pleasant sense of receiving rest followed by one of added fresh-When the proper amount to be taken is fixed, that can be increased in gentle and almost imperceptible additions from day to day, or from week to week, till the walker will be amazed after a while at the distance covered as easily as a bird seems to stretch its wings, and with the growth of this strength will come that visible part of health—the sparkling eye, the ruddy lip, the blushing cheek, the laughing glowing light and warmth which are also, as well as signals of health and strength, the first elements of beauty.

IN THE HORSE-CARS.

PERHAPS there is no better place to study character and expression than in the horse-cars, where rich and poor jostle each other, where the millionaire in her furs and velvets and the beggar in his rags meet together, where the natural disposition of people and their position in the world may be read in their bearing and manners, where the person who is only a gentleman by his tailor's permission discloses his want of genuine refinement unawares, or where the day-laborer in his coarse clothes may show as nice a sense of courtesy as if bred in a palace. Here one meets the woman who never incommodes herself to make room for a tired wayfarer, who allows her umbrella to drip upon your garments, who thanks no one for the seat which she feels to be her due; the woman whose change is always at the bottom of her bag under everything else, or in some fathomless pocket: the woman who informs her friend and the other passengers why she dismissed her last girl, how many pies she baked yesterday, whose soap she uses, and the amount of preserves she has put up. There is the officious woman, who always knows where you want to change cars, who offers to hold your bundles, advises you to count your change, to close your window, who asks the conductor if the horses aren't tired; the chatty woman, who gives you a report of the weather, as if it were something of which you had no experience, but were anxious to acquire, who makes you welcome at her side, as though she were the hostess of the occasion, tells you the children have the mumps, and her husband doesn't approve of seal-skin cloaks. Here is the person who has gotten into the wrong car, and isn't satisfied; the young man and his sweetheart who see nobody else in the place, the heavy man who mistakes your feet for the car floor, the one who gives up his seat to a pretty girl or an old person, and his neighbor, who never gives up a seat for anybody. There is always the person who acts as if the road was in-There is always corporated for the sole object of carrying him to his destination in comfort, and the one who seems to feel as if he was intruding on private property, and was inclined to ask somebody's pardon. Some people, indeed, appear to think that the journey is too brief for it to be worth their while to put on their company manners, and others never give you occasion to suspect that they keep an assortment, or that their best are too fine for the wear and tear of travel.

DIET FOR INVALIDS.

By JULIET CORSON.

T is claimed by the ichthyophagoi that the actual food value of fish is equal to that of meat, and in support of this claim they cite the general good health of people living near the sea-coast, who subsist largely on fish. As a rule they are hardy and vigorous, and do not often suffer from scrofulous or tubercular disease. There seems to be some ground for these claims, as many sea fish contain iodine to a degree quite sufficient to produce a slight tonic effect if persistently used; and others, which are rich in oil seem to be excellent foods for consumptives. The flesh of the redblooded species approximates most nearly to butcher's meat, and contains more fat in general distribution than that of the white-blooded varieties, but no sort is relatively as stimulating to the system, or as satisfactory to the appetite. The fact that fish is less stimulating than meat enhances its dietetic value as a food for invalids. Whiteblooded fish, such as haddock, flounder, and white-fish, is more digestible than the red-blooded varieties: rich and oilv fish, such as eels, mackerel, and herring, should not be eaten by invalids with weakened digestive organs; red-blooded fish

is more nutritious than eggs or poultry, and offers an excellent variation to the diet of the invalid whose digestion is not seriously impaired; even when the digestive organs are much enfeebled the use of a properly made fish soup is quite admissi. ble. Since there exists such a wide difference between the qualities of red and white blooded fish, it seems inadvisable to be absolutely credulous in regard to their merits. After all, the best guide in all matters of experiment is experience.

South (a palatable and refreshing soup, digestible and slightly nourishing; useful in the early stages of convalescence). - Have two very small flounders perfectly cleaned, trim off the fins and tails, and lay them in plenty of cold salted water. Have more flounders, weighing about a pound, thoroughly cleaned, wash them well in cold water, and put them over the fire in three pints of cold water, and boil them for about half an hour, or until they are reduced to a pulp; then strain the broth, return it again to the fire, season it palatably with salt and a very little Cavenne pep-per, put the small flounders into it, and boil them gently for about ten minutes, but not long enough to cause them to break apart; then serve them in the soup, with a slice of toast or a few crackers.

EGG Souchy (a delicate and nutritious soup, slightly more nourishing than plain southy).—Prepare this soup as directed in the recipe for souchy, and just before serving it stir into it the yolks of two raw eggs beaten to a smooth cream with half a cupful of the hot soup: do not let it boil after

adding the eggs. Serve it hot, with crackers.

BOILED FLOUNDER (a delicate and nutritious dish, the most digestible of all fish; suitable for use in early convalescence). - Thoroughly wash a flounder of medium size, after it has been cleaned, trim off the fins and tail, put the fish into sufficient boiling water to cover it, with a tablespoonful of salt, and continue to boil it gently for ten minutes: rapid boiling would break the fish before it could be cooked quite through. the flounder is done, lift it from the boiling water with a large skimmer, letting all the water drain away from it, lay it on a folded napkin arranged on a hot dish, dust it with a very little salt and pepper, and serve it hot. As boiled flounder is rather insipid, the physician should be consulted in regard to the use of a very little lemon juice or table sauce, or, in advanced convalescence, some good fish sauce.

BROILED FLOUNDER (more appetizing and stimulating than boiled flounder, but a trifle less digestible ; useful in the different stages of convalescence). -After a medium-sized flounder has been clean ed, washed, and trimmed, put it between the bars of a buttered wire gridiron, and broil it over a hot fire, letting it cook about three minutes on each side, or, if the fish is thick, let it brown. Serve it on a hot dish, with a very little salt, pepper, and butter spread over it: serve it hot.

BROILED HALIBUT (an abundant fish on Atlan tic sea-coasts, more nutritious than flounder, but not so digestible; a useful appetizing food in most conditions of convalescence).—Wash a slice of nalibut about three-quarters of an inch thick, dry it on a clean cloth, put it between the bars of a buttered double wire gridiron, and broil it light brown, about five minutes on each side. When it is done, lay it on a hot platter, spread over it a table-spoonful of butter, dust it slightly with salt and pepper, and serve it hot. The neck of hali-but, the thin gelatinous part which lies under the gills, is less digestible than the firmer flesh, but more savory

Cod is the least digestible of white fish, on account of its dense texture. It seems to be more easily digested when broiled than when boiled, providing very little butter is used with it. In using cod-fish as food in cases of malnutrition the liver should always be cooked. Despite the natural association of that portion of the fish with the unpleasant cod-liver oil so commonly used in consumption, it is a nutritious and palatable food, partaking of course of all the virtues Cod's liver may be boiled in plenty of salted boiling water for fifteen minutes, and then served with a little good table sauce; or it may be scalded, and then sliced and broiled, and served with salt, pepper, and butter; or stewed until tender, and served with salt and lemon juice; or boiled and chopped very fine, and made into a sauce for boiled cod-fish.

In using fish as food for invalids the fact should always be remembered that there is a wide difference between the relative nutritive values of white and dark fish and meat. In meats, with the exception of pork, the white is the flesh of young animals, and not being matured, is deficient in nutritive properties. In fish there is an absolute nutritive difference in the two varieties, the red-blooded being most nutritious, and approaching closely to meat in food value; salmon is the most nutritious of fish; trout is nutritious and exceedingly digestible.

Boiled Trout (a digestible, nutritions dish, more stimulating than white fish, and consequently better for use in advanced convulescence).—After a trout medium size has been scaled and cleaned, trim off the fins and tail, put it over the fire in sufficient cold water to cover it, with a table-spoonful of salt; when the water boils try to pull out a fin, and if it comes away easily, the trout is done; if not, let it boil two or three minutes longer. While the trout is being cooked, heat over the fire half a pint of cream, and season it lightly with salt and pepper. When the trout is done, drain it, lay it on a folded napkin laid on a hot dish, and serve the cream with it; serve also a boiled potato, if its use is permissible, or a few boiled green peas very lightly seasoned. When small trout are boiled they should be put into boiling salted water.

BROILED TROUT (nutritious and digestible, slightly more stimulating than boiled trout, and more savory).—After a trout has been scaled and washed. split it down the back, take out the backbone and the entrails, and lay it between the bars of a but-tered double wire gridiron; if small fish are used,



do not split them, but score them to the bone instead, making two or three cuts diagonally across them on each side. Broil the trout light brown over a quick fire, and serve them hot, with a little salt, pepper, and butter.

BOILED SALMON (the most nutritious of all fish, less digestible than trout, and more stimulating , may be used in advanced convalescence alternately with poultry, game, and tender beef and mutton).— Wash a thick slice of salmon, weighing about a pound, put it over the fire in salted boiling water, and boil it gently for fifteen minutes; then drain it, and serve it on a folded napkin laid on a hot dish. A little cream or melted butter, lightly seasoned with salt and pepper, may be served with it; or a little lemon juice, if the physician permits it.

SALMON BROILED IN PAPER (the most delicate preparation of salmon, digestible, savory, and very nutritious; one of the most valuable foods for the invalid, when the physician will permit its use). Wash a slice of salmon, about an inch thick, in cold water, dry it on a clean cloth, lightly season it with salt and pepper, and wrap it in a sheet of buttered note-paper, the edges of which must be folded closely over each other several times in order to retain all the juices of the salmon; place the salmon thus prepared between the bars of a double wire gridiron, and broil it for ten minutes on each side over a moderate fire, taking care not to scorch the paper. Serve it on a hot dish in the paper, not cutting off the latter until the patient is ready to eat the salmon. By this method of cooking all the flavor and nutriment of the fish are preserved.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

SIMPLE DRESSES.

THERE has been suddenly developed a fancy for simple dresses of plain fabrics and a single color, by way of giving variety to the wardrobe, and prominent among these costumes is the use of plain grenadine with gros grain, as opposed to the rich velvet figured grenadines with satin. When the dress is colored-dark red, copper, lapis blue, or golden brown - it is made of the smoothest silk gauze of a single shade, or else changeable with black, draped over plain gros grain or taffeta silk. If the dress is black, the material is the armure-figured or square-meshed grenadine, and the silk is plain gros grain or of toman repped. Lace is the trimming for all such dresses, but this may be confined to the basque, in which case only three or four yards are required for the full frills on the sleeves, neck, and down the front. The écru embroideries that are done on a net foundation, and resemble lace, are used for the colored grenadines, while for black dresses the French, Spanish, and guipure laces are chosen. At the best furnishing houses there are black grenadines of nice quality made up with the deep-pleated kilt skirt, full apron drapery, and short basque that constitute the popular design this season for the simplest wool dresses. The grenadine kilting is in wide pleats, and may be edged with lace which falls at the foot upon one or two narrow knife-pleatings that are needed to relieve the long straight effect of the lengthwise pleats. The upper drapery is not cut out by any pattern, but is arranged in inexplicable folds on the top of the skirt, in any way most becoming to the wearer. The lower edges of the grenadine are most often turned under above a kilt-pleating, but if it is meant that the front should be decidedly in apron shape, it is edged with lace four or five inches wide; as this lace must not be used on the back drapery, only two yards are needed, and this is put on in a gathered frill without heading, the edge of the lace being passed under the wide hem of the grenadine; one-third extra fullness is all that is added for lace. Pleated lace is not now used. The trimming width of laces for basques is about three inches, while that for aprons and for flounces on skirts varies from three to eight inches in width; when two different widths are used they should have the same design, and indeed the same patterns may be had in three different widths, the third width being used for frills around the hips, which are either laid upon the vertugadin puff, where they will appear just below the short basque, or else they are attached to the basque itself under the slender scallops that are cut along its edge. The French laces that imitate Chantilly designs are used for such dresses in pretty patterns of shaded roses, rose-buds, palms, and feathers: the prices of these begin as low as 25 cents a yard in the three-inch widths, and increase up to \$1 50; excellent designs are sold for 35 or 50 cents a yard. As we have said, three yards will trim a basque, but modistes can also use six are used on very simply trimmed lower skirts. When grenadine is used for flounces a pretty plan is to have each flounce four inches deep when finished, and add lace two inches wide: these widths will answer alike for gathered and pleated flounces; a hem as wide as the lace gives a pretty effect to the flounce, while other flounces have an inch-wide hem, with two or three tucks, each a third of an inch wide, above it. The Spanish guipure laces, with square guipure meshes and thick Spanish dots and scallops, are in keeping with the plain iron grenadines, and there are more costly Spanish laces with hand-run fig-

Independent young women select some simple style that is becoming to them, and have all their dresses of both rich and plain fabrics made by one pattern. Thus a young lady with slender graceful figure has a preference for the round basque with deep apron over-skirt and narrow short skirt with flounces, and this, with slight variations in the trimming of the lower skirt and the upper drapery, is the design used for all the dresses of her summer wardrobe. One of these pretty dresses is entirely of India foulard of dark

blue ground, with India red circles in it; this has two or three gathered flounces on the lower skirt, a hem on the round apron over-skirt, and the basque has a shirred front; with this is a parasol of the same foulard, and for morning walks her hat is an English rough straw walking hat trimmed with blue velvet and two white pigeons. A second dress is of écru pongee with the deep apron over-skirt covered with Persian embroidery of red, blue, and olive, in very small designs. And a third dress has a skirt of gay figured foulard with scalloped flounces, while the shirred basque and over-skirt are of plain lemon-colored foulard with frills of white Oriental lace. Another young lady finds the Jersey waist becoming to her, and seven of these waists complete the dresses of her summer outfit. There is a jetted silk Jersey to wear with black skirts; one of pale blue wool for a striped wool dress that shows blue, olive, rose, and cream-color in the stripes; a beaded scarlet Jersey for white, red, and black dresses; a brown wool Jersey that forms the waist to her travelling dress that has checked wool skirts; an écru Jersey for pongee skirts; another of white wool to wear with blue and white flannel skirts in the country; and still another of white silk with crystal beading to wear with evening dresses. Since the Jersey has been deprived of its scant look and improved in shape by American modistes, who have added a collar, cuffs, pleatings at the back, and sometimes a narrow vest, it bas become both a popular and a fashionable gar-ment. Those Jerseys made with sewed seams, forming a French back with some pleats in the middle seam, are preferred for slender figures, while those woven in the plain Jersey shape are liked for larger women. They are made without darts, and the single breasted fronts have an English collar notched like the collar of a gentleman's morning coat, and above this is a high standing collar. Small cuffs are turned back on the sleeves and hemmed, and there are curved slits for pockets on each side. Modistes make a waist like this as a part of a suit, and attach it permanently to the lower skirt, or else there is a sash like that of the lower skirt sewed on the edge of the Jersey; this style is liked for young ladies and school-girls. Older ladies have the Jersey represent an outside basque simply hemmed on the edges, and finished in the back with a ribbon bow and loops over the pleating, or to make the back bouffant when there is no pleating. When the webbing is not thick it will show the white corset cover if tightly drawn over it, hence a cover of silesia or of thin silk the color of the Jersey cloth should be worn beneath it.

NEW ENGLISH HATS.

High-crowned English walking hats of white ough straws are the latest novelty for morning hats in the city, for driving, and for the sea-side. They have sloping crowns, with the brims pointed front and back, and rolled up closely against the crown on each side. The special feature of their trimming is the use of one or two large plump birds, such as white pigeons, sea-gulls, white paroquets with red or vellow heads, small blue impions, ring-doves, and other birds with close plumage that will not be affected by dampness. A scarf of crêpe de Chine or of velvet, either white or colored, surrounds the crown, and the birds lie on the left side of the hat, posed there as if sleeping. These hats are worn quite far back on the head, with the pointed front of the brim resting on the front hair, but not concealing the drooping locks on the forehead. A small mask veil of red or of white tulle with dots

NEW VEILS AND NEW BONNETS.

An effort is being made to bring into use again the bordered lace veils worn ten or twelve years ago. These are seen in both white and black lace, shaped somewhat like a fichu, with tab ends that tie behind the crown, while the centre part is deeply curved, and is passed over the front of the bonnet, and allowed to droop below the chin. White Oriental lace is also arranged on the brim of large poke bonnets made for dressy wear at the watering-places. For instance, one made of the new pointed crape with white ground on which pale roses are printed is made up over puffs of pink silk, with the crown softly shirred, and is trimmed with a jabot of Oriental lace along the edge, and a scantily gathered frill of deeper lace falls over the front like a veil. A cluster of roses with long stems is on the left side, and the wide strings are of dotted net, with an edge of Oriental lace sewed to form a scant frill on each side,

Another novelty is the use of real pines and cones for trimming lace bonnets. These are the genuine pines, with their odor preserved, and have been treated in some way that prevents them from caving. They are laid as a wreath around the crowns of small capotes made of white lace on gilt frames. The effect of the dark green pines amid the white lace is cool and pretty, and is sometimes further heightened by adding large white flowers, such as dogwood blossoms, ox-eyed daisies, or horse-chestnuts. The white lace is pinned on the gilt lining in an easy, careless way with large pins of hammered gilt, and the crown is covered by horizontal rows of pleated lace, or else by two lengthwise barb-like pieces. Leghorn flats for the summer will be trimmed with these pines, and those for mountain use can easily be arranged by the wearer with scarfs of white mull. to which pines may be added, gathered fresh from the woods.

A new llama lace of very fine quality is being used for black lace bonnets. This has fine meshes like those of Chantilly, with hand-run figures. It is arranged across the crown in gathered rows over a transparent frame, or else over tulle laid on gold wires, and there is an edge on the brim of fine gold beads strung on wire. Richly colored tulips of velvet and satin, with an aigrette in the centre, or else some scabieuse blossoms or large artemisias, are the trimmings for these rich bon-

nets for middle-aged and elderly ladies; the wide strings are of net and lace. New straw bonnets in the small shapes have a narrow rolled coronet covered smoothly with velvet, and their short crown is split up through the middle, and edged with straw galloon made of small straw buttons set on velvet. A large fluted bow of velvetgarnet, sapphire, or green, like that on the coronet-is then set far back on top of the crown, and a single pair of ottoman ribbon strings an inch wide completes this quaint and simple bonnet. These smooth velvet fronts are rather severelooking beside the puffs of velvet that edge the brims of most bonnets, but this severe style is what commends them to ladies whose small regular features can dispense with fluffy locks, soft puffs, and laces, and, wearing their hair brushed back d la Chinoise, they find in this little coronet bonnet precisely the slight frame they need around

Large white Leghorn hats have a gold wire near the edge of the brim, by which it is shaped, sometimes with one side turned up in Gainsborough fashion, and again drooping in front and back like the Shepherdess hats. Gold lace in the torchon designs is inside the brim next this wire, and further back is pleated lace, or a puff of white net or white mull. White ostrich plumes are laid around the crown, and may serve for the entire trimming, but the Paris hats have usually a bouquet of red and white flowers, such as dark damask roses tied in with sprays of white lilac.

For information received thanks are due Mrs. M. A. CONNELLY; Madame Kehok; and Messrs. Arnold, Constable, & Co.; Lord & Taylor; Airken, Son, & Co.; Stern Brothers; and Le Bou-TILLIER BROTHERS.

PERSONAL.

PROFESSOR RAMSEN, of the Johns Hopkins University, has lately declared the study of chemistry to be as bracing for the morals as for the mind, the frequent practice in qualitative and quantitative analysis having a tendency to de-

velop honesty.

The Tribunal of the Seine recently sentenced an apothecary to a week's imprisonment, two hundred dollars fine, and four hundred dol-lars damages for selling morphine to a customer

lars damages for selling morphine to a customer without a physician's prescription.

—President Arthur is credited with having a fine barytone voice for singing.

—Hubert Herkomer has made forty-five thousand dollars in six months painting portraits, and painting them well.

—A silver coffee-pot, sugar-bowl, and creampitcher given to General Washington by Latayette in 1795 are the property of Colonel John Lewis, of Hoboken, New Jersey, besides glass goblets and old-fashioned high-backed furniture belonging to the Washington family, all of which he thinks of giving to the National all of which he thinks of giving to the National

Museum.
—Unless another ark is built, a glacial epoch —Unless another ark is dull, a gineral epoch will in four thousand years depopulate the civilized world, Professor Parge tells us.

—The season will be spent by Mrs. Algernon Sartoris with her father at Long Branch.

—Mr. Whistler, the London artist, as everybode may not know was born in Stonington,

Connecticut. He was a school-mate of Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton's at Poinfret. He is said just now to be attracting as much atten-tion as his pictures in the Paris Salon, walking about the galleries with long flowing hair, cocked hat, and walking-stick six feet long and slender as a reed, in company with Mr. Oscar WILDE in trousers tighter than skin-tight, "Buffalo Bill" hat, frilled shirt, and frizzed hair.

—ROPERICK W. CAMERSON, a Canadian born of Scotch parents, who has lived for thirty years in the city of New York, is the latest made British british.

ish knight. He dispatched in 1852 the first ves sel that ever sailed from America to Australia.

—The master-mechanic of the Mexican Central Railroad at Chihuahua, Mr. F. M. Twombly, lives with his family in a box car, which is divided into kitchen, dining-room, sitting and bedrooms, and is tastefully furnished.

—Dr. R. J. Levis now owns Cedarcroft, Bay-App Taylog's eld home in Panyachenia.

ARD TAYLOR'S old home in Pennsylvania.

—The University of Cambridge, England, is to make Professor Goodwin, of Harvard College,

make Professor Goodwin, of Harvard College, an LL.D. in June.

—Toronto named a street "Bismarck Avenue," and the City Council has received the thanks of the Prussian statesman.

—Colonel W. A. Roebling is forty-six.

—Mr. Elizur Wright thinks that without a doubt every hill in the Middlesex Fells, the new breathing-place of Boston, can be covered with large pines in fifty years.

oreatining-piace of Boston, can be covered with large pines in fifty years.

—Upon entering a theatre in China a gentleman of means can with perfect propriety order the production of any play he chooses, just as an American gentleman may order what dishes he pleases at an American restaurant, the editor of the Chinese-American, Wong Chin Foo, tells us.

-Over one hundred floral tributes were sent to Mr. and Mrs. ROEBLING on the opening of the bridge, and Mrs. Roesling, it is thought, must have memorized the name of each donor, as during their reception she spoke a word of thanks to each, although they were frequently people she had never seen or heard of before.

—A large sheep ranch in Montana is run by Lientenant WEISS (a relative of President GRE-VY) and Baron de Bonnemains, formerly an aide to Marshal McMahon.

-The library of the Regents at Mount Vernon has received donations from Miss ALICE LONG-FELLOW.

—The oldest living ex-member of Congress is

Hon, Joseph Grinnell, of New Bedford, Massachusetts, who is ninety-five, and still performing the duties of a bank president in that place.

—One of the successful applicants for a free scholarship in the London College of Music is the son of a blacksmith, another is the daughter of a brickmaker, and the best violin-player is

the son of a farm-laborer.

Three American girls are the heroines of LAURENCE OLIPHANT's new novel, Altiora Peto.

The salary of the Dean of Windsor is ten —The salary of the Dean of Windsor is ten thousand dollars a year, with fees from the Garter and other sources, and a thousand dollars for every funeral attended, besides twenty-five hundred dollars allowed him for the entertaining of the carriage or dred dollars allowed him for the entertaining of the carriage or draw and comfortable lavatory; the gas is sufficient to read by, and perfectly under continuous and comfortable lavatory; the gas is sufficient to read by, and perfectly under continuous and comfortable lavatory; the gas is sufficient to read by, and perfectly under continuous and comfortable lavatory; the gas is sufficient to read by, and perfectly under continuous and comfortable lavatory; the gas is sufficient to read by, and perfectly under continuous and comfortable lavatory; the gas is sufficient to read by, and perfectly under continuous and comfortable lavatory; the gas is sufficient to read by, and perfectly under continuous and comfortable lavatory; the gas is sufficient to read by, and perfectly under continuous and comfortable lavatory; the gas is sufficient to read by, and perfectly under continuous and comfortable lavatory; the gas is sufficient to read by, and perfectly under continuous and comfortable lavatory; the gas is sufficient to read by, and perfectly under continuous and comfortable lavatory; the gas is sufficient to read by, and perfectly under continuous and comfortable lavatory; the gas is sufficient to read by, and perfectly under continuous and comfortable lavatory; the gas is sufficient to read by, and perfectly under continuous and comfortable lavatory; and continuous and comfortable lavatory.

ecclesiastical dignitaries not invited to the Castle. He has a delightful house provided for him, and a beautiful garden in the Queen's private grounds, and has eight assistants.

—Mr. James Russell Lowell wrote the in-

scription for the memorial window presented last week by American citizens to St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, in honor of Sir Walter

Church, Westminster, in nono of the Walliam Raleigh.

—Two hundred thousand dollars, together with property at Laramie City, has been left by the late Anthony K. Henderson, of Erie, Pennsylvania, to found and endow an industrial school at Cleveland, Ohio.

A time autograph letter of John Howard

—A fine autograph letter of John Howard Payne's is in the possession of Mrs. Henrietta A. Cole, of Des Moines, Iowa.

—The reception-room in the house of General IGNATIEFF, which is close to the Czar's Winter Palace, is a museum of Eastern curiosities—Jap-Falace, is a museum of Eastern curiosities—Japanese stuffs, curtains and hangings from China in fantastic patterns, Turkish sofas, Persian mats and divans, and articles of virtu generally.

—An English workman, Joseph Bayley, recently lost his two horses with which he earned his livelihood. His clergyman, the Rev. R. Burch, Kryper raised him vande, the returning

RUCK-KEENE, raised nine pounds by subscription to buy the man a new horse, and retained seven pounds of it for tithes that were due, thus

seven pounds of it for tithes that were due, thus putting money in his own pocket, and the angry subscribers are talking of an action against the rector for obtaining money by false pretenses.

—One should go abroad to learn the news at home. Mr. George Augustus Sala says that in the States you purchase your railway tickets anywhere but at the station, although he supposes they may sell tickets there also, and these tickets are objects of barter, swon, and trade tickets are objects of barter, swop, and trade

The person referred to in Leigh Hunt's "Jenny kissed me when we met" was Mrs. Jenny Welsh Carlyle.

The new palace-car of the Prince of Wales can be lighted by electricity or candles, contains a dressing recommendation of the prince of the contains.

a dressing-room and bath, a saloon and two bed-rooms, the Prince's being hung with old gold silk, with furniture to match.

The first two women to secure medical and

—The first two women to secure medical and surgical decrees from an English university are Mrs. MARY ANN DACOMB SCHARLIER, who is to go to Madrus, and Miss Edith Shore, who has been given the medical charge of the women working in the General Post-office.

—Count Hermann von Arnim has bought of the bales of the late willinging Private Ford

the heirs of the late millionaire Prince Frederick the famous estate of Muskau for two and a quarter million dollars, the estate comprising a town and thirty-nine villages, a magnificent chateau, a forest of a hundred and twenty thousand acres, and a park of forty-three hundred. It once belonged to Prince Puckler Muskau, well known for his book of travels.

—Mr. Owen Pritchard and Dr. F. Junker

have declared, in the London Lancet, that the climber known as Japanese woodbine, apparently a handsome variety of the Ampelopsis, or Virginia creeper, and hitherto considered innocuous, is really the *Khus toxicodendron*, possessing the extremely poisonous properties of the poison-oak, dogwood, sumae, and ivy, occasioning favor vontines dignises and poweless terms. fever, vomiting, dizziness, and purulent eruption when handled.

when handled.

—The Queen having ordained that only white and black feathers and gloves should be worn at the Drawing-room, fine ladies were to be seen slipping off their colored gloves and borrowing those of ladies already presented. The Princess of Wales wore white velver profusely embroidered with pearls, and some superb diamonds and emeralds. Lady Brassey's train was of white satin lined with green velvet, and wrought with orchids and foliage.

with orchids and foliage.

—Mr. Irvino lately gave a supper at the rooms of the Beefsteak Club to the Prince of Wales, who seems to be as democratic as Prince Hal.

-Some one says that although, according to EDWARD EGGLESTON, the Indians taught us how to make maple sugar, the white man must not be robbed of the credit of making pure maple sugar from glucose.

—The father of Talma, the great French actor

The lather of Talma, the great renea actor of the last generation, was a dentist.

The likeness between Mrs. Windom and Mrs. Garrield is so strong that their photographs are mistaken for each other.

The opinion is declared by President Bascom, of the University of Wisconsin, that, after an experience of ten years in large college classes.

an experience of ten years in large college classes, he is convinced of the wisdom of co-education -The director of an ultramarine factory in Germany, a pupil of LIEBIG, has observed that

in his factory, where sulphurous acid is constantly produced by the burning of sulphur, there has not been a single case of consumption for forty-four years.

—Probably the only deaf and dumb lawyer ever admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of the United States is Mr. J. K. PARKISSON, of Cincipati who has been a successful result. of Cincinnati, who has been a successful patent

lawyer.
—We are told that HENRY IRVING is to be knighted before coming to our shores, in order to be on a level with the benighted Americans. ARTHUR SULLIVAN has already received the accolade, and so has Mr. George Grove, an editor.

—Mule-riding is the latest English craze, for

which the Duke of Edinburgh is responsible. The Empress of Austria has ordered a printing-press, and is going to print her own poems.

Many a poor poet, who can get no one else to do it, would be glad to follow her example.

—It is thought by Dr. ELLENMEYER that the ancient Hebrews were left-handed.

—The son of WILLIAM STORY, the sculptor,

The son of WILLIAM STORY, the scuiptor, JULIAN STORY, exhibits an admirable picture in the Grosvenor Gallery this year.

—Señorita Mantooa, of Puebla, Mexico, finished her course of study at the young ladies' academy at the age of twelve; on the death of her father took the support of her mother upon harsaff at fifteen and is about to receive her herself at fifteen; and is about to receive her degree as Doctor of Medicine from the Medical College at Puebla now, at the age of twenty-five,

having passed her examination with high honors.

—A coupé-salon is on the railway from Paris to Nice or Cannes which is said to be an improvement on the Pullman. The carriage is distinct these converte and the property of the country of the count rided into three compartments, wide, warm, and airy; a portière conceals the entrance to the ingenious and comfortable lavatory; the gas

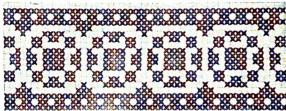


Fig. 1.—BORDER FOR BUREAU AND STAND COVERS.—CROSS STITCH EMBROIDERY.

Monograms,-Figs. 1 and 2.

These monograms for marking linen are worked in cross stitch with red or blue marking cotton.

Cross Stitch Borders.-Figs. 1 and 2.

The border Fig. 1 is worked near the edge of linen bureau and stand covers with fast-col-ored red or blue embroidery cotton in cross stitch. The edge below is simply hem-stitched, or else is button-hole stitched with the colored cotton and ravelled for fringe. Fig. 2 is de-

signed to ornament work-table scarfs and tidies of écru or cream-colored linen; the work is executed in cross stitch with filoselle silk or crewels of the colors given in the description of symbols. The edge is ravelled for fringe, into which strands of silk or wool of the colors used for the embroidery are introduced in the tying.

Plush Reticule.—Figs. 1 and 2.

THE reticule is made of olive plush, finished with a satin puff of the same color, and ornamented with an embroidered band of écru tinselled canvas ribbon or braid. The details of the work are shown in Fig. 2, page 405; it is executed in satin and dou-

ble cross stitch with copper red silk in two shades, olive, and blue. A piece of plush eight inches wide and thirteen long is required. This is folded across the middle to form the two sides, which slope nar-rower toward the top, and are stiffened with foundation

and lined with satin. The puff at the sides is made of a bias strip of satin two inches wide; that at the top is five inches deep, and is turned down an inch and a

For description see Supplement.



Back.—[For Front, see Fig. 1, on Double Page.]—Cut Pattern, No. 3464: Waist, Over-Skirt, and BROCADED GRENADINE MANTLE. SKIRT, 20 CENTS EACH. BACK .- [For Front, see Fig. 2, on Front Page.] For description see Supplement.



VELVET JACKET. -BACK .- [For Front, see Fig. 1, on Front Page.] For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 4-9.



covered with blue ribbon, and over the ribbon on the outside with white lace, gathered so as to form a puff and an erect heading. For the jabot a piece of white erinkled silk gauze half a yard wide and twelve inches deep, edged with gathered lace along the right side and at the bottom, is pleated

copper red silk are attached at

the corners of the bag and the ends of the silk cord.

Lace and Velvet Collars.

Figs. 1 and 2. THE standing collar for Fig. 1

consists of a straight stiff band

an inch and a half wide, which is

Pompadour Bag.

into a space of an inch and a half at both ends and midway between, and tied with bows of light blue ottoman ribbon in the manner shown in the illustration. For the plastron shown in Fig. 2 a piece of cream-colored figured tulle seven inches wide and four-

teen deep is required. This is gathered into a space of three inches at the top and into an inch at the bottom, and edged with wide cream lace along the sides. The top is joined to a

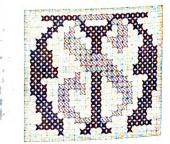


For design and description see Supplement, No. VI., Fig. 22.





PLASTRON.





POMPADOUR BAG.



Fig. 1.—LACE COLLAR WITH JABOT.

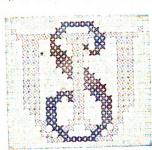
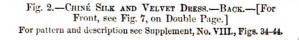


Fig. 1.—Monogram.—Cross Stitch.



Fig. 1.—Plain and Striped Beige Dress. For description see Supplement.



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and 2



PILLOW-CASE WITH EMBROIDERED MONOGRAM. For description see Supplement.

ruby velvet standing collar, which is fastened on the left side under a ruby velvet ribbon bow, and a similar bow is placed at the point of the plastron and on the back of the collar.

Diaper Design for Cushions, etc.

This tapestry ground is worked with either filoselle silk or Berlin wool on a foundation of single-thread or undivided canvas. The small lozenge-shaped figures are worked with dark blue in alternating rows, with sixteen lengthwise and fourteen crosswise threads of the canvas separating the figures. The rest of the ground is covered with herring-bone



Fig. 2.—Cape of Travelling Cloak, Fig. 1.—Front. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Fig. 3.

stitches of even length in four shades of bronze silk or wool. The dark stitches, which are partially covered by the light ones, are worked before

What a fancy for a Pet!

T one period of the sixteenth century A Tone period of the state of the it was the custom for all sovereigns to have a lion's den on one side of the



BROCADED GRENADINE CAPE AND STRAW ROUND HAT. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Fig. 20.



EMBROIDERED PILLOW-CASE. For design and description see Supplement, No. V., Fig. 21.

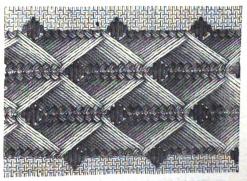
porter's lodge of the imperial dwelling. A custom, it is claimed, "as old as the days of King Darius." Special mention is made of a fierce young lion presented to the King of Spain, "a gift right well befitting royalty." Some "mystery of intelligent understanding" was supposed to exist between men of imperial birth and the king of beasts—a "mystery" never to be comprehended by other men.

"Pushed her light Shallop from the Shore."

It is related that even at the present day it is not unusual in the eastern counties of England to see exhibitions of waterfowl, trained to draw tubs and boats on the broads and rivers, opposite to the coast of Holland. We read further that



Young Lady's Yachting or Mountain Dress. CUT PATTERN, No. 3467: COMPLETE SUIT, 30 CENTS. For pattern and description see Suppl., No. III., Figs. 10-19.



DIAPER DESIGN FOR CUSHIONS, ETC.—HERRING-BONE STITCH.

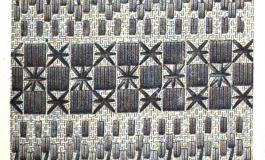


Fig. 1.—Summer Travelling Cloak with Cape. Back.—[See Fig. 2.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-3.

-EMBROIDERED BAND FOR RETICULE, FIG. 1, ON PAGE 404.



"among the fair pageants" greeting Queen Henrietta Maria and her daughter in Holland was a "water-car" drawn by swans. Into this daintiest of shallops the royal lady stepped with right good will and fearless heart, sailing out upon the quiet waters in a way "most sweet and stately," winning all hearts by her great bravery.

THE NATURAL METHOD.

By HELEN DAWES BROWN.

INHE following conversation took place one L Sunday afternoon in an upper room of a German hotel in New York. On the sofa lay a violin, on the table were beer-glasses, and fondling these glasses were two young men. The conversation was in German, which I translate into English.

You have done well to come to America, if it is for money," said the elder of the two men, fingering his heavy watch chain, and eving complacently his genteel boots.

"It is money I want," answered his companion—"money to buy me leisure and freedom. It shall be the servant of my art. It is the life of a dog, this teaching. It will kill in me the creative. Five years in this land, you say, are twenty in Germany. Five years of the dog's life will buy me fifteen of the musician's."

"Oh, Carl, you lamb of an innocent!" cried the

other from out a cloud of smoke. "You landed yesterday. You're not yet Americanized. I tell you this is the place to win money, and the place to find out what money is worth. There is nothing money can not do in America. You would buy leisure! You will want your money to buy good clothes, good company, and a pretty wife."

Carl shrugged his shoulders in protest.
"That is what I have done. Between us two I am a humbug, but I am a tolerably successful humbug. They do not suspect it. They are gullible when it comes to a bargain in the fine Let your hair grow long, rate your talents high, talk as bad English as you can, and be what the ladies call 'so charmingly foreign.' There

you have it."
"Ah, Friedrich, you are changed," said Carl, with a laugh and a sigh and a shrug. have you forsaken your art? Do you rise no higher? Are you so soon content?"
"Carl, that is all your German sentiment.

You have something in you; I have always seen that. But if you mean to amount to anything. you will not go mooning round with your head among the stars, talking eternally about your art. You will find yourself in a garret: that is what art does for a man in America. You have a rare chance with me for a friend: excuse my plain speech. You have come to give lessons on the piano and violin, and to play when you can. How much English do you know?"

'Enough to eat and drink and sleep."

"You could not tell a blundering girl how to hold her hands properly?" 'I could quickly learn, I think. I have the

"That will not do. You must take a shorter way. Let me think."

Carl walked over to the window and looked curiously out on the foreign street scene. He was a well-formed voung fellow of twenty-two, with Teutonic features and complexion. His hair was tossed back from a square broad forehead. His eves were dark and deep-set, and would have been melancholy as the traditional artist's, had not an occasional flash revealed that the boy, too, was still behind them.

Friedrich had called in his pipe to assist his meditations. "I have it!" he cried at last. "You have no objection to lying a little in a good cause? Or stay, there is no need of that. I will tell you, young man, this is your course. Find out an American music teacher, and take lessons of him for a few weeks. Pretend you do not know one note from another; make every blunder conceivable. Then store up his corrections, and I will wager six weeks of that will give you more of the English you want than six months of the dictionaries. It is the natural method, which they are all going crazy over. Sauveur would advise you Then drop in when I am giving my les as I do. sons-I give fifteen or twenty a day-a lesson of a half-hour-and catch what you can then."

Carl brightened. There was a flavor of adventure about this scheme.

"It will be a very good joke on the music master," he said. "He will never guess that I have played before Liszt. It will be very mis-

chievous, I am afraid." "It will not hurt him," laughed Friedrich. "You would better look for him as soon as you I must leave you now. I go to dine with the Vandenhoppers. That is what I have

achieved.' The next day a young German was walking slowly along a shabby-genteel street, and looking

earnestly at each door he passed. "Museek less-uns, museek less-uns," he murmured; but no such sign had met his eye. Ah! here at last is a window that contains the invitation, "Lessons on the Piano."

He rang the door-bell quickly, and made ready his little speech. An elderly lady answered his

ring.
"Goot-day. I come for museek less-uns," said the young man, slowly

The old lady looked as if she thought him dangerous, and held the door but part way open.

"I haf gret luf off museek." "Poor simple fellow!" thought the old lady. "After all, he looks harmless.—Perhaps you'd better walk into the parlor," she said, loudly and distinctly. Then, calling up the narrow stairs, she said, "Emily, I wish you'd come down here—

Carl looked about the little parlor. A sewingmachine, a cat, some plants, a slim-legged piano, and two or three rocking-chairs more comfortable than beautiful-all these he noticed with an increasing sense of adventure. He was snapping his fingers at the cat, with the feeling that with her at least he could make himself understood. It even warmed the young stranger's heart that pussy met his advances in a friendly spirit, and, rubbing herself against his legs, purred in excellent German. Meanwhile, the lady of the house stood guard in the little entry, calling shrilly to Emily from time to time.

Emily at length appeared. She was a girl of twenty or thereabouts. Her face was rather fine than beautiful-one of the faces that do the soul justice, and perhaps in youth somewhat more than justice. Her manner was reserved but business. like. An extraordinary family, Carl thought, in which the mother goes behind the door, and leaves the daughter to transact the business. The father is plainly away teaching his music. Carl made his fine European bow, and remained standing until the young lady seated herself, and said,

"You wish to take music lessons, my mother tells me."

"Yes, Fräulein; I haf gret luf for museek."
"Are you a beginner?" said Emily, in a clear,

"I veesh to begeen," answered Carl, with a

quick gesture toward the piano. "How many lessons a week do you wish?"

asked Emily, taking out a little note-book. "Would Tuesday and Thursday be conven-

ient? "Yes. Fräulein."

"The charge will be a dollar a lesson. I am Miss E. R. Lord. You?"

"Carl Listmann, at your sarevice, Fräulein." There seemed nothing further to say, and Carl took his leave. He had not dared trust his English to inquire about his future instructor. dently the daughter was quite competent to act for him.

Promptly on Tuesday Carl re-appeared at 7 Brick Street. The thought of his music lesson was not unmixed with the hope of seeing again the pretty American daughter, with her surprising foreign ways. Once more the cautious mother allowed him to enter; once more he waited in the little parlor with the cat for company. Presently Miss Emily entered, said "Good-morning," and added, "Shall we begin at once?"

Carl was a German, and dazed—a young German, and delighted. He sat down mechanically at the piano, while Emily was absorbed in arranging some music. She seated herself at length beside him. The young man laid his large bands on the key-board, and looked at them helplessly.

"Touch the keys with the ends of your fingers, please—the ends of your fingers."
"Touch kiz ends off your fingers, pliz."

"No-your wrist up.

"Wreest up—ees it so?"

"No, no; you must not lay your fingers flat on the keys. Use your finger-tips. And do not use the pedal yet."

"Ach! I make neffer right. See once now." "You hold your elbows out, sir. And now your wrists are down, and that is just as bad."

"Wreests air down, and that ees zhoost as bad. Veel you say that once again, pliz?'

She repeated it; then he recited it. "Your thumb must not be bent under the hand. Remember the elbows, please."

"Mine tumb mus' not bent unter mine hant," said Carl, laboriously.

"Ah! now your hand is all wrong again," said Emily, in the teacher's tone of studied patience.

"I am stupeed, ees it not?" sighed Carl, with well-feigned dejection.

"Excuse me," said Emily; "but I can show you best by placing your hand for you. Pardon me;" and with light finger-tips she bent the unruly joints. Under her soft touch they took instantly the right curve, and she exclaimed delightedly. At this they fell flat on the keys. The wretch had discovered another foreign sensation that was highly agreeable. His stiff fingers begged in vain for a repetition. Emily drew back instantly, and threw a little more frigidity into the "sir" that she had set up as a barrier between them.

"Well, what do you make out of him?" said her mother, looking up from her sewing as Emily entered the room. "Has he any wits? I thought he looked as if he'd got out from somewhere that first day he came."

Emily, flushed and excited, walked rapidly up and down the room. The cool little business woman had taken her departure with the new

pupil.

"I don't know what to make of it, mother
"Why should don't know what to make of it. Why should he have come to me?"

"Why, you are a very good music teacher, I'm sure," said her mother, threading her needle.
"I don't understand him. He is poor, but he

is not a laboring-man. His hands are large and strong, but supple and delicate as any musician's. I sha'n't have to keep him long on finger exerises, though he is very dull about some things.

But I don't understand his hands. "Perhaps he's a dry-goods clerk," suggested

her mother, briskly.

"And his face, too," Emily went on, half in soliloquy. "It is the real artist face. I have seen pictures of such."

"Don't you think you'd better sit down?" said Mrs. Lord. "You'll be tired. You've got more lessons to give to-day." "Yes, the McFarland twins," sighed Emily, and

went wearily to put on her hat and shawl. Thursday brought her new pupil again. "You teach goot," he said. "Hear me al-"You teach goot," he said. ready once;" and he played the last lesson fault-lessly. "You vill gift me anoder? More deeffi-cult?"

In spite of his blunders Emily's pupil made

great progress. She told him so with a mixture

reserve and warmth.
"You play a leetle," said he. "I vish to hear you," rising from the piano.

Emily said not a word, but sat down and played a Beethoven andante with a strange sense of The young man stood with arms exaltation. folded and bent head, his deep eyes fixed upon

"You haf the soul," he said, simply, when she had finished. She looked at him quickly, her eyes filled with tears. "I come again Tuesday," eyes filled with tears. he said, and took his departure.

Carl dropped in that night at Friedrich Hel-r's fireside. The youngest Heller had the ler's fireside. measles, and Mrs. Friedrich was upstairs in attendance.

"A good joke that was, Carl, your stumbling upon that pretty little music teacher. Now that never would have happened to me. I never had an adventure in my life. I met my wife at a ball, met her at half a dozen more, called on her a few times, and married her. How long is your joke to last?"

"I learn the phrases quickly," answered Carl.
"It is a horror of a piano."
"But what of her? What of her, eh?"
"She teaches well, I think. She has not a

had method."

"Is that all? Is that all?"

"She has a mother who opens the door, and who sews. They are not alike."

Carl had wandered over to the piano, and idly fingered a few bars of the Beethoven that Emily had played. Suddenly he came back and stood

"That is a base trick I am playing, Friedrich. I am going to have done with it.

Nonsense, Carl. You like it, you know that well "

Carl turned and looked at the fire, and laughed a big boyish laugh. He shrugged his shoulders and threw out his hands as if denials were use-

"Did you give that letter to Pfeiffer?" said Friedrich, abruptly.

"Yes; he heard me play. He placed me among the first violins. I play with the orchestra three times next week."

"When you are ready for piano lessons, tell me. I am turning them away every day. I am the fashion, you know."
"I do not want many," said Carl; "I want

only those who are gifted."

Friedrich Heller roared with laughter. "And what will you say to the magnificent Fräulein who has about as much music in her as a handorgan, but who will pay you five dollars a lesson, and adore you besides?"

"I will say, 'Fraulein, you haf mistaken your

gift. I vill not rob you off your money." "Carl, what a precious young fool you are!" And very soon Carl said good-night.

The gallery nearest the roof in the Academy of Music began slowly to be filled long before the seats below were occupied. Among the early comers were Emily and her friend Angie Bowles. Emily sank into her seat and closed her eyes wearily.

"You're tired to-night," said her friend.

"It's the McFarland twins," sighed Emily.
"But I must forget them here. I can shut my eyes and fancy that this music comes to me through the gates of heaven. Oh, the hard living there'll be before I really hear it !--if I'm ever good enough. That sounds like grumbling; but you understand, Angie; you and I don't have to translate to each other."

Angie seemed to be reminded of something. "Don't you find it very hard to talk with that German pupil of yours?"

Emily was silent an instant, and then said, quietly: "We are both good at guessing, and he is learning English fast. We always understand each other. Hush! the music is going to begin."

The gallery settled into a reverent silence. At Emily's elbow sat a rough-handed man, with stooping shoulders, and a rusty hat between his knees. He leaned forward with lips apart and eager eyes, for this was the feast-day of his hard-working week. Across the aisle were a young couple, the girl with a kindled face, the young man with a look of good-natured endurance, which broadened into an admiring smile as from time to time he stole a glance at his companion. Here was a rude-featured lad strangely softened and trans-

formed, so beyond unmountained ashamed to show his feeling.

Poor hungry souls! Emily looked about her. "Poor hungry souls! I wish they could have their fill. And the people in the streets, every one with his trouble or his sin, I should like to gather them in, and soothe and strengthen and purify them with free, priceless music. And here to clamber to this gallery costs a poor man's whole day's earnings. Cheap music is New York's crying need."

"You ought to go to Europe," said her com-anion, admiringly. "You ought to study in Gerpanion, admiringly.

"It is what I look toward devoutly, prayerful-That is the consummation of every teacher's life. There can be nothing afterward but heaven."

"It's a shame you can't go. But then Europe won't run away," said Angie, comfortably.
"My life will."

The music began again, at first distant and tremulous, then broad and strong, sweeping on steadily to the highest note of exaltation. The steadily to the highest note of exaltation. creeping, crawling troubles of this earth had vanished; life seemed clear and lofty, and heaven easy to attain. It was a fine mood that is very fragile. Suddenly Emily started, and clutching her friend's hand, leaned forward.

"What do you see?" whispered Angie. "Are you dizzy?"

"I thought-I thought I saw some one I knew," answered Emily, her face a shade puler. "I must —but of course it wasn't. And vet— Why, the idea was absurd. But still—" da capo, da capo, da cano. "Hear me now play my lesson," said Carl, one "I play it goot.' He sat down at the piano, and Emily stood beside him. As the young musician struck the keys her nerves vibrated to the touch. She felt a strange subjection to the influence that made

be mistaken. The stage is so far from here, and

I have no glass. Yes, I am dizzy. I think something has ailed my head lately." And she closed

her eyes; but only to open them again, and fix

them on the left wing of the orchestra.

it an effort to speak or act.

"You are making remarkable progress. will soon play better than I cau," she said, in a

constrained voice. He played on, looking neither at notes nor at piano, but steadily into her face. She moved to the end of the piano and called the cat to her. "And you air glad?" Carl continued.

"I shall be very proud of you. You are the only pupil I am proud of," said Emily, unhap-

"Ees it so ?" said Carl, with compassion. "Air they stupeed? Huf they no museek in the soul?"

Emily laughed bitterly.

"Your life ees not light," he said, gently.
"It's all I expect. It's more than I've had

any right to expect. I came near being a dressmaker."

The young German said nothing, but still fin-

gered the keys and looked at her.

"You say I shall one day play better than you? Vill you then turn and I teach you? That vould be a little joke, ees it not? to change

our place."

If Emily was displeased, she said nothing in reply, but continued: "You should go to a great teacher. I am for children and poor people. You should go to Friedrich Heller. I am nothing. I can appreciate: that is my one gift. I am nobody. Why did you ever come to me?" she said, passionately, and turned her head

There was a dead silence. Suddenly, without a word of warning, the young musician touched the keys with the hand of a master, and dashed into a brilliant rhapsody of Liszt.

Emily darted from the piano to the middle of the room, her face filled with dismay. She stood there, trembling from head to foot, till Carl, without stopping, looked round upon her. She was pale and quivering with anger and consternation. She met his look, flushed a painful crimson, and bursting into tears, rushed from the room.

Carl stumbled out of the house in an agony of shame at his brutality. It even added to his of-fense, he thought, that it had been committed with entire innocence. That he had had no foresight of these disastrous consequences he felt proved not only his masculine density, but the unintelligent cruelty of the dumb brute. He subjected himself to every form of self-castigation, regretting every moment that Emily could not know what he was suffering. The next day he rang at 7 Brick Street, and the mother guardedly opened the door, thrust out a bit of paper, and

"My daughter don't expect you to come any more, she says. I've made out our bill. I s'pose you can send us the money by to-morrow.

In the mean while, thanks to Friedrich Heller's influence, Carl Listmann prospered. He played at one or two concerts, and was at once adopted as a New York favorite. It was understood in the highest circles that young Listmann, the new pianist, gave but few lessons, and these only to persons of decided natural gifts. highest circles were right or not, it is a fact that Carl worked night and day.

"What did I tell you?" said his friend. "Who is more anxious to make money than young Carl Listmann? One does not hear so much about

his art these times." Carl looked gloomily at his friend. He gave a laugh out of which the boyishness had gone completely. He said nothing, but in his heart he answered that work is a desperate remedy, which must kill or cure, and either result he would wel-

come. It happened that Carl was one morning giving a lesson to a merchant princess on Fifth Avenue. It must be acknowledged that he had been sadly false to his ideals when he accepted this pupil. The lesson proceeded with many affectations of humility and rapture on the one side, and with dogged endurance on the other, when the sound of another piano in the distance caught the ear of the young German.

" Anoder I hear." "Oh yes," said Miss McFarland, vivaciously. "Don't listen to that. That is the nursery piano.

The twins are taking their lesson."
"The tweens!" echoed Carl; "the McFarland tweens!"

Instantly two things connected themselves in his mind, connected themselves so vividly that it is to be feared his eager pupil found him very unresponsive during the remainder of the lesson. By-and-by the distant piano ceased, and there was a light step in the hall. Carl glanced at his watch, and pleaded unusual haste that day. As the stately hall door closed he had his hand upon it, and as the twins' music teacher reached the sidewalk he was by her side.

"Can you neffer forgif me?" he pleaded. The girl started and turned pale. Something seemed to have gripped her heart, and then as suddenly to have let go. A hot, agonizing flush

mounted slowly to her very hair. "Can you neffer forgif me?" the voice in her ear repeated. "I am unhappy always."
"I shall never," said the proud woman, "for-

give—you," said the tremulous girl. Emily could not trust her unsteady voice to

shape another syllable. Carl cursed his lack of English, and they walked on in silence.

"How can I say to you?" exclaimed Carl, des-rately. "It was to learn English, that I might perately. teach again. It was wrong, but, oh! it was a joy. teach again. It was strong, out on: It was a joy.
And it was a base thing to display to you my
music. But it was a rash thought. I did repent
the next moment. But you did neffer let me say
it. And I haf suffered. It ees because I luf

Emily gave a little gasp. Carl burst into a torrent of German, which she understood.

"Thou does understand," he cried, joyfully.
"Thou will forgif, and thou will luf me? Thou will forgif me ?

"I will forgive you," she murmured, with her

eyes on the ground.
"And thou will luf me?" She looked up into his face.

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OLD EMBROIDERY STITCHES.

WE have reason to believe that at a very early date the art of embroidery, as well as the sister art of weaving, was carried to great perfection, its principal uses being the ornamentation of the robes of persons of high rank, and of the bangings for their dwellings.

It is supposed that what is now called "drawnwork" is the earliest form of embroidery, and that it is the same as the "fine twined linen" which, already known to the Israelites, was used in the adorning of the Tabernacle. We think it probable that such ornamental twining of differnt strands was one of the arts of all early races, for it survives among the primeval arts of the New-Zealanders, and we have lately seen a specimen of it made in New Zealand flax by a Maori The Israelites learned the art in Egypt; but with the exception of their wonderful beadwork, the Egyptians themselves apparently rather painted than embroidered their tissues.

The Assyrian sculptures show the robes of their kings and great personages highly ornamented, and as the ornament is in relief, there can be no doubt that it is embroidery. It forms a border above the heavy tasselled fringe, and good examples of it may be seen in the bassirilievi representing the King Assur-Nazir-Pal, B.C. 800, now in the British Museum. In one of these the side of the robe has a double border, edged on its inner side with a third, very narrow, of diagonal lines. The defining lines are double, an eighth of an inch apart, and the wide borders are in alternating compartments, with a pattern of crossing lines between each, every compartment having a distinct design, not arranged in any order, of conventional plants, single roselike flowers, and animals, whose action is rendered with great spirit. In one appears the figure of Nebo. At the bottom of the robe is a straight border, in five stripes, the lowest and broadest being a hunting scene, the next a row of vaselike figures, the third diagonal lines, the fourth conventional flowers, and the fifth a pattern of semicircles from each edge, all being divided by double lines. In another bass-relief of Assur-Nazir-Pal, enthroned, all the personages represented are in robes with elaborate borders of mythological subjects, the sacred tree, eagle-headed figures, gryphons, and winged divinities.

No actual Assyrian embroidery having been discovered, the stitch wherein it was worked is a mystery, but to judge from the modern embroid-eries of the "unchanging" East, the stitches are few and simple, one being like what is known to us as "French stitch," with long straight stitches in fine silk; another a thick and close chain stitch; and another a chain stitch in which the silk of one row is caught into the previous one. Much Persian embroidery is worked in silk on a ground of cotton elaborately quilted in patterns with fine stitching of cream-colored silk-a kind of work which was imitated in the embroidered quilts so much in vogue in the beginning of the

last century.

For examples of varied and elaborate stitches e must go to those storied embroideries of the Middle Ages which have been preserved to us in ecclesiastical and other robes and hangings. Female ingenuity exhausts itself in the attempt to distinguish and relieve one figure and object from another in its complicated designs by difference of stitch and by cross-stitchings and couchings of varied colors. Angels' wings of gold, worked in slanting stitches in imitation of the plumes of a feather, or of silk crossed in and out with fine gold threads to give the appearance of glitter and sparkle in movement; or of peacocks' eyes, the feathers each one separately defined and edged; faces smooth as satin: robes crossed and recrossed in multitudinous lines and colors-years succeeded years, generation follows generation, of the patient, loving workers, and the labor of love is still incomplete. The great Syon Cope was commenced in the thirteenth century; its borders were added in the fourteenth!

We may class these stitches under five heads: tapestry, or cushion stitch, including Gobelins and tent stitch, in which a certain number of threads is taken in one direction; French stitch, straight stitches close together, the effect of which is smooth and even; chain stitch, comprising the tambour stitch proper, and the overcasting stitch, wherein each row is worked into the last row of stitches, in which the "relief-work" of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was done; that which is known indifferently as couching or brick stitch, but which, as its best examples are found in Italian work from the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries, we may call the Italian-the stitch made by laying the silk in one direction and crossing it transversely; and lastly, the cross stitch of old German and Russian

Of all English embroidery the masterpiece has ever been held to be the Syon Cope; but we fear that, though worked in England, it was by the

hands of French nuns. The borders are in tent stitch, the ground of the cope itself in a stitch which is peculiar, but has great depth and richness of effect; it is eight threads high, and three stitches are taken into one hole of the linen. To copy it, one straight stitch of fine twisted silk should be made over eight threads of the flax, into the hole straight above, and two more placed beside it, the silk not being too tightly drawn. The next stitch is taken two threads off and two threads above in the same way, and so on, until, when looked at full face, the work is quite smooth, and when the light falls sideways the stitches are seen to be in a slant. The faces in the cope are in the variety of French stitch called Opus Anglicanum, which is peculiar to old embroideries worked in England, so arranged that when examined closely it is found that they follow each other and meet, or rather diverge, above the nose, exactly as if they had been copied from the hairs on a cat's face. The hair is in the same stitch as the ground; the nimbi are in French stitch; some of the feathers of the angels wings are outlined in a contrasting color, and filled in with straight stitches.

Rivalling the Syon Cope is one from the collection of the Bishop of Hildesheim, of the fourteenth-century German work, now in the South Kensington Museum. From the evenness and closeness of the work, the colors are as distinct as in painting. The subjects are saints undergo-ing martyrdom, each being divided by a shuttleshaped figure containing a dragon or evil creature. It is in cushion stitch, taken over four threads of the linen, and the second row beginning two threads above the first. The design was traced in black on the linen, the outline being visible, helping to define the work.

In a cope of early fifteenth-century work, also at South Kensington, the angel's wings are worked in a singular stitch. The feathers are outlined with black in flat sewing, forming a scalelike figure about half an inch in length, which is filled with seven diagonal stitches of thick floss silk, and the upper three of these are couched or stitched down separately with finer silk of another color. A fifteenth-century chasuble has a stitch formed by long ones in diamonds, each corner being crossed by a short stitch. The diamonds are filled with seven strands (horizontal or diagonal), and these are again crossed by two long stitches taken into the corners of the diamond, the ground being gold-color and the crossings green.

An Italian baldacchino of the seventeenth century has a gold ground worked in diamonds of seven upright stitches, the first taking one thread, the second three, and so on, the design being in Gobelins stitch.

Of all the stitches we know, for artistic effect nothing equals the Italian stitch proper. It admits of breadth of shading which equals painting; and the designers of the hangings, panels, borders, in which it is in its glory, absolutely revelled in the scrolls, the foliage, and the flowers which it can represent with such freedom on its golden, silken grounds. Scrolls roll and unfurl into anemones, peonies, fleurs-de-lis, and Turk'scap lilies; up springs a centre developing into an overflowing basket of flowers; roses cluster and twine, and masks laugh from their midst.

The means by which these results are accom plished are simple. The design is traced and. according to the direction of the scroll or form of the flower, it is filled with long straight stitches of floss silk, taken from side to side, perpendicularly, diagonally, or horizontally, as may be, shaded with utmost skill—sometimes from indigo to the palest blue; and these are stitched down transversely at regular intervals, sometimes alternately, sometimes in regular rows; but the work is always as smooth as satin.

LITERARY METHODS.

THERE will always be a certain degree of curiosity about the many riosity about the methods used by various authors in their work, not while the story and the characters engross the reader, but when, on laying down the book, he thinks of the busy brain and hand that create and achieve.

Considering the fact that with all writers of fiction some technical rules must be universally observed, it is astonishing how diverse are the methods employed. Indeed, we know of no two authors who work quite in the same fashion, each one having his or her own peculiarities in the conception of plots, working up of characters, drawing scenes, and finally in the mechanical part of the work itself.

Few writers of fiction write with an absolute ystem; unless the work be one in which research, historical descriptions, and the like predominate there must be periods when the "flame" will not burn. Walter Scott, it is true, worked with unfailing regularity, accomplishing his set task in his morning hours; but then his most imagina-tive scenes were varied in the fashion just referred to, and the introspection, the subtle analysis of character, which marks the novel of today, was wanting. Carefully and cleverly as his characters were portraved, their development borrowed no power from a peculiar mood, a tension of thought or inspiration.

Jane Austen was able to write in the midst of a busily talking roomful of people; her desk sometimes on a table which she shared with others, sometimes at one side of the room, or even upon her knee when there was no other place for it, and under what might seem to many others impossible social conditions or distractions, she wrote Senne and Sensibility, Northanger Abbey, and Pride and Prejudice, all works showing concentration and keen perception. A friend has told us of her manner in writing-the earnest face bent above her page, the keen bright eye suddenly lifted to flash out recognition of something which was said in her presence, showing

heed at will. Miss Edgeworth also worked in the midst of similar distractions. In Miss Austen's case she did not dream at first of publication, so was not hampered by the sense of having to consider a public; but Maria Edgeworth worked with that object directly in view, and, more than that, was obliged to submit her work to her adored papa, whose tedious criticisms and suggestions would have been ruinous to the spontaneity of nany authors, but which served only to stimulate Miss Edgeworth's powers of industry. It may be noted that the MS, of both these authors was characteristically fine and clear.

Charlotte Brontë wrote Jane Eyre at odd moments, generally between twilight and darkness, by pencilling on narrow slips of paper, usually held against a book, and her literary occupations never were allowed to interfere with any domestic duty or the comfort of any member of the family. Certainly that book was the most imaginative and spontaneous one of the period, and it is to be inferred that Miss Brontë's life and surroundings provided her with the opportunities for solitary melancholy reflection denied her at the moments of actual work, and so an even balance was struck which saved her story from la-bored effects. Thackeray wrote rapidly, but with a great deal of interlineation, and although he sometimes wrote continuously for hours, it was on no special system. He was given to seizing upon his work at odd moments and in out-of-theway places. Trifles interfered with his muse he was curiously dependent upon certain influences, and affected by things which would have passed unheeded across the vision of a writer like the first two we have quoted. Miss Thackeray has inherited so much of her father's pe culiarity in work that she depends entirely upon her mood. It can readily be seen that her surroundings have a strong effect upon her work, and that it would be scarcely possible for her to create or achieve anything in the midst of distracting influences. Her plots, it is said, or rather plans, of any story, are sketchily made at first, the developments both of plot and character working themselves out from the starting point as the work progresses, while she draws largely upon her surroundings for her local color. A notable instance of this characteristic is in that most enchanting story, From an Island, where the house of a well-known artist is so exquisitely and faithfully portrayed. Although, as is apparent to any reader, people are very suggestive to her, we believe she has never been guilty of taking any character in all its bearings from real life.

Mrs. Craik (Miss Mulock) is one of the few writers of to-day who combine the charm of spontaneous expression with systematic work, the most methodical babits and carefully selected material. Mrs. Oliphant's method is no less accurate, but her work is performed with such astonishing rapidity, such a fluency of expression, such wealth of imagery, that the good quality of the work is astounding. Both of the last-named authors have country homes, the one at Beckenham, the other at Windsor, which may account for their reliability in work and the amount given to the world.

Dickens's methods were such as must have proved very exhausting, since after sketching his plots he sought out his characters, often spending whole nights in the most wretched neighborhoods "making up" his models; but his work was frequently performed at lightning speed. His MS, was full of curious interlineations, so that at times it was scarcely legible. His was the divine fire that exhausts the frame within which it burns. When hard at work he was entirely absorbed in his theme, and the fate of his characters, the pathos of their lives, affected him like actual personal griefs.

Few writers have ever worked with more intensity than George Eliot, and yet there was a distinct system in her method. First the study of the subject, the analysis of the characters, was carefully gone into. Then came the ponderous reflections of the influences to be brought to bear; the scenes to be depicted; the under-currents of thought and feeling, of suggestion. Finally the work, which in her case never could be called mechanical, since the actual writing down of each sentence was a study. She gave herself wholly to the work, yet it progressed so slowly that frequently a day's labor only saw accomplished a few hundred words; but when written these had rarely to be changed. Her MSS, are now carefully preserved in rich bindings, and present fairly written, orderly sheets, characteristic of the writer, who was of all novelists most systematic even in her most inspired moments. It was characteristic of George Eliot also that when she was hardest at work, spending so much of her mental vitality in literary labor, she was most brilliant in society. Her conversational power, the sibylline faculty of which one of her best friends and critics has spoken, seemed only increased by the friction or stimulus of work. It is true that nearly all novelists of the present day require a certain amount of social life as a friction in their work, not alone for material use, but for relaxation; and when, as in the case of Mr. William Black, picturesque surroundings, domestic comfort, and a charmed circle are combined, the result is peculiarly happy. Mr. Black works with a certain degree of system, if system it may be called which takes him to Stornoway in his yacht, to the vision

of sunset or sunrise across a moor, or the wintry twilights of his Brighton home. Mr. Black writes nearly all his descriptions directly from nature, as though he were a landscape painter, and his studies of life are as accurately and faithful-

Mr. Justin McCarthy always dictates his editorials, but writes for himself when fiction is in question, his idea being that a novelist should see his work before him as it progresses. Miss Braddon works rapidly both in thought and execution.

how entirely possible it was for her to hear and | When actually writing she stands at a high desk, pacing the floor of her study between pages, work ing up an idea or a character almost on a moment's reflection.

Anthony Trollope wrote, of late years, almost at will, but his Barsetshire Chronicles had furnished him with an exhaustless field, and the interest of the reader was awakened by the mention of a name. He was a firm believer in the efficacy of conversations, and the keenest possible listener when in society. We remember the sudden confusion of an American girl when in the midst of a conversation with him. Just as she was delivering herself of some very characteristic opinion she felt the power of Mr. Trollope's eve upon her, and thoughts of a weak-minded heroine of his came over her and reduced her remarks to complete inanity. As she afterward said, "she told herself that she had indeed better say no more!" That he drew largely from the life and opinions expressed about him is unquestionable; happily his views of human nature were so generous and kindly.

Mr. Thomas Hardy makes accurate studies of peasant life, local color, and employments. The character of Gabriel Oak was directly from life, and it is said that the conversations among his "Hennerys" and "Josephs" are in some cases literal reproductions.

No doubt there are any number of curious influences in the methods of many writers-from such as Balzac's, who could only work in a certain kind of dressing-gown, to the young lady whose novels were composed on horseback-but the true "method" is in the following of instinct and nature; imitation is not possible if spontaneity is to be desired.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Perplexity.—We should have specified, in order to be definite, although the tact would seem self-evident to all well-bred people, that in addressing a firm you should always use the courteous prefix of "Messis," as "Messis, Arnold & Jones," etc.

R.—We know of none.

Clara.—A small morning wedding is both proper and fashiouable. If before twelve, the refreshments are generally very light, although some offer a breakfast of ovsters, salad, and sandwiches, and tea and coffee. The ladies remove all their wraps, but retain their bonnets and gloves. The bride wears at these early weddings a bandsome high-necked silk of travelling dress; rarely the white satin and veil. The brides family dress as they would at any entertainment. No gentleman wears a dress-coat in the morning. Louise.—We do not approve of a young lady's sending her card to a gentleman, but if she does so, she should simply write on it her address. If you are not known to the people on whom you call, send in your card; but if you are, keep your card in your card case, or leave it on the hat rack as yon go out. Cards are generally left at the house on the day of the wedding, or sent so that they can reach the house on the wedding day. It is proper for you to thank the gentleman friends of your betrothed for their presents by note, and address your notes to their hones instead of to their places of business.

Mismana.—A lady generally keeps on her gloves during a wedding or eyening supper. At a dinner

their places of business.

MISHAHAL—A lady generally keeps on her gloves during a wedding or evening supper. At a dinner party she must remove them, and it is somewhat difficult. Many ladies now wear mitts of Swedish kid, which have the long sleeves of the twelve-button gloves.

their places of business.

Mismana.—A lady generally keeps on her gloves during a wedding or evening supper. At a dinner party she must remove them, and it is somewhat difficult. Many ladies now wear mitts of Swedish kid, which have the long sleeves of the twelve-button gloves. These are much more convenient, as they leave the fingers free. It is not essential for every guest to send the bride a present; only those who are connected or especially attached to her. There is no prevalent fashion as to bows of ribbon on the head.

Mis. Skewron.—Make a girl pale blue satteen with a festooned polonaise and pleated skirt; put some Irish embroidery around the neck and sleeves. Make a white muslin guinupe dress for the girl of ten years. Read Bazar Nos. Is and IT, Vol. XVI., for further hints.

G. R.—Velvet will be worn far into the summer. The dress you describe will answer with some wider ribbon tied in a box, with ends to form back drapery. A white nume 'welling dress, with short skirt, pleated oftoman vest and drapery, with Spanish lace, will sitt you. The ends of the bolsters may be smooth, with created end with a button or reacted in the centre of London with a button or reacted in the centre of London and the same without any such mark.

Elema.—Cream-colored satteen, with embroidery, or with a collar and culfs, or guinne, of white muslin or of Turkey red satteen, will be pretty for a child's dress, Read about such dresses in Bucar No. 16, Vol. XVI. Put a handful of salt in the water in which it is washed. Sugar of lead is used for setting bright colored prints that are apt to fade.

Elemana.—Brown furs are in favor, and will probably be much worn wext winter. The band of fur is most used, but a tail border is very stylish.

May.—White with black, or all black with jet and lace trimmings, are most used for half-mourning. Trimmings on bonnets and ribbons on dresses may be lilite need, but a tail border is very stylish.

May.—White with black, or all black with jet and lace trimmings, are most used for balf-mourning

JUST what kind of vines to plant is a question which often proves very troublesome to those who have had no experience, but are as anxious to succeed well as if they had been practicing gardening all their lives. With a number of catalogues to consult, it is not a difficult matter to make a bad selection, and order the plants least fitted for the place they are intended for.

Even when one knows just what he wants, the most happy results are not always obtained by sending an order to a florist. Indeed, it is a mistake to order altogether from a seedsman. Of course there are some things which can not be obtained in any other way, but if the vine you want, or one that will fill its place, can be found growing in your woods, it is much more delightful to go there and hunt it out than to have it come by express in a wooden box. The search makes an excuse for an impromptu picnic, and above all, it gives to the vine a charm of association, for even when it will have become an old plant there will still cling to it recollections of the sunny summer time when it was brought home, and the happy incidents of that holiday will come flocking back when you look on its abundance of leaf or flower, like chattering swallows to their old home. As a rule, we care too little for making memories.

The kind of vine most desirable depends on the place where it is to grow; whether it is wanted for ornament, shade, or both, or to cover some unsightly defect, which can be more easily remedied by a generous covering of green than in any other way. It is always well to remember that a vine which would be a graceful ornament when trained up the slender supports of a light piazza, or along the balustrade of a smail balcony, would look insignificant and out of place on the large pillars of a wide porch, where it would





Fig. 5.—Chip Bonnet. For description see Supplement.

able, for it is perfectly hardy, of rapid growth, a free bloomer, and improves with age. Wistaria sincusis, or Chinese wistaria, is perhaps the best. It blooms freely, the vine being almost covered with racemes of pale purple flowers. The stem forms a thick trunk, which may be trimmed up so as to leave the space between the pillars open, and let the foliage run along the porch roof and droop down. More tender plants can be

Fig. 1.—Straw ROUND HAT.

> planted at the rost to dip placed for the purpose dens, and Maurandia ban and are not hardy; but a good height in a short Akebia quinata is par the leaves remain on the



Fig. 1.—CHECKED COTTON SATTEEN DRESS.—FRONT.
[For Back, see Page 404.]—CUT PATTERN, No. 3464:
WAIST, OVER-SKIRT, AND SKIRT, 20 CENTS EACH.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—Dress for Girl from 2 to 6 Years old.—Cut Pattern, No. 3465: Price, 15 Cents. For description see Supplement. Fig. 3.—Dress for Girl from 7 TO 12 Years old.—Cut Pattern, No. 3466: Price, 20 Cents. For description see Supplement.

always be making ineffectual attempts to accomplish a work beyond its capacity. Vines grow much faster in imagination than they do in reality. In a very short space of time, and a brief flight of fancy, one can cover the porch with green and bloom, train a creeper around a projecting corner until it reaches a higher balcony, and cover various places with luxuriant mantles; but after this feat it is rather trying to sit calmly down and wait for the slower process of nature to bring about the same results.

For a vine for beauty and shade clematis is very desirable. The size of the leaf and of the flower differs in the several varieties, but it has generally a fine, thick foliage, so dense that the sun does not penetrate it. It requires some kind of a lattice, but it is rather a

For a vine for beauty and shade clematis is very desirable. The size of the leaf and of the flower differs in the several varieties, but it has generally a fine, thick foliage, so dense that the sun does not penetrate it. It requires some kind of a lattice, but it is rather a strong grower, and small rounds of wood nailed at intervals of a foot along the panels or posts of the veranda will give sufficient support. It can be taken across from post to post along a heavy twine, and can be trained in any direction. One variety, Clematis jackmanii, has very dark purple flowers which measure four or five inches across, and blooms so freely that large vines twelve feet and over in height are covered with a mass of purple flowers from near the ground to the very top. Clematis sanguinosa candida has flowers of so pale a tint that they seem almost white. It has large flowers, and blooms freely. These may be bought from any florist, but some kinds of clematis grow wild in our woods and along the river-banks. One variety we have noticed particularly in Virginia, where it is commonly known as "old man's beard." It covers way-side fences and trees with masses of foliage and flowers, and in the fall the seed-pods are covered with soft gray feathery plumes, which make a lovely ball nearly two inches in diameter.

The wistaria is a well-known favorite, and is in every way desir-



Figs. 1 and 2.—Walking Coat for Boy from 4 to 6
Years old.—Back and Front.
For pattern and description see Suppl., No. VII., Figs. 23-33.



Fig. 6.—VEILING AND BROCADE DRESS.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 7.—Chiné Silk AND V

But certain wild roses are not to be despised. There is one kind of wild rose which is found all over the United States—in the stony pastures of New England and on the wide prairies of the West—which will not amount to anything

as a climber, no matter how carefully it is cultivated. But there are other kinds which grow from six to over eighteen feet high; among these are the sweet-brier, prairie and swamp rose, which are to be found growing in tangled thickets among the rocks, in hedges, and in swampy places. The prairie rose is to be found in the Western and Southern States, and even in its native thicket

is to be found in the Western and Southern States, and even in its native thicket rivals its offsprings named above.

Virginia creeper (Ampelopsis quinquefolia) is one of the best vines we have for training over any place where shade and shelter are desired, whether on a wide porch or small veranda. It has no flowers, but its leaves are a dark glossy green, which after the first frost turn bright red and yellow. It can be found in any woods, and is to America what the ivy is to England. It covers the sides of an old building with a thick net-work of branches, and takes hold of wood-work or the bark of trees with its numerous tendrils. It is the most graceful vine imaginable when trained up the trunks of trees and looped across.

of wood-work or the bark of trees with its numerous tendris. It is the most graceful vine imaginable when trained up the trunks of trees, and looped across from one to the other. When trees have been killed from any cause, or must be cut down on account of too dense shade, a graceful addition to the lawn may be made by taking off the branches, and leaving the trunk to be covered by a Virginia creeper. The creeper will reach the height of thirty-five or forty feet in two years, and will trail down from the trunk in long bunches, which remaind one of moss on Southern trees. The vire makes were show if

which remind one of moss on Southern trees. The vine makes more show if it can be trained across from one tree to another ten or twelve feet away, or if the tree trunk forks and spreads away on each side. If the tree does not fork, a limb may be left on one side as high from the ground as best suits the surroundings, over which the vine will run, and trailing down toward the



k, or on light supports yne suavis, Cobaea scan-od. They are annuals, anted early, they reach

or a trellis or screen, as in the fall, and some-

For description see Supplement.

times almost all winter. The flowers are small and incon-

climbing roses show their beauty well when trained around the pillars of a wide porch. The Gem of the Prairies, crimson, the Queen of the Prairies, a deep pink, and Baltimore belle, which is so pale a blush that it is almost white even in the bud, and quite white when fully out, give entire satisfaction.



FRONT. —[For Back, see Page 404.] ment, No. VIII., Figs. 34-44.

Fig. 8.—PLAID WOOL DRESS. For description see Supplement.



Fig. 4.—VEILING DINNER DRESS.



Figs. 1 and 2.—Cloak for Girl from 5 to 7 YEARS OLD .- FRONT AND BACK For pattern and description see Suppl., No. IX., Figs. 45-53.

Fig. 5.—FIGURED WOOL AND GROS GRAIN DRESS. For description see Supplement.

ground, make a broken arch of green. In a new place, where there is an absence of shade, screens, which will give the coveted protection until the trees have time to grow, can be made by planting posts a few feet apart—say six or eight—and nailing a few strips of wood from one to the other, setting roots of Virginia creeper at each post, and if a thick growth is wanted, one between.

Our native bitter-sweet is also a good strong climber. It has glossy light green leaves, and in the fall is covered with bright The various kinds of honeysuckle are all good climbers, if they climb at all, and are equal to any task you care to impose

Turning again to the florist to supply our needs, we have for vines suitable for light trellises, Adlumia cirrhosa, more generally known as mountain fringe. It has beautiful foliage, and the only thing against it is that it will not vine the first year from the seed. Madeira vine and German ivy are both good for trellises. They make a luxuriant growth during the summer, but cut down with the first frost. Just the opposite as far as frost is concerned is Lophospermum scandens, which grows to a height of eight feet, and makes a good shade.

The best time to decide just where you want to have your vines, screens, and trellises is about the middle of summer, when the sun has beat into your head the fact that such and such places would be vastly improved by some kind of shade. No doubt there are certain times in the year when it is best to do transplanting, but we have never tried to find out when it was. We bring home and set out our vines whenever we find what we want any time in the summer or autumn and they always grow and do well. But in the summer or autumn, and they always grow and do well. But we don't set out much until we have recovered from our spring indolence, then do our transplanting later in the season.

IONE STEWART.*

By E. LYNN LINTON.

AUTHOR OF "PATRICIA KEMBALL," "THE ATONEMENT OF LEAM DUNDAS," "UNDER WHICH LORD?" "MY LOVE," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX .- (Continued.) AT LAST!

In spite of the broad smile which showed that unbroken row of small shark-like teeth, there was something in the glittering eyes and observant look of the man which always disturbed St Claire. He had distrusted him from the first, and he distrusted him even more as time went on, and his first impressions deepened rather than wore

"What an idea! Vincenzo understand English! No!" said Mrs. Stewart, a little peevishly. What a horrible suggestion, Dr. St. Claire! You had better call him a mafiose at once."

The Captain laughed.

"No, he is neither a mafiose nor an Admirable Crichton," he said. "He is only a poor devil who ought to be a gentleman, for he is the son of a count, the grandson of a count, the nephew of a count, and I don't know what besides; but he is penniless, as so many of them are; so he is my servant instead. Still, he is of good family, so far as that goes, and he answers my purpose admirably."

"And being a gentleman by birth, of course he is more high-minded than the rest," said St.

Claire.
"Well, I don't know about that," drawled the "I can not say that he is quite honest on his own account-none of these fellows are but he would not let any one else rob me of a

"I should not quite relish his own dishonests however careful he might be of my interests with said St. Claire, taking his stand on the British ideal

"Oh, you are too precise for us!" said the Captain, with a fine shade of irony. "In Sicily, I can tell you, you must take what you can get, and be thankful it is no worse."

"It might be better, by all accounts," said St.

"We can not have perfection anywhere," returned the Captain, on the defensive for the sake of opposition.
"We might try for improvement," said St.

"At least we have no strikes, no wife-kicking, no drunkenness," the Captain answered, with an aggressive drawl, making Armine responsible for all the sins in Great Britain.

"But more general crime, and less truthfulness," said St. Claire.

The Captain shrugged his shoulders.

"We put up with it," he said, with affected difference. "And as we get used to it we understand it better than in the beginning, and are not taken in by it. Their flatteries and promises of mountains and seas, and pleasant little tara diddles out of pure complaisance and kindness -it is only a way they have. All nations have their ways. The main thing is to understand them, so as not to be caught by them.'

"I do not think I could ever get accustomed to want of truth and honesty," returned St. Claire, tenacious to his point.
"Then do not live in Italy," said the Captain,

"No. I never shall," said St. Claire, simply.

"I am sure I would rather have this civil obliging, good-natured, and perfectly respectful Vincenzo about us than any of your insolent English creatures," said Mrs. Stewart, with an odd little outbreak.

To fall foul of anything purely Britannic at

this moment was like laying a few stripes on St. Claire's shoulders, and it soothed her to find a whipping-boy of any kind.
"Would you?" he asked, sweet and amiably

obtuse. "I would not: I would rather have more truth and less cleverness, more independence and less sweetness of manner, in those that served me." In saying which he was perfectly innocent of

all suspicion that he might be condemning himself.

But his host looked at him sharply, and said, in his slow, deliberate way:
"I should not have thought you would have

found fault with sweetness of manner, St. Claire, or would have preferred blunt honesty to gracious
—what shall I say?"

"I should say flattery," said Mrs. Stewart.

Clarissa laughed. Ione's straight dark eye brows met above her eyes in a heavy frown.

"No, I do not flatter," said St. Claire, with unruffled amiability. "To show when you like people, and to say openly that you admire them-

"But you can not admire every one so very much as you say you do," said Mrs. Stewart, as she had said once before. "You must flatter some among them."

"I do not know which they are," he answered, niling. "I am sure it is not any one here," he smiling. "I am sadded, pleasantly.

At this moment Vincenzo, who had been gone for some few minutes, suddenly re-appeared from the back of everything, coming among them with that quiet, stealthy tread which never made itself heard till he was fairly in the midst of them, and then only because he purposely scraped his feet on the gravel. His eyes were very bright, and his breath came thick, as if he had been running, but his wide mouth smiled as usual, and his manners were also as usual-good-humored, familiar, obliging, and subservient. He told the padrone that he was wanted in the office, and Captain

Stewart, on rising, looked back on St. Claire, and for all his displeasure with the disguised prince who had disappointed him, said, hospitably: "Don't go yet, St. Claire. I shall be back di-

"That man of yours may be a good fellow as you say, but I confess I do not like his looks," said St. Claire, as the master and his man moved

away.
"We do not choose our servants for their beauty," said Mrs. Stewart. "If they do our work well we do not care whether they are plain or handsome."

"But I dislike the man's face not so much because he is so exceedingly plain—and really I think he is the ugliest fellow I have ever seen as because it is of such a low type. He does not look straight at you when he speaks. He seems to do so, but he does not. And when he does his eyes are like a tiger's. They are so fierce, and with such a strange yellow light about the rim of the iris."

"He is as good as any of them," said Mrs. ewart, crossly. "And it would be a pity to Stewart, crossly. prejudice my husband against him. He is so useful that we should be quite lost if we had to part with him."

"I should be sorry to do that," returned St. Claire, gently.

"But finding incessant fault with him, and calling him ugly and of a bad type, is not exactly the way to make any one satisfied," said Mrs. Stewart, with her disagreeable smile. "You seem to have taken quite a prejudice against the poor fellow from the very beginning," she added, fretfully.

"I hope not," he answered.

"Perhaps saving hard things of him is your way of showing favor," she returned.

St. Claire looked perplexed. He could not understand this decided change of front in one whom he had been accustomed to consider his maternal Palermitan friend. He had become so used to be a favorite among the Stewarts that it was almost like hearing a foreign language to catch that frosty accent, to hear that fretful voice, and he looked at his hostess with his beautiful eyes as if asking her with pain what she would have him to understand.

Ione turned paler than usual, and for a moment seemed about to speak; but she did not. She only shot out one glance to Mrs. Stewart which seemed to warrant all that has ever been said of the fabled basilisk, then lowered her lids, and drew her lips into a thin line, her breath coming a little fast, as Vincenzo's had done. Clarissa, for her part, smiled in an inane and amiable way, as if she were not conscious of the sting, and was only amused by the paradoxical humor

of her mother's words.

And soon after this Mrs. Stewart, still nursing her vague wrath against the young fellow who in the beginning of things had been so nice, got up from her seat, saying to her daughter, "Clarissa, come with me, my dear; I have to speak to Amacome with me, my dear; I have to speak to Amarella." Turning to St. Claire, she repeated her husband's words: "Do not go yet, Dr. St. Claire. We shall be back directly. I merely have to give an order to the maid. Ione will entertain you till we return," she added as her own coda, not in the original theme.

With this she put her hand on her daughter's arm, and the two went slowly through the roses and the flower beds toward the house.

And when they were fairly out of sight Ione drew a deep breath, and looked at St. Claire with her rare and wonderful smile, her eyes dilated, soft, dark, seeming to say, in audible words, "How good it is for us to be here together and alone!"

How beautiful she was, and how perfectly she fitted in with her surroundings! St. Claire looked at her with admiration, with aesthetic enthusiasm. with artistic satisfaction, even with professional appreciation and critical content. So young, so full of life, so healthy, so vigorous, and withal so refined! It was the nervous grace of an Arabian thorough-bred, the sensitive charm of a young gazelle, the superb power of a sleek-skinned couching panther; it was the freshness of a flower opened to the morning before culmination has been reached, and after immaturity has been passed; it was the effulgence of the gem ere use has dimmed its lustre; it was maidenhood in its most resplendent moment, when, no longer childish, it is not yet completed womanhood. this resplendent moment lone was the most enchanting and the most perfect product.

Set against the leaves as both background and frame with the sunlight falling in one narrow line across her head and shoulder, she sat there silent as was her wont, motionless as was her wont, and yet not inert. Hers was the silence of intensity, the motionlessness of expectation. She was like one of the old-time nymphs waiting for her god to come to her. It was not for her to seek, not even for her to meet. She had only to wait, to answer when he should call, to greet him when he should arrive, to receive him glad acceptance of his love, and to give all her own for everlasting in return for his divine grace

of a moment. After the thin acridity of Mrs. Stewart and the mindless cheerfulness of Clarissa, it was restful and refreshing to be with this beautiful Galatea who assumed to be a statue, and who was so true a woman. All her potentialities of fire and fury, of sullenness and of jealousy, as well as all her possibilities of passionate devotion, of the very sublimity of self-immolation for love's sake, were veiled but not hidden beneath that eloquent silence, that mask of repose; and St. Claire felt to his inmost being the presence of the passion he dared not analyze, of the power he could not

match But if he had neither passion nor power to match Ione's, the affectionate sympathy as well as the poetic sentiment of his own nature was fully awakened and keenly alive. He pitied her as a human being, admired her as a woman,

loved her as a sister. The time, the place, the whole surroundings, were divine, full of spiritual intoxication, of subtle sensuous charm. He felt as if he should never forget the richness of beauty, the strange depth of tenderness, which made this moment like one snatched from heaven and the gods. It was a new experience to him, and called up something within him which even Monica had neither roused nor taught.

But at this moment he had forgotten Monica, and the world held only Ione as the supreme creation of the summer sunshine.

"I shall think of this place forever, of this moment and you. When I leave I shall carry it as a picture always with me," he said, abruptly. Ione started when he spoke, and looked at him

with almost terror in her eyes. "You are not going away?" she said, in a low

"Yes, soon-I must," he answered, and wondered why he found his voice so difficult to con-

She turned away her face. She knew that it was pale and full of distress, and she did not wish him to see it.
"I am sorry to leave," he continued, after a

"You have all been so good to me. nause.

shall grieve to leave you."

"We have done nothing," said Ione, always in that low, half-suffocated voice.

"You have made my whole life here," he answered.

She looked down on him, sitting as it were at her feet, and the sudden flash of her eyes bewildered and disturbed him as of old. Then she dropped the lids, and plucked the petals off a rose

grasped in her long white hand.
"I wish I were going to England too," she said. "I hate Sicily—I hate the Italians!" she added, fiercely.

The leaves of the thick bedge of myrtle and monthly rose behind them stirred suddenly as by a passing wind, or as if a large bird had flown heavily through the branches.

"Yet you are Italian in all but your color," said St. Claire, meaning to please her by the as-

cription of beauty.
"Do not say that!" she cried. "I am Eng-

lish—pure English—English all through!"
"Yes? Then the sun has moulded you into
the beauty of your adopted country," he said, looking at her with intense admiration, and speaking in a voice like a caress.

She looked again at him as she had looked before-gathering up the praise, deprecating the connection.

"You know that I am not a real daughter here?" she then said; "that I do not really belong to papa and mamma?"
"Yes" he answered

he answered.

"Who told you?" she asked.
"Your sister."

"Sister!" she repeated, raising her head. "I have no sister; I have no one—no father nor mother, no brother, no friend—nothing in the whole world."

"One friend—one always in me," said Armine. 'Remember—one always in me," he repeated.

"Thank you," she answered, bending lightly toward him.

A petal of her balf-shattered rose fell on his upturned face. She had raised the flower to her lips as she bent, and it rested on his face warm with the touch of hers.

He took it in his hand,

I will keep this forever," he said, tenderly. "It will remind me of this hour, this place, and of you-always of you."

Again he looked at her, full of admiration, of sympathy, of poetry, of feeling, and again she turned away her face-not troubled this time, but too eloquent of something which it was due to maidenly pride to conceal,

The little line of sunlight had shifted its course, and now fell across and through the fringe of curls at the back of her neck. Oh, that betraying sunlight and that subtle scent of rose and heliotrope which came from her fair young Oh, the songs of the birds, and the heavy odor of the orange blossoms like an unseen cloud in the clear blue air !- and oh, for the weakness of human nature, and the folly of a man who drifts through sentiment and is wrecked on the sunken rocks of poetry! Not savage nor animal—only sweet and loving, and tender and weak; not able to control circumstances, nor grasping life with a firm hand as a man should—only able to steer clear of the current when on the alert, but carried by the tide where it would when he let himself go. Where was St. Claire now ?- this man made after the model of a woman's mind and according to the dream of woman's fancy?

Her head was turned away; her heart was throbbing, till it made the flowers in her bosom palpitate as if with sentient life; her whole being was possessed and overmastered by a soft delicious trouble. And he—the influen moment overcame him. Nature and poetry, ense and compassion, were leagued against his better wisdom, and stood between him and his truer self. With an impulse he could not control he raised himself from his sitting posture, and, with one knee on his low seat, put his hands on the arms of Ione's chair and kissed the side of her neck-there where the red-gold curl caught the vellow shine of the golden sun.

She turned and looked at him, her whole body quivering as if under an electric shock. Her eyes seemed to dazzle him with their strange unearthly light, and his seemed to her as the eyes of a god-loving, compassionate, divinely beautiful, and unfathomable as the source of life

She laid her hands on his shoulders.
"You have come at last!" she said, in a low soft voice like the very sigh of happiness. love! my love! at last!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

YOLANDE.*

By WILLIAM BLACK.

AUTHOR OF "SHARIMON BRILLS," "MACLEDO OF DARR,"
"WHITE WINGS," "SUNBISE," ETO.

CHAPTER XLV.

A PERILOUS SITUATION.

THE Master of Lynn, however, was not destined to get to London without an adventure—an adventure, moreover, that was very near ending seriously. Most people who have travelled in the north will remember that the night train from Inverness stops for a considerable time, in the morning, at Perth, before setting out again for the south; and this break in the journey is wel-come enough to passengers who wish to have the stains of travel washed from their hands and faces, to get their breakfast in peace and comfort, and have their choice of the morning news. papers. The Master of Lynn had accomplished these various duties; and now he was idly walk. ing up and down the stone platforms of the wideresounding station, smoking a cigarette. He was in a contented frame of mind. There had been too much trouble of late up there in the north: and he hated trouble; and he thought he would find the society of "Owley" very tolerable, for "Owley" would leave him alone. He finished his cigarette; had another look at the book-stall; purchased a two-shilling novel that promised something fine, for there was a picture outside of a horse coming to awful grief at a steeplechase, and its rider going through the air like a cannon-ball; and then he strolled back to the compartment he had left, vacantly whistling the while "The Hills of Lynn." Suddenly he was startled to find a well-known

face regarding him. It was Shena Van; and she was seated in a corner of a second-class carriage. The moment she saw that he had noticed her she averted her eyes, and pretended not to have seen him; but he instantly went to the door of the carriage.

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"It isn't possible you are going to London, Miss Stewart?" said he, in great surprise.
"Oh no," said Shena Van. "I am not going

so far as that."

"How far, then?" he asked—for he saw that she was embarrassed, and only wishing to get rid of him, and certainly that she would afford no information that wasn't asked for.

"I am going to Carlisle," said she, not looking at him.

" And alone?"

"Oh yes. But my brother's friends will be waiting for me at the station."

"Oh, you must let me accompany you, though," said he, quickly. "You won't mind?"

He did not give her the chance of refusing;

for he had little enough time in which to fetch his things along from the other carriage. Then he had to call the newsboy, and present to Miss Stewart such an assortment of illustrated papers, comic journals, and magazines as might have served for a voyage to Australia. And then the door was shut, the whistle shricked, and the long, heavy train moved slowly out of the station.

"Well, now," said he, "this is lucky! Who could have expected it? I did not see you at the station last night."

She had seen him, however, though she did not

say so.
"I did not even know you were in Inverness; I thought you were at Aberdeen.'

"I have been in Aberdeen," said she. "I only went back a day or two ago to get ready for going south."
"I suppose I mustn't ask you what is taking

you to Carlisle?—and yet we used to be old friends, you know."

"It is no great secret," said she. "I am going to stay with the family of the young lady whom my brother will marry before long. It appears that the professorship will be worth a good deal more than we expected—oh ves, indeed, a good deal more—and there is no reason why he should not marry."

"Well, that is good news," said the Master, cheerfully. "And what sort of girl is she?

'She is a very well accomplished young lady," said Shena Van, with some dignity. two years in Germany at school and two years in France, and she is very well fitted to be a professor's wife, and for the society that comes to my brother's house."

"I hope she's good-looking?"
"As to that," said Miss Stewart, "I should

say she was very pretty indeed; but that is of no consequence nowadays.' "Why, what else is!" he exclaimed, boldly.

But this was clearly dangerous ground; and Miss Stewart sought refuge in the pages of Punch. He had time to regard her. He had never of the clear water supplied at Perth station, and her face was as fresh as the morning, while her pretty, soft, light brown hair was carefully brushed and tended. As for her eyes-those strangely dark blue eyes that he could remember in former years brimming over with girlish merriment or grown pensive with imaginative dreams-he could not get a fair glimpse of them at all, for when she spoke she kept them averted or turned down; and at present she devoted them to the study of Punch. He began to regret those extensive purchases at the station. He made sure she was at this moment poring over Mr. Du Maurier's drawings-for it is to them that womenfolk instinctively turn first; and he grew to be jealous of Mr. Du Maurier, and to wish, indeed, that Mr. Du Maurier had never been born-a wish, one may be certain, then formulated for the first and only time by any inhabitant of thees

Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 8, Vol. XVL



Begun in Habres's Bazar No. 2, Vol. XVI.

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three countries. Moreover, when she had finished with Punch, she took up this magazine and that magazine, and this journal and that journal, the while answering his repeated attempts at conversation in a very distant and reserved way, and clearly intimating that she wished to be aland clearly intiliating that she wished to be allowed to prosecute her studies. He hated the sight of those pages. He was ready to devote the whole periodical literature of his country to the infernal gods. Why, look now on this beautiful, shining morning, how she ought to be admiring those far stretching Ochils and the distant Braes of Doune! Here were the wooded banks of Allan Water; had these no romantic associations for her, no memories of broken-hearted lovers and sad stories, and the like? Had she no eye for the wide open strath they were now entering, with the silver winding Links of Forth coming nearer and nearer, and a pale blue smoke rising afar over the high walls and ramparts of Stirling town? He verily believed that, just to keep away from him, and fix her attention on something, she was capable of reading Parliamentary Debates-the last resort of the vacant mind.

But once they were away from Stirling again he determined at all hazards to startle her out of

this distressing seclusion.

"Shena," said he, "do I look ill?"

She glanced up, frightened.

"I ought to look ill-I ought to look unhappy and miserable," said he, cheerfully. know that I have been jilted?"

Well, she did not quite know what to sav to that. He looked as if he was joking; and yet it was not a thing he was likely to mention in joke _and to her.

"It is quite true, I assure you," said he, seeing that she did not make answer. "You said you had heard I was going to be married. Well, it's all broken off."

"I am very sorry," said Shena Van, as in duty bound; but she was clearly not very sure as to how to take the news.

"Oh, please don't waste any pity on me," said "I don't feel very miserable. I feel rather the other way. 'Ah, freedom is a noble thing'
—you remember how Barbour used to puzzle you, Shena? Yes, I am free now to follow out my own wishes; and that's what I mean to do."

"You are going to live in London, perhaps?" said Miss Stewart, regarding him, but not betray-

ing any keen personal interest.
"Why, this is the point of it," said he, with greater animation, for at last she had deigned to lay down the newspaper, "that I don't in the least know where I am going, and don't much care. I have determined to be my own master, since my folk at home appeared disinclined to accept the programme I had sketched out; absolutely my own master. And now if you, Shena, would tell me something very fine and pleasant for me to do, that would be a kindness."

"In the mean time," said she, with a slight smile, "I wish you would call me by my right name.

"Do you think I can forget the days when you were always 'Shena'?" said he, with a sort of appealing glance that her eyes were careful to avoid. "Don't you remember when I brought you the white kitten from Inverness, and how it vas always pulling its collar of daisies to pieces? Don't you remember my getting you the falcon's wings? Why, I had to lie all night among the rocks on Carn-nan-Gael to get at that falcon.

And you were always 'Shena' then."
"Because I was a child," said Miss Stewart, with a slight flush on the pretty, fresh-colored face. "When we grow up we put aside childish things."

"But we can't always forget," said he.

"Indeed, it seems easy enough to many," she answered, but with no apparent sarcasm or in-"And you have not fixed when you are going, Mr. Leslie?" she added, with a certain for-

"At the present moment, to tell you the truth," said he, "I have half made an engagement to go away on a yachting cruise with a young fellow I know. But he is rather an ass. I am not looking forward to it with any great pleasure. Ah! I could imagine another kind of trip."

She did not ask him what it was. She seemed

She did not ask him what it was. more inclined to turn over the title-pages of the

magazines. I can imagine two young people who are fond of each other being able to go away by themselves on a ramble through Italy—perhaps two young people who had been separated, and meeting after a time, and inclined to take their lives into their own hands, and do with them what seemed best-leaving friends and other considerations aside altogether. And they might have old times to talk about as they sat at dinner-by themselves-in a room at this or that hotel—perhaps overlooking the Rhine, it may be, if they were still in Germany; or perhaps overlooking the Arno, if they were in Florence. Fancy having only the one companion with you, to go through the galleries, and see all the pic tures; and to go to the opera with you in the evening-just the one and only companion you would care to have with you. Wouldn't that be

"I dare say," replied Miss Stewart, coldly. "But the two people would have to be pretty much of one mind."

"I am supposing they are fond of each other," said he, looking at her; but she would not meet his glance.

"I suppose it sometimes happens," said she, taking up one of the magazines, so that he was forced to seek refuge in a comic journal, greatly against his will.

By-and-by they were hurling onward through the solitudes where the youthful Clyde draws its waters from the burns that trickle and tumble down the slopes of "Tintock Tap." He thought it was not kind of Shena Van to hide herself away like that. Her imagination would not warm to any picture he could draw—though that of their being together in a Florentine gallery seemed to him rather captivating. Perhaps she was offended at his having neglected her for such a long time? But she was a sensible young woman; she must have understood the reasons. And now had he not intimated to her that he was no longer inclined to submit to the influence of his friends? But she did not betray any interest or

curiosity.
"I wonder whether we stop at Beattock Junction?" said he.

"I am sure I don't know," she answered, civilly. "Has it occurred to you, Shena," said be, with a peculiar sort of smile, "that if any one who knew both of us happened to be at one of those stations, they might make a curious surmise

about us?"
"I do not understand you," Miss Stewart ob-

"Did you ever hear of Allison's Bank Tollhouse?" he asked. " No."

"That was where they made the Gretna Green marriages—it is just on this side the Border. I think it is rather a pity the Gretna Green marriages were done away with; it was an effectual way of telling your friends to mind their own business. There was no trouble about it. But it is just about as easy now, if you don't mind paying for a special license; and I do believe it is the best way. Your friends can get reconciled to it afterward if they like; if they don't like, they can do the other thing. That was what I was thinking, Shena—if some of our friends were to see us in this carriage, it wouldn't surprise me if they imagined we were on a venture of that kind.

Shena Van blushed deeply, and was ashamed of her embarrassment; and said, with some touch

of anger,
"They could not think of such nonsense!

"It's the sensible plan, though, after all," said he, pertinaciously, and yet appearing to treat the subject as a matter of speculation. "Jock o' Hazledean, Young Lochinvar, Ronald Macdonald, and the rest of them, why, they said, 'Oh, hang it, let's have no more bother about your friends; if you are willing to chance it, so am I; let's make a bolt of it, and they can have their howl when they find out.' And it answered well enough, according to all accounts. I rather think there was a row about Bonny Glenlyon; but then the noble sportsman who carried her off carried her off against her will; and that is a mistake. It's 'Will ye gang to the Hielands, Leezie Lindsay?' and if you can persuade her, she 'kilts up her coats o' green satin,' and you lift her into the saddle: but if she doesn't see it-if she thinks it isn't good enough-you drop the subject."

"You seem to have been reading a good many said Shena Van, rather coldly. songs," people don't go on in that way in ordinary life."
"Perhaps it might be better if they did occasionally," said he. "You remember Jack Mel-

ville, of course?"

"Oh, certainly," said she, with some eagerness. for she thought he would now leave that other perilous topic.

"Well, I remember one night, in my rooms, when we were at Oxford together, he propounded the theory that morality is merely a system of laws devised by the aged and worn-out for keep ing young people straight. Of course it was only a joke; but it startled the boys a bit. And although it was only a joke, mind you, there was something in it; I mean, for example, that it doesn't follow, because you're seventy, you know what is best for a person of five-and-twenty. You may know what is most prudent, from the money point of view; but you don't necessarily know what is best. You look with different eyes. And there is a great deal too much of that going on nowadays.

"Of what?" she asked, innocently.

"Oh, of treating life as if everything were a question of money," replied this profound philos-opher—who had for the moment forgotten all about Corrievreak in his anxiety to get a peep at Shena Van's unfathomable blue eyes

Miss Stewart now returned to one of those inhuman periodicals; and he searched his wits in vain for some subject that would draw her thence. Moreover, he began to think that this train was going at a merciless speed. They smashed through Lockerbie. They had scarcely a glimpse of Ecclefechan. Kirtlebridge went by like a flash of lightning. And then he recollected that very soon they would be at Gretna Green.
"Shena," said he, eagerly—"Shena, have you

been as far south as this before?"
"Oh no," she answered. "I have never been farther south than Edinburgh and Glasgow. But Mary Vincent is to be at the station waiting for me.'

"I did not mean that. Don't you know that soon you will be at Gretna? Don't you know you will soon be crossing the Border? Why, you should be interested in that! It is your first entrance into England. Shall I tell you the moment you are in England ?"

"Oh yes, if you please," said Miss Stewart, condescending to look out and regard the not very picturesque features of the surrounding scenery.

"Well, you be ready to see a lot of things at once, for I don't know whether you actually see Gretna Green church; but I will show you the little stream that divides the two countries-that was the stream the runaway lovers were so anxious to get over. I am told they have extraordinary stories in Gretna about the adventures of those days-I wonder nobody goes and picks They had some fun in those days. I them up. wish I had lived then. Modern life is too monotonous-don't you think so?'

had had the chance of running away with somebody that made it worth the risk. Shena," said he, "supposing you had lived at that time, don't you think you would rather have had the excitement of that kind of wedding than the ordinary, humdrum sort of affair?"

"I have never thought anything about it," said Miss Stewart, with some precision—as if any properly conducted young woman would give a moment's consideration to the manner in which she might wish to be married!

"Look! look!" said he, jumping up, and involuntarily putting his hand on her arm. "Look, Shena! The village is over there—here is the river, see!-it is the Sark-and the bridge is down there, to the left of that house—that house is an inn, the last in England on the old coach-

She took away her arm.

"Ah," said he, as he sat down, "many a happy couple were glad to find their great big George the Fourth phaeton clattering over the bridge there—the triumph after all the risk—"

Then he reflected that in a few minutes' time they would be in Carlisle; and this made him rather desperate; for when again should he see Shena Van-and Shena Van alone?

"Can you imagine yourself living at that time, Shena; and if I were to ask you to make off for Gretna with me and get married, what would you say?"
"You—you have no right to ask me such a

question," said Shena Van, rather breathlessly. "There would have been no chance of your

saying 'yes'?" he asked, gently. "I don't know what you mean," said she, and

she was nervously twisting the magazine in her hand. "I—I think you are forgetting. You are forgetting who you are-who I am-and everything that—that once happened—I mean, that nothing happened-for how could it? And to ask such a question-even in joke-well, I think you have no right to ask me such a question, and the absurdity of it is enough answer.

I did not mean it as a joke at all, Shena," said he, quite humbly, and yet trying to catch sight of her eyes. "I asked you if you could imagine other circumstances - other circumstances in which I might ask you such a question. Of course I am very sorry if I have offended you—"
"I think there has been enough said," said

Miss Stewart, quietly, and indeed with a good deal of natural dignity.

Just before they were going into Carlisle station she said :

"I hope, Mr. Leslie, you won't misunderstand me, but-but, of course Miss Vincent and her friends won't know who you are, and I would rather they did not know. There is always silly talk going on; it begins in amusement, and then people repeat it and believe it."

"I shall be quite a stranger to you when we get into the station," said he. "And in the mean time I will say good-by to you; and you must tell me that we part good friends, although vou do seem to care so little about those by-gone days,

"Good-by," said she, holding out her hand (but with her eyes cast down). "And perhaps I care for them as much as I ought; but one acquires a little common-sense as one grows up. I hope you will have a pleasant trip in the yacht, Mr.

At the station he got out first, and assisted her to alight; then he got a porter for her, and raised his hat to her with the air of a perfect stranger, as she disappeared with her friends. Then he had his own things shifted into a first-class smoking compartment, and the journey was resumed.

It was a lonely journey. There was something He already hated the Juliet, and looked forward with disgust to being thrown on the so-ciety of a brainless young idiot. Nay, this was the matter: why had he not asked Janet Stewart plump and plain? Why had he not asked her to stop at Carstairs Junction, and go back with him to Edinburgh or Glasgow, where he could easily have found friends to take care of her until the special license had been obtained? Why had he not dared his fate? Sometimes women were captured by the very suddenness of the proposal.

"And as for the people at Lynn," he was sa ing to himself during these perturbed medita-tions, "why, then they might have had some good occasion to squawk. They might have squawked to some good purpose then. But I missed my chance—if ever there was one, and now it is this accursed yacht and that insufferable young nincompoop!

Things did not look altogether serene for the Right Honorable Lord Dartown of Dartown, County Limerick, and Ashwood Manor, Berks.

CHAPTER XLVI.

A SPY.

It is quite impossible to describe the gladness and gratitude with which Yolande read the letter from the Master of Lynn, which not only gave her her freedom, but said good-by in such a friendly fashion. For once a ray of sunlight fell on a life which of late had not been of the brightest.

"Yolande, what is the matter? You have had good news this morning?" said the mother, coming into the room, and noticing the radiant face

"Yes, indeed, mother-the best I have had for many a day," said she, and she led her mother to the window, and put her in the easy-chair, and patted her shoulder affectionately. "The best news I have had for many a day.'

"What is it? May I ask?"

For an instant Yolande hesitated; then she laughed, and put the letter in her pocket.

"I don't know," said Shena Van, honestly.
"I mean I wish I had lived in those days if I shortly I will tell you what it is, mother—why,

only that one of the friends I know in the Highlands has been generous and kind to me. Is it a wonderful thing? Is it new—unexpected?"

"Ah, you ought to be with them, Yolande: not

here, throwing away your time on me."
"Ridiculous! ridiculous!" said she, in her French way, and then with a light step and a bright face she went off to get writing materials.

"DEAR ARCHIE" (she wrote), "It is so good of vou. I do not deserve it. You have made me very happy; and I hope you also will soon be reconciled at home, and everything go well. It is a great pleasure you offer me that we should always continue friends, and I hope it will be so; I know it will on my side; and one may be in Inverness some day, perhaps ?-then I should be pleased to see you again, and also your sister, and Colonel Graham. But that will be a long time, if at all; for my mother, though she is much better, does not get strong as I wish, and naturally I remain with her-perhaps for always. How could I leave her? But if once she were strong enough to travel, then one might perhaps see one's friends, in the Highlands or elsewhere; and in the mean time it is consolation to know that they remain your friends, and think of you occasionally. Dear Archie, you are really too kind to me, and too flattering also; but you can not expect a woman to fight very hard against that, so I am glad you will have as generous an opinion of me as is possible, even if it is exaggerated, and perhaps not quite true. I remember your speaking of your school-fellow very well—is he the most favorable of companions for a vachting voyage? I suppose you are going south, for now the days are becoming cold, and we are thinking of going away to the south also. How strange it would be if my mother and I were to be seated on one of the terraces at Monte Carlo, and you were to come sailing into the barbor below us! You must tell me the name of the yacht; and when we are at Nice or Cannes, or such places, I will look in the newspapers for the lists, and perhaps hear of you.

"This is all I can write to you at the moment, but you must believe me that it does not convey to you anything like what I feel. You will excuse me-perhaps you will understand. But I will not forget your kindness.
"Your grateful

"P.S.—I will do as you wish about not stating any reasons, though I am afraid that is only another part of your consideration and generosity in disguise."

She went to get her hat and cloak.

"Tais-toi, mon gas, Et ne ris pas, Tout va de mal en pire,"

she was humming to herself, most inappropriately, as she put them on. And then she went back

"Will you get ready, mother? I have a letter to post. And I want to see if they can get me as much more of that fur as will make a hood for a travelling cloak-ah, you have no idea how comfortable it is if the weather is cold, and you are on a long railway journey."
"Why, you spoil me, Yolande—you make a

petted child of me," the mother protested.

"Come, get on your things," said she, not heed-"And perhaps when we are seeking for the fur I might get a winter cloak for Jane. Does she not deserve a little present? She has been very attentive—has she not, do you think?"

"When she has had the chance, Yolande," the mother said, with a smile. "But you do everything yourself, child."

The alteration in the girl's manner after the receipt of that letter was most marked. Gladness dwelt in her eyes, and spoke in her voice. grew so hopeful, too, about her mother's health that now, when they went out for a morning stroll among the shops, she would buy this or the other small article likely to be of use to them in travelling. That was partly why she presented Jane with that winter cloak; Jane was to be their sole attendant. And now all her talk was about orange groves and palms, and marble terraces shaded from the sun, and the summerblue waters of the south.

But there was one person who certainly did not regard the breaking off of this engagement with equanimity. Immediately on receiving the brief note sent from the Station Hotel at Inverness, Mrs. Graham, astonished and indignant and angry, posted over straightway to Lynn, and told her tale, and demanded explanations. Well, they had no explanations to offer. If it were true, Lord Lynn said, indifferently, it was a very good thing; but he did not choose to bother his head about it. Then pretty Mrs. Graham had a few words, verging on warmth, with her Aunt Colquboun; but she quickly saw that that would not mend matters. Thereupon she thought she would appeal to Yolande herself; and she did so-dating the letter from Lynn Towers.

"MY DEAR YOLANDE" (she said),-" Is it true? Or has Archie been making a fool of us? Of course he is off without a word of explanation, and I can not imagine it possible that his and your engagement should have been so suddenly broken off, and without any apparent cause. Forgive me for interfering, dearest Yolande; I know it is no concern of mine, except in so far as this goes, that Archie is my brother, and I have a right to know whether he acted as he should have done, and as becomes the honor of our family. I have a right to know that. At the same time it seems incredible that you and he should have parted—and so suddenly—without any warning; for although there was some disagreement here, as he probably hinted to you, still that could have nothing to do with him and you ultimately, and he distinctly informed me that his position with regard to you was not affected, and would not be affected, by anything happening here. I hope I am not giving you pain in making these inquiries,

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"THAT SAME NIGHT SHE WROTE THE LETTER."

dear Yolande; but I think I have a right to know that my brother conducted himself honorably; for it was through us, you may remember, that he made your acquaintance, and both Jim and I would consider ourselves in a measure responsible if he has behaved badly. But I dare say it is not so serious as that. I know he is impatient of worry, and probably he has asked you towell, I don't know what he could fairly ask; and all I can say is that I hope, if matters are as he says, that he has done nothing to cause us reproach. You may well think that we shall both
—I mean Jim and I—be exceedingly grieved if it is true, for we both looked forward to having you as our sister and friend, and you may depend on it that if there had been any temporary disagreement in one quarter, that would have been more than atoned for in the warmth of the welcome you would have got from us. Pray forgive me, dearest Yolande, for begging a line from you at your very earliest convenience; it is not idle curiosity, and I trust your answer will be that Archie's exaggeration only means that for a while he is leaving you to the duties that now occupy you, and that in time everything will be as it was. My best love to you, dearest Yolande, from your affectionate friend,

MARY GRAHAM.

ate friend, MARY GRAHAM.
"P.S.—Surely it can not be true, or your father would have told me on the day of his leaving Allt-nam-ba? Will you please write to Inverstroy?"

Yolande remembered her promise to the Master of Lynn, and deemed it safest to say as little as possible. So she merely wrote:

"My DEAR MARY,-I hasten at once to say that your brother's conduct has been always and throughout most honorable, and that in the breaking off of our engagement it has been even it has been most manly and generous. Pray have no fears on that head. As for the reasons, it is scarcely worth while explaining them, when it is all over and gone now. Do you think you need tell me that you would have given me wel-Do you think you come in the Highlands ?-indeed, I have had experience of that already. I hope still to be your friend, and perhaps some day, in the Highlands or elsewhere, we may be once more together. the mean time please remember me most kindly to your husband, and believe me, yours affection YOLANDE WINTERBOURNE.'

Yolande now seemed to consider that episode in her life as over and done with, and set herself all the more assiduously to the service of her mother, who, poor woman! though she could not fail to see the greater cheerfulness and content of the girl, and probably herself derived some favorable influence from that, still remained in a weak and invalidish condition which prevented their migration to the south. However, something now occurred which stopped, once and for all, her recurrent entreaties that Yolande should go away to her own friends and leave her by herself. One day, as she was seated in her accustomed easy-chair, looking at the people and the sea and the ships, she suddenly uttered a slight exclamation, and then quickly rose and withdrew

from the window.

"Yolande dear!" she exclaimed, in a voice of terror—"Yolande!"

"Yes, mother," the girl answered, looking calmly up from her sewing.

And then she saw that her mother was strangely agitated, and instantly she rose and caught her by the hand.

"What is it, mother?"

"I have seen that man that you know of-

"Well, what of that?" the girl said, quietly.
"But he was looking up at the house, Yolande," said she, obviously in great alarm. "He must know that we are here. He must have sought us out."

"Very well, and what of that?" said Yolande. And she added, with a gentle touch of scorn: "Does he wish to be asked to have some tea with us? I think we are not at home just now."

"But you don't understand, child—you don't understand," said the mother, with a kind of "To see him was to recall everything. I was in a dream, and now it looks hideous to me; and the thought of his coming here, and wishing to take me back to that life, when I did not care whether each day was to be the last-

"My dear mother," said Yolande, "is it of much consequence what the gentleman wishes? It is of more consequence what I wish; and that is emain with

"Oh yes, with you, Yolande, with you!" she exclaimed, and she eagerly caught both hands of the girl and held them tight. "Always with you -always, always! I am not going away from you-I dare not go away. I have asked you to go to your friends, and leave me by myself; but I will not ask it again; I am afraid; if I were alone, he might come and speak to me-andand persuade me that his wife was the one who best knew how to take care of me. Oh, when I think of it, Yolande, it maddens me!"

"Then you need not think of it, mother dear." said the girl, pressing her to sit down. Mr. Romford to me. Oh, I will make him content with me, if he chooses to be troublesome. Do not

"If he should come to the house, Yolande?" "The ladies do not receive this afternoon," she answered, promptly, "nor to-morrow afternoon, nor the next day morning, nor any other time, when the gentleman calls whom you will describe

to the landlady and her two girls, and also to As for me, I scarcely saw him-I was too bewildered, and too anxious about you, mother; and then at last, when he did come near to me, pouf! away he went on the pavement. And as for him now, I do not care for him that!" and she flicked her middle finger from the tip of her

"But he may speak to us on the street, child!" "And if we do not wish to be spoken to, is there no protection?" said Yolande, proudly.

"Come to the window, mother, and I will show you something."

"Oh, no, no!" she said, shrinking back,

"Very well, then, I will tell you. Do you not know the good-natured policeman who told us when the harness was wrong at the shaft, and put it right for us? And if we say to him that we do not wish to have any of the gentleman's

conversation, is it not enough?"
"I do not think I could go back now," the mother said, absently, as if she were looking over the life, or rather the living death, she had led. "I have seen you. I could not go back and forget you; and be a trouble to you, and to your fa-

get you; and be a trouble to you, and to your father. He must be a forgiving man to have let you come to me; and yet not wise. I was content; and those people were kind to me. Why should your life be sacrificed?"

"What a dreadful sacrifice, then!" exclaimed Yolande, with a smile. "Look around—it is a dreadful sacrifice! And when we are at Cannes, and at San Remo, and at Bordighera, it will be even more horrible and dreadful." even more horrible and dreadful."

But no, no, I can not go back now," she said. "The sight of that man recalls everything to me. And yet they were kind to me. I could do as I pleased; and it was all in a kind of dream. seemed to be walking through the night always And indeed I did not like the daytime-I liked to be in my own room alone in the evening, with newspapers and books—and it was a kind of halfsleep with waking pictures-sometimes of you, Yolande-very often of you; but not as you are -and then they would come and torture me with telling me how badly I was treated in not being allowed to see you—and then—then I did not know what I did. It is terrible to think of."

"Don't think of it, mother, then."
"It is all before me again," the wretched woman said, with a kind of despair. "I see what I have been, and what people have thought of me. How can I raise myself again? It is no use try-My husband away from me, my friends ashamed to speak of me, my child throwing away her young life to no end—why should I try?—I should be better away-anywhere-to hide my-

self, and be no longer an injury and a shame."
"Mother," said Yolande, firmly (for she had had to fight those fits of hopelessness before, and

knew the way of them well), "don't talk nonsense. I have undertaken to make you well, and I have very nearly succeeded, and I am not going to have my patient break down on my hands, and people say I am a bad doctor. I wonder what you would have said if I had called in a real doctor, to give you physic and all the rest of it, whereas I get all kinds of nice things for you and take you can the divise and walks and you, and take you out for drives and walks, and never a word of medicine mentioned. And I don't think it is fair, when you are getting on so well, to let yourself drop into a fit of despondency, for that will only make you worse, and give me so much longer trouble before I have you pulled through. For you are not going to shake me off
—no, not at all—and the sooner you are well, the sooner we are off to France and Italy, and the longer you are not well, the longer it is you keep me in Worthing, which perhaps you will not find so cheerful when the winter comes. Already it is cold; some morning when you get up you will see—what? nothing but snow!—everything white, and then you will say it is time to fly, and

that is right, but why not sooner?"

"Well, to be beside you, Yolande," said the mother, stroking the girl's hand, "is what I live for. If it were not for that, I should not care what happened."

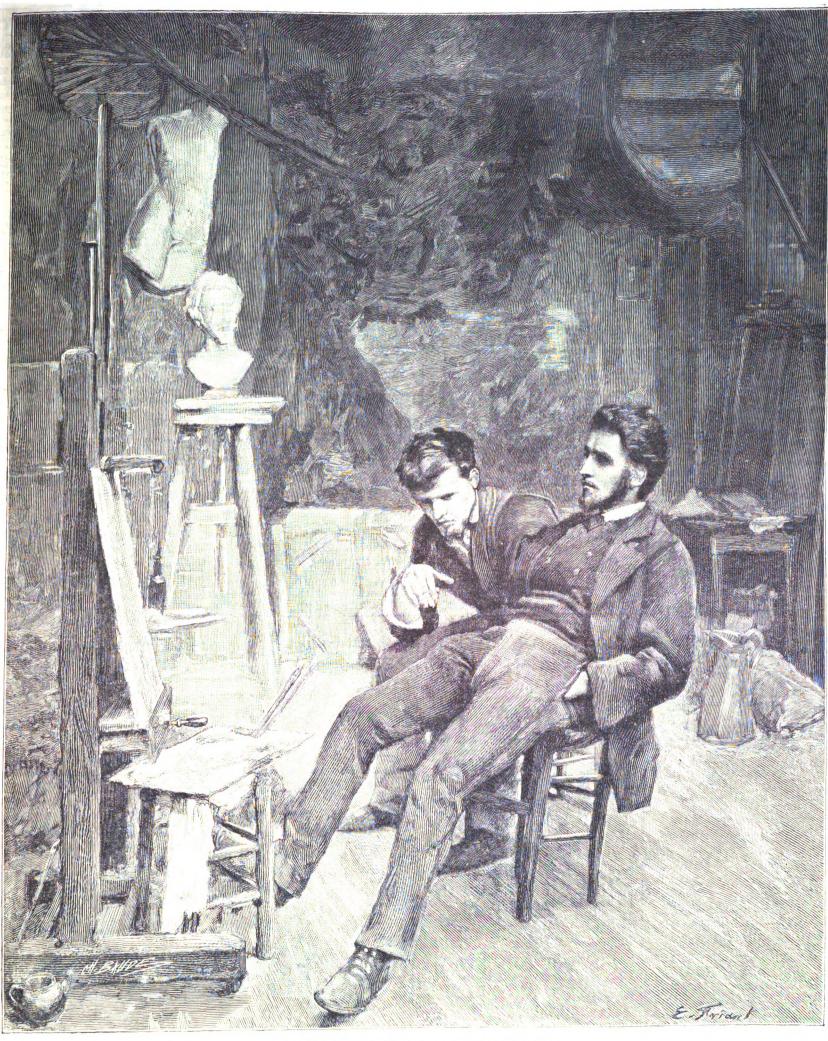
Yolande professed to treat this Mr. Romford as a person of little account; but she was in her inmost heart a trifle more disquieted than outwardly she made helicon. Che chevello and the control of the chevel of t wardly she made believe. She shrewdly suspected that he was not the sort of gentleman to be disporting himself at a watering-place merely for amusement; and she made no doubt that, somehow or other, he had found out their address, and had followed them hither in the hope of get-ting her mother once more under his control. As to that, she had no fear; but, to make sure that he had no monetary or other claim that could warrant his even knocking at the door of the house, she resolved to write at once to Lawrence & Lang. The answer was prompt; she got it by the first post next morning; and it said that as "our Mr. Lang," by a fortunate accident, happened to be at the moment in Brighton, they had telegraphed to him to go along and see her; consequently Miss Winterbourne might expect him to call on her during the course of the day.

This was far from being in accordance with

Yolande's wish; but she could not now help it; and so she went to her mother, and said that a gentleman would probably call that day with whom she wanted to have a few minutes' private talk; and would the mother kindly remain in her room for that time?

"Not—not Romford?" said she, in alarm.
"I said a gentleman, mother," Yolande answered.

And then a strange kind of glad light came



"A STUDIO CORNER."-FROM THE PICTURE BY E. FRIART.

into the mother's face; and she took her daugh-

ter's hands in hers.
"Can it be, then, Yolande? There is one who is dear to you?" The girl turned very pale for a second or so;

but she forced herself to laugh.
"Nonsense, mother. The gentleman is calling on business. It is very inconvenient; but

the firm told him to come along from Brighton; and now I can't prevent him."

"I had hoped it was something more," said the mother, gently, as she turned to her book

Mr. Lang called about half past twelve. "I am very sorry you should have taken so much trouble about so small an affair," said

Yolande. "But you must understand, Miss Winter-bourne," said the tall white-haired man, with the humorous smile and good-natured eyes, "that our firm are under the strictest injunctions to pay instant heed to the smallest things you ask of us. You have no idea how we have been lectured and admonished. But I grant you this is nothing.

The man is a worthless fellow, who is probably disappointed, and he may hang about, but you have nothing to fear from him. Everything has been paid ; we have a formal acquittance. I dare say the scoundrel got three times what was really owing to him, but it was not a prodigious sum. Now what do you want me to do? I can't prosecute him for being in Worthing."

"No; but what am I to do if he persists in speaking to my mother when we are out walk-

ing y"
"Give him in charge. He'll depart quick enough. But I should say you had little to fear in that direction. Unless he has a chance of speaking to your mother alone, he is not likely to attempt it at all."
"And that he shall not have: I can take care

of that," said Yolande, with decision.
"You really need not trouble about it. Of course if he found your mother in the hands of a stranger, what happened before might happen now; that is to say, he would go and try to talk her over; would say that she was never so happy as when he and his wife were waiting on her,

that they were her real friends, and all that stuff. But I don't think he will tackle you," he added, with a friendly sort of smile.

"He shall not find my mother alone, at any rate," said Yolande.

"I hear everything is going on well?" he ventured to say.

"I hope so-I think so," she answered. "It was risky-I may say, it was a courageous

thing for you to do, but you had warm friends looking on."
She started and looked up, but he proceeded

to something else.
"I suppose I may not see Mrs. Winterbourne—or may 1?"

"I think not," said Yolande. "It would only alarm her, or at least excite her, and I am keeping all excitement away from her. And if you will excuse me, Mr. Lang, I will not keep her waiting. It is so kind of you to have come along from Brighton."

"I dare not disobey such very strict orders," said he, with a smile, as he took up his hat and opened the door.

She did not ring the bell, however, for the maidservant; she said she would herself see him out, and she followed him down-stairs. In the pas-

sage she said:
"I want you to tell me something, Mr. Lang.
I want you to tell me who it was who explained to you what you were to do for me when I arrived in London, for I think I know."

"Then there can be no harm in telling you, my dear young lady. He called again on us, about a couple of weeks ago, on his way north, and laid us under more stringent orders than ever.

Mr. John Melville. Was that your guess?"
"Yes," said Yolande, with her eyes downcast, but in perfectly calm tones. "I thought it was he. I suppose he was quite well when you saw him?"

"Oh yes, apparently—certainly."
"Good-by, Mr. Lang. It is so kind of you to have taken all this trouble."
"Good-morning," said Mr. Lang, as he opened

the door and went his way. And he also had his guess. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

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[From Galignani's Messenger, May 12, '83.]

Those interested in the progress of art applied to metal work in general and to silverware in particular, will be pleased to learn that the celebrated house of Tiffany & Co., of New York, with a branch in Paris, have just been appointed Imperial and Royal Jewellers and Silversmiths to the following Sovereigns: Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen of England, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, their Imperial Majesties the Duke of Edinburgh, their Imperial Majesties the Emperor and Empress of Russia, His Imperial Highness the Grand-Duke Wladimir of Russia, His Imperial Highness the Emperor of Austria, His Majesty the King of Italy, His Majesty the King of Greece, His Majesty the King of Greece, His Majesty the King of Portugal, and other dis-tinguished potentates. The appreciation of these august personages is the surest guarantee not only of the excellency in make, but also of the truly artistic and refined taste displayed by TIFFANY & Co. in the forms and decoration of their silver.

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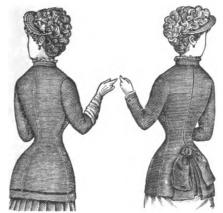
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This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world. \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of Fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

Broadway and 14th Street.

A change of partnership took place in our business on the 1st of May, one partner withdrawing. The entire stock has been purchased by Ma. GEORGE LE BOUTILLIER, the remaining partner, who hereby announces that the business will be continued on an enlarged scale, under the same firm name as heretofore, and at the same address.

SUMMER WASH FABRICS:

500 pieces Printed Cambrics, fast colors, 7%c. per yard; worth 12%c.
American Printed Satines, 15c.; reduced from 25c. Large variety.
Fine Scotch (linghams, 18c.; reduced from 25c

Fine Scotch Ginghams, 180.; reduced from 25c. Greylock Striped Ginghams, 10c. and 12\(\lambda_c.\); regular price, 15c. 150 pieces Lineu Lawns, 20c. French Lawns, 25c.; reduced from

SPECIAL BARGAINS:

75 dozen Ladies' Fine French Fancy Striped Hose, 25c. per pair. 150 dozen Finer Quality, in Plain Colors and Stripes, 37%c. per pair; Worth 65c. 150 dozen Muslin Chemises, 30 Tucks and Embroidered Insertion, 49c.; Worth 75c. 115 dozen Skirts. Tucked and Em-

worth 75c.
116 dozen Skirts, Tucked and Em-broidered, 90c. each.
75 dozen Night - Gowns, 54 in. long, with Tucks and Embroidery, 99c.; worth \$1 35.

PARASOLS.

22-in. Satin Coaching Parasols, all colors, \$1 85; worth \$2 50.
24-in. Twilled Silk Sun Umbrellas, Natural and Fancy Handles, \$1 85; worth \$2 60.

Keep in constant communication with us. Advise us of all your wants, small or large. It will be profitable to you. Mail Order Department thoroughly equipped.

Le Boutillier Bros., Broadway and 14th Street.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & CO.

GARMENTS.

In order to reduce stock preparatory to extensive alterations and enlargement of our premises, will offer the balance of Paris Costumes, Suits, Dinner, Evening, and Reception Dresses, Mantles, Wraps, and also those of our own manufacture at greatly reduced prices.

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APPLIQUE PATTERNS AND STAMPED GOODS. T. B. VERKRUZER, 4 Walker St., N.Y.



From our Spring and Summer Fashion Catalogue.

No. 23—Cluster Tucks, trimmed with fine Swiss Dotted Embroidery, French Sleeves—\$1 43.

The Best-selected Stock of

FINE DRESSING-SACQUES from 69c. to \$6 50 each. LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S MUSLIN AND CAMBRIC UNDERWEAR.

INFANTS' OUTFITS AND CORSETS at prices, as usual, lower than any other house.

ORDERS BY MAIL PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

H. C. F. KOCH & SON,

DARISIAN

IMPORTERS,

No. 8 West 14th St., near 5th Avenue. STILL GREATER REDUCTIONS.

Reduced and astonishingly low prices for Trimmed Bonnets and Round Hats of our OWN MAKE. Reductions rule in our ROUND HATS AND BONNETS FOR SCHOOL-GIRLS AND MISSES.

HATS FOR LITTLE BOYS at REDUCED FIGURES.

Out-of-town trade will take account of this fact.

Floral Parures for the Coaching Club, Jardinieres and Jardiniere Plants.

DO YOUR OWN STAMPING

Remarkable for closeness of the pile. With light fabric, beautiful soft fluish, and depth of color peculiar to Silk Velvets. They are specially adapted to ladies' dresses, and readily drape in graceful folds and puffings.



I WAS DREADFULLY AFRAID THAT HORRID FEVER WOULD RUIN MY COMPLETION FOR LIFE, BUT LAIRUS BLOOM OF YOUTH

MAN BETTI TO THAT GUESTICE WITH A LOVELY BUCGESS

SECRET OF A BEAUTIFUL FACE.

Every lady desires to be considered handsome. The most important adjunct to beauty is a clear, smooth, soft, and beautiful skin. With this essential a lady appears handsome, even if her features are not perfect. Ladies afflicted with Tan, Freckles, Rough or Discolored Skin, should lose no time in procuring and applying

LAIRD'S

BLOOM OF YOUTH.

It will immediately obliterate all such imperfections, and is entirely harmless. It has been chemically analyzed by the Board of Health of New York City, and pronounced entirely free from any material injurious to the health or skin. Over two million ladies have used this delightful tollet preparation, and in every instance it has given entire satisfaction. Ladies, if you desire to be beautiful, give LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOU'TH a trial, and be convinced of its wonderful efficacy. Sold by Fancy Goods Dealers and Druggists everywhere.

Price 75c. per Bottle. Depot, 88 John Street, N. Y.

PLAIN "Nonpareil" AND WOVEN BROCHE

Recommended by every **FASHION** JOURNAL and

Velveteen Bon-Ton Costume for Seaside wear.

The most FASHIONABLE.

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY SUBSTITUTE FOR LYONS SILK VELVET.

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🐧 in America.

Every second yard stamped with Trade-Mark. None others Genuine. TO BE PURCHASED FROM ALL FIRST-CLASS RETAILERS, FROM 90c. TO \$2.50 A YARD. Beware of Cheap Imitations under other names, which will never prove satisfactory.



LADIES' FRENCH LAWN DRESSING-SACQUE

20th St. and 6th Avenue, New York.

FLOWER CO.

REDUCTIONS! REDUCTIONS! REDUCTIONS! Our friends will bear in mind that we are selling all our

PARIS BONNETS AND BOUND HATS,

Many of which are of last week's importations, at MUCH REDUCED RATES.

REDUCTIONS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.

FRENCH FLOWERS, OSTRICH TIPS and PLUMES, BRIDAL GARNITURE AND VEILS.

I. LOEWENSTEIN.

With Briggs' Patent Transfer Papers.

A warm iron transfers these beautiful patterns to any fabric better and cheaper than you can have them stamped. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, showing over 300 designs for Braiding, Embroidery, Etching, and Ontlining, sent on receipt of 15 cents.

W. H. QUINBY, 312 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.

\$500 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 ontfit free. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine.

CACHEMIRE MARGUERITE" BLACK DRESS SILKS. A FULL LINE KEPT IN OUR SILK DEPARTMENT.

LORD & TAYLOR,

BROADWAY and 20th St., New York.

LADIES' FANCY WORK.

A NOV

A BOOK of Instructions and Patterns for Artistic

Needle-work, Kensington Embroidery, directions
for making numerous kinds of Crochet and Knitted
Work, patterns for Hand-Bag, Tidy, Mat, Oak-Leaf
Lace, Piano-Cover, etc. Tells how to make South Kensington, Outline, Persean, Tent, Star, Satin, and
Feather Stitches, etc. Price 36 cents.

A BOOK OF 100 CROSS-STITCH PATTERNS for
Worsted Work, etc. Enders, Corners, Flowers,
Birds. Animals, Pansies, Stork, Deer, Elephant,
Comic Designs, 8 Alphabets, etc. Price 25 cents,
4 Tidy Patterns, 10c. Special Offer All for 18
3-cent stamps.

J. F. INGALLS, Lynn, Mass.

Neutro-Pillene, only hair solvent known. Permanently dissolves superfluous hair, root and branch, in 5 minutes, without pain, discoloration or injury. Send 2 stamps for particulars. The UNIVERSITY CHEMICAL PREPARATION CO., 602 Spruce St., Philia., Pa.

30 GILT-EDGE COMPLIMENT CARDS, with name and elegant case, 10c. H. M. Cook, Meriden, Conn.

\$5 10 \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address STINBON & Co., Portland, Maine.

FINEST CARDS EVER ISSUED A beautiful BASKET OF FLOWERS—Marechal Niel and Jacqueminot Roses; or, a BASKET OF FRUIT—Peaches, I lums, Grapes and Cherries—very natural and from original designs. Full size. Mailed on receipt of 9 cents each or 15 cents the pair in stamps Mention this paper. SCOTT & BU, WNE, 110 Wooster St., N. Y.

40 Chromo Visiting Cards, no 2 slike, for 1883, name on, and Illustrated Premium List, 10c. Warranted best sold. Agents wanted. L. Jones & Co., Nassau, N.Y.

\$72 AWEEK. \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Maine. Digitized by GOOGIC

FACETIÆ.

A gustio listened un-moved to a sermon which by its pathetic eloquence moved every one else to tears. When asked to ex-plain his stolidity, he re-plied, "Oh, I don't live in this parish."

Mas. Dash. "Mary, I want some hot water. Is there some on the stove?"
MARY. "Yes'm, there is; butit's not heated yet."

Mr. Daotyl (who regards himself as a successful poet). "And do I understand you to say that you made the acquaintance of the author of whom we were just speaking?"

ance of the author of whom we were just speaking?"

Mrs. Highty. "Me?

Oh, indeed, no. I am really unfortunate in never meeting people who have any claims to fame, Have I not heard you remark a like experience?"—appealing to the lady next her.

Mrs. Pavreway. "Of course we are excepting present company."

Mrs. Highty. "How too kind of you, Mrs. Paveway, to snggest my being at all well known!"

When Pat was sent to the lobster-pot to see if there was anything in it, he said, upon returning, "There was no ripe ones, sorr, only grane ones; and I tossed thim arl over-board!"

TRIMMING A SPE-CIALTY.

CIAITY.

Young Lany (in undertone to friend while shopping). "Becoming, indeed! The idea of any one suggesting my wearing a hat of such a color! I should certainly die!"

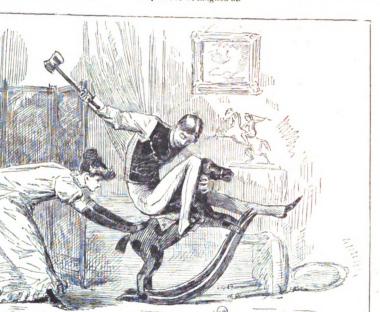
Newly ergager Salerwoman (who partly overhears, and who has been instructed to full in with suggestions). "I think, myself, miss, you would do well to dye it. It's a shade, too, that will take almost any color, and it would be so becoming then!"



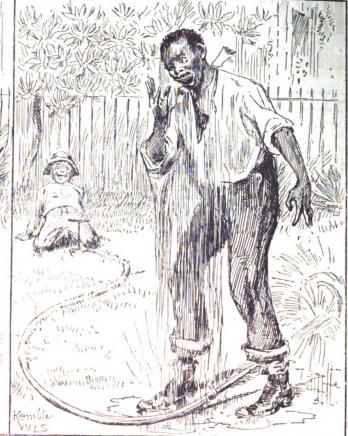
PROMPT OBEDIENCE.

Why is a balloon like silence?—Because it gives ascent.

A would-be dramatist, on recently offering a comedy to a manager, assured him that it was a production not to be laughed at.



THIS YOUNG MAN BEING DESIROUS OF JOINING THE POLO CLUB, CONCLUDES THAT IT MIGHT BE WELL TO TAKE A LITTLE PRACTICE IN PRIVATE EFFORE DOING SO. THEREUPON HE EXCLAIMS: "AHA! LET HIM GO NOW, EMMA; I CAN CONTROL HIM!"



"What de matter wid yo', Boy? Turn de Crank dis way, 'toze me, fore I come dar an'-"YO' IS A MIGHTY SMART BOY, BUT YO' NEEDN'T BE SO PREVIOUS DE NEX' TIME."

SOME NAMES. Down East is the isle of Mount Desert, Which is far from being a desert, And which some folks And which some lolks
assert
ssent lolks
assert
Should be called Mount
Desert,
But tis sweller to call it
Mount Desert. To mention the name of Cohoexing a bit of a snoze; You simply say co (ker), With a sort of a slur, But come out very strong with the koes.

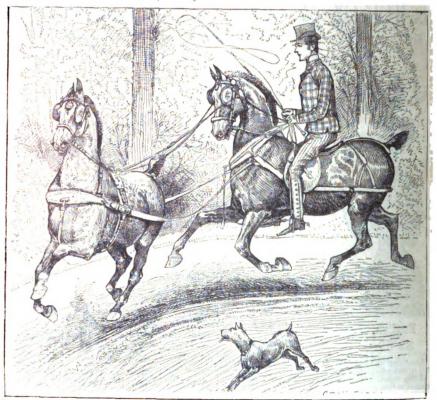
In Montana's a city spelled Helena,
A namethat should rhyme well with Eleanor,
And nothing sounds meaner
Than to call it Helena,
In the cars of the people of Helena.

There's another place called San Jose,
Where tourists are not apt to stay,
For they call it San Jose,
And thus they make foes
Of those who prefer San Jose,

And if you should chance to say Cairo, When meaning the city of Pharo, Folks would laugh, and say "Why, Don't you know it is 'Ki'?" There it's Kiro, while here it is Caro.

Why is a clown never young?—On account of being antic-weighted.

What may account for ill-nature in a horse ?--Its being so often put out.



DE TOMPKYNS SAYS THAT THIS IS THE RIGHT WAY TO LEARN TANDEM DRIVING. THY IT, AND SEE FOR YOURSELF.



BEGGING TRAMP (leaning on fence, solilognizes). "Now that 'ERE YOUNG FEMALE ARTISS IS INTIRELY UNPROTECTED, AN' THIS 'ERE IS A PRETTY LONELY SPOT. RECKIN I'LL GO AN' MAKE HER GIVE ME A DOLLAR OR TWO."



CONCEALED DEADLY WEAPONS.

TRAMP. "NOW, LOOK A-HERE, YOUNG WOMAN, YOU JEST HAND OVER YOUR MONEY-PURSE, AND DON'T YOU MAKE NO FUSS ABOUT IT. YOU LOOKS MIGHTY COOL AND KEERLESS, BUT IT WON'T GO DOWN WITH ME. SO HAND OVER."



AND ALL THAT YOUNG LADY SAID WAS, "SIC HIM, SPOT!" AND SPOT "SIC-ED" HIM.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1883.

TEN CENTS A COPY. \$4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



"The mother was standing in the balcony, and she had her hands outstretched."

YOLANDE.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "WHITE WINGS," "SHANDON BELLS," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVII.

SNOW AND SUNLIGHT.

OLANDE, however, was a strict and faithful guard-ian; and Mr. Romford, no doubt finding it impossible to get speech of her mother alone, had probably left the place, for they saw no more of him. Indeed, they were thinking of other matters. Yolande was anxious to get away to the south, and yet afraid to risk the fatigue of travelling on a system obviously so frail as her mo-

ther's was. She kept lingering on and on in * Begun in Harper's Bazar No. 3, Vol. XVI.

the hope of seeing some improvement taking place, but her mother, | I would get a carriage here, and have you nicely wrapped up from though much more cheerful in spirits, did not seem to gain in strength; indeed, she seemed physically so weak that again and again Yolande postponed their departure. This also had its drawagain Yolande postponed their departure. This also had its drawbacks, for the weather was becoming more and more wintry, and out-of-door exercise was being restricted. It was too cold for driving; Yolande had sent back the pony-carriage. Then she dared not expose her mother to northerly or easterly winds. Frequently now she had to go out for her morning walk by herself, a brisk promenade once or twice up and down the pier being enough to send her home with pink cheeks. At last she said to her mother, with some timidity,

"I have been thinking, mother, that we might take some one's advice as to whether you are strong enough to bear the journey."

advice as to whether you are strong enough to bear the journey."
"I think I could go," the mother said. "Oh yes, I should like to try, Yolande, for you seem so anxious about it, and of course Worthing must be dull for you."
The girl did not mind this reference to herself.

"I have been thinking how it could be most easily done, mother.

the cold, and we should drive to Newhaven; that would be more comfortable than the tedious railway journey round by Lewes. Then we should choose our own time of crossing when the sea was calm; and the railway journey from Dieppe to Paris is so much shorter than the Calais route. But to Marseilles—that is a ter-

rible long journey."

"I think I could do it, Yolande; I see you are so anxious to get away—and no wonder."

get away—and no wonder."

"I am anxious for your sake, mother. But I am afraid to take the responsibility. Would you mind my asking some one? Would you mind my taking some advice?"

"But you are the best doctor I have ever had," said the mother, with a smile. "I would rather take your advice than any one's."

"But I am afraid, mother," she said. And then she added, cautiously, "It was not the advice of a doctor I was thinking of."

"Whose, then?"

The girl went and stood by her mother's side, and put her hand gently on her shoulder.

[Continued on page 426.1]

Continued on page 426.1 Digitized by

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1883.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN OFFER TO YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS. For the best original drawing to illustrate Alfred Domett's "Christmas Hymn' ing to be suitable for publication in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age - Messes. Harper & Brothers offer an award of THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, upon the honorable understanding that the suc-cessful competitor shall use the same for the pros-ecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six mouths for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience

of the recipient for the purposes specified.

The drawings must be received by Messrs.

Harrer & Brothers not later than August 1, 1883, addressed "Art Competition, Harper's Magneine, Franklin Square, New York"; and each most be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the read name, age, and residence of the artist, in a scaled envelope accompanying the drawings, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A.; MR. F. D. MILLET,

A.N.A.; and Mr. Charles Parsons, A.N.A., Su-perintendent of the Art Department, Harrer & Brothers, will act as judges of the competition. It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for Harrer's Magazine of December,

1883; and should other drawings submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page Harper's Weekly, \$500; one page Harper's Bazar, \$200; one page Harper's Sound found for the fullers should decide that no one of the harder in the fullers.

drawings is suitable, Messas, Harper & Brothers reserve the right to extend the limit of time and re-

open the competition.

Two Christmas Hymns by Alfred Domett have been published. That published in 1837 is the one for the illustration of which artists are invited to compete, and a printed copy of it will be sent on application to

> HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

JAMES PAYN'S NEW STORY.

A new Serial Story of surpassing interest, with Brilliant Illustrations, entitled

"THE CANON'S WARD,"

by the favorite norelist James Pays, author of "From Ecile," "Under One Roof," "Walter's Word," "Won—not Woord," etc., etc., will shortly be begun in HARPER'S BAZAR.

18 Our next Number will contain a Pattern Supplement, with numerous full-sized pat terns, illustrations, and descriptions of Ladies' Travelling, Sea-side, and Watering-place DRESSES, WRAPPINGS, HATS, and BONNETS; CHIL-DREN'S COUNTRY SUITS: Ladies' Lingerie; pretty designs for knitted Rugs, Letter Boxes, Watch Stands, etc.; with choice literary and artistic at tractions.

"HO! THE ROSE BREATHES OF LOVE!"

WE have lately been told by learned investigation that wheat, and the grassy covering of the earth generally, is botanically speaking, only the degraded and degenerated lily; although, speaking with reference to political economy and the results to hungry millions, it might justly be called the uplifted and apotheosized lily. But seience has not yet dared to meddle with the rose in that manner further than to suggest that, like EVE, it was made for man, since its fossil remains are coeval only with his own; and we like to think that the lovely family, the apple, the peach, the pear, the quince, the almond, the raspberry, and all the rest of them, were not here before we also were here to enjoy them.

But although the useful rose is an exceedingly agreeable one in the shape of all these and other delicious fruits, the merely ornamental rose is, on the whole, of as much worth, since the soul is the superior of the body. The earliest annals of our race record our admiration of it; the Sutis call it the "grace of God"; in the Persian poems the nightingale is its lover; and when some one asked SAADI the use of poets, he retorted by asking the use of roses; hundreds of years later, Emerson could do no more in praise of his rhodora than to call it the "rival of the rose," although most of us would dispute its pretensions.

Although Persia is emphatically the land of roses-certain provinces, in the season of its flowering, being so richly planted with it that their landscape from a distance is tinted with its bloom and blush-yet it has not

contributed appreciably to the stock of roses in our greenhouses or gardens, and we owe it thanks neither for

"The musk-rose nor the moss-rose, Royal red, nor maiden blush-rose."

Mr. BANCROFT, our old historian, has, it is said, a thousand varieties of the rose in his two gardens in Newport and Washington; but it is to be doubted if many of their species came from the land of the bulbul and the rose, unless we except the yellow rose, which, in spite of the ancestry claimed for it, is a doubtful exception at the best. There are the richest wine-dark roses in that collection, but there is wanting in all collections that famous Persian rose of purple wealth of tint, the color that black velvet might be if the sunlight fell on it through a ruby glass of Burgundy.

Holland, it is thought, gave us our first cultivated roses-at any rate, the moss-rose. And others have come from Scotland, as in some two or three hundred varieties of the charming Scotch rose; from the Mediterranean shores, as the damask; from Asia in general, as the musk,

" Mid-May's oldest child, The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine, The murmurous haunts of bees on summer eves.

Others, again, have come from Japan, as the Multiflora; from China, as the Cherokee rose, which travellers by rail in the South see, on waking in the morning, bounding away in hedges from the rail to the horizon, glittering with dew and shining like things of intelligent and joyous life, a flower which is still the common wild rose of China, growing to the tops of tall trees and dropping its shoots for twenty feet, the parent plant having been brought into the Southern part of this country somewhere about the time of the Revolution. Besides all these, we have our own roses, indigenous to the soil, among which some would claim the sweet-brier, with its ravishing fragrance, and with which roses must be classed the wonderful green rose of the highlands of Texas and New Mexico, which, although green in pistil and stamen and petal, as in leaf, stem, and thorn, if without perfume, is not without beauty.

We do not wonder that the rose is so beloved when we look at a ring-stemmed handful fresh from the bush, its multitudinous Petals are so much the symbol of abundance, its beauty is so abounding in itself, its tints are so perfect, its shapes so harmonious, and its perfume so bewildering a compound of ice and honey in its fresh, cool, dewy sweetness-an odor, says Plutarch, prevalent against any aching heaviness of the head. The attar of roses may be counterfeited with sandal-wood oils and all sorts of other scents, but who can counterfeit the scent of the rose itself? A scent it is that glorifies everything which comes in contact with it, so that even the coarse earthen jar that once held it borrows enough of the charm to say, as if one suspected him of the assumption, "I am not the rose, but I have lived with her."

One sometimes finds reason to conjecture what the poets would do without the rose, for they use it as freely as the bees, who "build its perfumed ambers up their hives." Its name has for them the music that its shape has beauty, that its odor has delight; it was the symbol of silence with their ancestors, but the thought of it sets the poets' numbers flowing; they deck every festival with it; they use it for small and large alike-it blushes for them on the cheek of youth, and they see it bloom in the eastern sky, where

"God made himself an awful rose of dawn."

Sometimes, on a moonlight night in a July garden, standing between rows of tall white lilies, one thinks that may be the lily is the finest flower that blows; sometimes, in latedelaying springs, one bends over the first cluster of violets, blue as a midnight sky, and thinks the designer of all floral shapes might have staid there satisfied; sometimes, in autumn, just before the frost, we clasp our hands over the cheering chrysanthemum, that blows when the rest of the world is dead, as if the whole year had passed only to perfect the thing; yet these are but evanescent moods of the moment, for the year round, whether it come from garden, greenhouse, or wildwood, we cry out with Sapphor

"For the rose, ho! the rose, is the eye of the flowers, Is the blush of the meadows that feel themselves

Is the lightning of beauty that strikes through the bowers On pale lovers that sit in the glow unaware.'

And we agree with her still further, as another great singer voices her thought:

For the rose, ho! the rose, is the grace of the earth, Is the light of the plants that are growing upon it."

It does not always need to be a living rose, palpitating in the light and warmth. in order to be lovely. The rose "kept seven years in a drawer" is fairer to the fingers

over which it crumbles, fairer with loaded memories of love, than when the sun used to

"mix his glory in its gorgeous urn Till beam appeared to bloom and flower to burn." For in that withered blossom blooms again the days and nights of youth and hope and joy, when all the bliss of the world lay in the path like a rose itself just opening leaf and leaf to disclose the honey of its heart.

THE MYSTERY OF MATCHES.

MATCHES are undoubtedly useful. They are an evidence are an evidence and accompaniment of civilization. The savage knows nothing of matches. He has to depend upon the tedious process of rubbing a stick against a dry piece of board when he wants to kindle a fire or to light the gas, and very inconvenient he must find it when he hears a burglar in the night, and wants to light a candle and go down-stairs to search for him. And yet it is by no means certain that we are any better and happier for the invention of matches.

Think for a moment of the danger that always lurks in matches: bow children set themselves and valuable things on fire with matches, and how rats try experiments with matches which they have stolen and dragged into their holes. Such dangers were unheard of in the days of the flint and steel and tinder-box. No child could start an undesirable fire with flint and steel, for in order to use those implements successfully the intellect of a grown man, together with long experience and great command of temper, was necessary. As for the rats, they scorned flint and steel as articles maliciously designed for the purpose of injuring the teeth. In those happy days it was possible for a school-teacher to enforce discipline among small boys without the risk of setting them on fire by unintentionally striking the matches which nowadays are found in every small boy's pocket. As to the influence of matches in promoting the habit of smoking, there can be only one opinion. Not one-half of the amount of tobacco which is now daily consume? would be consumed were it not for the fact that the smoker always has matches in his pocket. There would be comparatively little smoking were it necessary for the smoker to sit down in some quiet place and devote half an hour to a struggle with flint and steel every time he might wish to light a cigar.

It is one of the objectionable features of matches that they are enveloped in mystery. Few people have considered this subject seriously, for had they really given their minds to it, the insoluble nature of the mystery of matches would have bred in them a wholesome hatred of the baffling little splinters of sulphur-capped wood. Yet there is more than one mystery in connection with matches, and there is no prospeet that the mysterious element in matches will ever be climinated.

There are in the United States say twenty millions of people every one of whom uses, on an average, twenty matches daily. This will seem by no means a large estimate when we remember that the woman who lights fires, lamps, candles, or gas always uses at least three matches before she can get one to burn, and that the habitual smoker rarely uses less than forty matches per day. A match usually does its work and is extinguished by the time half of it is consumed, and of course the unconsumed half is thrown away. It is estimated that these half-consumed matches would, if evenly spread out over the surface of the earth, cover the United States to the depth of one inch. Obviously they do nothing of the sort, and the question therefore arises, what becomes of them? The mystery of the disappearance of pins is as nothing to this. Pins are more or less sharp, and can easily work their way be-neath the surface of the earth, or in many other ways successfully conceal themselves; but matches are large, blunt, and clumsy; they can not readily escape notice, and they are so light that they do not easily sink out of sight in the grass or elsewhere. There is no rational hypothesis which will explain the utter disappearance of millions of halfburned matches annually, and we can only assume that there is something in the nature of the match which enables it to vanish at will.

This hypothesis is sustained by the mysterious and utterly inexplicable way in which matches disappear from the matchsafes in which they are placed. No matter how carefully the housewife may go from room to room apportioning to each its due supply of matches, and placing them where no rat or other irresponsible animal can reach them, the matches will not remain where they are placed. A few days later the man of the house, busy in his room upstairs, wants a match with which to light his evening eigar. He looks in the match-safe in his room, and finds it empty. He goes from one room into another, and in

each an empty match-safe mocks him. He descends to the first floor, and still his search for matches is fruitless, and it is not until he penetrates to the kitchen that he is able to find a match-safe containing, at the most, three matches. If he meets his wife during or soon after his search for matches, he naturally informs her that there is not a match in the house, and begs her to see that this state of things does not occur again. Of course she sends for more matches, and fills every match-safe to overflowing, but three days later they are as empty as before.

Now it has been established hundreds of times by unimpeachable testimony that no human hand is concerned in the disappearance of matches from match-safes. The man of the house is always prepared to make affidavit that he has scarcely touched them, and has used at the utmost say three matches out of the hundreds which his wife has distributed through the house, the children maintain that they have never touched a match, and the wife is perfectly well convinced that she has used even fewer matches than her husband has used. The conclusion that matches have secret and apparently supernatural ways of disappearing is irresistible. Clearly there is something uncanny in this mystery of matches, and when we have once grasped the fact of its existence, it can not fail to influence our feeling and conduct toward them.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

A VERY beautiful and poetic episode of the Payne obsequies in Oak Hill Cemetery, at Georgetown, D. C., on June 9, has thus far escaped notice in the press. A butterfly, the emblem of immortality, was seen by many to alight on the floral crown on the white coffin containing the remains of the poet, just before the ceremo nies were over.

The pleasure gardens about the White House never looked better than now, so green are the lawns, so fresh and luxuriant the foliage of the large trees, and so brilliant the flowers, especially the rose garden Mrs. Haves had made directly in front of the eastern windows of the East Room. This is oval in shape and is filled with many rare varieties of roses, which are now in full bloom. This lies much below the level of the grounds north of the mansion, but on a level with those on the southern side, where every Saturday afternoon the Marine Band gives a promenade concert from about five o'clock to nearly seven, as has been the custom in summer-time for a num-When President Arthur is in the ber of years. city he sits during these concerts on the southern portico of the Executive Mansion, which is approached from the Blue Parlor, and invites ladies and gentlemen from among his intimate friends to sit there with him. The families of the members of the cabinet are usually there on these occasions.

The fountain on the north front of the mansion, in the centre of the lawn, has a new stone basin, and has been otherwise improved, so that its waters leap higher, and take a prettier shape in so doing, than ever before.

The only improvements to be made inside the mansion this year will be to give a new and more appropriate frame to the mirror over the mantel in the Red Parlor, where a new and very elaborate mantel and fire-place were placed last autumn, and to redecorate the East Room ceiling to make it correspond, as it does not now, with the white and gold of the wood-work of the remainder of the room. This ceiling and the walls and wood-work in this room have remained as now since the autumn of 1873, when the white and gold columns now supporting the ceiling were first introduced. Before that time the ceiling had no other supports than the walls of the

For the first time in its history colored or jewelled glass has been introduced into the White House. It now fills the upper panels of the main entrance doors and the transom above them, and the screen separating the large square vestibule within from the long corridor is entirely of this jewelled glass. This has been used much also n the entrance doors of private houses lately built in Washington.

Stained glass, by-the-way, has become a notable feature of Washington houses built within three years. The staircase windows of Mr. Blaine's new mansion were made in Boston, and have scenes from Longfellow's "Evangeline." Those on the staircase of ex-Secretary Windom's new house are copies of Raphael's "Seasons." Equally beautiful designs are found in the residences of Senator Pendleton, ex-Representative Robeson, General N. L. Anderson, Mr. Belden Noble, Professor Bell (inventor of the telephone), and Justice Matthews, of the Supreme Court.

The recent improvements made in the Department of Justice include the putting in of a muchneeded and very roomy elevator. On the west side of the building the space covered until last year by some frame buildings put up during the war, and a brick house in which Duff Green used to live, and in which General McClellan and other commanding officers had their head-quarters successively during the war, has been converted into a lawn, in the centre of which is a handsome bed of flowers and foliage plants. The General Postoffice is now, therefore, the only building used for an executive department which has neither lawn nor garden bordering it on at least one side. The Patent-office, opposite, has a steep sloping green lawn on the F Street front, and grass-plats on the other sides.

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Another and a very beautiful tree, full fifty years old, is doomed in the Capitol Park. This is a very large English elm, with luxuriant foliage and superbly proportioned, which stands alone on a small green knoll just south of the southern entrance to the wing of the Capitol used by the House of Representatives. It stands above the grade of the walk on the very brow of the hill, and was so left, hoping it could be saved, when the surrounding grounds were cut down several years ago. But it is in the way of improvements now in progress, and must be felled. said, however, that it is dying gradually, owing to the exposure of some of its roots, which had extended a distance of forty feet, and about which little earth was left when the grade was established. The tree in the East Park for which Charles Sumner interceded, and which he saved from destruction when that park was cut down to a lower level, has died.

In a former letter reference was made to the popular belief that all the trees which had been removed from one point to the other in Capitol Park had died because of their removal. This investigation proves to be an error. By actual count only six have died from that cause out of over one hundred which were moved to sites better suited to them in connection with the improvements. Some others which were in like manner moved have been killed by heavy wind storms.

It looks now as if more members of the House of Representatives will keep house in Washing ton next winter than have ever done so before and many of them will own their residences Representative Lyman, of Massachusetts, this spring purchased the very quaint old-fashioned house—Highland Place—fronting Thomas Circle, which is one of the old landmarks of Washington, and not a reproduction of an antique It was owned and was occupied for several years by Mr. Thomas Bryan and his family, who now live at Idaho Springs, Colorado.

During most of his very long service in the House of Representatives Mr. S. S. Cox has boarded when in Washington, but he and his wife will keep house next winter in the handsome residence he has lately bought on Dupont Circle, quite near Mr. Blaine's magnificent new mansion. Mr. Cox is now having a ball-room and other additions made to his house.

Senator Beck and all his immediate family seem to have a taste for farming and country life. He owns a farm, as he has long done, near Lexington, Kentucky, and his son-in-law, Paymaster Goodloe, of the Marine Corps, owns one just without the limits of the District of Columbia, on which he and his wife pass about seven months each year, and where Senator and Mrs. Beck spend much time with them. The Senator's only son has a ranch in Wyoming, where he raises fine stock and crops also, near the Yellowstone Park; and Mr. James Corcoran, who married Senator Beck's eldest daughter in 1870, and lost her by death in less than a month, has recently bought one of the finest farms in Arkansas, that of ex-Senator Johnson, on which he lives alone, for he has never remarried, though but twenty-three years old when his beautiful wife died.

In this fidelity to his wife's memory James Corcoran resembles his uncle, W. W. Corcoran who was also very young when his wife died, and she was only twenty-one years old. She, however, left him with one child, a daughter, who also died before she was thirty years old. She left three children, who live with her father in Washington. Mr. Corcoran has now been a widower

fully sixty years.

In a case in the National Museum at Washing ton, consecutively arranged, are locks of hair of fifteen of our Presidents. Colonel Rockwell has promised a lock of General Garfield's hair for the collection, and the effort is being made to make it complete, as it will be when locks of the hair of Presidents Buchanan, Johnson, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, and Arthur are added to it. One of President Arthur's friends says he must give his lock soon, or he will have none to spare, and one of General Grant's friends, hearing that application would be made to him for a lock of his hair. said he did not think General Grant now had a full lock to spare. Mr. Hayes has a very thick suit of hair still, though he was sixty years old last October. When General Sherman was told of the collection of hair of the Presidents, he said, 'A collector once wrote to me for my autograph and a lock of my hair, and I answered by letter, The man who has been writing my autographs has been discharged, and as my orderly is bald, I can not comply with either of your requests."

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

TRAVELLING DRESSES.

CHINA silk of light yet durable texture is used in dark plain shades of maroon, plum, blue, and brown for travelling dresses for short journeys made in drawing-room cars during the summer months. These dresses have the short basque, apron over-skirt, and round skirt with pleated flounces so generally worn this summer, and are trimmed with self-pleatings, and perhaps a little velvet of the same shade, but all laces and embroideries are out of keeping with their simple style. The small bonnet or English walking hat, or turban, should be of straw of the color of the dress, trimmed with large pompons or ostrich tips, and velvet, China silk, or mull of the same shade. The gloves are of tau-colored undressed kid, or else the Jersey silk gloves are used. For a wrap there is a long Newmarket Ulster of Scotch cloth of a single color, or in small checks, or larger plaids. All jewelry is omitted except absolutely necessary The checked or irregularly barred Louisine silks of soft quality and evenly twilled are also liked for summer travelling dresses, and may be had in all the dark stylish colors. These may serve for the entire dress, but where more warmth

is required the basque and over-skirt are made of cashmere or of camel's-hair of the same dark color, with a pleated and shirred vest or plastron of the Louisine silk. Pongee is also liked for midsummer travelling dresses, and when not used for the dress itself it is chosen for a long cloak with pleated back and square sleeves that entirely covers the dress beneath, and makes it possible to use any dress the wearer chooses for her journey. For longer journeys the dress must be of wool of light quality, as that best accommodates itself to changes of temperature. The dark camels' hair and summer flannel dresses entirely of one material are useful and not expensive if simply made, and for still lighter dresses there are excellent beiges, either twilled or smoothly woven, sold for fifty cents a vard in all the dark shades, and in mixtures of two colors, such as brown with gold, blue with black, écru with green or with brown, and also dark red with black.

For young ladies, for school-girls, and for very small girls these wool dresses are now made with a waist of Jersey cloth cut out from the wool webbing, and sewed to the pleated kilt skirt, with a sash drapery or a short over-skirt to hide the join. Older ladies have the Jersey webbing made into a basque separate from the skirt, and finish ed with a hem on the edge, or with rows of braid, or castellated squares, or long scallops corded with silk. For journeys on board steamers the Jerseys are also liked, but the preference is given to tailor dresses of the west-of-England cloths of light quality in plain dark grounds, or with pin checks, or undefined plaids. These have the pin checks, or undefined plaids. These have the front of the basque made with fine tucks down each side of the buttons, and a small notched revers collar like that worn on Norfolk jackets; this basque is round and half-long, and has what is called a "frock back," like that of men's frock-coats, with the middle seam open below the waist line, and lapped from left to right, while the two scams next this are folded over on the middle back forms and pressed there in a flat pleat. The shepherd's checks of twilled wool are also much used for travelling dresses, and are usually trimmed with velvet ribbon or with braid. Large blocks and broken plaids are liked for the skirts of wool dresses and for their draperies, with a plain woollen basque, or else a Jersey waist to complete the dress. If a wrap is added, it is a single-breasted jacket of the plain material. Gray and brown mohair that sheds dust from its smooth surface, and does not crease or cockle from dampness, is the best material for inexpensive dusters and Ulsters. The loose-fitting cloak of mohair may be had in good designs for \$5 to \$7. Cheviot Ulsters with a pleated back, or shaped like the long narrow Jersey pelisse, are furnished with a hood lined with gav silkstriped, checked, or of changeable colors-and cost from \$15 to \$25.

COUNTRY DRESSES.

The écru nankeen worn a generation ago is seen again among the French dresses imported for summer at the sea-side and mountain resorts. This thick cotton fabric of clear buff shade is made into very stylish dresses, trimmed with China silks of dark color and white or écru embroidery on muslin. The heavy nankeen makes kilt skirts of sufficient weight to dispense with a foundation skirt, so the nankeen kilting is attached to a yoke, and has embroidery set along its lowest edge. The basque is long, and has panier draping of red or blue China silk that transforms it into a polonaise. This silk is attached under a point below the waist line in front, and a breadth is then carried back around the hips, and falls in the back in two deep loops and one or two sash ends. Where the silk curves away in front the yoke is disclosed, and this requires some trimming of embroidery laid on the yoke; this can be placed in two lengthwise rows beginning at the belt, with the scalloped edges touching and turning back on the sides. A pretty and careless-looking plastron on these dresses will serve as a model for others. It is made of the soft China silk lined with white mull and gathered into an open Pompadour square cut out below the standing collar. This is three-eighths wide on each side of the front. and after being gathered at top and bottom it is allowed to fall over from the top in a soft drooping puff falling double below the collar, and about an eighth of an inch deep. A white embroidered collar is then made next this plastron, pointed at the end of the square by being turned under, and gradually widened until it reaches the middle of the back, where it forms a deep point, and is shaped there by a seam. A good design for pleated skirts of such dresses is to make sixteen box pleats attached to a yoke form the entire skirt. These pleats should be three or four sewed underneath—run togethe from the belt down to within two-eighths of the foot, where they are left flowing, and are edged with embroidery.

The skirts just described are excellent for mull dresses made with polonaises that are bouffantly shaped in the back and have an apron set on the front below the waist line. The new trimming for these is tamboured work in thick scroll patterns in preference to the open designs, and to this is added a great deal of Mechlin or Valenciennes lace in gathered frills. Diagonal rows of insertion, alternated with clusters of tucks in bands, form vests for these polonaises and for basques of mull dresses. There are also white mull dresses made entirely of the material without either lace or embroidery for trimming. These have the skirt covered with three or four gathered flounces, each of which has a puff at the top through which ribbon may be passed. The waist is shirred on the shoulders, and very widely shirred at the waist line, and the sleeves are made up of puffs separated by shirring. Wide sash ribbon and narrower bows at the throat and on the sleeves are worn with these dresses, and may be of ivory white, pale blue, rose, or buff faille

with a satin finish. Hem-stitching is also seen on sheer mull dresses; the entire basque is made of lengthwise half-inch tucks, each of which is hemstitched, and there are deeper hem-stitched tucks in the flounces, or else merely a single hem ornamented with the hem-stitching, to which lace may be added. There are also many mull dresses with a fichu nearly covering the waist, edged with either lace or embroidery, and the skirt has three scant flounces, in each of which are three deep tucks, and there is lace on the edge. These flounces may pass entirely around the skirt, and there may be a vertugadin puff at the top with sash drapery behind, or else the flounces are confined to the back, and there is an apron of many wrinkles that reaches from the belt to the foot, and is confined to the front breadths.

Ladies who have their own country homes or who go to quiet places in the country are having satteens, percales, and other wash materials made up in what is called "grandmothers' dresses," with a belted waist, gathered skirt, and no overskirt. These are worn alike by stout and slender figures, but for the latter a great sash is made of the material, passed around the slight waist, and tied in large loops with hanging ends behind. There are four straight breadths in these skirts when finished at the foot with a simple flounce, or else there may be five breadths of soft fabrics, like mull, with tucks below the knees, and no flounce; similar dresses of Surah and of India silks have the whole skirt tucked around from just below the hips to the foot. The skirt is gathered to the belt, with fullness in front and on the sides, though there is necessarily greater fullness behind. The waist is in fan shape, gathered to a belt without lining, or else it may be a surplice waist, gathered on the shoulders in front, lapped at the belt, and worn with a fichu or hand kerchief. When the figure is too full for a sash of the dress goods, ribbon three inches wide is used, and is tied on the left side with bow and ends; or else a belt is covered with the dress material, and fastened by a rosette of ribbon velvet from which hang long ends. Still another waist, used especially for morning dresses of pink, blue, or strawberry Surah, is a blouse-sacque with un der-arm seams, but no darts or side forms: this is drawn into shape by shirring at the waist line in back and front, and held at the waist by a ribbon which passes under the shirrings, going sacques are lined with white mull, and are trimmed with Oriental lace gathered around the neck and sleeves, and with one or two rows gathered on the edge down the front to droop in a soft irreg ular jabot.

A novelty for white camel's hair dresses for Newport and Mount Desert is trimming of straw braid in many parallel rows. This braid is a third of an inch wide, and there are eight rows of it around the kilt skirt above the hem, down the tucks of the Norfolk jacket, on the collar, belt, and cuffs, and the washer-woman's over skirt has the revers front completely covered with it. There are also dressy white suits of wool armure grenadine made with a coat basque that has the vest, collar, and cuffs of bright cherry-colored satin; the skirt has two pleated flounces. with the hip drapery tied in with cherry satin rib bons. Linen momie-cloth, with threads of blue and écru forming stripes, is also used for country morning dresses. White silk grenadines for afternoon toilettes have stripes of black velvet, are trimmed with black French lace in many frills, and are made up over white silk. Those with velvet stripes half the width of the grenadine stripes make very effective pleated flounces when arranged so that the velvet stripe is on the outside of each pleat.

FOR THE NECK.

Figured laces are pleated or gathered and fluted for using inside the neck and sleeves of dresses, The laces chosen for this purpose are Valenciennes in the new designs, Oriental, Mauresque, Mechlin, and the open patterns of Bruges lace. One or two rows are used, and they are less full and fluffy than the lisse pleatings. Black net or lisse with pointed lace edges is also used for the neck. The white laces come in three or four shades of ivory white, deeper cream, and still deeper shades of écru and of flax gray. There are also ruches to wear outside the dress collar, but the fancy for the present warm weather is for very slight and simple dressing for the neck of street dresses, such as a frill showing in a narrow row above the dress, or else a severe linen collar with merely a button or a narrow ribbon bow tied in the button-holes. Below this a long slender pin is thrust through the dress collar. Lace scarfs and neckerchiefs are abandoned for the street, though they are used in the house. ne newest linen collars are merely a straight band of doubled fine linen with narrow scallops and embroidery along the upper edge. These are worn outside the dress collar, and there are two lengthwise button-holes in front through which a narrow ribbon is passed and tied in a bow, and below this may be added two fan-pleated ends of mull and wide lace. Ivory white ottoman ribbon or pale blue, rose, or lemon-colored velvet ribbons are used for these long-looped bows.

For information received thanks are due Mrs. M. A. CONNELLY; and Messis. Arnold, Constable, & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; JAMES MCCREERY & Co.; and STERN BROTHERS.

PERSONAL.

GENERAL and Mrs. FREMONT are now living in New York city, in a beautiful flat on Fifty uinth Street. Mrs. Fremont is anxious to discover the whereabouts of a bust of her father, Thomas H. Benton, which was sold by mistake, some years ago, with other household goods and gods. —The Marquise d'Hervey St.-Denis, under the name of Louise Dubréan, has contributed a picture to the Paris Salon; the Duchesse de

Luynes, under the name of YOLANDE D'ALBERT, has sent there the portrait of a lady; while the Princesse RUFFO DI SCILLA, lady of the bedchamber to Queen MARGHERITA, has sent a portrait of MRAPER.

Trait of M. BAPST.

The most expensive and beautiful collection of old china in the country is owned by Mrs. George W. Wales, of Boston.

Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, wife of a board-

ing-school proprietor near Wimbledon, promises more skeletons, it is reported, from the Car-

-A Russian troika, a two-wheeled carriage

drawn by three horses harnessed abreast, has been ordered by Mr. W. K. VANDERBILT.

—Preliminary to the permanent establishment of the "Ellen M. Gifford Sheltering Home for Animals" (twenty thousand dollars having been given for them. given for the purpose by the lady whose name the house will bear), the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals opens a summer boarding-house for dogs, cats, and birds at about the 1st of July.

—The poem at the Vassar College Commencement was delivered by Miss MARY G. STEVENS, admits of Mr. Change STEVENS, admits the form of Council STEVENS.

a daughter of Mr. George Stevens, of Lowell,

Massachusetts.

—Mr. James D. Smillie, of New York, is

-- Mr. JAMES D. SMILLE, Of New York, is sketching at Marbichead Neck.
-- Governor Collourt did not give the poet Paul H. Hayne his cottage, "Copse Hill." The poet paid for it, together with the eighteen acres of surrounding land, from his own earn-

The First National Bank of Marion, Iowa

— The First National Bank of Marion, fown, has elected Louise Stephens, the widow of R. D. Stephens, as its president.

—ROBERT MARKS, of Boston, H. Winthrop Peirice, and C. H. Davis, of Amesbury, Massachusetts, have pictures in the Paris Saion this

-Mr. MONCURE D. CONWAY is in fine health, —Mr. MONCURE D. CONWAY is in fine health, and is to visit the antipodes on a lecturing tour.

—Yale's first-base man, Mr. CHILDS, has played twelve games without an error this year, putting out a hundred and twenty-five men.

—A Philadelphia librarian, it is said, catalogued, "Mill on the Floss; Ditto on Liberty."

—A pensioner of 1812, NATHANIEL STIMPSON, of Brooks, While, is still living at the age of one

-SALVINI has been playing since he was four-

teen, and is now fifty-two, and is worth three

hundred thousand dollars.

—It is rumored that the youngest daughter of General Sherman, Rachel, is engaged to Emmons Blaine, the second son of the statesman.

—Miss Genevieve Ward is to make a tour

around the world, to include India and Australia.

—Mrs. Annie Fields is at "Gambrel Cottage," at Manchester-by-the-Sca, and Miss Sara Jewett and her mother are at "Windycot,"

General Phil Sheridan's friends are giving him a forty-three-thousand-dollar house in

ing him a forty-three-thousand-dollar house in Washington.

—The cottage at Fordham, New York, where Poe wrote the "Bells," "Annabel Lee," and "Ulalume," was lately sold at auction. Poe's initials, which he cut on an apple-tree in the orchard behind the cottage, are still legible.

—The Marquis of Mores, son of the Duke of Vallombrosa, who married a daughter of Mr. Louis Von Hopfman, and has been in America some months, has sent a challenge to the editor of London Truth, owing to accusations involving the honor of his grandfather, published in that journal.

The bust of Mr. GARFIELD given by the — The bust of Mr. Garrield given by the deaf-mutes of the United States, and the work of Daniel C. French, sculptor of the "Minute-Man" at Concord, Massachusetts, has just arrived from Italy.

—Mr. Thomas Ball, the sculptor, has taken the Best of this party through the party of the party of

the Boston studio of HUBERT HERKOMER, where he will remain for several months.

—JENNY LIND lives at South Kensington, in

—JENNY LIND lives at South Kensington, in a big mansion surrounded by lawns. She is sixty-three, and wears a wig, and is said to be entirely without grace or beauty till she speaks, when her voice is music itself, and her face is illuminated in harmony with her tones. She sings only occasionally—for the Bach Choir, founded by her husband, or at royal request. She has two married daughters, and a son who is an officer in the British army.

Louis, King of Bayaria, is growing stout,
 and is much annoyed by the fact.
 The Duchess of Edinburgh is never known

to smile.

The wife of Colonel Burnaby, a consump-—The wife of Colonel Burnaby, a consumptive, recovered her health one winter by climbing up and down Swiss mountains, ascending the highest peaks, sleeping in huts filled with snow, or in holes in the snow, and advises the phthisical to follow her example.

—The remains of De Langle and of others of the La Pérouse expedition have been found by M. VIDAL, a French missionary to Samoa.

—It has become the thing for London girls of the best style to learn dressmaking.

—It has become the thing for London girls of the best style to learn dressmaking.
—The oak at Holwood, near Bromley, sented upon the roots of which WILLIAM PITT and WILLIAM WILBERFORCE held a conversation which resulted in bringing the question of the abolition of the slave-trade before the House of Commons, is still in existence; the roots project on one side and form a bench.
—We are gratified to find the following appre-

—We are gratified to find the following appreciative notice of Harper's Magazine for June in a recent number of Diario Del Hogar, a well-known Mexican literary paper: "This publication, which is one of the best and most elegant in the world, contains in its June number a poem entitled 'Faustus,' from the pen of the well-known author Mr. S. S. Connt, editor of Harper's Weekly. The ancient legend of the magician Faust and his famous compact with the devil has furnished material for many volumes, both in prose and verse, which have apthe devil has furnished material for many volumes, both in prose and verse, which have appeared in all languages. The poem by Mr. Conant is a monologue, supposed to be spoken by Faust as he sits alone in his study awaiting the stroke of midnight, when his fatal compact will expire, and the devil appear to claim his soul. Even in these last terrible moments Faust dares the Evil Spirit, and defies his power. The poem is written with extraordinary power, and in a very elegant style. The engraving which accompanies it, and which forms a frontispiece of the Magazine, is one of the most beautiful works we have ever seen, both

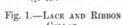
most beautiful works we have ever seen, both in the character of the design and the delicacy of the engraving. It is a magnificent specimen of the perfection reached by the art of engraving at the present time."

stitch, lay on the mesh, and wind both 4 times with arrasene for the next shell; pull the stitch on the needle through the 4 coils, and work it off below them (see Fig. 2), then work 1 chain stitch, and repeat from *. Continue to work as described for the 2d row, but in every other row form a new shell on the mesh before catching together the first one in the preceding row, and in the following row eatch this one together

Crochet Arrasene Square Shawl. Figs. 1 and 2.

The shawl is worked with old-gold woollen arrasene and black Shetland floss in a shell pattern. A coarse bone crochetneedle is required, and in addition a round wooden mesh an inch and a quarter in circumferens ship in seal and a control in the cumference, which is used as shown in the







Monogram.—White Embroidery.

full-sized detail Fig. 2. The work is executed in rows from left to right, and in the model there are 43 rows of shells with 43 shells in each row; the number must be increased or diminished according to the size of shawl required. For the 1st row work as follows: Form a loop on the needle with the

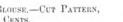


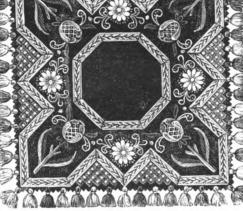
Fig. 2.—LACE AND RIBBON



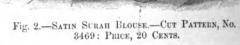


Fig. 1.—Cotton Satteen Norfolk Blouse.—Cut Pattern, No. 3468: Price, 20 Cents.





EMBROIDERED TABLE MAT.





black wool, which is taken double, * and with this stitch on the needle place the mesh close to the latter, and wind the arrasene 4 times around both, pull the stitch through the the arrasene 4 times around both, pull the stitch through the coils, work off the stitch above them, work 3 chain stitches quite loosely, and continue to repeat from * till the end of the row is reached, where cut the wool, and fasten the arrasene and black wool together with a few stitches. 2d row.—

Form a loop with the black wool, work a stitch around the end of the arrasene, * drop the stitch from the needle, and put the latter through the 4 coils of the next shell in the preceding row (see the direction taken by the arrow in Fig. preceding row (see the direction taken by the arrow in Fig. 2), then pick up the dropped stitch, pull it through the coils, and work it off above them, after which work 1 chain

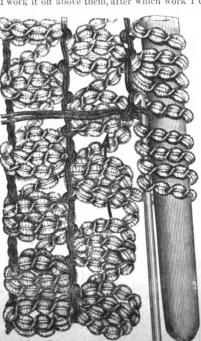
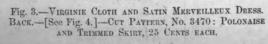


Fig. 2.—Crochet-Work for Shawl, Fig. 1.

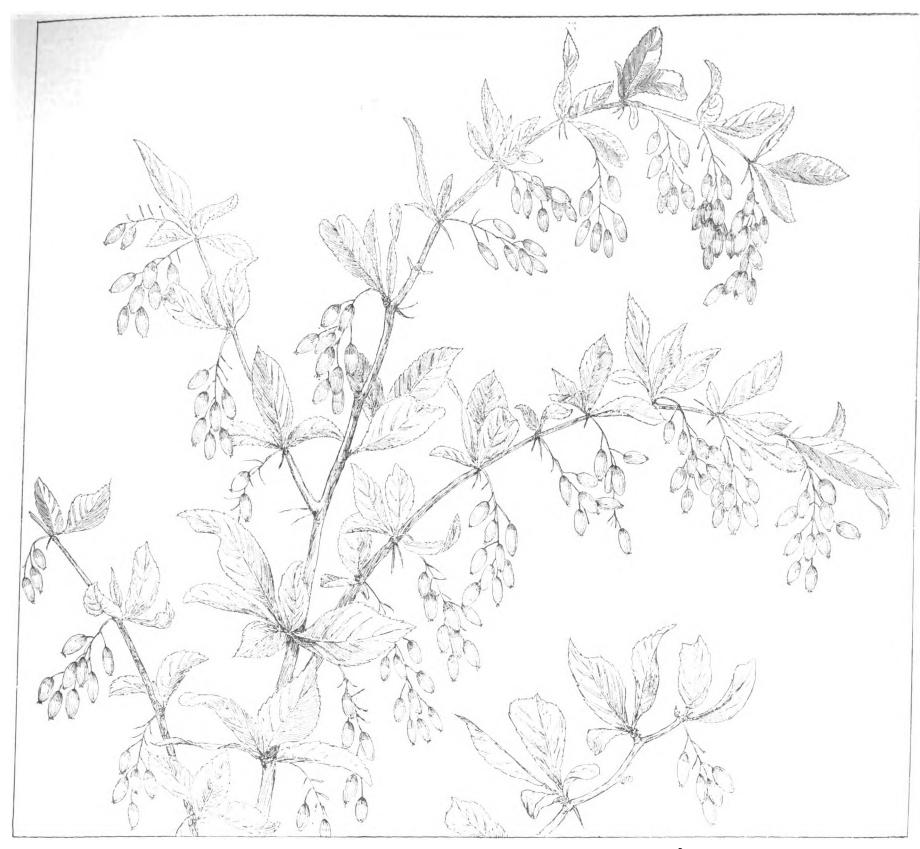


Fig. 4.—VIRGINIE CLOTH AND SATIN MERVEILLEUX DRESS.
FRONT.—[See Fig. 3.]—CUT PATTERN, NO. 3470: POLONAISE
AND TRIMMED SKIRT, 25 CENTS EACH.

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BARBERRY DESIGN FOR TABLE COVERS, CHAIR AND SOFA BACKS, ETC .- WORKING PATTERN .- FROM THE NEW YORK DECORATIVE ART SOCIETY.

before forming the first one. Having completed the square, crochet around the edge with black wool, working a single crochet and 2 chain stitches over a corresponding space alternately, and knot strands of mingled arrasene and black wool around each 2 chain stitches for the fringe.

Barberry Design for Table Covers, Chair and Sofa Backs, etc.

In art needle-work the logical sequence is this: if the design be artistic and the coloring harmonious, the skillful application of such a design to appropriate materials must afford a pleasing result.

Some designs should be embroidered only on heavy silk or satin, others on plush or velvet, while still a third class can only be applied to linen, momie-cloth, or pongee. The barberry design has this advantage, that it can be used on both expensive and inexpensive materials, embroidered in either silk or crewels, and the result still prove most satisfactory. In the matter of table covers, very charming effects can be obtained at a comparatively slight cost by the use of felt embroidered in some rich design, of which the barberry branch forms a good example.

Felt is two yards wide. A square of this material is sufficient for a medium-sized cover. The design is wrought in crewel stitch and in the natural colors—three shades of red and a shade or two of pale yellow for the berries, grays and browns for the branches, and the usual foliage greens, with two or three tints of reddish-brown, for the leaves; in all, ten or twelve shades. These are the appropriate colors whether silks or crewels are used.

For a felt table cover both crewels and silks are required; crewels for the leaves and branches, and silks for the berries. The whole branch (see illustration) is stamped across one corner of the cover, and bunches of the berries, varying in size, are scattered over the remaining surface.

There is a choice of two or three colors in felt for the design—olive green, sage green, and a light bluish-gray; the gray is the choice in this description, as the soft brilliant reds of the berries and richly tinted leaves contrast most pleasingly with such a colored background. Six skeins of crewel and four skeins of silk are required in working the barberry design.

The cover, when embroidered, may be finished

The cover, when embroidered, may be finished with a broad band of dark gray plush, or the felt simply cut in strips to form a fringe. The cost of such an article (exclusive of the work involved) should not exceed \$9. The cost of stamping the design in the manner mentioned above is \$1.50. For the single branch, as seen in the illustration, the cost is but 80 cents.

Gray linen table covers, being cool to the touch and refreshing in color, are most appropriate for country homes. These may be easily embroidered in a variety of scroll designs in outline, but if more labor is to be bestowed upon them, then this design is in every way a desirable one. The linen or momie-cloth should be gray, the white or cream-colored being too delicate for the dark leaves and brilliant red berries. For a simple finish the linen is fringed and knotted.

For table scarfs of felt, chair backs and sofa backs of linen, either gray or light brown, as well as for sofa cushions in richer material, such as heavy Surah or satin de Lyon, the barberry design can be appropriately and successfully used. It is furnished, together with stamped materials, silks, crewels, etc., by the Society of Decorative Art, 28 East Twenty-first Street, New York.

Lace and Ribbon Collars.—Figs. 1 and 2. See illustrations on page 490.

THE collar Fig. 1 consists of a stiff foundation neck-band sloped narrower toward the front, which is edged with gathered cream-colored Spanish lace four inches wide, and covered with a piece of strawberry red ottoman ribbon. The

lace cravat ends are each ten inches long and fourteen wide, and are formed of two short ends set one above the other, and surrounded by a long piece. An ottoman ribbon bow covers the fastening. The foundation of the collar Fig. 2 forms a deep heart-shaped point on the front, and is rounded off short behind. It is covered with rows of box-pleated cream-colored silk lace two inches wide, and edged with a lace frill at the neck. The front is ornamented with fanpleatings of wider lace caught together under bows of cream-colored ottoman ribbon, and double ends of similar ribbon are tied at the back.

Monogram.—White Embroidery.

See illustration on page 420.

This monogram for marking lingerie is worked with fine white embroidery cotton in satin and stem stitch.

Ladies' Summer Toilettes.—Figs. 1-4. See illustrations on page 420.

A BLOUSE suitable for cotton and linen summer dresses is shown in Fig. 1. That illustrated is of electric blue cotton satteen, and forms part of a costume in which plain blue satteen is combined with figured satteen in mingled light and dark blue and cream-color. It has single-breasted fronts which are side-pleated, and a pleated back. The neck is finished with a Byron collar, and the sleeves have narrow cuffs fastened by a button and button-hole. A narrow belt of the material has the pointed ends buttoned at the front.

Fig. 2 shows a blouse to be worn with various skirts, which is made of satin Surah of any becoming color. The Surah is shirred in yoke shape on the shoulders, and side-pleated below. The sleeves are gathered to a stiff cuff at the wrist. A narrow standing collar, and a belt with a bow and buckle, complete the waist, which is fastened with small covered buttons.

The polonaise of the dress shown in Figs. 3 and 4 is of Havana brown Virginic cloth, finish-

ed with collar, cuffs, and revers of satin merveilleux of the same color. The skirt which completes the costume has a flounce of similar satin twelve inches deep, arranged in triple box pleats, and surmounted by a flat valance or fall of the Virginic cloth, which is slashed at the bottom, with satin pleats let into the slashes.

Embroidered Table Mat.

See illustration on page 420.

A PIECE of ruby velvet fourteen inches square is required for the ground of this mat. Trace the octagon at the centre and the wide bordering line around the side, sew down flat gold braid half an inch wide along the lines, and ornament the braid with feather-stitching in light blue embroidery silk. The two triangular spaces at the middle of each side are covered with a couched net-work; for this stretch double threads of sage green silk in opposite directions, breaking up the space into small squares, fasten down the points of intersection with a stitch in red silk, and in each of the small squares work double radiating stitches in white silk from the centre to the corners and the middle point of the sides. Next trace the outlines for the floral embroidery. For the tulip in each corner work the front petals in white and the back in pale blue silk, stretch blue silk for the net-work at the centre, fasten down the latter with yellow silk and work a yellow French knot in each square, and define all the edges in stem stitch with yellow silk. The thick stalk is defined by three rows of chain stitches worked side by side in as many shades of olive green silk, and the leaves are executed in four shades of olive green. The flower at the middle of each side is worked with pink silk in two shades, and surrounded with wide button-hole stitches in yellow silk. The small scrolls are worked in chain stitch with olive silk, the French knots within them in blue. The edge of the mat is notched, and finished with variegated crewel wool tassels tied with yellow silk. It is lined with satteen of the same color as the velvet.



MY LOVERS. By MARY N. PRESCOTT.

WE were only shop-girls, you know, and, for the matter of that, we are shop-girls still. But one day we had a little money left us—just a trifle-and as we were tired to death with pleasing other people, we decided to please ourselves, and take a vacation at the beach.

"For once," said Letty, "let us be grandees. Let us go in good style, if it takes every cent. Let us go as we might have gone if you hadn't been sentimental and had married Mr. Dunn.

Mr. Dunn was a bachelor, immensely rich, bald and stout, and no longer young; not the lover I had dreamed of, not the realization of the "dim sweet vision" which had haunted my thoughtsfor even a shop-girl has dreams and fancies. I had been greatly surprised when he asked me to marry him, and live on Beacon Street, and drive in my coupé. Of course he didn't mention these things, but Letty did; and I had said, "No, thank you," at once. What poetry could there be in marrying Mr. Dunn? Living in luxury on Beacon Street would be pleasant enough, but it would put love and romance and happiness forever out of the question, I thought. Letty disapproved, I know, and so did Mr. Dunn.

"Why don't you love me?" he asked. "Other women have;" and he smiled and blushed at the

"Oh, I like you very much as a friend, Mr. Dunn," I said, to soften the blow.

"'Friendship is easy enough to win, But one isn't loved every day,"

he quoted.

It was pretty slow at the beach, after the first excitement of arriving and unpacking had worn off; after we had gotten used to bathing, and sitting idly on the piazza, with the sea rolling at our feet, or reading novels in the hammock, or didn't know anybody, you see, and there was nobody to introduce us. We talked with some of the ladies, but they seemed to have known each other before; and while they discussed this or that acquaintance, the opera of the season past the soirées where they had met, we naturally dropped out of the conversation. Then, when there was dancing, we had no partners, and it was not exactly pleasant to play the wall-flower while others were in the swing of everything. Letty had said, "I think we had better go bome, and use the balance of our cash in joining the Harvard Annex, and improving our minds," when one evening, as we sat forlorn on the piazza, who should come to meet us but Mr. Dunn! I never was so glad to see anybody in my life before. He didn't seem to bear me a grudge for having refused him. He introduced us to all the young swells and nabobs and their sisters as his par ticular friends; in fact, I believe he told one of the dowagers that I had declined to become Mrs. Dunn. He didn't stay a great while: he was due somewhere else-at somebody's country place-and I was rather glad when he went; for although I had refused him, I couldn't help feeling a sort of ownership in him, and when he flirted with the other women I didn't like it. One doesn't like one's discarded lover to recover too soon, if at all. We were no longer wall-flowers; we danced and sang and rowed and bowled with the best. We were Mr. Dunn's friends. I think perhaps some of the women were even grateful to me because I had not married him,

However, it seemed to me that presently I forgot Mr. Dunn altogether. Clarence Cuthbert began to fill the measure of my thoughts completely. I hardly knew if anybody else existed. "All men beside were to me like shadows." We sat together secluded on the piazza, or walked on the sands by moonlight, or strolled in the pine woods and read poetry, or sang together on the rocks with the surf beating at our feet. He seemed the embodiment of all poetry and lofty sentiment and romance. He had a voice like the wind in the pines, or an Æolian harp, full of tender mean ing and deep unfathomable feeling, I believed; he was like that princess whose lips dropped pearls and rubies of speech. He read Byron so beautifully that one felt he would have written it all if Byron hadn't, and he had composed airs to some of Shelley's divine verses, which he taught me to sing. Oh, it seemed to me just then as if I were a real live heroine breathing romance. About this time I happened to have a severe neuralgic headache, which confined me in my room several days, and one evening when Letty came up to bed she said,

"I don't know, if I were going to marry one or the other, but I should prefer Mr. Dunn to

"How disagreeable you are, Letty!" I said. "You had better come to bed."

"Mr. Dunn is sincere at least, if he is bald." she pursued; "and he isn't so dreadfully bald either."
"Well, Clarence isn't bald at all."

"No, but he's been going on with Miss Erskine as if you didn't exist-strolling in the woods, looking into her eyes, and repeating poetry. She me some lines he had written to her, and I believe they were the very same he composed to you, only brown eyes were changed to blue."

"Letty, I don't believe a word of it. It's only her vanity and your jealousy. See these exquisite roses he sent me, and this delicious note.

"I should think it was a recipe from Miss Parloa. Miss Erskine wore a finer bunch-real Jacqueminots, a dollar apiece-in to dinner."

"I don't value mine according to the price; they're Marshal Niels, too. If he had sent me a bunch of buttercups they'd be as precious. But you don't deserve to read the note, and you

"I don't want to. I dare say it's the fac-simile

of Miss Erskine's. "Letty," said I, severely, "don't speak to me

again to night."

Of course I thought it was all nonsense. I didn't want Clarence to be moped when I was out of sight, and not able to speak to a soul. I wanted him to make himself as fascinating as possible to the other girls. To be sure, I made believe I was jealous of Miss Erskine playfully, when I went down-stairs again, and pouted about it; and he said, just as I knew he would, that Miss Erskine was a nice person, who threw herself at a man's head, however, and demanded attentions; and her ogre of a mother was so afraid somebody would marry her for her money that it was a great lark to scare the old lady a little; but as for falling in love with Miss Erskine, especially when another person was in the world, that was simply impossible. After that they got up some private theatricals for a charity, and Clarence had to take the part of Miss Erskine's lover, and although he acted it to perfection, it wasn't pleasant. Mrs. Erskine didn't like it either. looks too real," said she.

"They would be poor actors if it didn't," I said.

"Why, he's—kissing her!" she cried.
"It's only a stage kiss," I assured her. seem to me that he rather overdid the part.

"I made desperate love," said he, afterward, "just because that old harridan was looking on. would understand. Kissed her? Yes, I kissed her: she seemed to expect it-such

"But you needn't have kissed her at rehearsal." "True! that didn't occur to me. Live and

I was sitting on the beach one morning a little later with Mrs. Erskine, watching Clarence and Miss Erskine swimming among the breakers.

"I do wish Rose would come in," said her mother, fretfully. "I'm afraid she'll get fond of this Mr. Cuthbert, they're thrown together so much." I gave a little start. "All the young ladies seem to be perfectly wild about the fellow but I do wish he wouldn't make love to Rose, and make her believe she's so irresistible. Perhaps if she hadn't a fortune I should believe in him more. You ought to thank your stars, Miss Linda, that you're a portionless girl, and your lovers are all disinterested."

"Mrs. Erskine," said I, "I will tell you something. You needn't give yourself any uneasiness about Mr. Cuthbert's intentions. I am engaged

to Mr. Cuthbert. It hasn't come out yet..."
"Let me congratulate you, my dear Miss Linda," said she, and she really kissed my cheek. "My heart feels light. You can't tell how I've been put to my wits' end to keep Rose under my eye and out of harm's way. Mr. Cuthbert is so taking! But now I may take my ease with the other chaperons. Thank you for the confidence, dear. I really feel as if you had done me a favor; and Mr. Cuthbert's a real hero of romance, after all, with no mercenary feelings. Now, if Mr. Dunn had fancied Rose, I should have had no

"I don't think Clarence is fond of money, or

he never would have thought of me," I said.
"Well, I dare say; only I can't tell you how
much I'm obliged to you. I shall always regard you as a friend.

This was a little different from the way she turned upon me one day, a month later, when, having returned from a steamboat excursion with a large party from the house, it was found that Clarence and Miss Erskine were missing. "I am going back with Miss Erskine for her sun-umbrella," he had said to me on the boat. left it on a bench in the park, and I can't let her go alone, you know. If we lose this boat, there's another an hour later." But the next boat did not bring them. Mrs. Erskine spent most of the night down at the wharf with some companions and when I went down-stairs next morning she was still in her excursion dress, with dishevelled

hair, and holding an open letter.
"See what you've done," she said, giving me the letter. "You engaged to him! You! You connived at this, you hypocrite!'

"Dear Mamma" (wrote Rose),—"Don't be auxious about us. Clarence and I went immediately to the church at Beverly Springs, and were married before your boat reached the wharf. I knew you'd never consent, and it's so much more romantic to elope.

"Affectionately your daughter,
"Rose Cuthbert."

There was a note for me too, very brief: "I love you, Linda, but

Would the flame that we're so rich in Light a fire in the kitchen, Or the little god of love turn the spit?'

That's my only excuse for being a knave.

Letty and I returned to our work. It would have been better for us if we had never tried to make acquaintance with the world of the idle and happy, never tried to become a part of it. We had spent our trifle of money foolishly enough, and had gained a bitter experience. But after a while I was surprised to find that I didn't feel as blighted as I expected-didn't have brain-fever or nervous prostration, like my favorite heroines. I began to think that my love for Clarence had been only skin-deep after all. I had been taken with his debonair graces; I had made no acquaintance with his soul. I began to compare him with Mr. Dunn, to Clarence's discredit. It was rather late in the day, to be sure, to appreciate Mr. Dunn. But I fell to thinking of him every day. I watched for him every evening, and started whenever the door-bell rang.

"After all," said Letty, one day, throwing down the evening paper, "it was lucky you didn't mar-

ry Mr. Dunn."
"Why?" I asked.

"Oh, he has managed to lose all his money—all but an annuity."

He had said to me once that if ever I changed my mind, if ever I thought I could love him, per-

haps I would let him know, and I had promised

1 would. "He will never ask me again to marry him," I thought, and so I kept my promise. I thought as I left my work, "I shall find him waiting for me at home." Every morning when the postman came up the street my heart beat double; but at the end of a fortnight nothing had happened. One summer night, after the day's work was over, Letty and I were resting in our little parlor that opened upon the oldfashioned garden in Roxbury, with its hollyhocks and love-lies-bleeding and London-pride-for I forgot to tell you that this was a little place which had been left to us, with the trifle of money we squandered so foolishly, and from which we went in and out to our work in the city, being unable to let it. It was a warm night, and we had lighted no lamps, and the fire-flies were groping among the rose bushes outside, where trees made a soft shade, and the scent of flowers blew in at the open window. As the twilight dropped down and the stars trembled through the leaves I saw Mr. Dunn open the gate and come slowly up the I could not be mistaken. I had watched for him too long to be deceived. I flew to open the door, but nobody rang. Then I threw wide open, and there was no one to be seen.

I ran down the garden path, but met nobody.
"Oh, Letty," I cried, returning to the parlor-

"oh, Letty, he is dead—he is dead!"
"Who's dead, for pity's sake?"

"Mr. Dunn, Letty.

"Mr. Dunn? And what is that to you?" "What is that to me, Letty! Why, it is everything to me. I saw him coming up the garden path, and the garden is empty. I couldn't be mistaken-don't I know every turn of his

"I congratulate you on your discovery," said 'It's rather late, though, isn't it, to find out that Mr. Dunn is everything to you?'

"Better late than never," said a voice at my elbow, and Mr. Dunn's arms were about me. had left the hall door open behind me in my alarm.

"I was going away to seek my fortune in Australia to-morrow," he explained, still holding me fast; "but I could not go without one last glimpse of you, Linda. I didn't mean to come in. I ought not to have come in.'

"Oh, yes, yes," I cried.

"I only meant to see you, if possible, moving about your pleasant home, I standing alone in the dusky garden outside, only to know that you were safe and happy once more. I was disappointed to find the house so dark, and stepped back into the street. I could hardly make up my mind to go away, and while I hesitated Miss Letty lighted a lamp, and I came back in time to hear your confession."

' And you are going to Australia to-morrow?" I

"We will defer the trip long enough to buy tickets for two," he answered. I said we were shop-girls still, and so we are; that is, I resign my situation to-morrow in favor of Rose Cuthbert, whose husband has required only a year in which to lose her fortune. Yesterday I received the letter I wrote Mr. Dunn from the Dead-let-ter Office. I had just directed it to "Mr. Dunn, as if there was only one Mr. Dunn in the world. When I look in his face I wonder I could ever have thought him too old; when I read his heart, I wonder I could ever have believed that romance and he had parted company.

IONE STEWART.*

BY E. LYNN LINTON.

AUTHOR OF "PATRICIA KEMBALL," "THE Atonement of Leam Dundas," "Un Lord?" "My Love," RTG.

CHAPTER XX.

IN THE TOILS.

CAUGHT !- caught by the tide, and swept away by the current; seduced by his amiability, by his weakness, by his pity, by his love; caught as hopelessly as is a swallow by bird-lime; allured as destructively as is a moth by the candle; attracted as by a magnet against his better judgment. clearer will, his secret wish; 'caught, to be held as in a vise by those white young arms, fettered in the tangles of that red-gold hair, imprisoned in the depths of those lustrous eyes; caught, never to be free again, not though he should break his heart for remorse because of his infidelity and for pain because of his captivity: yes, St. Claire was fairly taken in the net which Ione's sorrowful history had first woven, and his own weakness to pity finally closed round him; and he would never be his

own man again. At Oakhurst, where he must return, lived Monica Barrington, in whose heart all his real love lay hidden. But he stood here in the sunlight in Palermo as the accepted lover of lone Stewart; and he had not the moral courage to tell her that-time and space, flesh and spirit. the senses and the imagination, conspiring against him-his caress had been of impulse, not of design; the result of a moment's indiscretion, and not the deliberate expression of an honest man's deliberate choice.

Poor St. Claire! and, had she known, poor Ione! But she did not know. She, like all who love, created her own god and built up her own heaven. Her mind saw what it brought, and worshipped what it made; and she never stopped to ask if the love and devotion with which she credited St. Claire were things which were, or things which she believed because she wished them to be.

* Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 2, Vol. XVI.

How happy she was! Love had transformed her sorrowful sufferance of days to joyful mastery of life, and had given her a new moral being, Radiant and assured, she was no longer moody as of old. She had no more outbursts of jealous rage, no more spells of sullen silence, no more impatient dreams of impossible release from her uncongenial surroundings. She was now brighter than Clarissa, inasmuch as the sunshine is brighter than the moonlight; and even an enemy could scarcely have grudged the happiness which made her not only so infinitely more beautiful, but also so supremely fascinating and so amiable. How happy she was! For the first time in her life she was loved: so she thought and believed, and belief is the same as knowledge: loved as she loved, loved for herself and beyond all others. Hitherto she had been a pauper in the great world of love, seeing others enjoy the wealth which she was denied; now she was endowed more richly than the rest, and to the utmost of her desire. Hitherto she had been no one's special care; now she was an adored man's very heart and soul and centre of delight, his whole source of happiness, his whole treasure of joy. What more had she to ask of fate or fortune? Nothing—save length of days for the full enjoyment of this bliss.

And all the time the whole thing was a delusion, and those Gardens of the Blessed wherein she walked were nothing but a mirage created by love, and maintained by self-deception.

Too confident to be afraid of delusions, too happy to be clear-sighted, Ione gave herself up to the enchantment which she herself thus wove about her life. All that she had ever pictured of blessedness was now fulfilled, and nothing disturbed her belief in her sure possession. She loved and was beloved. Let all the rest go as the dust which falls from the diamond when the crowning facet is being cut!

It was very different with St. Claire. The responsibility of worldly matters, and that, far more important, of the truth of things, rested with him; and he knew what Ione did not. And first there was that humiliating question of ways and means to be dealt with, and that terrible wolf hovering on the horizon to be shown as an all too certain visitor to the house door in the future. was not a pleasant moment for him when he had to explain to Captain Stewart the poverty. stricken character of his schedule; and how, for all his foolish action which had let loose the flood and set fire to the wood, he was absolutely unable to keep a wife unless she had money on her own side. And he knew that Ione had none. But it had to come. Sooner or later the truth had to come out; and when the Captain, in his quality of guardian, demanded an explanation, St. Claire, in his character of lover, had to give it, and to stand the brunt of the blow to follow.

Captain Stewart was intensely annoyed by the whole affair. He was annoyed to find that his estimate of St. Claire's social position, as represented by his cash-box, was false; and that so far from being a prince in disguise, he was little better than a pauper in masquerade; annoyed that this pauper should have committed Ione to an engagement when he had no substantial home to offer, damaging her future chances by just so much of the fine down as is rubbed off a girl's repute by a confessed betrothal brought to naught; annoyed that the truth had not been told from the beginning, when he might have better controlled the intercourse between themselves and this handsome young Lazarus dressed in the robes of Dives, and thus have kept his own out of danger; annoyed that he, the careful father of a prize daughter, should ever have been so far imposed on as to imagine the possibility of an alliance between his pearl, Clarissa, and this very profitless pebble from the waste lands of fortune; annoyed with everything, from beginning to end; and therefore, being annoyed, he was disagreeable and unsympathetic.

"I should be sorry to take her into poverty," said St. Claire, looking handsome and penitent, after he had made his unpleasant confession and tabulated his humiliating finances.

You should have thought of that before," said the Captain, speaking with vicious deliberation; and St. Claire answered, meekly:

"I own that I have done wrong.

as you say, have thought of all that before."
But now what do you intend to do?" asked Captain Stewart, in the tone of one to whom the whole thing was perfectly indifferent. "Are you going on with the engagement?'

"I have not fortune enough to marry on," said St. Claire.

"Then you will break it off?"

"What else can I do? I have no home fit for your daughter to go to," he answered. "You must tell that to Ione yourself," said

Captain Stewart, knowing the nature of the task

imposed.
"I am so sorry to give her pain!" Armine rather sighed than said.

"According to your own account of things, it has to come," returned the Captain, coldly. "Sooner or later she has to learn that you do not intend to marry her."

'That I can not," said St. Claire.

"Which comes to the same thing," replied the other.
"My miserable folly!" said Armine, with a

groan, his fingers drumming nervously on the

"It is rather late in the day to bemoan that," said the Captain, grimly. "What you have to do now is to redeem your word like a man, or break it like a man. To sit there weakly bewailing your folly is the act of a woman; and calling yourself a fool does not excuse you for having been one!"

His contempt was sharp and wounding; but it was wholesome, in that it roused St. Claire, and spurred him to some show of self-defense.

"No man is proof against a moment's weak-



ness," he said, with a certain kind of angry dig-

ness, he seems him.
"Evidently, if there are such men, you are not one of them," returned the Captain, contemptuously.

You are hard on me, Captain Stewart

"Because I despise your weakness. Would you have me admire what will cost that poor girl more than I care to think of ?"

I will trust to her generosity to forgive me, and to her common-sense to see things ration-

ally," said St. Claire.
"Bene," replied the Captain, dryly, "I hope you will find what you look for. But we have high authority for saying that reeds when they are leaned on have the trick of breaking and piercing the hand which trusts them."

"Ione must see for herself that she can not share my poverty. You yourself would not permit it," said St. Claire, at bay.

"Do not mix me up in the matter," said the ptain, sternly. "It is your own affair." Captain, sternly. "It is your own "And yours," persisted Armine.

"No, not mine in any way," said the Captain. "I do not forbid the marriage, and I do not desire it; I throw no obstacle in the way, and I make nothing smooth. If you choose to take the girl, penniless as she is, and begin the battle of life together, you may. Others have married on meagre allowance, and thriven well after; and there is no reason why you should not do the same if you wished it. But I do not counsel it—as little as I forbid it. You and she must set-

tle it between you."

"It is impossible!" said St. Claire. Captain Stewart shrugged his shoulders.

You are master of the situation; that is, so far as Ione allows you to be," he said, with exasperating dryness. "Her hand is rather a tight one when she closes it."

"I understand you, Captain Stewart; and I accept the whole responsibility," said Armine, feeling that he made no way here, and indeed was only losing time, strength, and patience in the struggle.

And with this he rose and went out to Ione. waiting for him under the shade of the carrubatree in the rose garden, feeling that he carried her death in his hand, and in his own heart the consciousness of sin, from which, come what might, he should never be free again. Bound or released, he had done that which he could not undo, and, end as the thing might, some one must suffer-all because of his weakness to pity, and the seduction of nature and the senses to which he had yielded for that brief but fatal

The day was just as beautiful as that on which he had abandoned the guidance of reason to drift rudderless on the treacherous sea of impulse and emotion. But how changed every thing was for him! Nature had lost her spell, and the influences created by sun and shadow, by the songs of the birds, the scents of the flowers, the voices of the day, were as different now from what they had been then as sobriety is different from intoxication, remorse from passion, death from life. Even Ione, sitting in exactly the same place and pose on that curule-shaped garden chair, was not the Ione of that fatal day. She, like Nature, had lost her charm, and the broken spell no longer worked. The sun shone on that same narrow line across her head and neck, and touched the red-gold hair with shining yellow; but St. Claire had no inclination now to kneel on the seat by her side and kiss that living tracery. He only wondered how he had ever suffered himself to be caught by so slight a thing, and for the first time in his life he despised himself as having done that which he would not have done had he had the self-control which had been his safeguard in

And yet how sorry he felt for the poor girl, knowing as he did what was to come! how miserably guilty when he saw the exquisite smile of loving happiness that broke like sunlight over her face as he drew near, and she, without rising, but bending forward, held out both her hands to him, palm upward, as if it were the offering of herself and her very soul made to that great god Love! He saw all her love, all her confidence in him and her future happiness, all her trust and joy and glad security, and he knew that he was about to destroy her whole life as her reward for loving him and believing in him.

He went up to her sadly, and despite the blinding fervor of her passion, the sensitiveness of her love told her that danger was before her.

Are you well?" she asked, anxiously. "Yes-no-not too well-not much amiss with me." he answered, in confusion.

"Something is wrong - what is it?" asked Ione, in a soft, sweet, sympathetic manner, so unlike the arid egotism of the past.

Something is indeed very wrong," said St. Claire.

She opened her large eyes and looked at him, in fear, rather in defiance of all evil possi bilities that should come between them-given his life and her own. "What is it?" she asked again. "Has papa

been unkind?" Not that so much as that I have been fool-

ish," returned Armine.

She turned as white as the datura in her hand. "What have you done?" she asked, her head ' she asked, her head bent down; then she raised it, and looked at him full of love and confidence. "You can not have done anything wrong or foolish!" she said, with a sudden abandonment of suspicion for love. was like a caress—as if she had put her arms about his neck and kissed him on the lips.

"Yes, both wrong and foolish," persisted poor St. Claire. "I have made you love me, Ione, and I have no means on which to marry."

He said this with a headlong rush, strange for one so sweet and measured as he always was. It was as if he had flung himself off the firm land, and dashed down into the depths where he knew neither his probable foot-hold nor his ultimate destination

"You have made me love you, and you have no means on which to marry?" repeated Ione, slowly. "Are you very poor?"

She asked this as calmly, almost glacially, as if she were not interested, and as if it were of some one else, not herself, of whom she was

speaking.
"Yes, very poor. I have nothing," he answered.

"You have a profession and a home," she said.

"A profession which gives me a bare subsistence, and a home which is not fit for you to share," was his reply. was his reply.

"If fit for you, it is for me. Where you are, I can be. And I can help you in your work," said Ione, raising her eves to his.

"My poor child, that is impossible," said St. aire. "How could you help me?"
"I could, if I tried," repeated Ione. Claire.

"No, no, that is not to be thought of," he re-red. "I have been rash, selfish, inconsiderturned. ate, Ione, and you must forget me and forgive me, if you can."
"I am to forget you?" repeated Ione, going

back to the uninterested and glacial manner she had had before,

"Yes," he said, taking her hand. "I am not worthy of your thoughts."

"This means that you want to break off the engagement?" she asked.

must. I have not money enough to marry." he replied.

Neither looked at the other. Ione's eyes were on the ground, his strained to the far distance, seen through an opening made by the trees of the garden, which framed the sea as if in a pic--to the far distance, beyond which lived Monica

"And it is only because you are poor that you want to break it off?" Ione asked, quite quietly. How he wished that she would speak with

-that she would look angry, revolted, proud, indignant, and not remain sealed and bound in this unnatural calinness!

"Yes, only," he said, in reply. She turned to him suddenly, and looked at him as if reading his soul while giving her own.

"Tell me the very truth, Armine," she said. "Nothing stands between us but want of money? If there were money you would not wish to break off the engagement? It is only because of poverty? There is nothing else? Is this the whole truth?" she repeated.

She forced him to look at her by the very domination of her love. Her eyes were as pathetic as are the Cenci's. Her parted lips were parched and strained; her quivering nostrils seemed to breathe out the agony of the Medusa; the long white hand had closed on his with a convulsive grasp; her body was bent slightly forward, and she looked like one whose life is hanging on the verdict to be given.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OLD FRIENDS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

For an Irish air-"Welcome and Health."

WELCOME and health, my good old friend, From life's beginning until its end, Through joy and grief, through smiles and tears-We have seen so much in forty years-Forty years of forgotten pain, And pleasure never to come again! But still we'll take when Heaven doth send: Welcome and health to my dear old friend!

Welcome and health! though your step be slow, And my old cheeks long have ceased to glow, And the eyes of both have grown dim with tears-We have lost so much in forty years. But much-and many-remain behind, The true and tender, the warm and kind; And as we began, please Heaven, we'll end: Welcome and health to my faithful friend!

DIET FOR INVALIDS. By JULIET CORSON. FRUIT AND VEGETABLES.

WHILE in health foods are regarded as valuable in proposition able in proportion to the amount of nourishment they afford, in sickness not only their nutritive but also their medicinal properties should be considered: for in many conditions of illness the restoration of health depends as much upon the food consumed by the invalid as upon medical treatment. This is especially true in regard to fruits, which are not only nutritious, but also possess refrigerant and corrective qualities to a marked degree. Their juice, charged with more or less sugar and with valuable phosphatic ele ments, is in itself an excellent aperient; the juicy fruits are the most digestible, with the exception of melons, which are usually served so cold as to impede digestion in a weakened system, and which seem to partake of the cathartic properties of their congeners, cucumbers. denser tissue are less digestible than juicy varieties; all are best at maturity, neither over nor under ripe; overripe fruit disturbs the digestive organs from its tendency to ferment; unripe fruit more seriously disturbs them on account of its excess of acid. All juicy fruits are best adapted to the needs of the healthy system when eaten early in the day; those chosen for use at the late dinner should be dried or candied, such as raisins, figs, dates, and crystallized fruits. Currants are the least digestible of dried fruits. There is but little difference in the properties of fresh and perfectly canned fruits and vegetables.

Fruits are often acceptable to the invalid when no other food seems desirable, and their tonic and refrigerant action often creates a desire for more solid nutriment. Of all fruit ripe oranges are least likely to disturb the digestive organs, and for that reason they are seldom inadmissible in any form of illness. The aromatic oil present in the skin of freshly gathered oranges is sometimes so pungent as to burn the lips and cause a disturbance of the mucous membrane of the digestive organs. I have remarked this in using very fresh Florida fruit; the safeguard is, of course to remove the skin before cutting the orange apart. Oranges are laxative, refrigerant, and nutritious, excellent in fevers and bilious affections.

Apples, when not fully ripe, are apt to cause colic; cooking them with sugar counteracts this tendency. Baked apples are slightly laxative and very wholesome. Ripe pears are moderately digestible;, unripe ones need cooking with sugar to soften their tissue and overcome their acidity. Plums and cherries are always laxative, and when not perfectly ripe are apt to produce diarrhoa; in that state they should be stewed with sugar. Peaches, nectarines, and apricots are among the most nutritious and wholesome of fruits; they are refreshing and laxative; if unripe, they should be cooked with sugar in order to insure their perfect digestion.

While all fresh fruits are excellent laxatives, dried figs, prunes, and tamarinds are notable for exercising a similar influence.

Lemons have valuable tonic, refrigerant, and antiscorbutic properties, as also have limes, citrons, shaddocks, and grape fruit; the Florida grape fruit is so tonic as to be valuable in malarial affections; these fruits, together with oranges and tamarinds, are well-known remedial agents in rheumatism, scurvy, and jaundice. Cranberries, which contain benzoic acid in addition to citric acid in excess, possess marked antizymotic and antiseptic qualities. Rhubarb, currants, barberries, and gooseberries are laxative, cooling, and slightly tonic in their effect. Elderberries, water-melon, and musk-melon are laxative and diuretic. Mulberries, strawberries, raspberries, and blackcaps are nutritive and refrigerant. Raspberries and blackcaps are slightly astringent; blackberries, persimmons, pomegranates, and guava apples are decidedly astringent, valuable for checking morbid discharges in proportion to the quantity of tannic acid which they contain. Bananas are exceedingly nutritious, but rather indigestible.

Of all fruits grapes are the most valuable from a dietetic point of view. The seeds and skin are astringent and indigestible, while the juicy pulp is not only nutritious and refreshing, but possesses important medicinal properties. They contain hydro-carbon in the form of glucose or grape-sugar, potassium salts, and malie and tartaric acids; this combination of properties makes them nutritious, refrigerant, tonic, and laxative: they also have a marked diuretic effect. are invaluable for use in dyspepsia and fever. So varied and abundant are their mineral elements that by European physicians they have been called "organic mineral water." In France Germany, Austria, Hungary, the Tyrol, Switzer land, and Savoy, "grape cures" abound. Of course the pure atmosphere and general hygienic life of the "cures" have much to do with their efficacy, as is the case with all sanitariums; but the nutritious and curative qualities of the fruit are undeniable. In addition to small quantities of simple food, the patient is required to eat daily three or four pounds of fresh grapes, preference being given to their consumption in the open air of the vineyard; the daily allowance is gradually increased to ten or twelve pounds. The sweet white thin-skinned grapes are the ones preferred. In France many physicians order quantities of these grapes to patients in their private practice.

Like fruit, vegetables are valuable especially for their mineral salts; while they are comparatively less nutritious than meat, their use is absolutely necessary to the maintenance of health. The young shoots and leaves contain more mineral salts than mature stalks or roots; hence the peculiar value of celery, spinach, asparagus, and other succulent vegetables. All vegetables are laxative, and therefore should be avoided in colic and diarrhora. Potatoes are antiscorbutic; mealy potatoes are more digestible than watery or new ones. Sweet-potatoes are more nutritious than white ones, but less digestible, and slightly laxative. Jerusalem artichokes are less digestible than potatoes; their lack of starch makes them available in Bright's disease and diabetes. Their general effect is antiscorbutic and diuretic. Other general effect is antiscorbutic and diuretic. Other vegetable diuretics are carrots, garlic, horse-radish, dandelion, parsley, burnet, purslane, lettuce, as paragus, radishes, celery, and onions; of the lastnamed vegetables more will be said directly. Spinach is laxative; Brussels sprouts, cabbage, and cauliflower are antiscorbutic, and should not be cooked after they are tender. Vegetable marrow is delicate and digestible, but not nutritious; cumbers, when cooked, are similar, but if eaten raw are apt to exert a cathartic influence. All these vegetables contain the valuable mineral salts of potash, saltpetre, lime, and iron; these phosphatic vegetable elements are valuable in all diseases arising from nervous exhaustion. Artichokes, radishes, asparagus, celery, and onions are excellent in rheumatism and neuralgia, especially asparagus and celery; the latter is an excellent tonic in all forms of nervous prostration. The diurctic and tonic effects of raw onions are marked, while their nutritive qualities are undeniable; they also exert a remarkably sedative influence. Lettuce is a good sedative, slightly laxative, and therefore free from the unpleasant secondary effects of some anodynes.

Of the vegetables which are used as condiments, capers and nasturtiums are stimulant, laxative, and antiscorbutic; sassafras, in the form of gambo filet, is diurctic and demulcent; mustard and horse-radish are antiscorbutic, diurctic, and simulant; and the herbs are stomachies and nervines. The spices of vegetable origin are arvegetable diurctics are carrots, garlic, horse-radish,

omatic nervines and carminatives, which excite the appetite and stimulate the digestive system. The physician will always decide upon their advisability in any special dietary.

While vegetables are useful and almost indispensable adjuncts to nutrition, they do not seem to offer the system all the nourishment it requires to maintain it at a high degree of health. In communities which subsist entirely on vegetable food there is almost always some physical disturbance: and, in fact, but few persons are strict vegetarians; nearly all who are so called use milk, cheese, butter, or eggs in combination with vegetables, and thus secure the needed variety in their food.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Weekly Reader.—Écri and brown checked silk trimmed with brown velvet ribbon will suit you. Hints about cosmeties can be found in The Ugly Girl Papers, which will be sent you from this office on receipt of \$1.

Mus. L. M. T.—An article on patchwork in Bazar No. 37, Vol. XV., will probably help you.

Country Ger.,—Nottingham lace curtains are always used, but are not liked so well as those of muslin and antique insertion and lace that cost no more money. Instead of satteen get nuns' veiling or cashmere of écru or pale blue to wenr as drapery on your black silk skirt.

Luclle D.—Plain black gros grain is always worn. Use jet and French lace, and make with a short basque, long apron over-skirt, and lapping gathered flounces at the foot.

Old Sussorier.—Your idea about the dining-room wainscoting and floor border is good. Get dark small figures for your carpet, with slightly gayer border. Have dark terra-cotta red or Oriental coloring in the paper, with small intricate design, and a wide border of brighter colors at the top.

C. De G.—Have stained glass in the side lights of your half door in dark rich colors. Have the figured satteen for a Watteau polonaise, over a pleated or puffed skirt of the plain pink satteen.

M.E. A.—Make your travelling dress in the tailor style lately described in the Bazar. Get white and black lawn for a thin summer dress, or else white French nainsook with the flounces hemmed and an inserted revering above the hem. You could use your black lace sacque over lavender as a right-fitting basque. Brocaded plush is too heavy for summer days.

M. E. B.—Have either white nuns' veiling or the black hermani dress you small for the point.

basque. Brocaded plush is too heavy tor summer days.

M. E. B.—Have either white nuns' veiling or the black hernani dress you speak of. Do not omit flounces of hernani on your silk skirt; of these only one or two, very deep, either pleated or gathered, and all above this is covered by the drapery of the overskirt. The basque should be short, and may be trimmed in vest shape, with dull jet passementerie.

A SLLY BLONDE.—We know of nothing that will keep your hair light without danger to it. You will find all such subjects treated in The Unit Girl Papers, which will be sent you from this office on receipt of \$1.

W. E. L.—Put fringe or a sash on the edge of your Jersey, or else cut it in battlement squares, and braid it on each square.

CANADIAN SUBSCHIER,—Get checked blue and 6cm

it on each square.

Canadan Schschlurg.—Get checked blue and écru
silk for gathered flounces for a lower skirt. Then
make a basque and over-skirt of the blue nums veiling,
using the ecru embroidery you have as a vest, collar,
cuffs, and on the front of the over-skirt. This will be
in excellent style.

in excellent style.
OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Make the dress entirely of black OLD SUBSCHEER.—Make the dress entirely of black satin, putting some jet and French lace on the basque as a vest. The skirt should have long broad pleats on the sides, with two soft baggins the front breadth, narrow pleating around the loss the front bouldant back drapery. Wash and iron your scrutains as you would other muslins, and pin out the lace and insertion perfectly smooth on sheets spread out in an empty room, and let them dry there.

Mas. J. U. S.—Fine black cashmere is used for a basque and over-skirt, with a vest, collar, cutts, and pleated skirt of moire. Entire dresses of black gros grain, with lace flounces and jet passementeric, are very stylish.

MANY SUBSCHEERS.—Entrees are served after the fish, before the roast, also after the roast, before the fish, before the roast, also after the roast, before the dessert.

Mrs. Bellin.—People scarcely ever use the term "Mr.

dessert. The salad is always the last thing before the dessert.

Mis. Bell...—People scarcely ever use the term "Mr. Justice Chase." To any one but a judge of the Supreme Court we should doubt its propriety.

Mary Shith.—A doctor's wife always speaks of her husband as "the doctor," and addresses him as "doctor," unless she prefers his Christian name. In addressing a titled person in England one says "duke," "my lord," "Sir Harry," and "marquis" (pronounced in England "markis"), and to a Church dignitary "your Giace." In most country neighborhoods people call without the formality of sending cards. As to excessive timidity we can not advise a hady how "to avoid anything but formal talks"; that must be left to avoid anything but formal talks"; that must be left to her natural tact. No lady accompanies a gentleman to the front door; he lets himself out, unless a manservant is stationed there. A lady often accompanies ther guest to the door for cordiality, but mere ctiquette does not demand it.

A Constant Reader.—It is not customary to send answers to wedding invitations. A card sent on the wedding day is all that is moreover.

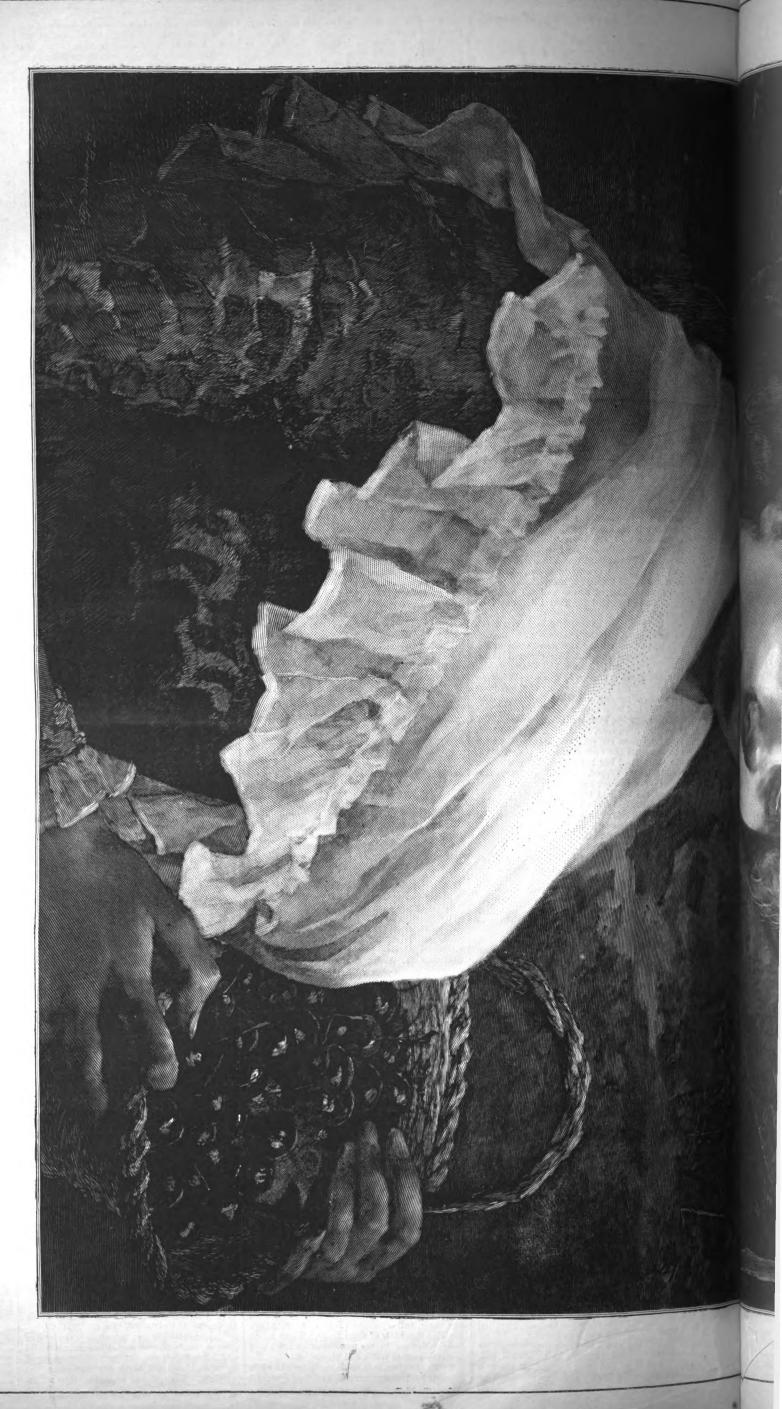
A Constant Reader.—It is not customary to send answers to wedding invitations. A card sent on the wedding day is all that is necessary; or if you think your place might be filled by another, send a regret before that. If you know that only a small company is invited, perhaps that would be best.

Manyland Reader.—Quiet styles of dress and delicate colors will make you look younger and preserve your dignity better than loud and gorgeous dresses. As for signing your notes "Mrs.," it is very bad taste, and ungrammatical. Sign yourself always M. C. Read or Mary C. Read. If you choose, write in the third person, as, "Mrs. John Read desires a barrel of sugar," etc., etc.

etc., etc.

A SUBSCHIBER.—You do not read our articles on





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SPINNING.

"Deceit, weeping, spinning, God hath given To women kindly while they may live."

WE must wonder why in such ungallant speech the great poet should make mention of this ancient and honorable art of housewifery, or why it should be so unwarrantably coupled with "deceit" and "weeping." Surely it would not be impossible to find in records of his own sex "great measures of unscrupulousness," and "a decent flow of tears" in consequence thereof. Why leave them unrecorded?

Possibly he simply reflected the atmosphere of his own time, but it seems a pity that the great author should forego that pleasing touch of courtesy so charming to remember of the worthies of the past.

Later we read that a learned lawyer of bluff Harry's reign, Anthony Fitzherbert, writeth in his "Boke of Husbandry" concerning this eminently feminine employment of spinning: "It stoppeth a gap, it saveth a woman from being idle, and the product is needful."

Yes, indeed, by dames and maids of high degree, and as well by those of lowlier birth, was the spindle used with vigor; deft fingers and

ready touch made merry household music.

Burns tells us that "on Fasten's eve we had a rocking." This, it appears, was a social gathering of young people, each lassie bringing her own implements of thrifty industry (the term rocking" comes from the German rocken), and with work and "merriment of speech" and games the hours sped on. It was just an oldfashioned "spinning bee."

The spindle is described as "a turned pin, a few inches in length, having a nick or hook at the small or upper end, by which to fasten the thread, and a weight of some sort at the lower end to make it hang correctly." Among the Lapps the load or weight was a small perforated stone, sometimes called a whorl, and they may yet be seen as curiosities in museums.

In Homer's day princesses and grand ladies had very elegant spinning implements. The "gilded distaff," when not in use, was "carried in a richly gemmed girdle."

About a hundred years ago a thrifty English-woman spun a single pound of wool into a thread eighty-four thousand yards In length, lacking but eighty yards of measuring forty-eight miles

Later, another Englishwoman spun a pound of combed wool into a thread one hundred and sixtyeight thousand vards in length, and from the same weight of cotton drew out a thread of over two hundred thousand yards, that would have measured one hundred and fifteen miles. This last, if woven, would have made nearly twenty yards of vard-wide muslin.

This wonderful show of skill and industry found record in the "Proceedings of the Royal Society."

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

LTHOUGH we seldom speak of masculine A fashions, it may not be amiss to mention the styles now in vogue in Paris. For walking dress the coat is buttoned higher and higher, the collar is small, and the shirt bosom is wholly effaced, it being scarcely possible to perceive a bit of the scant cravat. As to cut-away coats and fancy jackets, their luxury consists in the pockets, of which there is one for the handkerchief on the left breast, another for cigars lower down, and others in the skirts. Walking suits are made up complete in pointillé and chiné cloths, mixed with bright colors, in the English The frock-coat, for more ceremonious wear, is shorter or longer according to the amount of dress required, being short for dress occasions, and longer for ordinary costumes, with rather short revers and narrow collar. The dress-coat and overcoat remain as they were last season, as well as the duster. Single-breasted waistcoats, buttoned high, are preferred for summer, those buttoned low being reserved for full dress. As to trousers, they are no longer cut in the ungraceful elephant-foot style, but are tight-fitting, outlining the leg, and following the shape of the ankle; whether mixed or plain, or even of black cloth, they all have a narrow band down the side, which for the last is of lustreless stuff. Scarf cravats are still much worn, both with and with-The fashion admits of several shapes of shirt collars, rolled, standing, and cut away, according to taste and the form of the neck. Stiff silk hats have curled brims; Derbys are small and medium-sized, both as regards the brim and the crown. There are also light felts, and a whole host of straw hats of all shades. Shoes and gaiters are all very pointed in shape, with projecting soles. Elegant gaiters, which are have patent-leather tin favo stitched and in open-work, with dark cloth tops, trimmed with stamped yellow leather. Chamois is the favorite color for gloves. Canes are of natural wood, gnarled or straight, with straight metal knobs.

Having repaired our long silence concerning men's dress, we will resume our customary topic, that of ladies' toilettes, though there is nothing particularly new to say at this moment. Summer styles are now fully fixed, while it is too early as yet to think of those of the autumn. We continue to see the strangest fashions in bonnets, and it would be necessary to look through the old engravings of those of the last century to think ours at all reasonable. One of the largest straw-bonnet manufacturers told us that he had never made shapes so eccentric as those of this

The flower makers admirably copy flowers. fruits, and even vegetables. It must be confessed that the place of the latter seems on our tables

rather than our heads; and with the exception of grapes, strawberries, and cherries, large fruits like apricots, plums, and oranges, which adorn certain bonnets, do not produce a happy effect. Straw bonnets continue to be made of all colors

pink, pale blue, etc.—to match the dress. The printed linens designed for the sea-shore and watering-places display figures of all kindscocks' heads with scarlet combs, horses running, etc.; others, with a ground recalling the lake or the sea, have gulls, and boats with their sails set, and all kinds of devices

There are a great number of elegant costumes of Tussore or India pongee, trimmed either with a broad scarf of Tussore, embroidered with palm leaves or Indian designs, or, more simply, with bands of the same Tussore, embroidered either in écru or in several different colors. This stuff admits of all kinds of trimming; for instance, a vest of gros blue or gros green velvet, with a corsage opening over it, trimmed with embroidered bands and rather deep cuffs of the same velvet. makes a charming costume. Ecru is very much in fashion; there are very pretty costumes of écru linen, with the skirt trimmed all the way up with flounces of linen richly embroidered in openwork; the lower one is some eight inches wide, from which they gradually diminish in width to the top. In the back are draperies of linen trimmed with embroidered bands. These skirts are worn either with an écru corsage, or with corsages of velvet or changeable silk. These silks with shifting lights are very much in vogue this season; they are charming and very dressy.

Great elegance continues to be displayed in morning gowns; many open over a petticoat of Surah, elaborately trimmed with rich lace: instance, an old rose petticoat trimmed with Valenciennes, a large Molière plastron closely pleated and falling loosely, and a robe of pale blue cashmere, with a very long train, trimmed itself with rich lace, set in in shells, and interspersed with chous of blue and pink ribbon.

The heat permits the use of small mantelets and camails, and jackets and visites are abandoned for the moment. These camails are made in all sorts of fashion-of gauze, chenille, lace, and passementerie; the imagination has full EMMELINE RAYMOND. scope.

YOLANDE.

(Continued from front page.)

"Mother, my father is fretting that he can be of no service to us."

"Oh, no, no, no, Yolande!" the other cried, with a sudden terror. "Don't think of it, Yolande-it would kill me-he will never forgive

"There is no forgiveness needed, mother; all

that is over and forgotten. Mother—"
But the mere mention of this proposal seemed to have driven the poor woman into a kind of frenzy. She clung to her daughter's arm, and said, in a wild sort of way:

"If I saw him, Yolande, I should think he was coming to take you away from me—to take you away from me! It would be the old days come back again—and—and the lawyers

She was all trembling now, and clinging to the girl's arm.

"Stay with me, Yolande; stay with me. know I have done great harm and injury, and I can not ask him to forgive me; but you—I have not harmed you; I can look into your face without reproach."

"I will stay with you, mother; don't be afraid. Now pray calm yourself; I won't speak of that again, if it troubles you; we shall be just by our two selves for as long as ever you like; and as for lawyers, and doctors, or anybody else, why, you shall not be allowed to know that they

So she gradually got her mother calmed again; and by-and-by, when she got the opportunity, she sat down and wrote to her father, saying that at present it was impossible he should come and see them, for that the mere suggestion of such a thing had violently alarmed and excited her mother, and that excitement of any kind did her most serious mischief. She added that she feared she would have to take on her own shoulders the responsibility of deciding whether they should attempt the journey; that most likely they would try to proceed by short stages; and that, in that case, she would write to him again for directions as to where they should go on arriving in Paris.

That, indeed, was what it came to; although the girl naturally wished to share with some qualified person the responsibility of the decision. But now, as heretofore, whenever she hinted that they ought to call in a skilled physician, merely for a consultation, the mother betraved such a nervous horror of the idea of seeing any stranger that the proposal had to be dropped.

plande why y well enough-only a little weak. I shall be stronger by-and-by. What could you ask of a

"Oh, well, mother," the girl said, rather vaguely, "one might leave it to himself to make suggestions. Perhaps he might be of some help who knows? There are tonics, now, do you see, that might strengthen you-quinine, perhaps !-

"No, no," said she, in rather a sad fashion. "I have done with drugs, Yolande. You shall be my doctor; I don't want any one else. I am in

"It is too great a responsibility, mother."
"You mean to decide whether we leave Worthing?" said the mother, cheerfully. "Well, I will ing?" said the mother, cheerfully.

decide for you, Yolande. I say—let us go."
"We could go slowly—in short distances," the girl said, thoughtfully. "Waiting here or there for fine weather, do you see, mother. For example, we would not set out at this moment, for

the winds are boisterous and cold. And then, mother, if there is fatigue-if you are very tired with the journey, think of the long rest and idle-

ness at Nice—and the soft air."
"Very well, Yolande; whatever you do will be right. And I am ready to set out with you whenever you please."

Yolande now set about making final prepara tions for leaving England; and amongst the first of these was the writing a letter to Mrs. Bell. It was little more than a message of goodbut still she intimated that she should be glad to hear how affairs were going on at Gress, and also what was being done about Monaglen. And she begged Mrs. Bell's acceptance of the accompanying bits of lace, which she had picked up at some charitable institution in the neighborood, and which she thought would look nice on black silk.

The answer, which arrived speedily, was as fol-

"GRESS, the 11th November.

"My DEAR YOUNG LADY,—It was a great honor to me to receive the letter from you this morning, and a great pleasure to me to know that you are well, this leaving us all here in the same. Maybe I would have taken the liberty to write to you before now, but that I had not your address, and Duncan, the keeper, was ignorant of it. And I had a mind to ask the Hon. Mrs. Graham, seeing her drive past one day on her return; but they glaiket lassies that were to have told me when they saw her come along the road again were forgetful, as usual, and so I missed the opportunity. My intention was to tell you about Monaglen, which you are so kind as to ask about. It is all settled now, and the land made over to its rightful possessor; and I may say that when the Lord, in His good time, sees fit to take me, I will close my eyes in peace, knowing that I have done better with what was intrusted to me than otherwise might have happened. But in the ean time my mind is ill at ease, and I am not thankful for such mercies as have been vouchsafed me, because I would fain have Mr. Melville informed of what has been done, and yet not a word dare I speak. At the best he is a by-ordinar proud, camstrary man; but ever since he has come back this last time he is more unsettled and distant like-not conversing with people, as was his custom, but working at all kinds of hours, as if his life depended on they whigmaleeries and then again away over the hills and moors by himself, without even the pastime of fishing that used to occupy him. Deed, I tried once to tell him, but my brain got into a kind of whummle; could not get out a word; and as he was like to think me an idiwut. I made some excuse about the school-laddies, and away he went. Howsever, what's done can not be undone. The lawyers vouch for that; and a pretty penny they charged But Monaglen is his, to have and to hold, whether he will or no, and the Melvilles have got their ain again, as the song says. And if any one tells me that I could have done better with the money I will not gainsay them, for there are wiser heads than mine in the world; but I will say that I had the right to do what pleased myself with what belonged to me.
"Many's the time I wish that I had an inter-

vener that would tell him of it, and take the task off my hands; for I am sore afraid that did I do it myself, having little skill of argument or persuasion, he would just be off in a fluff, and no more to be said. For that matter, I might be content with things as they are, knowing that his father's land would go to him when my earthly pilgrimage was come to an end; but sometimes my heart is grieved for the poor lad, when I'm thinking that maybe he is working early and late and worrying himself into a whey-faced condition. to secure a better future for himself, when the future is sure enough if he only kenned. Besides that, I jalouse there's a possibility of his going way again; for I see there are bits of things, that he put together on the day when you, dear young lady, left Allt-nam-ba, that he has not unacked again; and he has engaged the young ad Dalrymple at a permanent wage now, seeing that the chiel does very well with the schoolbairns-though I envy not the mother that had to keep him in porridge when he was a laddie. Now that is how we are situate here, my dear young lady, since you have been so kind as to remember us; and I would fain be asking a little more news about yourself if it was not making bold, for many's the time I have wondered whether ye would come back again to Allt-nam-ba. It is a rough place for gentle-nurtured people, and but little companionship for a young lady; but I heard tell the shooting was good, and if the gentlemen are coming back, I hope you'll no be kept away by the roughness of the place, for I'm sure I would like to have a glint of your face again. And I would say my thanks for the collar and cuffs in that beautiful fine lace, but indeed there is more in my heart than the tongue can speak. things are far too fine for an old woman like me. still I'm thinking I'll be putting them on next Sabbath morning, just to see if Mr. Melville will be asking if I have taken leave of my five senses. But he has not been familiar like since his coming back, which is a sorrow to me, that must keep my tongue tied when I would fain speak.

"This is all at present, dear young lady, from your humble servant, CHRISTINA BELL.

For one breathless second it flashed across Yolande's brain that she would become the "inter-Would it not be a friendly thing to do, as she was leaving England, to write and tell him, and to lay an injunction on him not to disappoint this kind creature's hopes? But then she turned away. The past was past. Her interests and duties were here. And so—with something of a sigh, perhaps—she took to the immediate business of getting ready for the journey; and had everything so prepared that they were ready to

start at a moment's notice, whenever the weather was propitious.

And, indeed, they had fixed definitely the day of their departure, when, on the very night before, the varying northerly winds, that had been blow. ing with more or less of bitterness for some time, culminated in a gale. It was an unusual quarter -most of the gales on that part of the coast coming from the south and the southwest; but all the same the wind during the night blew with the force of a hurricane, and the whole house shook and trembled. Then, in the morning, what was their astonishment to find the sunlight pouring in at the parlor windows; and outside, the world white and hushed under a sheet of dazzling That is to say, as much of the world as was visible—the pavement, and the street, and the promenade, and the beach; beyond that the wind-ruffled bosom of the sea was dark and sullen in comparison with this brilliant white wonder lying all around. And still the northerly gale blew hard; and one after another strangely dark clouds were blown across the sky, until, as they got far enough to the south, the sun would shine through with a strange coppery lustre, and then would disappear altogether, and the dark sea would become almost black. And then again the fierce wind would hurry on the smoke-colored pall to the horizon; and there would be glimpses of a pale blue sky flecked with streaks of white; and the brilliant sunlight would be all around them once more, on the boats and the shingle and the railings and the snow-whitened streets.

Now Yolande's mother was strangely excited by the scene; for it confirmed her in a curious fancy she had formed that during all the time she had been under the influence of those drugs she had been living in a dream, and that she was now making the acquaintance again of the familiar features of the world as she once had known them.

"It seems years and years since I saw the snow," she said, looking on the shining white world in a mild entrancement of delight. "Oh. Yolande, I should like to see the falling snow-I should like to feel it on my hands."

You are likely to see it soon enough, mother." said the girl, who had noticed how from time to time the thick clouds going over shrouded every-thing in an ominous gloom. "In the mean time thing in an ominous gloom. "In the mean time I shall go round after breakfast and tell Mr. Watherston not to send the carriage: we can't start in a snow-storm.

"But why not send Jane, Yolande? It will be bitterly cold outside."

I suppose it will be no colder for me than for her," Yolande said. And then she added, with a smile of confession, "Besides, I want to see what everything looks like."

"Will you let me go with you? May I?" said

the mother, wistfully.
"You?" said Yolande, laughing. "Yes, that is likely-that is very likely! You are in good condition to face a gale from the northeast, and walk through snow at the same time!'

When Yolande went out she found it was bit-terly cold, even though the terrace of houses sheltered her from the northeast wind. She walked quickly—and even with a kind of exhilaration, for this new thing in the world was a kind of excitement; and when she had gone and delivered her message, she thought she would have a turn or two up and down the pier, for there the snow had been in a measure swept from the planks, and there was freer walking. Moreover, she had the whole promenade to herself; and when she got to the end she could turn to find before her the spectacle of the long line of coast and the hills inland all whitened with the snow, while around her the sullen-hued sea seemed to shiver under the gusts of wind that swept down on it. Walking back was not so comfortable as walking out; nevertheless, she took another turn or two, for she knew that if the snow began to fall she might be imprisoned for the day; and she enjoyed all the natural delight of a sound constitution in brisk exercise. She had to walk smart-ly to withstand the cold, and the fight against the wind was something; altogether, she remained on the pier longer than she had intended.

Then something touched her cheek, and stung her, as it were. She turned and looked: soft white flakes-a few of them only, but they were large - were coming fluttering along and past her; and here and there one alighted on her dress like a moth, and hung there. It was strange for the sunlight was shining all around her, and there were no very threatening clouds visible over the land. But they grew more and more frequent; they lit on her hair, and she shook them off; they lit on her eyelashes, and melted moist and cold into her eyes; at length they had given a fairly white coating to the front of the dress and so she made up her mind to make for how through this bewilderment of snow and sunlight. It was a kind of fairy thing, as yet, and workerful and beautiful; but she knew very welthat as soon as the clouds had drifted over far yough soon as the clouds had drifted over to obscure the sun, it would look much lo wonderful and supernatural, and she would be making her way through an ordery and somewhat heavy fall of snow.

But when she got near to the hou comething caught her eye there that filled h with a sud-den dismay. Her mother was chaing in the balcony, and she had her hands light in feeling light in feeling if she were taking a childish d when she saw the flakes fall on her fingers; ecognition to her. Yolande she waved a pleasa lread—hurried to Yolande—sick at heart withe door; ran upstairs n she got in, and was breathless; she

rushed to the balcony. It was breathless; she could not speak; she alld only seize her mother by the arm, and and her into the room.

"Why, what is it, blande?" the mother said.

"I saw you coming through the mother said.

"I how like dreams and pictures of long ago.—I have not felt snow on my hands and a hair for so many and many years."



"How could you be so imprudent, mother!" the girl said, when she had got breath. "And without a shawi! Where was Jane? To stand in the gnow..." out in the snow-

"It was only for a minute, Yolande," said she. while the girl was dusting the snow from her mother's shoulders and arms with her pockethandkerchief. "It was only a minute—and it was so strange to see snow again."

"But why did you go out?—why did you go it?" the girl repeated. "On a bitterly cold out ?" morning like this, and bare-headed and bare-necked!"
"Well, yes, it is cold outside," she said, with

an involuntary shiver. "I did not think it would be so cold. There, that will do, Yolande; I will sit down by the fire, and get warm again."

"What you ought to do is to have some hot "What you ought to do is to have some not brandy and water, and go to bed, and have extra blankets put over you," said Yolande, promptly. "Oh no; I shall be warm again directly," said she, though she shivered slightly, as she got into

the easy-chair by the fire, and began chafing her hands, which were red and cold with the wet "It was too much of a temptation, Yolande—that is the fact. It was making the acquaintance of the snow again."

"It was more like making the acquaintance of a bad cold," said Yolande, sharply.

However, she got some thick shawls and put

them round her mother, and the shivering soon ceased. She stirred up the fire, and brought her some illustrated papers, and then went away to get some things out again from the portmanteaus, for it was clearly no use thinking of travelling in this weather. It had settled down to snowing heavily; the skies were dark; there was no more of the fairy-land performance of the morning; and so Yolande set about making themselves as comfortable as possible within-doors, leaving their future movements to be decided by such circumstances as should arise.

But during that evening Yolande's mother seemed somewhat depressed, and also a little bit feverish and uncomfortable.

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"I should not wonder if you were going to have a very bad cold, mother," the girl said. "I should not wonder if you had caught a chill

by going out on the balcony."
"Nousense, nonsense, child; it was only for a minute or so." minute or so.

'I wish you would take something hot before going to bed, mother. Port-wine negus is good, is it not? I do not know. I have only heard. Or hot whiskey and water? Mr. Shortlands had three tumblers of it after he fell into the Uisgenan-Sithean, and had to walk the long distance home in wet clothes; and the rugs and shawls we had put on his bed-oh, it is impossible to tell the number."

'No, never mind, Yolande," the mother said. "I would rather not have any of these things. But I am a little tired. I think I will go to bed now; and perhaps Jane could ask for an extra blanket for me. You need not be alarmed. If I have caught a slight cold—well, you say we ought not to start in such weather in any case." Shall I come and read to you, mother?

"No, no; why should you trouble? Besides, I am rather tired; most likely I shall go to sleep. Now I will leave you to your novel about the Riviera; and you must draw in your chair to the fire; and soon you will have forgotten that there is such a thing as snow.'

And so they bade good-night to each other, and Yolande was not seriously disturbed.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

A MEETING.

But next morning the mother was ill-nay, as Yolande in her first alarm imagined, seriously ill. She could hardly speak; her hands and forehead were hot and feverish; she would take nothing in the shape of breakfast; she only turned away her head languidly. Yolande was far too frightened to stay to consult her mother's nervous fancies or dislikes: a doctor was sent for instantly—the same doctor, in fact, who had been called in before. And when this portly, rubicund, placid person arrived his mere presence in the room seemed to introduce a measure of calm into the atmosphere; and that was well. He was neither excited nor alarmed. He made the usual examination, asked a few questions, and gave some general and sufficiently sensible directions as to how the patient should be tended. And then he said he would write out a prescription; for this practitioner, in common with most of his kind, had retained that simple and serene faith in the efficacy of drugs which has survived centuries of conflicting theories, contradictions in fact, and scientific doubt, and which is perhaps more beneficial than otherwise to the human race, so long as the quantities prescribed are so small as to do no positive harm. It was aconite, this time, that he chose to experiment

However, when he followed Yolande into the other room, in order to get writing materials,
and when he sat down and began to talk to her, it was clear that he understood the nature of the case well enough; and he plainly intimated to her that when a severe chill like this had caught the system and promised to produce a high state of fever, the result depended mainly on the power of the constitution to repel the attack and

fight its way back to health.

"Now I suppose I may speak frankly to you, Miss Winterbourne?" said he.

"Oh yes; why not?" said Yolande, who was

far too anxious to care about formalities. "You must remember, then, that though you have only seen me once before, I have seen you twice. The first time you were insensible. Now," said he, fixing his eyes on her, "on that occasion I was told a little, but I guessed more. It was to frighten your mother out of the habit

that you took your first dose of that potent medicine. May I assume that?' "Well, yes," said Yolande, with downcast

eyes-though indeed there was nothing to be ashamed of. Now I want you to tell me honestly whether

you believe that warning had effect." "Indeed I am sure of it," said Yolande, look-

ing up, and speaking with decision.

"You think that since then she has not had

recourse to any of those opiates?' "I am positively certain of it," Yolande said to him.

"I suppose being deprived of them cost the poor lady a struggle?" he asked.

"Yes, once or twice; but that was some time ago. Latterly she was growing ever so much more bright and cheerful, but still she was weak, and I was hesitating about risking the long journey to the south of France. Yes, it is I that am to blame. Why did I not go sooner? did I not go sooner?" she repeated, with tears coming into her eyes.

"Indeed you can not blame yourself, Miss Winterbourne," the doctor said. "I have no doubt you acted for the best. The imprudence you tell me of might have happened anywhere. If you keep the room warm and equable, your mother will do as well here as in the south of France—until it is safe for you to remove her.

"But how soon, doctor?—how soon? Oh, when I get the chance again I will not wait."

"Bnt you must wait—and you must be patient and careful. It will not do to hurry matters. Your mother is not strong. The fight may be a long one. Now, Miss Winterbourne, you will send and get this prescription made up; and I will call again in the afternoon."

Yolande went back to her mother's room, and sent away Jane; she herself would be nurse. On tiptoe she went about, doing what she thought would add to her mother's comfort; noiselessly tending the fire that had been lit, arranging a shutter so that less light should come in, and so forth, and so forth. But the confidence inspired by the presence of the doctor was gone now; a terrible anxiety had succeeded; and when at last she sat down in the silent room, and felt that she could do nothing more, a sense of helplessness, of loneliness, entirely overcame her, and she was ready to despair. Why had she not gone away sooner, before this terrible thing happened? Why had she delayed? They might now have been walking happily together along some sunny promenade in the South-instead of this-this hushed and darkened room; and the poor invalid, whom she had tended so carefully, and who seemed to be emerging into a new life altogether, thus thrown back and rendered once more helpless. Why had she gone out on that fatal morning? Why had she left her mother alone? If she had been in the room there would have been no venturing into the snow, whatever dreams and fancies were calling. If she had but taken courage and set out for the South a week sooner-a day sooner -this would not have happened; and it seemed so hard that when she had almost secured the emancipation of her mother-when the undertaking on which she had entered with so much of fear and wonder and hope was near to being crowned with success-the work should be undone by so trifling an accident. She was like to despair.

But patience, patience, she said to herself. She had been warned, before she had left Scotland, that it was no light matter that lay before her. If she was thrown back into prison, as it were, at this moment, the door would be opened some day. And indeed it was not of her own liberty she was thinking-it was the freedom of light and life and cheerfulness that she had hoped to secure for this stricken and hapless creature whom fortune had not over-well treated.

Her mother stirred, and instantly she went to the bedside.
"What does the doctor say, Yolande?" she

such cheerfulness as was possible. "You have caught a bad cold, and you are feverish; but you must do everything that we want you to do, and you will fight it off in time."

"What kind of day is it outside?" she managed to ask again.

"It is fine, but cold. There has been some more snow in the night."

"If you wish to go out, go out, Yolande. Don't mind me.'

"But I am going to mind you, mother, and nobody else. Here I am, here I stay, till you are well again. You shall have no other nurse."

"You will make yourself ill, Yolande. You must go out."

She was evidently speaking with great diffi-

"Hush, mother, hush," the girl said; "I am going to stay with you. You should not talk any more—it pains you, does it not?"

"A little." And then she turned away her head again. "If I don't speak to you, Yolande,

don't think it is unkind of me. I—I am not very well, I think."

And so the room was given over to silence again, and the girl to anxious thoughts as to the future. She had resolved not to write to her father until she should know more definitely. She would not unnecessarily alarm him. At first, in her sudden alarm, she had thought of summoning him at once; but now she had determined to wait until the doctor had seen her mother again. If this were only a bad cold, and should show symptoms of disappearing, then she could send him a re-assuring message. At present she was far too upset, and anxious, and disturbed, to carefully weigh her expressions.

About noon Jane stole silently into the room. and handed her a letter, and withdrew again. Yolande was startled when she glanced at the handwriting, and hastily opened the envelope. The letter came from Inverness, and was dated the morning of the previous day: that was all she noted carefully—the rest seemed to swim into her consciousness all at once, she ran her eye over the successive lines so rapidly, and with such a breathless agitation.

"My DEAR YOLANDE" (Jack Melville wrote),-"I shall reach Worthing just about the same time as this letter. I am coming to ask you for single word. Archie Leslie has told quite casually, in a letter about other thingsthat you are no longer engaged to him: and l have dared to indulge in some vague hopes well, it is for you to tell me to put them aside for-ever, or to let them remain, and see what the future has in store. That is all. I don't wish to interfere with your duties of the momenthow should I?-but I can not rest until I ascertain from yourself whether or no I may look forward to some distant time, and hope. I am coming on the chance of your not having left Worthing. Perhaps you may not have left; and I beg of your kindness to let me see you, for ever so

She quickly and quietly went to the door and opened it. Her face was very pale.
"Jane!"

The maid was standing at the window, looking out; she immediately turned and came to her

"You remember Mr. Melville, who used to come to the lodge?" "Oh yes, miss."

"He will be in Worthing to-day—he will call

here—perhaps soon—"
She paused for a second in this breathless, desparing way of talking, as if not knowing what

"He will ask to see me—well—you will tell him I can not see him. I can not see him. My mother is ill. Tell him I am sorry—but I can

not see him."
"Oh yes, miss," said the girl, wondering at her

young mistress's agitation.

Then Yolande quietly slipped into the room again, glancing at her mother, to see whether her absence had been noticed; and her hand was clutching the letter, and her heart beating vio-lently. It was too terrible that he should arrive at such a moment-amid this alarm and anxiety. She could not bear the thought of meeting him. Already she experienced a sort of relief that she was in the sick-room again: that was her place: there her duties lay. And so she sat in the still and darkened room, listening with a sort of dread for the ring at the bell below, and then picturing to herself his going away, and then thinking of the years to come, and perhaps his meeting her; she grew to fancy (while some tears stealing down her cheeks) that very likely he would not know her again when he saw her, for she knew that already her face was more worn than it used to be, and the expression of the eyes changed. When she did hear the ring at the bell her heart leaped as if she had been shot; but she breathed more freely when the door was shut again. She could imagine hin walking along the pavement. Would he think her unkind? Perhaps he would understand. At all events, it was better that he was gone; it was a relief to her; and she went stealthily to the bedside to see whether her mother was asleep; and now all her anxiety was that the doctor should make his appearance soon, and give her some words of cheer, so that she should have no need to write to her father.

This was what happened when Melville came to the door. To begin with, he was not at all sure that he should find Yolande there, for he had heard from Mrs. Bell that she and her mother were leaving England. But when Jane, in response to his ringing of the bell, opened the door, then he knew that they were not gone.
"Miss Winterbourne is still here, then?" he

said, quickly, and indeed with some appearance of anxiety in the pale, handsome face.

" Yes, sir."

He paused for a second.
"Will you be good enough to ask her if I can see her for a moment?" he said at length. "She knows that I meant to call on her."

"Please, sir. Miss Winterbourne told me to say that she was very sorry, but that she can not see

He seemed as one stupefied for a moment.

"Her mother is ill, sir," said Jane.
"Oh," he said, a new light breaking in on him, for indeed that first blunt refusal, as uttered by the maid, was bewildering.

"Not very ill, is she?"
"Well, sir," said Jane, in the same stolid fash-

ion, "I think she is very ill, sir, but I would not say so to my young mistress, sir."
"Of course not—of course not," he said, ab-

sently; and then he suddenly asked, "Has Miss Winterbourne sent for her father?'

"I think not, sir. I think she is waiting to hear what the doctor says."

" Who is the doctor?" She gave him both the name and address.

"Thank you," said he. "I will not trouble Miss Winterbourne with any message." And with that he left.

But he sent her a message-some half-hour thereafter. It was merely this:

"DEAR YOLANDE,-I am deeply grieved to have intruded upon you at such a time. Forgive me. I hope to hear better news; but do not you trouble; I have made arrangements so that I shall

And Yolande put that note with the otherfor in truth she had carefully preserved every scrap of writing that he had ever sent her, and it was with a wistful kind of satisfaction that at least he had gone away her friend. It was something

-nay, it was enough. If all that she wished for in the world could get so near to completion as this, then she would ask for nothing more.

The doctor did not arrive till nearly three o'clock, and she awaited his verdict with an anxiety amounting to distress. But he would say nothing definite. The fever had increased, certainly; but that was to be expected. She reported to him-as minutely as her agitation allowed-how his directions had been carried out in the interval, and he approved. Then he begged her not to be unduly alarmed, for this fever was the common attendant on the catching of a sudden chill; and with similar vague words of re-assurance he

But the moment he had gone she sat down and wrote to her father. Fortunately Mr. Winterbourne happened at the moment to be in London, for he had come up to make inquiries about some railway project that his constituents wished him to oppose next session, and he was at the hotel in Arlington Street that Yolande knew.

"DEAR PAPA" (she said),-" We did not leave vesterday, as I said we should, for the weather was so severe I was afraid to take the risk. And now another thing has occurred: my dear mother has caught a very bad cold, and is feverish with it, so that I have called in the doctor. I hope it will soon go away, and we will be able to make the voyage that was contemplated. Alas! it is a misfortune that there was any delay. Now, dear papa, you said that you were anxious to be of service to us; and if your business in town is over, could you spare a few days to come and stay at a hotel in Worthing, merely that I may know you are there, which will re-assure me, for I am nervous and anxious, and probably imagining danger when there is none. As for your coming here-no, that is not to be thought of; it would agitate my dear mother beyond expression, and now more than ever we have to secure for her repose and quiet. Will it inconvenience you to come for a few days to a hotel? Your loving daughter,
"YOLANDE WINTERBOURNE."

Mr. Winterbourne came down next morningrather guessing that the matter was more serious than the girl had represented—and went straight to the house. He sent for Jane, and got it arranged that while she took Yolande's place in the sick-room for a few minutes, Yolande should come down-stairs and see him in the ground-floor parlor, which was unoccupied. It is to be remembered that he had not seen his daughter since she left the Highlands.

When Yolande came into the room his eyes lighted up with gladness; but the next minute they were dimmed with tears, and the hands that took hers were trembling, and he could hardly speak.

"Child, child," said he, in a second or so, "how you are changed! You are not well, Yolande. Have you been ill?"

"Oh no, papa, I am perfectly well."

The strange seriousness of her face!—where was the light-hearted child whose laugh used to be like a ray of sunlight? She led him to the window, and she spoke in a low voice, so that no sound should carry:

"Papa, I want you to call on the doctor, and get his real opinion. It tortures me to think that he may be concealing something; I sit and imagine it; sometimes I think he has not told me all the truth. I want to know the truth, papa. Will you ask him?"
"Yes, yes, child, I will do whatever you want,"

"Yes, yes, child, I will do whater, just said he, still holding her hand, and regarding her with all the old affection and admiration. your face is changed a little, Yolande, but not much, not much—oh no, not much; but your voice hasn't changed a bit. I have been wondering this many a day when I should hear you talking to me again."

"Never mind about me, papa," said she, quickly. "I will give you the doctor's address. Which hotel are you staying at?"

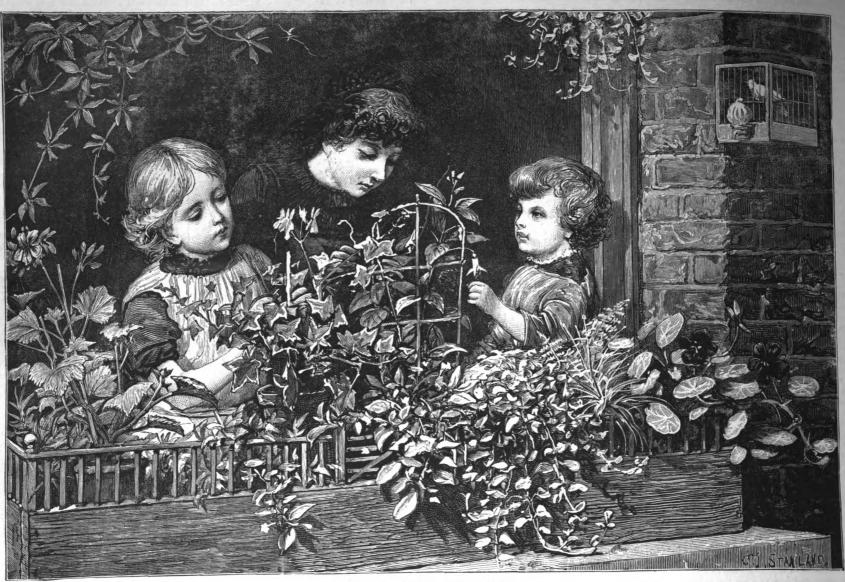
He told her as she was writing the doctor's address for him on a card; and then, with a hurried kiss, she was away again to the sick-room, and sending Jane down to open the door for

As Yolande had desired, he went and saw the doctor, who spoke more plainly to him than he had done to the girl of the possible danger of such an attack, but also said that nothing could be definitely predicted as yet. It was a question of the strength of the constitution. Mr. Winterbourne told him frankly who he was, what his position was, and the whole sad story; and the doctor perfectly agreed with Yolande that it was most unadvisable to risk the agitation likely to be produced if the poor woman were to be confronted with her husband. Any messages he might wish to send (in the event of her becoming worse) could be taken to her; they might give her some mental rest and solace; but for the present the knowledge of his being in Worthing was to be kept from her. And to this Mr. Winterbourne agreed, though he would fain have seen a little more of Yolande. Many a timeindeed, every day-he walked up and down the promenade, despite the coldness of the weather, and always with the hope that he might catch some glint of her at the window, should she come for a moment to look at the outer world and the wide sea. Once or twice he did so catch sight of her, and the day was brighter after that. It

As the days passed, the fever seemed to abate somewhat, but an alarming prostration supervened. At length the doctor said, on one occasion when Mr. Winterbourne had called on him for news:

"I think, Mr. Winterbourne, if you have no objection, I should like to have a consultation on this case. I am afraid there is some complica-





WINDOW GARDENING-RUS IN URBE.

"I hope you will have the best skill that London can afford," said Mr. Winterbourne, anxiously; for although the doctor rather avoided looking him in the face, the sound of this phrase was ominous.

"Shall I ask Sir —— to come down?" he said,

naming one of the most famous London phy-

sicians.

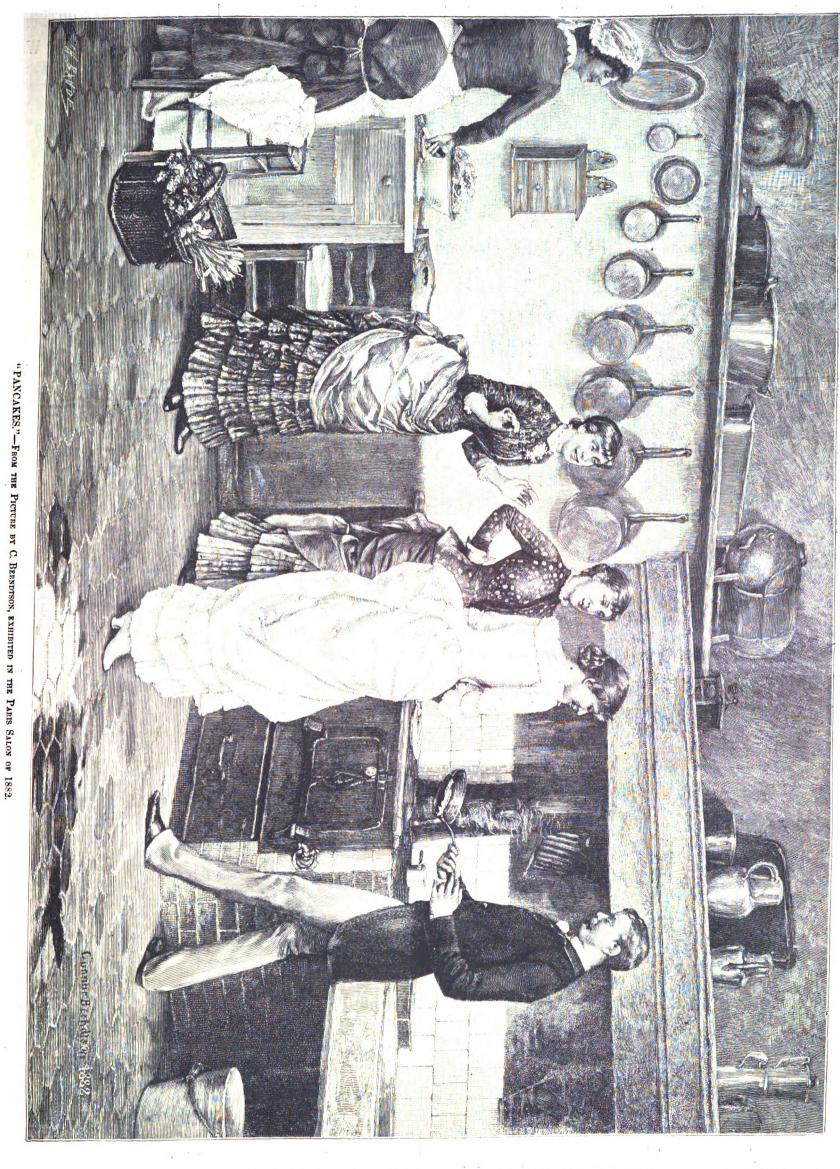
"By all means! And, whatever you do, don't alarm my daughter!—try to keep her mind at rest—say it is a technical point—say anything—but don't frighten her."

"I will do my best," the doctor promised; and he added, "I will say this for the young lady, that she has shown a devotion and a fortitude that I have never seen equalled in any sick-room, and I have been in practice now for two-and-thirty years."

But all the skill in London or anywhere else could not have saved this poor victim from the fatal consequences of a few moments' thought-lessness. The wasted and enfeebled constitution had succumbed. But her brain remained clear; and as long as she could hold Yolande's



"SHE SEEMED MORE INCLINED TO TURN OVER THE TITLE-PAGES OF THE MAGAZINES." [SEE SERIAL "YOLANDE," CHAPTER XLV.]



hand, or even see the girl walking about the

nand, or even see the girl warking about the room or seated in a chair, she was content.

"I don't mind dying now," she said, or rather whispered, on one occasion. "I have seen you, and known you; you have been with me for a while. It was like an angel that you came to me; it was an angel who sent you to me. I am ready to go now."

ready to go now."

"Mother, you must not talk like that!" the girl exclaimed. "Why, the nonsense of it! How long, then, do you expect me to be kept waiting for you before we can start for Bordighera together?"

"We shall never be at Bordighera together," the mother said absently—"never! never!

the mother said, absently—"never! never! But you may be, Yolande; and I hope you will be happy there, and always; for you deserve to

be. Ah, yes, you will be happy—surely it can not be otherwise—you, so beautiful and so noblehearted."

And at last Yolande grew to fear the worst. One evening she had sent for her father; and she went down-stairs and found him in the sitting-room. "Yolande, you are as white as a ghost."

"Yolande, you are as white as a ghost."

"Papa," she said, keeping a tight guard over herself, "I want you to come upstairs with me. I have told my mother you were coming. She will see you; she is grateful to you for the kind messages I have taken to her. I—I have not asked the doctors, but—I wish you to come with me. Do not speak to her—it is only to see you that she wants."

He followed her up the stairs; but he entered

first into the room, and he went over to the bedside and took his wife's hand, without a word. The memories of a lifetime were before him as he regarded the emaciated cheek and the strangely large and brilliant eyes; but all the bitterness was over and gone now.
"George," said she, "I wished to make sure

you had forgiven me, and to say good-by. You have been mother as well as father to Yolande—she loves you— You—you will take care of

She closed her eyes, as if the effort to speak had overcome her; but he still held his wife's hand in his; and perhaps he was thinking of what had been, and of what—far otherwise—wight have hear might have been.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"PANCAKES."

THIS pretty art picture shows a group of ama-T teur cooks, who, persuaded of their superior skill in the fine art of frying pancakes, have invaded the kitchen, much to the disgust of the real queen of the realm. Heedless of her scorn, they cry out with admiration at the manner in which the hero has achieved the feat of turning which the hero has achieved the feat of turning the cake, which evidently satisfies him and his friends much better than the person whose trade it is to make paneakes. The figure-drawing and grouping are admirable. This, with the fine double-page engraving "Cherries," and the little gem "Window Gardening," makes the present number of the BAZAR remarkable for its fine collection of art pictures which deserve preservation.

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PHILADELPHIA, PA., Sept. 6, 1882.

Hop Bitters Co.:
I am 74 years old, have lived 34 years in Phila delphia, and well known among Germans. I have been troubled 12 years with a white swelling on my right foot, and getting worse every year, and very painful, and breaking out in hot weather. I consulted several doctors and they told me it was incurable, and I would have to take it with me in the grave. Some time ago I lost my appetite, was costive, had headache and fever, in fact, was very sick. I saw in the German Democrat that Hop Bitters was what I needed. I got a bottle, took it one week and was as well again as ever, and to my greatest surprise, right from the first, my swelling went down gradually, and I taking another bottle got entirely well of it. The wife of my neighbor had two such swellings on her legs, and three bottles cured her. I think this is a great triumph for your bitters.

John Stoll,

triumph for your bitters. No. 4 Young's Alley, above Willow St.

STIPPSHILL, IND., Nov. 13, 1881. Dear Sirs,-I have read so much about Hop Bitters, and always being afflicted with neuralgia weakness, diseased stomach, never having much health, I tried a couple bottles; it has strengthened and helped me more than any medicine or doctor. I am now on my third bottle, and am thankful that it has helped me. I will advise all that are afflicted to give it a trial. LUCY VAIL.

Beat the World.

ROCKVILLE, CONN., March 6, 1882.

Hop Bitters Co.: I have been taking your Hop Bitters for several weeks, and they beat the world.

L. S. LEWIS, LEWIS'S Axle Machine.

LEETONIA, PA., April 13, 1882. Hop Bitters Co.:

I have not been well for three years, tried almost every kind of patent medicines, and no less than seven doctors, one of Elmira, N. Y.; none have done me any good. I finally tried your Hop Bitters, and found them just the thing. I have praised them so highly there is a great number here who use them with great benefit and satisfaction. Very respectfully yours, R. Hunt.

Gentlemen, - The "Hop Bitters" meet with large sales and give general satisfaction; one case in particular you should know of. Mr. John B. Green, 728 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia, Pa., has been suffering from kidney affection, which superinduced *rheumatism*. He tried physicians and remedies in vain. He was obliged to take morphine to induce sleep, his trouble was so great. Reading your advertisement in the *Christophysical Reading* your advertisement in the tian at Work, he was prevailed upon by one of his daughters to try it. Three bottles effected a cure, and now he is an enthusiast for "Hop Bitters." He is one of the oldest residents in the locality named, and known as a gentleman of unusual probity.

HENRY TOTTEN,

672 North 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

OFFICE JELLOWAY MU. A. ASSOCIATION,) JELLOWAY, O., March 18, '82.

Hop Bitters Manufacturing Co.:
I have been using your Hop Bitters, and find them what you recommend them to be for kidney disease (viz., superior to all others).

J. L. HILDERBRAND.

Vertigo, Dizziness, and Blindness.

OFFICE UTICA MORNING HERALD, UTICA, Feb. 18, 1882.

I have been troubled with vertigo since last July, and have suffered greatly every night after any considerable exertion from dizziness and blindness. I tried two bottles of Hop Bitters, and since then have been entirely relieved. Respectfully yours, J. J. F.

J. J. FLANIGAN.

June 15, 1881.

I have been suffering five years past with neuralgia, liver complaint, dyspepsia, and kidney complaint, and I have doctored with fourteen different doctors, who did me no good. At last I tried Hop Bitters, and after using a few bottles I received a great benefit from them, and if I had used Hop Bitters regularly, I would have been well before. I know them to be the best medicine in the world for nervous diseases of all kinds.

JAMES COONTS,

Beelington, Barber County, W. Va.

Wicked for Clergymen.

I believe it to be all wrong and even wicked for clergymen or other public men to be led into giving testimonials to quack doctors or patent medicines, but when a really meritorious article, that all physicians use and trust in daily, we should freely commend it. I therefore cheerfully and heartily commend Hop Bitters for the good they have done me and my friends, firmly believing they have no equal for family use. I will not

REV. B. R-, Washington, D. C.

A good Baptist clergyman of Bergen, N. Y., a strong temperance man, suffered with kidney trouble, neuralgia, and dizziness almost to blind ness, over two years after he was advised that Hop Bitters would cure him, because he was afraid of and prejudiced against the word "bit-Since his cure he says none need fear but trust in Hop Bitters.

My wife and daughter were made healthy by the use of Hop Bitters, and I recommend them to my people.—Methodist Clergyman, Mexico, N. Y.

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to women of past generations almost as well as to those of the present time. This well-known brand may be obtained of any enterprising merchant.

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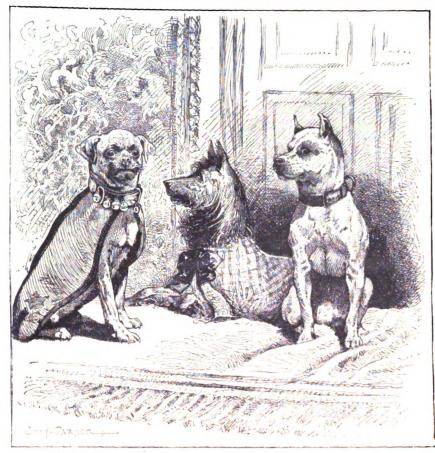
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Chromo Visiting Cards, no 2 alike, for 1888, name on, and Illustrated Premium List, 10c. Warranted best sold. Agents wanted. L. Jones & Co., Nassau, N.Y.

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MISS DE PUGH. NEWPORT.

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DE LA RATERIE, ESQ. LONG BRANCH.

FACETIÆ.

JOHNAY had come home from school several times within a month with various bruises on his face and body received in fights with his school-mates, and on the last occasion his mother threatened him with severe punishment if he ever engaged in a fight again. Only a few days after the small chap appeared with a black eye, and, scared by the stern maternal greeting, "Well, sir?" he departed from his usual truthful ways, and stammered,
"I fell down and hit my head on a stone."
"And which got the worst of it?" asked his big brother.

ther.
"Oh, the other fellow, you bet," answered Johnny, briskly. "He's gone home with two black eyes."

Mrs. Loverlowers (from her window, to new maid-serrant, who is at work in the garden). "What are you doing in the petunia bed, Norah?"
"Shure I'm pullin' up all the wild carrots, 'm, an' I'll have it all wed in a minuit, 'm."
"Are you sure that you know the weeds from the young plants?"
"Faith I am, 'm. They smells jist like tame carrots, 'm; an' I smells ivery wan soon's I pulls it up, 'm."
Mrs. Comers is one of the old-fashioned tear-up-and-tear-down-everything-at-once-and-turn-the-house-inside-out kind of house-cleaners, to the great discomfune of her easy-going husband and comfort-loving little daughter. Said the latter, after surveying the blank, bare, and desolate scene produced by this



A LINGERING IMPRESSION.

JULIA. "NOW, KENNETH DEAR, SINCE YOU KNOW THAT ADAM WAS THE FIRST MAN, TELL ME WHO WAS THE FIRST WOMAN."

KENNETH (fresh from the French governess). "A DAM-OISELLE."

spring's preparations for kalsomining, carpet-shaking, and so forth: "I hate to stay in this house now. It looks so 'shamed 'ithout any of its clothes on."

Why is a stage like a bird?—Because it has "wings" and "flies."

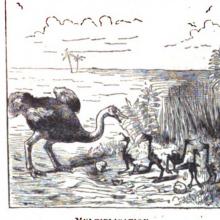
Mrs, W—— is a character in a certain country village. She is now an old woman, and lives in a small cottage

off the main street. A few days ago she met a lad driving a fine load of hay to market. She stopped him, inquired the quality and price of the hay, and after much deliberation ordered the boy to drive his horses into her yard. The place was rather strait for the wagon to enter, but he finally managed to drive in, and prepared to unload. Looking up to the lad, who, pitchfork in hand, was about to toss off the lany, she said, with great simplicity, "You may give me about enough for a hen's nest; I've been wanting it for some time."

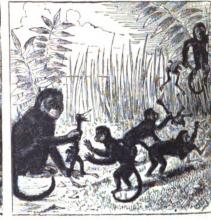


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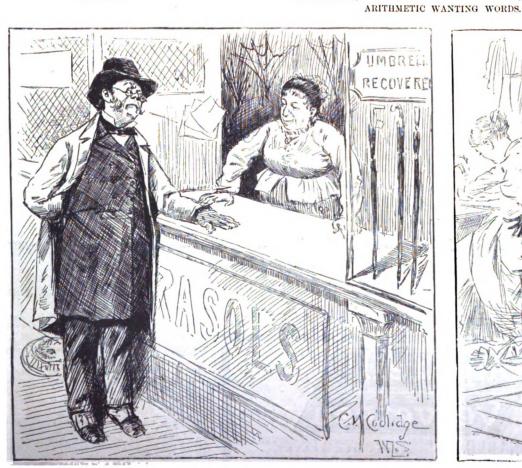




MULTIPLICATION.



DIVISION.



A DOUBTFUL CASE.

CONTOMER (who has lost his umbrella), "I SEE YOU HAVE A SIGN UP 'UMBRELLAS RECOVERED." COULD YOU RECOVER MINE? I LOST IT ABOUT A WEEK AGO."



KNIFE-PLEATING.

"I CAN BASE AND HEM WELL ENOUGH, BUT WHEN IT COME TO YO' KNIFE-PLEATIN', I'S 'FEARD O' MAKIN' A BOTCH."



Vol. XVI.—No. 28. Copyright, 1883, by Harder & Brothers.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1883.

TEN CENTS A COPY. WITH A SUPPLEMENT.



Fig. 1.—Mottled Wool Dress with Velvet Ribbon.—Front.—[For Back, . see Page 436.] For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—Cotton Satteen Dress with Embroidery.—Front.
[For Back, see Fig. 7, on Double Page.]—Cut Pattern,
No. 3471: Polonaise, 25 Cents; Skirt, 20 Cents.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-5.

Fig. 3.—Lace and Ribbon Mantle. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. 1V., Figs. 23-25.

DRESSING FOR DRIVING.

No one who has seen the coaching parade in New York can fail to have observed the extraordinary change which has come over the fashion in dress for this very conspicuous position. Formerly ladies wore black silks, or some dark or low-toned color in woollens or cotton or silk, for this amusement; and a woman who should have worn a white dress on top of a coach would have been considered as undesirably conspicuous ten years ago.

Now the brightest-colored and richest silks, orange, blue, pink, and lilac, dresses trimmed with lace flounces, dinner dresses in fact—all the charming confections of Worth or Pingat—are freely dis-

played on the coach-tops with the utmost recklessness, for every stable-boy to comment upon, for every idler to look at. The lady on the top of the coach without a mantle appears very much as she would at a full-dress ball or dinner. She then complains that sometimes ill-natured remarks float up from the gazers, and that the coaches are insulted. The fashion began at Longchamps and at Ascot, where, especially at the former place, a lady was privileged to sit in her victoria with her lilae silk full ruffled to the waist in the most perfect and aristocratic seclusion. Then the fast set of the Prince of Wales took it up, and rivalled each other in dressing for the public procession through London streets, where a lady became as prominent an object of observation as the Lord Mayor's

coach. It has been taken up and followed in America, with that exaggeration which is a part of our American way of following European fashions, until it has reached a climax of splendor and, if we may say so, inappropriateness that is a characteristic of the following of foreign fashions in this country. For is a white satin trimmed with lace or an orange silk the dress in which a lady should meet the sun, the rain, or the dust of a coaching expedition? Is it the dress in which she desires to meet the gazers at a crowded hotel in a crowded thoroughfare? What change of dress can there be to the drawing-room?

change of dress can there be to the drawing-room?

We are glad to see that the Princess of Wales, whose taste seems to be perfect, has determined to set her pretty face against

Digitized by

this exaggerated use of finery. She appeared recently in London, on top of a coach, in a suit of navy blue flannel. Again she and the Empress of Austria are described in dark neat suits of drup d'été, and also in broadcloth dresses. One can see the delicate figures and refined features of these two royal beauties in this neat and inconspicuous dress, and, as compared to the flaunting pink and white and lace and orange dresses of those who are not royal, how vulgar the excess of color becomes!

Our grandmothers travelled in broadcloth riding habits, and we often pity them for the heat and the distress which must have accompanied the heavy, high-fitting, long-sleeved garments, yet we can not but think they would have looked better on top of a coach than do their granddaughters, who must remember, when they complain of the roughs, that we have no aristocracy here whose feelings the mob is obliged to respect, and that the plainer the dress the less apt will they be to hear unpleasant epithets applied to In the present somewhat reprehensible Amazonian fashion, when a woman drives a man in her pony phaeton (he sitting several inches below her), there is no doubt much audacity suggested by a gay dress which is not intended. vulgar man, seeing a lady in white velvet, Spanish lace, a large hat, and her figure very much defined by her dress, does not have the idea of modesty or of refinement conveyed to his mind by the sight; he is very apt to laugh and to say something saucy. Then the lady says, "With how little respect women are treated in large cities, or at Newport, or at Saratoga!" Were she more plainly dressed in a dark foulard or an inconspicuous flannel or cloth dress, with her hat simply arranged, she would be quite as pretty, and better dressed for her work, and very much less apt to excite invidious comment. Women dress plainly enough when tempting the "salt sea wave, and also on horseback. Nothing could be simpler than the riding-habit, and yet is there any dress so becoming? But on the coach they can not be

Of course women can dress as they please, but if they please to dress conspicuously, they must be ready to take the consequences. A few years ago no lady would venture into the street unless a mantle or a shawl or a scarf covered her shoulders. It was a lady-like precaution. Then came the inglorious days of the "tied-backs," now fortunately no more, and the utter absence of any shield for the figure. It had, no doubt, its influence on the modesty of the age.

Better far, if women must parade their charms, were the courtly dresses of those beauties of Bird-cage Walk near Queen Anne's mansions, where "Lady Betty Modish" was born — full, long, bouffant brocades, hair piled high, long and graceful scarfs, and gloves reaching to the elbow. Even the rouge and powder were a mask to hide the cheek which did or did not blush as a pair of fiery eyes were fastened upon it. Let us not be understood, however, as extolling these The nineteenth-century beauty mounts a coach with none of these aids to shyness. No suggestion of hiding any of her charms occurs to her. She goes out on a coach without cloak or shawl, or anything but a hat on the back of her head and a gay parasol, between her and the eve of the gazer or a possible thunder-storm. These ladies are not members of an acclimatization society. They can not compel a new climate. Do they not suffer from cold? Do not the breezes go through them? Answer, all ye pneumonias and diphtherias and rheumatisms!

There is no delicacy in the humor with which the funny papers and the caricaturists treat these very exaggerated costumes. No delicacy is required. A change to a quieter style of dress would soon abate this treatment of which so many ladies complain. Let them dress like the Princess of Wales and the Empress of Austria when in the conspicuous high relief of the coach, and the result will be that ladies, married and single, will not be subjected to the insults of which so many complain, and of which the papers are full after every coaching parade.

Lady riders are almost never obliged to complain of the incivility of a passer-by. They are modest figures, and as a general thing nowadays riding well. A lady can alight from her horse and walk about in a crowded place without hearing an offensive word. She is properly dressed for her exercise.

Nor, again, is a young lady in a lawn-tennis suit assailed by the vulgar criticism of a vulgar looker-on. Thousands play at Newport, Saratoga, and other places of resort, with thousands looking on, and no one utters a word of criticism. The short flannel skirt and close Jersey are needed for the active runner, and her somewhat eccentric appearance is condoned. It is not considered an exhibition or a show, but a good healthy romp or play. People feel an interest and an anxiety in it. It is like the old pleasant merrymaking of the May-pole, the friendly jousts of neighbors on the common play-ground of the neighborhood, with the dances under the walnuttrees of sumy Provence. The game is an invigorating one, and even those who do not know it are pleased with its animation. It gives to the jaded overworkers of our American life a very sensible relaxation even to look at it. We have hitherto neglected that gymnastic culture which made the Greeks the graceful people that they were, and which added to the culture of the mind

People from the remote country districts, or Communists from Paris, gentlemen of a low turn of mind, find nothing to laugh at in either of these costumes of women of which we have spoken. But when they see a ball dress foisted high on a coach they do see something to laugh at, and women seldom come home from a coaching parade without a tingling cheek and a feeling of shame at some comment upon their dress and appearance. A young lady drove up to the Ocean House at Newport in a pony phaeton last sum-

mer, and was offended because a gentleman on the piazza said, "That girl has a very small waist, and she means us to see it." Who was to blame? The young lady was dressed in a very conspicuous manner; she had neither mantle nor jacket about her; she probably therefore did mean that her waist should be seen.

There is a growing objection all over the world to the hour-glass shape once so fashionable, and we must be glad to observe it as a tendency toward the more sensible form of dress, the respecting of the sacred health of woman, on whose vigor and strength the race depends. But if a woman still laces herself in to a sixteen-inch belt, and then clothes herself in brocade, satin, bright colors, and the most conspicuous manner, she should not object to the fact that men, seeing her throw aside her modesty, comment upon her charms in no measured terms. She has no one to blame but herself.

We might in commenting upon this overdressing say also that wonce deprive themselves of the advantage of contrast by this style of dress. Lace especially is for the house and for the full-dress dinner or ball. So of the light gay silks which have no fitness of fold or of texture for the climbing of a coach. If bright colors are desired, let ladies choose the merinos and nuns' veiling for these coaching dresses, or, better still, let them dress in dark colors, plain and inconspicuous dresses, which neither dust nor sun nor rain can injure. They are far more exposed to the elements than when on the deck of a yacht.

Nor is it any reason why American women should dress in red velvet and white satin on top of a coach because the fast set of the Prince of Wales do so in London. Let them remember the fact that the Queen had lent Windsor Castle to the Prince for the Ascot races, but when she learned that two fast American beauties were expected, she rescinded the loan, and told the Prince to entertain such guests elsewhere.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1883.

WITH A PATTERN-SHEET SUPPLEMENT.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN OFFER TO YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS.

For the best original drawing to illustrate Alfred Domett's "Christmas Hynn"—the drawing to be suitable for publication in Harper's Magazine, and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age—Messes. Harper & Brothers offer an award of THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.

The drawings must be received by Messes.

The drawings must be received by Messrs. Harrer & Brothers not later than August 1, 1883, addressed "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York"; and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, touther with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope accompanying the drawings, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.

Mr. R. Swain Gipford, N.A.; Mr. F. D. Millet, A.N.A.; and Mr. Charles Parsons, A.N.A., Superintendent of the Art Department, Harper &

BROTHERS, will act as judges of the competition.

It is intended to emprave the successful drawing as one page for Harren's Magazine of December, 1883; and should other drawings submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page Harren's Weekly, \$300; one page Harren's Young People, \$100.

If the judges should decide that no one of the drawings is suitable, Messus, Harrer & Brothers reserve the right to extend the limit of time and reopen the competition.

open the competition.

Two Christmas Hymns by Alfred Domett have been published. That published in 1837 is the one for the illustration of which artists are invited to compete, and a printed copy of it will be sent on application to

HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

IMPROVING THE SHINING HOURS.

In almost all houses of moderate means there is some one feminine member of the family whose time is not completely occupied, and who might turn it to profit and account if she bethought herself of the way—if not the mother and mistress of the family, then her mother or her husband's mother, her sister or her husband's sister, a dependent niece or an elder daughter.

When her share of household tasks is done there should be for such a one some spare hours that might be better filled than with too much fancy-work, too much novel-reading, or too much visiting, and too many shopping excursions. If she lives in the city she has little to fall back on, when inside her own dwelling, for this extra occupation, except the fancy-work, as almost any other employment amounting to any-

thing would take her out of the house into shop, or counting-room, or office, or the house of another. But if she lives in the country, in a house with a yard attached, she has ample means of employing herself with usefulness and to the enlargement of the family income. As every house that has a two-acre attachment, which will auswer for pasturage, can feed a cow for six or seven months in the year, most families can keep one, and make her pay for her winter food, besides furnishing something over, and all the running accompaniment of comfort, if not luxury, that comes with her posses sion. For this cow will furnish a surplus of milk-which all physicians declare to be as beneficial and nutritions as solid foodsaving the milk bill entirely and largely diminishing the butcher's; and the cream, being first taken off the milk used on the table and in cookery, will abolish the item of butter in the grocer's bill for a large part of the year, and produce great economy in the use of sugar, wine, spices, and flavor-ing extracts in its use as pudding sauce. There is a gratified pride in the production of butter that every housewife knows that has ever made it or had it made in her kitchen-we will not say dairy, as that might make the business seem too formal. And then this seeker for extra work will find there is a poetical side to it all as well --the lifting of the sweet cool skins of cream with its perfect tint, the spotless vessels that hold it, the churn that may be quite a dainty object in itself, the watching of the pretty chemistry, the gathering of the soft mass from the residue of buttermilk that little mouths and large ones are always ready for, its washing and repeated washing in sparkling water, its salting, its beating and moulding, its second working the next day, and its stamping; it is all the neatest and pleasantest light work imagi-nable. One's arm will hardly weary at the churn in such churning as one cow's or even two cows' cream affords, and, if it does, there is usually in every family one who relishes the opportunity of relieving it; and there is a convetion of cleanness and sweetness, with the wooden bowls and spatulas, about the whole operation that is agreeable. And when the butter balls are made attractive by neat little wooden prints with the maker's initials on them, or when bits of the substance are rolled between slender corrugated "spaddles," dropping out like glorified strawberries in shape, in addition to the feeling of one's usefulness in adding to the revenues of the family is the possible pleasure of having something unusual to send to some half-sick invalid, or to some city friend who might in her ignorance think such butter was the ambrosia on which the old gods maintained their substance intact. But where one keeps a cow one can also

keep bees. And, indeed, whoever has a yard ten fect square or so in the country can keep bees anyway, for they need only ground enough for their hives to stand on, and ask no favors, not even so much as a rose-bush at the gate, although they will thank you well and pay you well for putting one there. For of course the nearer you have your flowers to your hives, the less distance the bees will have to roam, and the less time they will take to make the honey. But your neighbor's field of buckwheat is as good for your bees as if it were your own, and undergoes no robbery in enriching you; a bass-wood tree beside your door will be as valuable while it blooms as the acres of violets and jasmines and honeysuckes that the perfume-makers of France strip for their fragrant dews; and if you have the yellowbanded Italian bee, whose long proboscis can penetrate the tubes of the red clover. he will seek no gardens of richer or costlier flowers so long as the clover is in blossom. Here, in the little hives, will be more honey than you can use in the year, even if the children love boney, a little for your neighbors, and for the sick who gargle their sore throats with sage tea and honey, and a little more for the market; while if berries fail and the "preserves" give out, there is always a box of honey that can be withdrawn, and do its duty on the table with more decoration, and with more sweetness too, than all the artificial sweetments the rarest cook can put together. And if in the little time and attention that the bees require one obtains any idea of the marvellous work of nature, of the inscrutability of its mysteries, of the miracle of the intelligence of the bees, of the complicated structure that, as has been observed, within the weight of two grains should compass powers to collect their different sorts of harvest, glue and wax and sting poison and honey, one may learn a lesson that will cause one to be less inclined to render snap-judgments upon the ways of Providence, and hold one's peace about what one can not understand.

But where a cow can be kept, and bees thrown in, what is there to hinder that woman of the family who has the most spare

time from attending to the needs of a few hens? If she knows how to piece patchwork together neatly, she has undoubtedly enough mechanical skill to set up a little inclosure with laths, and make it waterproof on the weather side with old boards, although the hammer and hatchet and saw be not strictly within the feminine province; and if she find it impossible, the man of the family may help her out in the small beginning, not to mention its being worth her while to hire the help rather than forego the hens. But that done, a single pair of hens and their lord will soon furnish her with all the increase she wants, She will give them clean roosts and "small feed" and water, and nests in rather shady spots, for the hen is a creature of reserves, and likes to keep her egg-laying a secret till she is ready to proclaim it, when she wants all the world to know all there is about it. Let her give her hens hot water to drink in the winter mornings, with some of the dinner scraps or meat trimmings to eat besides their grain, and not too much grease, and at night only the hard kernels, which will not freeze in their crops, and they will be laying so early in the season as to yield her eggs when they are forty cents a dozen, and scarce at that, and will want to sit in March itself, and give her spring chickens, which, if she keeps in a warm place and cossets a little, she will sell at fifty cents the pound before they are to be had in any but the great markets, and welcome there, paying all expenses, and making her little farm-yard clear gain. And over and above her profit in money she will find a world of anusement in watching the creatures, their half-human habits and resemblances, their comical ways, their selfishnesses and tyrannies, their hostilities and vanities, and in finding in the hen herself a singular illustration of life-for that life of hers is but one long, pitiful, although apparently enjoyable, act of maternity -laying her egg, brooding over it, bringing forth her family, scratching for them and protecting them, and the moment that they can scratch for themselves beginning the egg-laying over again.

And while pursuing the last two of these employments our friend will find that she has gained not only a little money and the delight of proving herself useful in surprising ways, but the health and strength and good cheer that come from all out-door occupation. And she will be still further rewarded by the consciousness that she has no idle time to reproach herself with in the making up of her account, while she can rank herself, with her butter, her eggs and chickens, and her bees, among the economists, the producers, and the observers of natural phenomena, even throwing a sop to the Cerberns who disputes her natural or political right to the ownership of her bit of land by doing as much with it as anybody else can do.

GHOST STORIES.

HOST stories have been more popular than any other, love stories excepted, since the world began. Everybody likes to hear them; every one likes to tell them. There is something in the contrast between the cozy gathering about the cheerful fireside of living, palpitating listeners and the poor shivering ghost outside which attracts while it gives us a cold chill. The fact that we totally disbelieve every particle of the story seems in no wise to detract from its weird effect of curdling the blood and making the hair of the flesh stand up. We are like Madame DE STAEL, who "did not believe in ghosts, but was mortally afraid We are always in hopes of beof them." ing able to believe, of establishing a link between the here and the hereafter; we see the weak places in the evidence, but the fascination remains; we can not free ourselves from it, and we are always expecting that some more trustworthy witness than any we have examined may be sworn in. All this indicates the inborn desire of immortality, of conscions existence, the aspiration of the finite for the infinite. But however eager we are to be assured of the existence of ghosts, there are perhaps few among us who would seek a personal encounter with one in a lonely wood or haunted house. We greatly prefer to take these experiences at second-hand, and run the risk of their authenticity.

"Even those whose faith is the most great In souls immortal shun them tite-a-tite,"

says Byron. It may be vastly entertaining to have a haunted house or room in the neighborhood, where the existence of spirits may be verified when one feels equal to the occasion; there is an excitement about it compounded of imagination and our unformulated conviction that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy. A family with a real immaterial ghost of its own has claims to



aristocracy which can not be disputed by the neighbors or the connections by mar-We believe that originally it was only the very oldest families which were endowed with a banshee; it was only the heroes at whose death the harps of the bards made plaintive murmurs, untouched by human fingers. It is difficult to define the fascination of the ghost story; it is akin to that which danger and adventure exact, and the most faithless among us resemble those of whom Imlac spoke in Rasselas, "Who deny with their tongues that the dead are seen, but confess it with their

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

MIDSUMMER BONNETS.

ONNETS of straw fringe are the novelty for midsummer. The entire bonnet is made of row after row of narrow colored fringe of fine straw with uncut ends, the loops being woven into a slight braid for heading, and lapped to conceal all but the fluffy fringe. These come in lavender, olive, blue, and red shades, and are in the small capote shape with a round cap crown. One of lavender fringe has a thick row of velvet violets all along its edges, a cluster of violet-colored ostrich tips, and narrow strings of lavender and violet ribbon. The straw braids that represent striped grass are liked for small bonnets and for the large shade hats that are worn in the country. The basket bonnets now represent great rushes braided together, and one of the caprices is to trim these with bunches of wheat or of straw, some of which is ripe and the remainder partly green.

Bulgarian linen scarfs with gay Turkish embroidery in each end are also pressed into the milliner's service, and are made to form entire hats, or else merely trim the large rough straw round hats, and to adorn the smallest capote. For round hats a frame is made with the front of the brim projecting downward and with a very narrow brim behind. This frame is then cover-ed smoothly with the plain écru or ivory white linen, and another narrow scarf is puffed around the crown, and the embroidered ends are displayed in loops or allowed to hang. White India scarfs with striped and fringed ends are also tied around the crown of rough straw hats. A large white mull bow forms the entire trimming on inexpensive Faval straw hats that are chosen for lightness and shade, and are made to last through one season in the country. The basket straw hats have sometimes an Alsacian bow made of two bunches of lilac blossoms, or other thickly clustered flowers with green leaves. Fruit is, however, most used on the plaited basket straw hats; currants, cherries, Hamburg grapes, strawberries, and peaches are all represented in their garniture. The most dressy round hats are the large Leghorns, with white lace frills inside and outside the brim, and white plumes, or else many crushed roses, either red or yellow, with perhaps one tightly tied bow of white or yellow velvet ribbon. The Langtry poke bonnet has the brim turned up squarely, and not bound with velvet as it formerly was, but this whole brim is covered on the outside with flowers, usually with roses stripped from their stems and without leaves. tes of grass straw, or of mignonette, on which humming-birds are poised, are pretty trimmings for country hats.

Valenciennes lace bonnets in close small Fanchon shape grow in favor for dressy summer wear. Irish point embroidery on muslin is also much used for trimming black and white straw capotes. Bonnets with cord crowns of silver, gilt, or straw are handsome with the brim covered with lace or The gathered crowns of tulle or of crinkled crape are also elegant with the brim made full by pleatings of lace of the color of the crown, or else thickly clustered small flowers or

VESTS AND CUT-AWAY JACKETS.

There is a return to vests and cut-away jackets in the tailor suits of serge, Cheviot, flannel, or cloth made for travelling, sea-side, and mountain dresses. A pretty illustration of this is given in the blue serge dress in Bazar No. 21, Vol. XVI. The vest may match the jacket or be of contrast ing color, red cashmere vests being much used with blue, green, or brown dresses; white piqué vests are also used, and liked for their appearance of coolness. Kid and chamois-skin vests are made by London tailors, while those seen here are of russet leather, bronze, or else of the natural alligator-skin with its écru brown shade and fine marking. The leather vests are made very narrow, and are sometimes merely sham vests set on like a border on the front of the jacket, but those of cashmere or piqué are genuine in shape, being sewed to the shoulder seam and under-arm seams of the jacket. The skirt of the soft wool dress worn with these jackets may be laid in lengthwise pleats from top to bottom, and be entirely without drapery or overskirt, but if the wearer is slight and tall there is usually a short tablier drapery which serves to enlarge the hips. Clear dark blue, brown, and gray are the colors most seen in the wool dresses for long journeys on steamers, and these are accompanied by a close turban, made of the dress goods, laid in many folds and wrinkles, and without other trimming.

WHITE MUSLIN DRESSES.

For simple white dresses for morning wear in the summer plain French nainsook and Victoria lawn are used, with embroidery for trimming, The plainest styles are seen on many of these, with the apron over-skirt very deep, or else a front of ten box pleats that are easily laundried, and the embroidery has the effective polka dots and scallops that are found to wear well. A single

wide breadth of the muslin forms the back draperv. and is edged all around with the embroid-To drape this so that it can be undone when laundried, buttons and loops are used on each side, and once in the middle of the breadth. Two gathered dotted frills, or else only one with a pleated muslin frill, make a pretty footing. The basque may be round on the hips or with square ated back and pointed front, with the scalloped frill outlining a vest, and forming a standing frill around the neck, or shaped into a Byron collar. The ten box pleats down the front and side breadths hang loose from the foundation skirt, and are each two and a half inches wide, with the edging across them where they fall on the frills. Another design has two deep pleatings in front in fan shape, edged with open Hamburg work in block designs. These fans have nine pleats on each side, meeting in the middle; long narrow panels on the side trimmed all around with the subsciletal large large. with the embroidery lap forward on these fans; instead of looped back drapery this has the muslin in puffs falling on two embroidered flounces at the foot. For round basques a row of insertion is let in around the entire outline, and a scalloped ruffle is then added. The double ruffle or the plain cuff of embroidery turned back is pre-ferred for sleeves. For those who like puffs at the armhole they are now cut to stand very high and the shirring is put below the puff instead of above it, and shapes it closely to the arm. For light mourning or for elderly ladies rows of the insertion that is known as revering are placed in the pleated flounces that are used for trimming, and also in the basque and above the hem of the apron over-skirt. The dressiest white muslins are those with the imported embroidered flounces, which are sometimes deep enough for one to suffice for the whole skirt, while others have two flounces, and still others have several narrow flounces. If the muslin is bought separate from the flounces, that with large embroidered sprigs is chosen, or with single detached flowers like daisies and roses. The Parisian white dresses are of the sheerest mull or nainsook, made up in most simple fashions, but elaborately trimined with the imitation Valenciennes laces that are now made in new designs that have feathery edges and small sprays that do not cover the meshes. White ottoman repped ribbons are made into large bows for the corsage, sleeves, sides of skirt, and the tournure of such dresses. The new red and blue studes are also used in satin and in velvet ribbon.

. FANS.

Fans are of medium size, neither very small nor extremely large, and measure about eleven and a half inches on the outside sticks. Embroidery, hand-painting, and lace are the decorations for nice fans, and these are displayed on gros grain, satin, kid, or on transparent lisse, mounted on sticks of bone, white ivory, the new stained ivory, carved wood, shell, and pearl. Plain fans for \$2 50 or \$3 have painted satin tops, with sticks of white bone that resemble ivory. The novelty is embroidery of butterflies or peacocks in their natural colors on white silk or satin, and a still later caprice has birds' heads wrought all over the satin which is either white or black. The heads of cocks, parrots, pea-fowls, impians, and of many other birds of gay plumage are represented on each fan. The hand-painted fans on kid or white satin have Watteau landscapes signed by well-known French painters, and are mounted on white ivory sticks, or else the sticks are of the new stained ivory of a golden brown shade that is now in vogue for many fancy articles, such as parasol handles, boxes, brushes, etc. Red or gold-colored satin fans are decorated with the birds that are now in favor for embroidery, and their ivory sticks are gilded. Pocket fans for travelling are of black silk, with ebonized wood sticks that are shortened when put in the pocket; these are \$5, but with shell sticks they are \$18. Ostrich-feather fans for winter have a thick plume -white or black-mounted on each stick of amber-colored tortoise-shell, or with pearl sticks tinted like opals. For ladies in mourning are fans of black gros grain, with dark shell sticks; when the wearer has laid aside her mourning dress these fans can be decorated by hand-painting. Children's fans only seven or eight inches deep come in white silk painted with butterflies and small flowers, rose-buds, and forget-me-nots; they are mounted on bone sticks. The lace fans are the most costly of all, and are now mounted on thin white crêpe lisse instead of silk, and are thus transparent and more delicate-looking; some times the sticks of pearl or ivory are pointed all the way to the end of the lace, and thus support its fine texture. Another novelty is the use of both painting and lace on one fan, the lace serving as a sort of frame for a large painted landscape in the centre, or for two or three medallions placed at irregular intervals. Chantilly, point de Venise, Valenciennes, duchesse, and Spanish laces are all seen in these fans, and some covers com-bine two kinds of lace. Tortoise-shell sticks are preferred for black lace fans, and pearl sticks for white lace. For pretty and inexpensive fans those of Japanese paper are chosen with flowers painted by hand on gilt or silver grounds. The Tuscan straw fans fold into a small compass, and are liked for pocket fans and for general use. Satteen fans are mounted to match the dress with which they are worn.

FICHUS, FRILLS, ETC.

The newest white mull fichus have the edges wrought in Irish point embroidery, or else they are trimmed with Valenciennes lace. The first days of the heated term restored to favor the sheer mull neckerchiefs that are more pleasant to wear than the smallest of linen collars, and do not become limp and soiled so soon as frills. There are few new designs among these. white centres, with rows of red or blue dots and scallops as a border done in tambour-work, are among the prettiest mull squares for the neck.

There are also very fine buff, pink, and pale blue organdy squares with rose-buds printed on them, and their wide hem is neatly hem-stitched. Embroidered muslin is pleated into shape as a standing collar with curved fronts, and finished with a collarette to hold it in place. The plain linen bands worn outside the dress collar are sometimes turned over about half an inch along the upper edge, and a fall of lace three inches wide gathered to the turned-over edge, and droops from it. The standing English collars with turn-ed-over points in front have never gone entirely out of use, and are very generally worn since the warm weather set in. Lisse pleatings are now very full in cluster pleats made of a box pleat five or six folds deep, and falling outward; a hem or narrow pointed edging of Valenciennes or point d'esprit lace is the pretty finish to these. larettes of lace take the form of high ruffs, or else they are merely a row of lace turned down over ribbon to pass around the neck, and below this are two jabots side by side, giving a square effect. Others are arranged to fill in the square open neck of the dress.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; AIT-KEN, Son, & Co.; STERN BROTHERS; and TIFFANY & Co.

PERSONAL.

A VALUABLE collection of books has been given to the Mechanics' Library of Bangor, Maine, by Hon. Hannibal Hamlin.

—A native of Japan, Hidesabo Saze, who graduated at Cornell University last year, and married a young lady of Indianapolis, is now employed by the Japanese government in its agricultural department, with a salary of thirteen thousand dollars.

—One of the Apache chiefs captured by General Crook, Loco, is the head of the royal family of Maugas Colorado.

—The lieutenant in command of the Greeley

The lieutenant in command of the Greeley Relief Expedition, ERNEST A. GARLINGTOG graduated from West Point in 1876, and he served in all the campaigns of the Seventh Cav-

alry since then.

-Among the speakers at the Decoration day exercises at North Adams, Massachusetts, was HARRY GARFIELD, of Williams College, eldest son of President GARFIELD.

-The husband of Modjeska, Count Charles BOZENTA CHLAPOWSKI, was made an American citizen in San Francisco the other day.

—On her birthday the Condessa de Barral c

Pedra Branca, of Brazil, gave liberty to forty of her slaves, the last she owned, having then freed one hundred in all.

-Three gentlemen, one of them an American, DIBDIN's grave at Camden Town, which is now in a state of neglect, with the epitaph on it, "Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling."

—The sister of ex-Governor Safrond, of Arisan two humans of the state of the sister of ex-Governor Safrond, of Arisan two humans of the state of the state

zona, Dr. Mary Safford, has taken two hundred acres of land in Florida, and intends to

plant a colony and establish a sanitarium to at-tract invalids from all the States. —A dictionary of the Swatow dialect, the first

—A dictionary of the Swatow dialect, the first work of its kind ever published, has been prepared by Miss A. W. FIELDE, who has been a missionary to Swatow, China, for the past four years, and is at present visiting America.
—That M. CELERTIN HIPPEAU, who died in Paris May 31, was shut out by his liberal ideas from the place in the French Academy to which the was so instly entitled by his admirable as he was so justly entitled by his admirable ar-chaeological, historical, and educational works, proves that the same spirit still actuates the Forty Immortals which inspired the epigrammatic epitaph,

· Ci-gît Piron, qui n'était rien, Pas même academicien."

M. HIPPEAU made many friends in this country on the occasion of his visit in 1868, when he was on the occasion of his visit in 1868, when he was commissioned by the Ministry of Public Instruction to examine the schools here. His voluminous report effected marked improvement in the French schools, and was followed by other works on public instruction in Russia, Sweden, and other countries, that on France winning last year the Pérrinks prize of 10,000 francs. He was for thirty-six years a member of the French University, and was the intimate friend of the most distinguished littérateurs and savants of France. Notwithstanding his eighty years, he France. Notwithstanding his eighty years, he

reance. Notwithstanding his eighty years, he retained his vigor to the last, leaving four works nearly completed at his death.

—General Joshua Baker, of Louisiana, who was on General Jackson's staff, is the oldest living graduate of the Military Academy of West

-Land worth twenty-five thousand dollars, to be added to the Sea-side Park, has been given by Mr. P. T. Barnum to Bridgeport, Connecticut, provided the town will at once spend nine hundred dollars upon it.

—Mrs. Lucy Hooper says of Edwin Booth

—Mrs. LICY HOOPER says of EDWIN BOOTH that his youthful beauty, modified now into a severer type, is undiminished by years, and that, surrounded by countless temptations, he has led a life as blameless and free from scandal as that of any innocent and high-minded woman.

-Mr. George Henschel is to sing before the Queen.
—Mrs. Stowe spends the summer at Old Or-

chard Beach.

—Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton was a guest at the Greek Play entertainment just given by Lady Freake at Cromwell House; among the other guests were Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Reskin, and Oscar Wilde. The Prince of Wales looked in at one of the rehearsals.

—Mrs. Lucy Stone, the wife of Mr. Henry Blackwell, is a graduate of Oberlin College, of the class of 1847.

of the class of 1847.

—PIERRE LORILLARD is to present plaster casts of the Central American antiquities to the Smithsonian Institution of Washington, —Brignott has composed a march and a serenade in honor of Lord and Lady LORNE.

-Mr. WILLIAM ASTOR is reported to have given Messrs. Cramp & Son an order to build him the fastest steam-vacht in the world.

-Nilsson is said to treat her throat as tenderly as a baby; Kellogo never eats for some hours before singing, and does not venture out-doors for the same length of time; MINNIE HAUK goes to bed and remains for days in complete silence; EMMA ABBOTT hangs blankets at her doors and windows to exclude draughts;

GERSTER wears a warm shawl in-doors all the time; MARIE ROZE trusts to luck, and takes no precautions

—Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Waters (Mrs. Clara Erskine Clement) make the first stop in their tour round the world at the cattle ranch of Mr. Erskine Clement, in the Pan-Handle, Texas. The wife of Mr. Erskine Clement is a granddaughter of John Quincy Adams.

—Miss Kellogg has rented for the summer a place on the mountain-side in New Hartford, built by a Russian gentleman, and charmingly

-Sixty years ago Mr. WHYTE MELVILLE, the

—Sixty years ago Mr. Whyte Melville, the father of the novelist, was captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club at St. Andrews, and has just accepted the position again.

—Mr. Ruskin lately complimented M. Chesneld by saying, "You may take his judgments for my own; they are quite as careful, and being in French, the true language of criticism, they are nearly always better put."

—Loris Melikov, former Minister of the Interior in Russia, and Delianov, at present Minister of Public Instruction there, are grandchildren of the Armenian Shafras who brought the Orloff diamond to Russia. Orloff diamond to Russia.

The late Lady Waldegrave added a drawing-room, dining-room, billiard-hall, and a dozen bedrooms, on a floor above the level of the rest of the house, to Horace Walpole's house at Strawberry Hill. The grounds consist maintained a process of the level of the rest of the house, the language of the level of the strawberry Hill. ly of a vast unbroken lawn like a mowing field.

—For the first time since he started on his Oriental journey, a year and a half ago, news has been received from Dr. OBERMEYER, Professor of Asiatic at the University of Vienna. He has been invited to visit Teheran by the Shah's brother Prince April Marg. ther, Prince ABBAS MIRZA.

-One of the Queen's physicians, Dr. Andrew Clark, diseards all stimulants.
-The husband of Mrs. Harrison, the daugh-

ter of CHARLES KINGSLEY, has just been appointed to the vicarage of Clovelly, in the district made famous in Westward Ho! and enthusiastically loved by the author of that book.

—Archibald Forbes says he never looked

on a finer man than Skobblorf—a lofty fore-head, chestnut curls, clear blue eyes, straight nose, beautiful mouth, cleft chin; six feet high,

nose, beautiful moutin, clert eling is a feet light, straight as a pine, square shoulders and deep chest, with a debonair fearlessness of bearing, he looked every inch a king.

—Mr. LABOUCHERE says that Mrs. John Biogram, when her husband was Minister to France, was an ideal centre of American society, that sociability and cordinlity abounded in her salon, and there was not a trace of the rastouquerie now the plague of Paris. Mrs. BIGELOW, he adds, was a Quakeress, and held to the simple ways of the Friends, and still kept the bloom and piquancy for which she was noted as Miss

and piquancy for which she was noted as Miss JENNY POULTENEY.

—WHISTLER has been awarded a medal at the Salon. Most of the French artists sell their medals, either from carelessness or an affected disdain. Sargent is suid to have sold the one given him for the "El Jaleo."

—A descendant of Cauranus the Dale of Value of Value

given him for the "El Jalco."

A descendant of Columbus, the Duke of Veragua, raises bulls for the bull-fighting amphitheatres of Madrid and Seville. He looks like his famous ancestor, and is about forty.

—CARLOTTA, the ex-Empress of Mexico, is said to have recovered from her inscrity. Her hair

to have recovered from her his may. Her dan is entirely white. She spends much of her time in the study of music.

—A bust of a lady of the time of MARY Queen of Scots, carved in ivory by MOREAU VAUTHIER, is on exhibition in London, valued at twenty-live hundred dollars, and exquisitely modelled. The high ruff is of silver, to look like lace, and the pattern of the heavy silk brocade of the gown is laboriously wrought in the ivory. The bust stands on a pedestal of Algerian onyx. Mr. VANDERBILT owns works by the same artist.

The only woman in the country who is an assayer, and the principal of the Denver School of Mines, Mrs. Mary Krom, is making a tour of California

-A gold snuff-box, with a portrait of the Czar set in brilliants, has been received by Admiral Baldwin, to mark the Czar's appreciation of the courtesy of the United States in sending a

special envoy to Moscow.

The first Spanish lady who has gained a degree in medicine and surgery is Doña Martinea CASTELLO, lovely and learned. She has taken honors in Latin, hygiene, history, mathematics, and physiology, and was made a Bachelor of Arts in 1877. —Robert Small, ex-Congressman, of South

Carolina, retains such an affection for the family of his former owner in the days of slavery that, finding the widow in want, he took her to his own house, gave her his best rooms, sent her for her own private table the best the market afforded, placed his horses and carringes at her disposition, and never failed to address her deferentially, as if she and not he conferred the favor.

—Dr. Quinlan, of Dublin, has found the com-

mon mullein, used in decoction, a valuable alleviating remedy in consumption.

—In 1840 it was stated by Harriet Marti-

NEAU that there were seven occupations open to women in Massachusetts; now there are two hundred and eighty-four.

—The finest spread at Harvard Class Day this year is given by some Japanese young men.

—Mr. LAWRENCE HUTTON, who has devoted much time and women the much time and women to the collection of the

much time and money to the collection of the bric-à-brac of the stage, has lately taken to collecting death masks, which give, it is said, such a ghastly effect that a guest coming upon the room unaware might believe he had happened upon Blue-beard's famous and forbidden apartment.

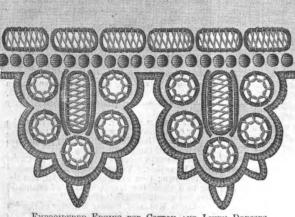
—It has been shown by Professor HENRY

Morron, of the Stevens Institute of Technology, New Jersey, that at slight expense electricity could be used to propel street cars and run the most complicated machinery, by a simple contrivance which might exceed in value the in-

trivance which might exceed in value the invention of the telephone.

—The son of Prince Napoleon who enters Cheltenham College is not the first royal or imperial pretender, refugee, or captive to enter English schools, the son of Theodore of Abysinia, Prince Aleymayn, having been first received there by Dr. Jex-Blake, the Duke of Genoa having been under Matthew Arollo, the King of Spain having been at Sandhurst, the the King of Spain having been at Sandhurst, the son of NAPOLEON III. at Woolwich, Prince HAS-SAN of Egypt and Prince SOOTCHAI of Siam hav-ing been at Oxford, and Don JAIMÉ, the son of ning been at Oxford, and Don JAIME, the son of Don Carlos, being now at the Jesuit college near Windsor.

JU



EMBROIDERED EDGING FOR COTTON AND LINEN DRESSES,



CHAMBÉRY DRESS .- FRONT. [For Back, see Fig. 11, on Double Page.] For description see Supplement.

button-hole stitch-

e l edge are in blue, while the square in

point de toile and the point d'esprit filling are in écru.

Letter Box.

Figs. 1-4. This pretty and convenient box is designed to be hung

on the wall in the sitting-room or li-brary, in order to

hold letters that accumulate rapidly. Unanswered letters

are kept in the box at the top, and those already answered are dropped through a slit the bottom, and fall

into the net below. A cigar box seven

inches long, five inches wide, and three inches high serves as a founda-tion for the one il-

five inches long and half an inch

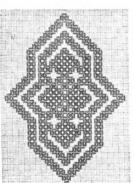
lustrated.

Embroidered Edging for Cotton and Linen Dresses.

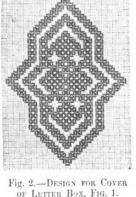
This edging for washing dresses is worked with Turkey red cotton in overcast and button-hole stitch, with the lace stitches in the open figures darned in with white lace thread.

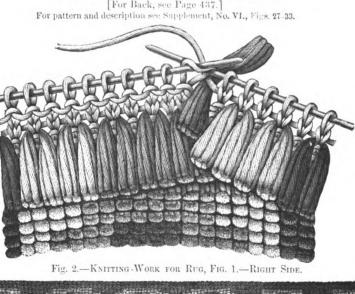
Antique Lace for Tidies, etc.

This lace has a square-meshed ground netted with écru flax thread, in which the pattern is darned partly in similar thread and partly in blue cot-The small blocks at the top, the large wheels, and the



OF LETTER BOX, Fig. 1.





BLACK LACE RUCHE WITH PLASTRON.

wide is cut in the bottom, and the inside is lined with olive cotton satteen; the satteen is first pasted on stiff paper, which is then pasted into the box after the edges have been bound with a narrow strip of the same material. The outside is faced with écru Aïda canvas, or-namented with embroidery in the designs given in Figs. 2 and 3. Fig. 2 gives the design for the

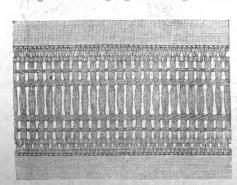
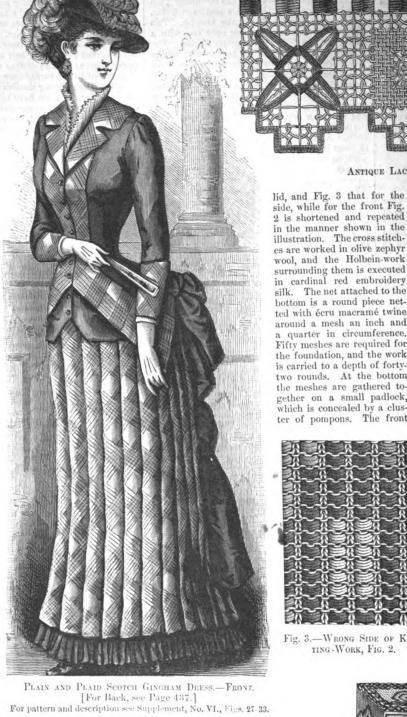


Fig. 1 .- DRAWN-WORT BORDER FOR LINEN COVERS AND TIDIES.





silk. The net attached to the bottom is a round piece net-

ted with écru macramé twine around a mesh an inch and a quarter in circumference.

a quarter in circumiterence.
Fifty meshes are required for
the foundation, and the work
is carried to a depth of fortytwo rounds. At the bottom
the meshes are gathered together on a small padlock,
which is concealed by a clus-

which is concealed by a cluster of pompons. The front

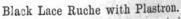
-WRONG SIDE OF KNIT

TING-WORK, FIG. 2.

Fig. 1.—LETTER Box. [See Fig. 2; and Figs. 3 and 4, Page 437.]

and sides of the net are ornament-ed with crochet rosettes, one of which is shown in twothirds the full size in Fig. 4, page 437. They are worked with olive zephyr wool on a small brass ring as a foundation; in the first round twenty-eight double crochet are worked around the ring, and then closed with a slip stitch, and in the second, and in the second, scallops composed of five chain stitch-es are worked at regular intervals. Long chain stitch-es in red silk are worked on the surworked on the sur-face, and a brass button is placed over the opening at the centre. The upper edge is fin-ished with a nar-cove greehet border row crochet border

and 4, Page 437.]
fastened down with red silk. The box is provided with a small brass lock on the front, and with eyes to hang it by at the back.



the consists of black lace two inches and a half wide, arranged in triple box pleats, which are bound at the lower edge with ribbon that is covered with a row of similar lace and studded with jetted silk tassels. For the plas-

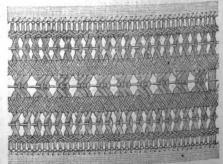


Fig. 2.—Drawn-work Border for Linen COVERS AND TIDIES.

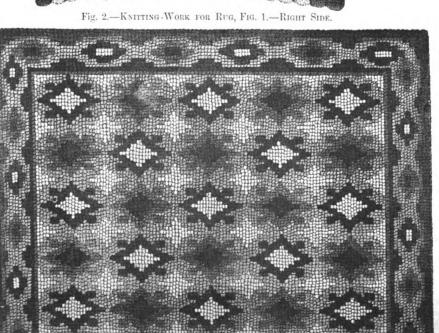


Fig. 1.—Knitted Rug.—[See Figs. 2 and 3; and Figs. 4 and 5, Page 437.]





MOTTLED WOOL DRESS WITH VELVET RIBBON.—BACK.—[For Front, see Fig. 1, on Front Page.] For description see Supplement.



PLAIN AND PLAID SCOTCH GINGHAM DRESS.—BACK. [For Front, see Page 436.] For pattern and description see Suppl., No. VI., Figs. 27-33.

tron a yard and a quarter of lace seven inches wide is joined by both the pleated ends to the ribbon band, gathered at the round lower end, and pleated up under without the property of the

a ribbon bow. A pointed piece of jet passementerie eleven inch-

es long and three inches wide at the top is set along each side,



PRINTED FOULARD DRESS.
BACK.—[For Front, see Fig.
3, on Double Page.]
For description see
Supplement.

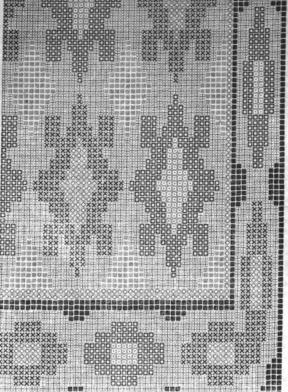


Fig. 4.—Design for Knitted Rug, Fig. 1, on Page 436.

Description of Symbols: Dark Brown; Light Brown; Dark Blue; Light Blue; Maroon; Dark Green; Orange.



Fig. 5.—Detail of Knitting-Work for Rug, Fig. 1, Page 436.



For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 34-41.

Embroidered Watch

Stand.

The stand consists of a polished brass frame supporting a shield that is faced with bronze plush, the whole resting on a block covered with similar plush. The plush on the face of the shield is decorated with embroidery, for which the full-



KEY BASKET.

plied vine of light leather leaves, veined in peacock blue silk. A small mounted bird is fastened on each side below the handle, and a cluster of peacock blue silk pompons at each end. The handle is covered with plush and trimmed with similar pompons. A pagrow scalloped

similar pompons. A narrow scalloped edging in crochet of peacock blue wool

with a box-pleated piece of wide lace between the two.

Key Basket.

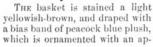
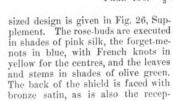




Fig. 3.—Design for Side of Letter Box, Fig. 1, P. 436.





Figs. 1 and 2.—Dress for Girl from 3 to 7 Years old.—Back and Front.—Cut Pattern, No. 3473:
Price, 20 Cents.

Embroidered Watch Stand. For design see Supplement, No. V., Fig. 26.

tacle for the chain behind it. A hook at the top holds the watch.

Drawn-work Borders.—Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 436.

These borders are used to ornament covers and tidies of linen canvas or of coarse linen with even distinct threads that are easily counted. Fig. 1 is composed of five open spaces; for the middle one of these fourteen lengthwise threads are removed, for the two on

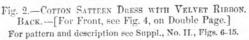


Cashmere and Satin Merveilleux Dress.—Back.—[For Front, see Fig. 12, on Double Page.] For description see Supplement.



Fig. 1.—BLACK SATIN MERVEILLEUX AND LACE DRESS.

For description see Supplement.





PLAIN AND PLAID WOOL DRESS.
BACK.—[For Front, see Fig. 6, on
Double Page.]—Cut PATTERN, No.
3472: BASQUE, OVER-SKIRT, AND
SKIRT, 20 CENTS EACH.
For description see Supplement.

each side five, and for the one at the edge four. Three threads are left in the spaces between the openings, except for the narrowest, where there are only two. The edges are secured by even button-hole stitches worked with linen thread, and the loose threads are separated into even strands of six threads each by herring-boning on the spaces between as shown in the illustration. In Fig. 2 there are three wide open spaces, for each of which twelve threads are drawn out and nine threads are left in the intervals between, and on each side after an interval of three threads four more threads are drawn out. For the fastening along each edge a slanting stitch taken diagonally over three threads in height and three in width and a horizontal stitch catching together the same three crosswise threads are worked alternately. On the close spaces of the border are double herring-bone seams, which are worked in two rows, the upper one taking up the strands that were passed over in the under A linen thread is run through the centre of each open space, separating the loose threads into even strands, that are crossed as shown in the illustration, by taking up each second strand on the needle before the preceding one and drawing it under the latter.

Knitted Rug.—Figs. 1-5.

See illustrations on pages 436 and 437.

The rug here illustrated is a knitted copy of a Smyrna rug. It is worked with gray merino wool, which forms the back or body of the rug, and with Germantown wool of various colors, cut into short tufts, for the pile or face. Fig. 1 shows the rug in miniature, and Fig. 4 on page 437 gives the design in symbols, together with a list of the colors which the symbols represent. The details of the work are shown in Figs. 2, 3, and 5. For the sake of convenience in working, the rug is divided crosswise and knitted in several strips, which are carefully joined according to the pattern when they are all completed. The work is plain knitting in rows forward and back on coarse steel needles that are furnished with a knob at one end. Begin by preparing a quantity of the colored Germantown wool, cutting it lute short ends two inches long. To make them perfectly even this is done by winding them around a wooden rod, such as is shown in Fig. 5, and then cutting through along the hollowed side. As the hollow is three simply for convenience in cutting, any ordinary ruler of the required size will answer quite as well. Cast on the stitchs with the gray merino wool, not more than forty-two, counting one stitch for each symbol of the design, and allowing an inch to turn in at the sides and ends. The tufts are worked in in each forward row as follows: * Knit the next stitch, take a tuft composed of ends of Germantown wool of the color represented by the next symbol, and place it between the stirch just knitted and the next in the manner shown in Fig. 2, with the shorter end toward the front, then knit the next stitch, after which bring the back end to the front and hold it down with the thumb; continue to repeat from *. Two stitches with the two ends of one of the tafts thus inserted represent two symbols of the design. The following row is in plain knitting, and the two rows are repeated alternately throughout. The rug here illustrated is a knitted copy of a Smyr-

THE CAPTAIN OF PLYMOUTH.

By EDITH ROBINSON.

MILES STANDISH sat on the fence, wrapped in meditation. Life had of late been troublous with him; many things had conspired to make existence both a burden and a puzzle. He had known luxury and careful housing and the most punctilious attendance, and he had experienced poverty and starvation and cankering care, whilst those who had once served him with eager hands passed without a glance or with words of contumelv. He had been the chief of his race transplanted to the Western wilds. Chief was he still, but, alas! under what different circumstances from that hour when, amidst acclamation and heart-felt welcome, the colony-the first of all their race who had reached that spot - were received as honored guests. Yet luxurous warmth and bit-ter cold, flattery and contumely, plenty and starvation, were but dim in the past now effaced by the awful Present. And yet in the midst of astonishment, horror, devouring care, there glowed a brightening ray of pride that he did not seek to conceal from himself. That morning, on visiting his Puritan household, he had found himself the unexpected father of sixty-seven children.

It was at a military post in Montana, and Miles Standish was a fine young rooster - Plymouth Rock, pure breed. Two months before, Jack Dundas, the major's son, had come to the station to spend his vacation, which had been lengthened by piecing at both ends. For weeks before he had dreamed and talked of this visit, and had been the envy of every boy at school, for was not he to travel all the way across the continent, to see the prairies and the buffaloes, and deer and mustangs, and, more than all, the Indians in all their glory? For the post at which Major Dundas was stationed was known to be two hundred and fifty miles from the railroad, was garrisoned by two full companies, and was the last fort on the frontier. There was hunting; real deer and buffaloes and bears to be shot—not musk-rats and birds, the extent of the sport around the school-and fishing, and wild rides of miles over the prairies. there was a possibility of killing a grizzly, of wearing his claws in a necklace proudly as ever Grecian hero wore his wreath of laurel, of "greasing" the leader of a drove of magnificent wild horses for one's very own, of lassoing a buffalo, and -Jack's heart beat high at the thoughtof taking part in a real Indian fight. At the mere possibility of that last there was not a boy at school who would not have given all his hope of scholastic glory to have changed places with

Jack Dundas.

Poor Jack! He could not bear to reveal the disappointment of which he was the victim as one by one his illusions were torn or faded away. To none of his fellows could he write the heartbreaking awakening from the beautiful dream.

The fort was situated but a few miles from town-a real town, with stores, a bank, two churches, and brick sidewalks. It was not the stockaded log building bristling with guns he had pictured. The station consisted of frame houses.

painted white, with green blinds, mostly a story and a half in height. They were in the form of a hollow square, the officers' one side, the men's the other, the store-houses at the end. There was no hunting to speak of, and no fishing nearer than ten miles. The table was not supplied with venison and buffalo steak, but consisted in great part of canned goods bought of the commissary. Then the officers did not dress like frontiersmen, with fringed petticoats, and belts stiff with revolvers and bowie-knives, like Cooper's creations or the heroes on the covers of dime novels, but much like gentlemen in other parts of the world. Nobody seemed to want to fight, to have the least thirst for glory; there was no one who kept a stick notched with the number of Indians he had killed, or who had sworn to devote his life to exterminating them. But perhaps, after all, the heaviest part of Jack's disappointment was that everybody seemed to think he was a boy. He was nearly fourteen, and at that age, as is well known, he was competent to take the command of a fleet or army, to be captain of a "topsail schooner of one hundred and sixty tons," with a hundred lives dependent on him, to run a steam boat or engine, or perform feats of such heroic daring as would make one's hair stand on end. It was all well enough at school, but here he did expect something different. To begin with, his father kissed him: to be sure, they had not met for five years, and Jack was inclined to excuse this want of tact, for he felt an unmanly desire to return the embrace, though there were two officers, the lieutenant and the doctor, looking on. He was introduced to Mrs. James, the captain's wife, who would call him "dear," and who amiably promised to "look out for him." Jack's heart swelled with wrath, and he made up his mind that when the Indians did make their attack Mrs. James would not be the lady he should rescue single-handed from a score of blood-thirsty savages. He was not to live with his father, or even to be at his father's mess, but found himself disposed of at the captain's table with the "other children." Jack actually overheard that. The captain had seven children, and they all fought, and their mother placidly sat and smiled at them, and never made an effort to stop the wrangling. A West-ern station is a paradise for children. Mrs. James herself was a tranquil lady, whose "constitutional grin" put Jack in constant fear that like Alice's Cheshire cat, she was about to dissolve and leave

They made him go to Sunday-school until that institution came to an untimely end by the children deciding that they had had enough of it, and so informing their elders. If there was one thing more than another that hurt Jack here, it was the sight of the doctor sitting on the fence with the lieutenant, and smiling as he went by. The doctor was a cynical young man with eyeglasses, and Jack always had an uncomfortable feeling in his presence that he was being thoroughly understood to every corner and cranny. The ladies talked to him about school and lessons; he was invited to a picnic with them and the children; his father took him to the theatre when a travelling company came to the town; the men petted him; he had to dress as carefully as at school, and was not allowed to wear a revolver or a bowie-knife; and there was not a spark of glory, or a chance for him to distinguish himself, or a buffalo, or a real Indian.

So one by one were his illusions dispelled, The droves of horses whose leader he was to capture were owned by settlers, and it would have gone hard with anybody who had tried to lasso any of them, for out West the commandment reads, "Thou shalt not steal-horses." Buffaloes underwent transformation into eattle, for most of the people about were engaged in stock-raising, from Mike Sweeny, who had come to the valley ten years before a common laborer, and who was now, through sheer hard work and close attention to business, the richest man in the State, to two elegant vouths from an Eastern city who spent their winters in their native town, leaving their cattle pretty much to themselves mean They were losing money faster than they would ever make it, likewise all the funds their fathers or too-confiding friends would advance to them. And they said there was no money in the thing-to themselves; but to their friends and relatives they expatiated on the splendid thing they were making out of it. There are two remarkable facts in the unknown-to those at home -progress of those smitten with the cattle-raising fever: one is, they are always making money; the other, nobody ever sees the cash.

Grizzly bears were as rare as in the streets of a city; and as for Indians, the only one Jack had seen was one who frequented the fort, but who appeared to have abandoned the scalping for the moccasin business. He was called Zanoni, which was not his name, but was something like it and had been bestowed on him by some officer, impatient of the unpronounceable title by which his godfathers knew him. He did not count for much, but, on the principle of the half-loaf, Jack had eagerly made friends with him, trying to shut his eyes to his somewhat obvious faults: for though grizzlies, wild horses, buffaloes, and the antelope might be proved to be vain and hollow delusions, he could not, would not, abandon his belief in the red-skin. His progress in this friendship was somewhat difficult, for the Indian's vocabulary consisted chiefly of grunts-Jack tried to think this the true Indian reticencea mixture of Indian, bad English, and worse German and Irish. Tobacco was his delight, whiskey his failing, eating his chief occupation, the officers even asserting he ate the tin cans that abounded in all the refuse heaps. He may have been a degenerate scion of his race; and when a suspicion would dart across Jack's mind to be instantly banished, that his Indian friend was not all a noble-minded individual of any race should be, it was followed by the cheering reflection that, even if he were this still he need not be the representative of his people.

And through it all the doctor looked at him through his glasses and smiled.

After the first novelty had worn off, it was ven actually dull. Dull, and in the Far West! Jack felt there were many things concerning which he could enlighten his friends. Not that he ever should. The air of mystery with which he intended to envelop his Western sojourn might be supposed to hide any amount of wild adventure and bloodshed; but reveal the mortification and disappointment of which he had been the victim ?-never!

It was only another wrench from his illusions when he took to raising chickens—an occupation in which, sooner or later, every woman at a Western station develops an interest. It is partly in the air, partly for an occupation, partly because eggs are very dear, averaging seventy-five cents and often reaching a dollar and a half a dozen. Jack did not exactly demean himself by going directly into trade, which would have been Hercules at the distaff again, or Buffalo Bill behind the counter, or as though Napoleon, to while away the long hours at St. Helena, had taken to knitting. He went into partnership with Joe Myers, the sergeant's son, a heavy German youth a year or two older than himself. Jack supplied the capital in the form of an importation from civilized parts of a Plymouth Rock rooster and eight hens. With eggs at a dollar and a quarter a dozen, wealth, if not glory, might be his. Joe was to supply the labor. But, like other combinations of this sort that have been heard of, Capital wished all the profit, and was not disposed to part with much in the way of wages, while Labor did not want to work, but grumbled because he did not get rich forthwith, with the result of neglecting the business to such a degree that Capital felt called upon to remonstrate, where upon Labor struck-with such precision that Capital went home with a black e

After that Miles Standish and his household had it pretty much their own way, and were the cause of much strife and ill feeling, chickens and children being the two chief causes of warfare at the Western posts. They scratched up the vegetables the men were raising, congregated on the "lawn" that was the pride of the colonel's wife, and dug and scratched till it was ruined; pecked furiously at any child who, in the spirit of investigation, ventured to touch them; were always under-foot, always flying out at one from unexpected places, always clucking and crowing at untimely hours, as though they had not yet reconciled themselves to the difference in time, and with true Puritan spirit clung blindly and immovably to their belief, with cunning that defied every effort to capture them; throve and grew fat, and laid eggs in secret places, till one morning Rose and Mehitable and Deborah and Hepzibah and Priscilla and Hannah and Judith and Mrs. Governor Bradford walked proudly forth followed by a brood of downy little vellow balls,

The firm had another quarrel, over this unexpected behavior, as to how their property was to be divided, but the difficulty was solved by the stock itself. The chickens afforded a beautiful example of heredity. They too disregarded difference in longitude, and persisted in clucking and crowing and sallying forth in quest of breakfast at two o'clock in the morning, while by the time the men were at leisure in the afternoon they had vanished, and visions of roast chicken, stews, and pies remained visions.

Glory, eggs, and live stock each had failed in turn, and it seemed as though Jack would return to civilization a disappointed man, when one day the news arrived at the post that a band of Nez-Percés, though ordinarily friendly, were on the war-path. It was reported that two men encattle-raising, and a settler with his wife and two children, had been murdered. It would seem harsh to say that Jack was delighted, but it certainly did savor delightfully of the heroic age of Western life. The band was said to be five hundred strong, and was enraged by one of their tribe having been hung. There were not more than a hundred at the fort, and it was not especially well adapted for defense. But the garrison, lulled to careless peace, as it seemed to Jack, went on its daily way without paying much attention to these rumors. The officers chatted and smoked and idled, with now and then a shooting party to the hills. The ladies gossiped and quarrelled, and got up a pienic, which was a failure, and which afforded a month's conversation for the two factions into which the feminine element was divided. Jack was at this entertainment. He went in the ambulance with the ladies and children. Festivities of this sort were rare, and the colonel's wife was a brave woman to attempt it, for, from lack of practice, it may be, the bidden guests stood stiffly about, like children before the ice is broken at a party, till the doctor, with his usual amused look, mounted the steps of the ambulance, and announced in a loud voice, "The pic-nic has begun," which naturally threw cold water on the whole affair, and made the colonel's wife his enemy for life. The men went about their duties, hunted for the chickens-for that was now one of their recognized amusements. though the search was rarely crowned with success, for with wits sharpened in their incessant struggle for existence, the whole brood displayed rare cunning in evading capture; they drilled and smoked, chatted, cleaned their guns, and cared for the horses, humming cheerily one of the verses which tradition in the ranks had fitted to the music of the different bugle calls.

"We'll take a piece of pork, And we'll stick it on a fork, And we'll give it to a curly headed Jew, Jew, Jew."

That was the gem composed for the dinner call. Jack wondered at the general indifference, and ventured once to ask his father if there was any

danger. The major was busy preparing a may. onnaise for the mess, in the preparation of which he excelled, and which the Chinese cook was nev. er allowed to attempt, so it may have been owing to the interruption that he replied so hastily.

"Danger? Of course not. They get up that story every three months. Fool question, Jack," and proceeded to turn out the lobster, which, though distinguished by a roseate hue throughout, yet had the advantage over one fresh from its element in that it did not look like a Miocene cockroach.

Jack did not like to have that favorite Western phrase, "fool question," applied to his interrogations, nor did he like to be laughed at, and he was almost certain, from the look in the doctor's eyeglasses—the eyeglasses themselves seemed endowed with an individual life-that his father had told his fears to the mess.

But Jack's turn to laugh was coming. He could gratify his thirst for glory; could tell such a tale to his school-fellows as would make him a hero before whom the glories of Kit Carson him-self should fade; would show Mrs. James he was not an "interesting little boy," and -possibly the sweetest thought of all—would convince that hateful doctor he was not to be laughed at. For the peace was but the quiet before the storm, Lisbon before the earthquake, Pompeii before the irruption.

Jack was crossing the yard one morning on his way to the doctor's office. That was another thing for which he hated Mrs. James, for one or another of her seven children was constantly falling ill with some imaginary malady, and she was forever sending him for the doctor; and somehow Jack always felt as though he was the responsible party when the young man looked up him, and he caught that provoking twinkle behind the glasses

He met Zanoni, and the Indian beckoned to him in a mysterious fashion; there was no one else in the yard within hearing at the time. Jack's heart rose into his throat; he felt, as one does sometimes divine, in some mysterious fashion, what was coming. Mrs. James and the dangerous case—that might be scarlet fever, but was more likely to prove overeating-were forgotten, as he followed Zanoni round the corner stables. There the Indian stopped, looked ear-

"Me lub you; me tell you etwas." Jack nodded. He was too full to speak. His attentions, then, had not been thrown away; the ground had been unpromising, but it had not been barren. The pennies and tobacco he had lavished on his savage friend had won the heart

stly and seriously at the boy, and finally said,

beating so warmly beneath its covering of proud "Bad Injun-kommen-beyant," he nodded to an indefinite part of the compass. Jack waited breathless. "Kommen here."

"Go on, go on."
"Kill!"

Jack nearly fell over. Zanoni had given the information in a hissing whisper; the thought flitted through the boy's mind that maybe, after all, it was inglorious peace.

"Take away some. Big, klein. Come back nimmer mehr."

Zanoni made some mysterious gestures that made Jack consider for a moment whether it would not be best to convey the information to the Colonel.

" How many?"

"Hundert, eight, six." As a mathematician Zanoni was unreliable. He was gesticulating wildly with both hands. "Kill. Take away. Niemand care. Injun know. White man sleep, sleep. Come bime-by, two, free, sixteen clock. Light um fire bime-by, take stick—" Jack's blood ran cold. Fervent as was his gratitude to his friend, the thought crossed his mind that there was more of exultation, of pleasurable excitement in the "Ugh!" that was given to finish the picture than

of horror or regret.
"Bad Injun. Me goot Injun. Me lub you."
"Is it to-night?" Jack's voice was low, and his legs a trifle shaky.

Zanoni nodded. "You're a good fellow, and here's my hand. I understand all about it, and we'll be ready for them."

Zanoni looked at the proffered hand in a saddened way that Jack interpreted as high-minded regret at having betrayed his comrades, till he was undeceived by the Indian saying, briefly, "Me lub backy."

Jack was disappointed, but emptied his pockets; there was over a dollar. The doctor and scarlet fever were forgotten; Mrs. James might watch till the patient recovered of himself. germ of a wild but brilliant idea was in Jack's mind, and solitude was essential to work it out.

That afternoon two of the men were cleaning the armory. Jack was there, apparently idling but in the course of the half-hour he contrived, unperceived, to slip the fastening of the window on the northwest side, that opened into a kind of little court formed by the angle of another house. Between six and seven, as it was growing dark, and everybody was at supper, he slipped in through this window, and was busy in the room for nearly an hour.

He was so excited that half a dozen times during the evening he was on the point of betraying himself; by some queer contradiction he wanted to tell, even while it was his firm desire and intention to keep his secret inviolate, and at last went to bed through a growing conviction that if he staid another moment, he should have to tell, whether or no, by the same irresistible impulse that governed the Ancient Mariner.

He undressed and went to bed, intending to lie awake till midnight, but, to his disgust, soon found himself growing as sleepy as though it were an ordinary night and he an ordinary boy. Cold water, walking up and down the room, pinching himself, even sitting astride the bed rail, were

alike ineffectual, and at last he dropped into balmy slumber, as though he were in bed instead of bolt-upright in a cane-bottomed chair.

However, by that internal mechanism by which we can wake ourselves to the minute by having fixed our minds earnestly on the time, he awoke just as the clock was striking twelve. He had felt obliged to undress himself, as Mrs. James had a bad habit of coming to his room the last thing to see if he were all right, and it might have excited question to have found him in boots and trousers. With only his shirt, tucked into his leathern belt, trousers, and moccasins on his feet, he stole softly down the stairs, out the front door, and into the silent yard.

Everything was quiet. Everybody was abed and sound asleep. It is never pleasant to be the only waking creature about, and Jack's heart did beat with a sensation that was not all the thought of his mission, or the night's work he might not, after all, be able to prevent. Keeping well in the shadow of the houses—there was a crescent moon faintly lighting the place—he came to the last house, and looked carefully about him; then, his moccasined feet making no sound, reconnoitred some little distance on the outside of the buildings. No one in sight as yet; no sound.

Jack was sufficiently well acquainted with Indian warfare to be aware that the usual time for a night attack was at two or three in the morning, just when people are sleeping their soundest; so he made up his mind that he would have to wait for an hour at least behind the long woodpile where he had concealed himself. He would have preferred a stump, of course, as being a more conventional hiding-place, but there was none in the neighborhood. It was a chilly night, and it was not long before he thought regretfully of his overcoat, though not for worlds would he

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have clad himself in that unheroic garment.

It was a very long hour, but at the end of it he roused himself from an abstruse calculation of how long the wood-pile was likely to last if each man used two logs a day—for sleep pursued him even here—at the sudden appearance of a figure a dozen rods from him.

He had not perceived it till then. It had apparently risen from the earth. He rubbed his eves to make sure it was no mistake, though his rapidly beating heart, and the hand whose tremor was not all cold, testified to his own conviction of its reality. Then, a few yards behind,

There was no mistaking the figures, scant though the light was. They were Indians beyond question, coming in cautious file through the waving prairie grass, pausing now and again, once, at some noise that Jack's own strained ears could not detect, disappearing as they had risen, to rise again presently and keep on in their slow, sinuous path.

Keeping in the shadow of the wood-pile, then in the shelter of the houses, with quick feet, practiced in many a game, Jack ran noiselessly along, his mind occupied, meanwhile, not at all with his heroic night's work, but with the last time he had so exerted his running powers in a stunning game of Hare and Hounds. And Tommy Alston had said he had not scattered the scent properly. Tommy was a jack, anyway.

He reached the armory, seized the window, drew himself up to the sill, and dropped softly into the room. Everything was still. No one dreamed of the danger. On him depended over a hundred lives-brave men, women, and chil-

The post, despite its being devoted to the art of war, was much like peaceful communities, and slept soundly, nor did it wake in a more intelligent mood when there suddenly sounded on the

"Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang, bang,

"Bang, bang, oang, gether the sensation was as great as in a quiet country village.

Bang, bang, bang, bang."

Were ever matches so difficult to find? was ever furniture so ubiquitous? while the Boston rocking-chair, that every house boasted, seemed to fairly bristle with rockers, and every individual child set up its own private and especial howl, and some of the ladies screamed "Fire!" and most besought their husbands to tell them what the matter was, and insisted they should not stir a step outside the house, and the colonel's wife had hysteries, and the firing kept on in single shots, shots rapidly in succession, too rapidly for a single gun; one would have thought that half the garrison were awake, and so employing them-

At last everybody—the married men last—had struggled into the clothes that were handiest, and rushed to the yard, and then all at once the firing ceased as suddenly as it had begun

The colonel was arraved in trousers and ulster, with his cap and tall boots, but with his nightshirt protruding in the places where he had buttoned it up wrong, having given the buttons precedence, apparently on the principle of "the last shall be first and the first last." The major had on his chapeau, with its feather drooping into his eye, whence every now and then he frantically ejected it: as he could not find his coat, he had caught up the first covering at hand, and a bear-skin rug enveloped his shoulders. The doctor was dressed properly, and appeared with his hands in his pockets and his glasses on: pcrhaps he had been up with a patient; perhaps he was not a man to be easily startled. It was a scene of military undress uniform. To finish the spectacle, Miles Standish and his family, frightened out of their wits, and their usual shrewd thought for their own safety forgotten, were under everybody's feet, clucking and crowing fran-tically, while the bugler, feeling called upon to do something in his line, set up a spasmodic tooting that he meant to be reveille, but in his confusion of mind kept on sounding the sick call,

"Come, all ye sick and lazy-"

"What's this ?-what's this ?" said the colonel. for in the hubbub of exclamation and question there were approaching the excited groups two men, each grasping an unresisting captive by his collar, half leading, half dragging them along.

What have you there, sergeant? what does all this mean?

"Injun, sir." The sergeant saluted calmly. Tornadoes and earthquakes could not have upset his Teutonic calm.

"Who fired?" It was a chorus this time. If they were all to be court-martialed for it, they would have to interrupt the colonel to ask that. "I know not."

"What are you doing at this hour?" It was a relief to find somebody to scold. Hysterics are as trying to the nerves of the spectator as to the patient—when the former is of the masculine gender. "What do you mean, sir, by making this disturbance! How dare you get us all out of our beds and frighten the women half to death! I have a great mind to-to-"

'I make no disturbance. I hear guns; I do

"Why don't you tell, then? Come, be quick, or I'll put you under arrest.'

The sergeant sainted again. If the colonel had said, "We will proceed to chop your head off," he would still have saluted and answered,

We wake to get the Injuns, Joe and me. We The two captors displayed their unget them." resisting prisoners much as a cat shakes out a mouse. "It was Zanoni told mein son for fivemouse. and-twenty cents. They come to steal his schick-

And that was what Jack Dundas heard as he stood on the edge of the group, ready to bid them be up and armed, to tell them, simply and mod-estly, how, single-handed, he had by strategy saved them all from a terrible death, or a fate worse than death.

Literally it was the most dreadful moment of Perhaps never again would be experience the hopeless shame and anguish and sickening expectation of that moment. It may be (so keenly do boys feel) that not even the criminal on the scaffold as he waits for the descending stroke suffered as Jack did at that moment. It was such a downfall! And though nothing worse than scolding and punishment and ridicule could await him, is there anything worse than ridicule to a boy of fourteen? And Jack had so honestly believed in his grand purpose! And yet, curiously, the predominant feeling scemed to be vexation that Joe should have got his information cheaper than he had,

Then came a flash of hope; no one knew. But his hope and his gentle withdrawal from the group, preparatory to slipping into the house, were alike cut short by the heavy tones of his late partner, saving:

It was Jack Dundas. We saw him, father and me. He got into the armory this afternoon I peeped there, and I saw him load up a lot of

It may have been that the hardest thing of all to bear in the storm of anger, reproach, scolding, threats, was Mrs. James with the smile:

"There! there! finish scolding him in the morning. The child will get his death of cold if he stays out any longer in the night air. Go to bed this minute, Jack."

Jack went. The remainder of that night he had no difficulty in keeping awake.

By the morning the wrath of the colonel and officers had sufficiently cooled to allow their leaving farther discipline to parental hands. was summoned to an interview with Major Dundas at an early hour; he bore both scolding and thrashing in grim silence, sustained by one sweet thought—"Nobody guesses."
It being an ill wind that blows no one good,

the men had reaped a rich harvest in the way of chickens; for it had been just at the rising hour of the deluded Puritan colony, and scarce a pot that day was without its fowl. Even Rose and Hannah sizzled comfortably away in ovens, and Priscilla, boiled and fried, afforded infinite satisfaction as a fricassee. Bereft, Miles Standish stalked about in gloomy silence; for the only one that had escaped the ruthless captor was Mrs. Governor Bradford, and she, with a wild farewell screech, had sailed out on the prairie, there perchance to become the founder of a new Puritan race that should persist in disregarding longitude.

Jack met the colonel—the individual who was to have addressed him with: "My brave boy, you have saved our lives, and lives dearer to us than our own. Rest assured it shall not be forgotten. though I know the highest reward you can receive is your own proud consciousness of your glorious deed. Modest as brave, I see the blush rise to your cheek. Take my hand-it is I who am honored in the grasp—and remember whilst I live you never lack a friend."

What the aforesaid individual did say, though, with a heavy frown, and with unmistakable anger in his tones, was: "Well, young man, I hope your father has given you one good lesson. you were in the regiment you should be courtmartialed out of it for this, and I should enjoy doing it. A military station isn't the place for impudent, good-for-nothing boys to play their pranks at, and of all stupid things, a stupid practical joke is the stupidest."

Jack hung his head. One part of the vision was realized. The blush did mantle his check. Yet, better be rated for a stupid piece of mischief: he hugged that precious thought to himself.
"Fun, wasn't it?" sneered Joe. "Want to

Jack did dreadfully, but as Joe was a head taller, and heavy in proportion, he judged it best to

"There is not enough for you to do here, that's the trouble," growled Captain James, who hated children. "A boy ought to be hard at work to keep him out of mischief. It was a piece of tomfoolery that deserves the soundest thrashing ever a boy had. It's a wonder I haven't my

Even in all this adverse public opinion-nay, in its very violence-Jack extracted the drop of honey: there was not a soul that knew, that had guessed his horrible blunder. As long as that awful secret was his own he could live, life was not all bitterness and gall, and a little of the heavy load on his heart lifted as he dwelt re-assuringly on that fact.

Alas! alas! "Jack," said the doctor, gravely, but with a detestable twinkle in his eyes, "Mark Twain is a better authority on the Indian question than J. Fenimore Cooper.

"Jack," said the major, sternly, "to-morrow you start for the East.

"Yes, sir," said Jack, meekly but gladly.

QUEER EXCUSES.

FEW people, when found fault with, seem to forget the adage, "Any exense is better than none." "Cabby, if you do not drive faster, I will give you no pourboire," said a French gentleman. "I have already run over two persons, and monsieur is not yet satisfied," was the unexpected reply. An equally ready excuse was made by another driver in Paris for not running over a foot-passenger. The horse was just about to knock down a lady, when the cabby, by a superhuman effort, reined the animal in checking it so sharply that it reared up on its haunch-"Bravo, coachee! nobly done!" exclaimed pectator. "I wouldn't have upset her for the a spectator. world," replied the coachman; "she would have been my thirteenth this month, and thirteen is always an unlucky number."

The other day a Paris lady abruptly entered her kitchen, and saw the cook skimming the soup with a silver spoon. She said to her, "Françoise, I expressly forbade you to use the silver in the kitchen." "But, madame, the spoon was dirty."

"This is the sixth time that you have been here without saying a word about the money you owe me, monsieur," said the mistress of a Marseilles eigar shop to a young Bohemian journalist; "what am I to understand by it?" "Ah, madame," said the clever journalist, "when one sees you, one forgets everything!" A pretty enough compliment, it is true, but a peculiar defense for running into debt.

Most youngsters from constant practice get fertile in inventing excuses. "Why, Georgie, you are smoking!" exclaimed an amazed mother, who came upon her little son as he was puffing away at a cigar. "N-no, ma; I am only keep ing it lighted for another boy."—"Did von break that window, boy?" said a grocer, catching hold of the fleeing urchin. "Yes, sir." "What do ou mean by running off in this manner?" Please, sir, I was running home to get the money. I was afraid if I didn't run home quick I might forget," was the instant explanation.—It must have been an Irish boy who wrote in a postscript: "Dear father, forgive these large blots on my letter, but they came while the letter was passing through the post. I write this for fear you should think I made them myself."a juvenile party a young gentleman about eight years old kept himself aloof from the rest of the company. The lady of the house called to him: "Come and play or dance, my dear; choose one of these pretty girls for your wife." "Not likely," cried the young cynic; "no wife for me. you think I want to be worried out of my life, like poor papa?"

An equally pertinent reason for remaining single was given by a young lady of twenty, whose friends tried to persuade her to wed a man of fifty. "He was neither one thing nor the other," she said—"too old for a husband, and too young to hold any hope of immediate widowhood.

In a case before the magistrates in which a man was charged with threatening his wife with a carving-knife, the defendant, to the amusement of the court, said "he ought to have taken the advice given by old Weller—'to beware of the vidders.' That was all he had to say in his de-He was reminded by the bench that his recollection of that advice would not avail him much if he broke the law by threatening his wife, and he was bound over to keep the peace.

Intoxication is often pleaded by prisoners in their defense, coupled at times with very odd excuses. An Irishman not long since was summoned before a bench of county magistrates for being drunk and disorderly. "Do you know what brought you here?" was the question put to him. "Faix, yer honor, two policemen," replied the prisoner. "Had not drink something to do with bringing you here?" said the magistrate, frowning. "Sortinly," answered Paddy, unabashed; "they were both drunk."

Legal annals could furnish many instances of quite as queer excuses pleaded by the accused as the following. The widow of a French chemist, famous for his researches in toxicology, was on trial for poisoning her husband. It was proved that arsenic was the medium employed. "Why did you use that poison?" asked the presiding magistrate. "Because," sobbed the fair culprit, "it was the one he liked best."

A man accused of appropriating a pair of boots explained that "his intentions were far from stealing them. The reason he continued wearing them was that he had not enough money to buy another pair; and when he had drawn his next wages he would most certainly have bought a new pair, and taken them back." This defense was not considered satisfactory, and he was comANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ADBIRNE.—Baskets of flowers and small inexpensive fans or bombonnières are very acceptable favors.

A. H. M.—The plaid nainsook dress for a girl of thirteen should have a belted waist with a square yoke, and a pleated frill below the belt; button this behind. The skirt should have two gathered ruffles and a round apron over-skirt. For the green flannel have a box-pleated skirt, with a scarf drapery on the hips, and a plain basque, with sontache braid trimming.

hips, and a plain basque, with sontache braid trimming.

A. M. L.—Your changeable silk will make a stylish skirt with a blue cashmere basque and drapery. Very gay grenadines will be worn this summer, and yours should be used now. Your suggestion about the grenadine dress is good. The twilled silk Surahs or the India silks of quiet colors make pretty dresses trimmed with white Oriental or else black French lace. They should be dressily but simply made.

MOTHER DOT.—Read Bazar No. 16, Vol. XVI.

ANNOUS.—Full round skirts will be used for wash dresses. Make your linen lawn with a yoke and belted waist, apron over-skirt, and two gathered flounces edged with open Hamburg-work. The white and black lawn should have a pleated skirt with the upperpart covered with drapery that has the stripes around the hips, and fulls behind in two loops and two ends. Gathered or pleated ruffles of this lawn should trim the plain round basque, or the short Marie Antoincte polonaise.

H. H. L.—Make one of your mull dresses with a

the hips, and this bennium in two longs are not confident of Gathered or plented ruffles of this lawn should trim the plain round basque, or the short Marie Antoinette polonists.

H. H. L.—Make one of your mull dresses with a Marie Antoinette fichar, round surplice, or belted waist, and flounced skirt, trimmed with Oriental lace. For the second have a Watteau polonists bunched up high with a pleated skirt, and use both lace and embroidery, with also pale pink and rose ribbon. For the dotted muslin have a plain pointed basque, a cook's square apron, and from two to four flounces scross the back. Edge basque, apron, and flounces with embroidery, and put yellow velvet bows down each side of the apron, on the basque at the throat, and on the tournure, and also on each cuff.

M. E. Z.—Put a vest of yellow silk or Surah in the black basque, and nearly cover it with some frills of black French lace. Then have a yellow standing collar and square cuffs, with lace gathered on them. The basque should be plain, the skirt in wide box-pleats, and the apron over-skirt should be looped each side by a bow of yellow silk and black lace loops. Put yellow cockscomb bows on the hat, and have no strings. Daisies inside the brim on a yellow lining will be pretty. Restro.—Don't have your white bunting dyed. Have it cleaned instead, and wear it as it is, with some velvet ribbon rows on the skirt, and bows of the same on the over-skirt and flounces.

Two VILLAGE GRIES.—Have your pretty blue silk cleaned—not dyed—and use it for a skirt with a blue Surah or nuns' veiling polonise in bouffant Marie Antoinette style. Make a basque and drapery of the figured satteen over a plain pleated satteen skirt, trimmed with ceru embroidery. Have a rough straw hat in poke shape, or the large toreador turbans of a color suited to the dress. Eern thread monsquetaire gloves will be worn with varions summer dresses.

Constant Radde.—Have a basque and drapery of the factorial strate of the dress. Eern thread monsquetaire gloves will be worn with varions sum

skirt for your daughter's black silk dress, with length-wise broad pleats in front, and long back drapery, as she is short and stout. Trim it with jet passementerie and lace. Use small bullet-shaped crocheted buttons on the dress and larger ones on the coat, which should be very plain; a short cape or mantle trimmed with jet and lace would be better than any coat of black silk. Make the flaunel dress in the tailor styles lately described in the Bacac.

on the dress and larger ones on the coat, which should be very plain; a short cape or mantle trimmed with jet and lace would be better than any coat of black silk. Make the flammel dress in the tailor styles lately described in the flazar.

Subscribed in the flazar.

Subscribed in the flazar.

Subscribed in the flazar.

No. 18, Vol. XVI. Fine embroidered linen collars or crimped lisse frills, ecru gloves, and a brown straw bonnet trimmed with ceru velver ribbon and flowers complete such suits. Lawn, intslin, and gingham for morning, and grenadine and foalard for dress occasions, will make you nice tronsseau dresses.

Fronton.—A black, blue, or red Jersey would be nice with your black silk skirts, and they can be bought for a few dollars, or as high as \$30 or \$40. Get black armine grenadine with velvet dots for your polonaise to wear with black skirts. Have a bouffant Marie Antoinette polonaise for your écru satteen, and lay the cream-colored lace smooth on the edges, with the scalloped edge uppermost.

ANKE P.—Use either pale blue cashmere or figured fonlard silk for a Marie Antoinette polonaise, and trim with ecru lace and blue velvet ribbon.

C. J. M.—Use brown ottoman silk like your sample with vest, panels, and drapery of ecru silk, edged with ecru embroidery.

S. J. W.—Get a black Jersey to wear with your gray striped silk skirt. You can put on a mantle with a Jersey for church. A basque and apron over-skirt of checked silk trimmed with black velver ribbon by designs in Bazar No. 16, Vol. XVI., will be pretty with your black silk skirt.

Mrs. A. B. C.—For a stout figure you should copy the design fig. 3, page 245, of Bazar No. 16, Vol. XVI. Next to this figure is an excellent model for the young girls dress.

E. B. A.—Princesse dresses without drapery, but with high wired collars and puffed sleeves, are made of rich stuffs and of soft white or light-colored woollens, and trimmed with effective laces for ladies of resthetic tastes. The full Mother Hubbard gowns and the tea gowns with loosely puffed vests an

ond modaling, and put environcy rather man face on the polonaise or wrap. Sicilienne of thick cords with some unique figure brocaded on it would be allowable with the black silk. The curtains should just escape the floor.

JENNIE RAY.—Your brown silk is a stylish shade for

with the back sha. The currams should shale for the floor.

Jennie Ray.—Your brown silk is a stylish shade for a skirt to be worn with ern cashmere, figured foulard, or pongee. Pleat the skirt, and have the new material made in a basque and over-skirt.

F. W.—An eru or dark blue cashmere will be a suitable travelling dress for a bride. Then get a Surah silk either black or colored, and a plain grenadine, and spend your other money for a lawn or white muslin and gingham dress. These will probably answer with what you now have.

May.—Do not alter the velvet polonaise.

Prark.—Wear a full skirt and round waist of blue, gray, or black wool with a large white kerchief folded on the shoulders. Then wear your hair combed back, with a small knot and a high comb.

Violet H.—Plain red lawn and almost all other red fabrics will be worn this summer.

Baltio.—A girl of sixteen on the voyage to Europe should have a dark flannel or Cheviot dress, with a jacket of the same, a long ulster, and a flannel wrapper to wear in her state-room when sick, or at night over her gown if she suffers from cold. Her straw or felt hat should be of close turban shape triumed with velvet and breast feathers; a grenadine vell, a zephyr wool nubia, and long chamois gloves are also needed.



Fig. 1.—Piqué Dress for Girl from 3 to 5 YEARS OLD.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 42-52.

BEE-KEEPING FOR WOMEN.

IN a recent visit from one of the leading bee-keepers of our country—himself the owner of two thousand colonies—he enthusiastically remarked: "It's the very business for women, and any one with ordinary intelligence and promptness should realize from four to six hundred dollars a year from it!"

Every sales-room for ladies' work is well stocked with decorated porcelain from the crude efforts after "one quarter's" instruction, and with embroideries that only see the light of day when the annual account of stock is taken, not to mention others, of better design and work-manship, which bear month in and out a pathetic little slip with "Orders solicited." It is only the fittest that survive, and those who can't survive by the needle and the pencil may find in some other employment a more certain and satisfactory reward for their labor.

Bee-keeping more than almost any other industry has become a science. We find the busy little workers have laws

little workers have laws to govern them not less immutable than those of the Medes and Persians. They may wander at their own sweet will from flower to flower, flitting here and there seemingly with no fixed purpose. But just watch their movements, and you will see the method in all this seeming carelessness; will find that little fellow whose thighs are so heavily freighted with the golden yellow pollen does not loiter for even a sip of the fragrant honey in the cup bent down so invitingly near him. Another to all appearances is only tasting with the air of a connoisseur the liquid amber flowing from the very heart of the great buds of the tulip, pop-lar, or the chestnut. Dust a trifle of flour on him as he lazily rests there, and wait a few minutes until he returns again and again, still leaving the mark you



WHITE MULL SHADE HAT .- [For description see Supplement.]



Fig. 6.—Plain and Plaid Wool Dress.—Front.—[For Back, see Page 437.]—Cut Pattern, No. 3472: Basque, Over-Skirt, and Skirt, 20 Cents each. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 7.—Cotton Satteen Dress with Embroidery.—Back. [For Front, see Fig. 2, on Front Page.]-Cut Pattern, No. 3471: POLONAISE, 25 CENTS; SKIRT, 20 CENTS. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-5.



-Printed Foulard Dress.—Front. [For Back, see Page 437.] For description see Supplement.

put upon him, and you will find that he too is laboring for the com-mon good, and not for himself alone. Stop a moment in front of the entrance of yonder hive. Quick as thought two or three heads come bobbing out to watch your movements. They are the sentinels that give the warning note at the approach of dan-ger; that inspect and quickly dispose of any stranger that has un-luckily mistaken the number of their house for his own. It is the for his own. It is the sacrifice of their own lives as well, for both punisher and punished fare alike, and perish together.

There are three class-

es of these little creatures: queen, worker, and drone. On the good qualities of the first de-pends very much the success of the colony. If her progeny are few in numbers, too irascible to be easily managed, or not inclined to take full advantage of the honey harvest, either for their benefit or your own, it is better to displace her and try another. Many apiarists contend that every three years this should be done, no matter how satisfactory her record; but my own experience is to retain a good queen until her progeny are few in numbers, be the time three years or seven. The same rule works equally well with regard to col-or; if she is quite up to the standard, no differ-



Fig. 8.—Dress for Girl from 2 to 3 YEARS OLD. —[For pattern and description see Suppl., No. IX., Figs. 53-57.]



Fig. 2, on Page 437.] Suppl., No. II., Figs. 6-15.

Fig. 5.—BLACK SATIN MERVEILLEUX DRESS FOR ELDERLY LADY. For description see Supplement.

if they were allowed to wander unrestrained all over their quarters. A wonderful revolution of late years has taken place in bee-keeping by the introduction of comb foundation. It is bees-wax rolled into sheets, and so evenly and beau-tifully formed that even the bees themselves are deceived, taking as kind-ly to it as if they fully appreciated the vast amount of labor it saved

Many pounds of honey are consumed in making wax the natural way: all this might as well swell one's honey yield as be sacrificed into yel-

low wax, especially when the cost of the substi-tute is only nominal.

Thin but strong wires pass through this artifi-cial comb, keeping it in place and preventing sagging. The bees soon stretch out the walls that purposely are made thicker than natural, and the queen has at once a place in which to deposit

Although a strong ad-

their purchase by a novice

in the business. They

them.

her brood.



Fig. 10.—Dress for Girl from 5 to 7 YEARS OLD. For description see Supplement.

OLD.

applement.

ence should be made between blonde and brunette. The only points to be considered are easy handling, good honey-gatherers, and a full hive of workers.

The drones toil not, neither do they spin; great lazy fellows, who sun themselves every fine day, coming back in such a lordly manner and with such a swagger one could easily imagine them the controlling spirits. But these are the least of the three, the busy little workers, who not only prepare the comb, but fill it with the delicious amber honey, fit food for the gods in all its beauty and fragrance. It is they, too, who make us pay dearly for all this sweetness. Quick as thought, finer and sharper than the finest needle point, their sting is thrust into any unprotected part, and the war-whoop, taken up by those within hearing, obliges one to beat a retreat—not hastily, for that is only adding to their anger, but as quickly and quietly as possible to lead them a roundabout way among the nearest bushes. They will lose the trail, and in a few minutes it will be safe to venture back. But as a rule the Italian bees, now so universally kept in preference to the old-fashioned black ones, are very docile, and rarely sting except on provocation. They are especially manageable in spring and early summer, but in



STRAW GARDEN HAT.—[For description see Supplement.]

and early summer, but in the autumn, when the supply of honey is grow-ing less, they are more irritable. Windy, cloudy days are also a strain on their temper, and they should be then avoided.

All the hives used, be the apiary small or large, should be of one pattern and size, and the simpler the style the better; but the lumber must be well seasoned, not in the or-dinary acceptation of the term, but so that it will not shrink nor swell when subjected to any change subjected to any change or long usage. Even the slightest variation in size often entails a vast amount of trouble, for colonies often have to be equalized, and the weaker built up from the stronger. If the frames do not fit, this can not be done, and the colony that might so easily have been helped into a flourishing con-dition dwindles away. Eight frames are ordina-rily appropriated to one hive, but when extract-



Fig. 2.—CLOAK FOR GIRL FROM 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 16-22.



Fig. 11.—CHAMBERY DRESS.—BACK.—[For Front, see Page 436.] For description see Supplement.

Fig. 12.—Cashmere and Satin Merveilleux Dress, Front.—[For Back, see Page 437.] For description see Supplement,

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very expensive, and it seems hardly worth while to pay the twelve or twenty dollars asked for them, when one can Italianize them by the time their habits and moods are well understood. It was an error into which I fell in my ignorance, thinking the highest-priced the best. The hives if desirable, are expensive; but a common swarm answers every purpose at the beginning. Sometimes a swarm may be had for the asking, but most likely it will cost from two to five dollars. See that it is a first one, and the earlier in the season the better. A "skip," the old-fashioned farmer in New York State will call it, and the name will vary in different localities. Pitying your ignerance, he will tell you that the hive must be rubbed with whiskey, and that they will never stay if all that new-fangled comb is left in. Your firmness will only increase his, and if possible he will induce you to remove it. It is useless. he tells you; you aren't used to the critters and discourses fluently on the merits of the "king bee." Keep in the frames; don't hold high carnival over the poor dazed creatures with tin pan and spoons. Put them in the new home as quietly and speedily as possible; throw over a large white muslin cloth you are not afraid to have them riddle; put on the lid; and near nightfall, when all are quietly in, move them to their new quarters. A brick should be put under each corner of the hive to prevent decay of the wood; but higher than this they should not be placed. If a storm arises suddenly, or if weary after a day's foraging, the little creatures have often hardly strength to strike the alighting board, and fall to the ground. If the distance is great, they can not climb up, and are too weak to essay a second flight.

In working among bees the wrists, hands, and face should be well protected. It not only prevents their angry attacks, but, giving a sense of security while at an open hive, enables one to work steadily on. Round the outer edge of a broad-rimmed shade hat sew coarse stiff millinette, or any open material having meshes small enough to keep off the bees, and stiff enough to stand off the face and head. This should be sufficiently deep to tuck the other end inside the collar, leaving freedom enough to allow turning the head. Have rubber gloves; those with gauntlets are an unnecessary expense; instead a stout, well-ribbed pair of pulse-warmers or wristlets knit of coarse yarn, that will cling closely, should be put on so as closely to cover the whole wrist. Knit gloves of yarn will answer as well or even better than rubber, now and then dipping into

cold water to keep them wet. The cold moist glove lampens the ardor of the angered bee, and he forgets to sting. Ager the bees are well accustomed to their new quarters, an Italian may be introduced; this from two to ten dollars, but it is hardly worth while to pay the latter sum for one. I have purchased a great many, and find a reliable dealwill send you one that will prove entirely satisfactory for three dollars. She can come by mail or express; the latter is preferable, for she can be packed with more comb and food and greater comfort. If you intend to practice artificial swarming, insist upon the dealer clipping her wing before he sends her. It is a very easy matter for him, but a delicate, exciting affair for the novice. Another advantage in clipping is, she can not fly off when the parcel is opened. It often happens; and I have several times watched in the greatest dismay a queen take to her wings before I had fairly had a look at her; of course she is lost, for no hive will receive the stranger. As soon as she arrives, and before opening the parcel, carefully look over each frame of bees until you find the queen. Most probably she will be on one of the centre frames, perhaps the first one you take out, and in a few minutes you discover her, or it may be after a long hour's search. She is known by her long gracefully shaped body, twice as long as the worker bec, and just as slender. She moves, too, in a dignified, leisurely manner over the comb. Take her off and kill her. Have ready a little cage made of fine wire, bent to the form of a little box, its broader surface a trifle less than that of an ordinary match-box; the opposite broad surface should be lacking. Using a smoker, which can be obtained from any dealer, smoke as many bees as possible off one of the frames, that you may have a clear field for With an ordinary sharp-pointed tableknife make an opening near the upper end of the comb, so that the honey will flow, and a clear passage be made from one side of the comb to the other. Work over one side with the knife until this opening is smeared over and the passage is closed on that side. Take the queen from the little frame in which she arrived, put her in the tiny wire cage, and stick that into the comb on the opposite side of the opening from the one you have closed. Handle her either by the head or wings, not the body, and see that the cage is not ose to the comb: if the bees attempt to sting her she must have room enough between the outer walls of her cage to retreat out of their reach. The freshly opened honey will not only attract her subjects, but put them in a good humor; and a well-filled bee, like the genus homo, seldom stings. They will work their way, one at a time, through the partially closed opening, and by the time they arrive on the other side they most likely will become acquainted with her, and welcome her kindly. Before closing the hive it is well to sprinkle some peppermint water well over them, queen and all, to give them the same scent; they will then fail to discover she is a stranger. bees that come with her should not be taken near the hive, for, being strangers, they will resent their introduction, become demoralized, and likely attack the queen that otherwise they would have received. Just before sundown is the best time

in the day to make the change, and, if possible,

immediately after the old one is removed; then the bees do not discover their loss, which always

sets them frantic. If any time must elapse be-

tween the removal and introduction, let it be four days at least, when they have grown more quiet; but in this case the frames must be overlooked, and queen cells cut out.

Artificial and natural swarming both have their advocates, and both reason equally well. My own experience is in favor of the latter, as forming the better, stronger colonies. But when they do not have their own way, owing to inability to hive them, or absence from home, the former can be depended upon with safety. Open the hive carefully when you suspect by their great activity that swarming is at hand, choosing a bright warm day that the brood may not be chilled. If you notice around the edges of the comb or in the middle, either just commenced or finished, large cells nearly the size and color of a pea-nut, then they are almost or quite ready for their flight. If you care for an increase of colonies, cut out all cells but one, which should be the finest both in size and form; have another hive in readiness a few yards away, and just where it is intended to remain. Carefully look over each frame until you find the queen, and place this in the new hive, with two others from the same hive. Give them four or five frames of the foundation comb. shut them up tightly, and there will be no further trouble. See that the frame containing the reserved cell is left in the old hive, but do not supply any new comb. Queenless bees always build or lengthen out into drone combs, and too much of this must be avoided. The bees in the new hive soon find that their sovereign is there, and quietly continue their work, while those left behind stay with the brooding combs. It is strange their instinct teaches them not to desert the young and helpless of their colony. The hive must be overlooked in a week or so, and all new queen cells removed, for each succeeding queen that appears will either fight for mastery or lead a swarm. The latter reduces the numbers so rapidly that the colony is too weak to amount to anything. It is only in this contention for power that a queen ever uses her sting, for the fear of being supplanted is even more than a queen bee can tamely submit to. When the first piping of the young queen just emerging into her new life is heard, the queen now in possession pre-pares for battle or flight. It is a peculiar sound, this of the imprisoned sovereign before she comes forth to take peaceable or unpeaceable dominion over them, and always seemed to be a pleasant little story that was more imagination than reality; but I have distinctly heard it outside the hive, and opening to discover the cause, found there was no doubt it proceeded from the cell out of which she was rapidly making her way. Honey in the comb is not only more attractive

in form than the extracted article, but easier for women to handle. The boxes should not be the old-fashioned ones, holding four or five pounds, but the more dainty and neater ones that average a pound or a trifle over. A new box holding only half the above quantity is preferred by some but the majority like better the larger ones. If the colonies are in good order, put them in over the main part of the hive in oblong boxes that hold seven or eight of these smaller ones. Arrange them to correspond with the frames, and have two across the top. Place a light thin woollen covering over them to keep them dark, and prevent the escape of heat that is so necessary in comb-building and honey-storing. When they are full and the honey well capped over, blow smoke into them, and the bees will beat a hasty retreat into the hive below. Take off the box and replace it with one in which empty boxes are ready for them to commence work in. If some of these taken off are found not entirely capped, they may all be put in one box and placed over any other colony from which a box has been taken; but this inspection must come later, for it is not advisable to undertake it around the hive. Robbing by other colonies is often the result of doing so, and they always grow more or less demoralized by it.

In storing the honey, avoid leaving doors or windows open, for the bees easily scent it, and it is a pity one should have to learn by sad experience how rapidly the comb can be uncapped and emptied. In winter, a western exposure is best for the hives. If they face the east, the sunlight streaming in on them induces too early a sally out, and many are lost and utterly exhausted in the morning dew. If they face the south, the warm winter days we often have, even in January, bring them out in force; the snow and wind are more than they can bear, and great numbers

Out-door wintering has been more of a success than taking them into the cellar; only leave a tiny opening for fresh air at the entrance, and cover the frames at top and at the sides with old woollens and newspapers. Cut straw heats and induces moisture that occasionally proves fatal to them; it also tempts mice, which manage to squeeze into the most limited spaces, make themselves at home, and settle into winter-quarters, gnawing the comb and annoying the bees. Keep the bees dry and warm, and if you can do this, wintering is a very easy matter.

SHUTTLE-BRAINS.

TUCH was the appellation given-however, in O derision, we fear—to a class of women lowly born, but remarkable for beauty and a gift at repartee, who were much in request for service at inns upon the Continent in the fifteenth century and even later-a service, it would appear, much like that rendered by court jesters: an ability to create and keep up an atmosphere of merriment. But this was not all: they waited upon the guests at table, and through assiduous attention made very popular many of these places noted for public entertainment.

The noted Erasmus, at a famous party in an inn at Lyons, saw many such "merric maids" render-

ing cheerful service at the well-spread board, and much hilarity and mirth prevailed as these ers of a day, with well-appointed speech, much show of pretty manners, and showers of humorous talk," passed from guest to guest, unflagging in diligent observance to every requirement or unexpected call.

AT MANHATTAN BEACH.

THE summer sun was glistening Upon the land and sea, And my joyous heart was listening While my sweetheart talked to me. The beach was broad and fair, Waves rippled o'er the sand, And floating on the air Came the sound of Gilmore's band,

A wreck lay on the shore, Mossy and old and gray, Ah, never, never more, With streamers waving gay, To plough the swelling sea, Or safe at anchor ride: O cruel destiny! O heartless wind and tide!

I looked into my lover's eyes, I dreamed their light was true, And there, beneath the summer skies, We pledged our love anew "No stormy winds," my sweetheart cried, Shall ever blow on thee, For I am always by thy side. And thou my bride shalt be."

The wild winds blow with hollow tone Down by the raging sea; By the desolate wreck I sit alone— No sweetheart comes to me. The skies with clouds are overcast, And dreary is the land; And love has flown, as with the blast The dead and drifting sand,

HELEN S. CONANT.

IONE STEWART.*

By E. LYNN LINTON,

AUTHOR OF "PATRICIA KEMBALL," "THE ENEMENT OF LEAM DUNDAS," "UNDER WHICH Atonement of Leam Dundas," "Un Lord?" "My Love," sto.

> CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.) IN THE TOILS.

His heart failed him. He could not tell her the true truth. It would be too cruel. He could not confess to her that he did not love her while she looked like this-that she had simply wakened his pity and stirred his emotions for a moment, his heart, his love, his devotion, were all another's for perpetuity. He could not return her truth of passion by the confession of mere weakness to his own impulse. It would be too shameful! He must lie to her, and trust that God would forgive the sin for the sake of the

"It is only my poverty," he said, in a low voice, "You love me, Armine, do you not?" she continued, the strain increasing.
"Who would not, Ione?" he answered, soft,

yielding, pitiful, as he was so sure to be.
"Me and me only?" she asked, forcing him still to look at her.

Her face was still that of Medusa in her agony superhuman in anguish, superhuman in beauty -pleading for mercy under the guise of patience in suffering. He could not bear it. It was like

putting a knife to her throat; and he could not!
"Yes, you and you only," he said; but he turned away his eyes as he spoke.

"Swear it!" she said, in a deep voice, her hand

still clasping his as if in a vise.

"My word is enough," was his reply.

"Then I care for nothing else!" she said, sink-

ing back in her chair, with the long-drawn sigh of one relieved from intolerable pain. "If you love me, Armine, all will be well with us. I will work for you; I will help you. I will be your good angel," she added, passionately; "and I will make your life so happy that you shall not know a day or hour of pain. If you love me, I fear nothing in heaven or earth. The desert with you better than paradise without you. If you deceive me, if you do not love me," she added, in a concentrated kind of voice, suddenly breaking through her exaltation, and falling back on her id suspicion, her tace livid, her eyes alight with flame—"if ever you leave off loving me, if ever you deceive me, I will kill myself, Armine! I have thrown all my happiness on you.

If you fail me I shall die!"
"I am not worthy of so much devotion," said Armine, in torture. "I am a miserable wretch, contemptible to myself."

"Do not! do not! I will not hear that!" cried Ione, laying her hand imperatively on his mouth. "You shall not say such things of yourself.
You insult my love when you do. You are so good, so true, so noble-you are worthy of any woman's love, even of a queen's! But no one will ever love you as I do," she added: "no one could."

But, Ione, my beautiful Ione, be reasonable. We must be reasonable. Love will not keep us," urged pon St. Claire. "We must come down to material considerations, and think of ways and means."

"Love will keep us," she said. "It shall! You co not know what a good wife I shall make,"

. Begun in Harper's Bazar No. 2, Vol. XVI.

she added, firmly. "I have never had fair play here. When I am happy and with you I shall be so different! Oh, we are not to be separated for the want of a little money, and because you are afraid I shall suffer!" she added, passionate. That would be sacrificing the true for the false, the real for the seeming."

"You do not know what you are undertaking," said Arnine. "You do not understand poverty. After your life here, where you have had every. thing you can possibly wish for, it will be terrible to you to feel that you have to curtail every desire—maddening to me to see you want, and I not able to supply. It will break my heart," he added, with genuine tenderness, imagination and pity making together a very good simulacrum of

"It would not break mine if I wanted all the world, so long as I had you," said Ione. "Only love me, Armine, love me as you love me now, and poverty will be more delightful to me than riches. The day when you no longer love me I shall kill myself—or you," she said, with a sudden resumption of her former manner, her face livid, her eves mere glittering lines between her narrowed lids, her hands clasped in each other with so much force that the knuckles were white and the flesh indented, her voice lowered to a kind of hiss—the snake, the panther, the wild beast, the demon that was in her roused and

erect at the mere thought of her lover's infidelity.

At this moment Vincenzo passed before the two, and his shadow fell on them as they sat there beneath the carruba-tree. His broad face was set into its usual smile like an antique mask, but his eyes were burning coals, as he doffed his cap and looked at the lovers askance, and so passed on with his noiseless step-the first omen of their betrothal.

'But that day will never come, will it Armine?" tione added, caressingly, coming back to her love-liest and most seductive self. "You love me as I love you, and you will be as little false to me as I to you? Is it not so? You could not be false, Armine?"

'No, I could not!" said Armine, taking her in his arms and kissing her, overborne by her stronger personality, by her greater intensity of overborne, and not able to free himself. though the end of the world should come upon

And she, poor passionate Ione, did not see that nothing save her own passion existed between them, and that all the rest was glamour created only by herself. She did not feel that his kiss was only responsive, that his love was only pity, that his acquiescence in things as they stood was because of his inability to give pain, and not by the living will of passion. She gave what she had, and saw what she brought; and she desired no more than that which she believed she possessed. It was phantasmagoric, if one will, but what else is all life?—what else all love?

The engagement then was resumed and re-announced, and that wolf on the horizon was accepted as part of the condition of things, together with the bouquet and the ring. The family was the soul of complaisance, and deeply imbued with the sacred principles of liberty, and the right of each individual to regulate his or her own life. Ione was of age; St. Claire knew his own mind. Who then had a right to interfere or object? Their congratulations had, perhaps, a certain false note of contempt in them; but Ione's happiness made her so comfortable to live with, they could not but rejoice in their own share of the good Moreover, they were glad to get rid of her. Taking her at all as one of themselves, and an adopted daughter second only to Clarissa, had been one of those mistakes which are sometimes made by arbitrary men when married to weak but persistent women. Captain Stewart had overborne his wife's opposition, but he had never been able to conquer her repugnance. Her own nature made her just, but Ione's had not won her love; so that the plan had not worked well for the happiness of the home, and the Captain had more than once secretly repented of his own masterful determination. Nevertheless, he always maintained, when twitted with this failure, that he had done what was right, and that he would do just the same had it to come over again.

Now when the girl was to pass into other keeping, he was free to rejoice at the cessation of his own guardianship, and free to confess that a weight was taken off his hands, which gave him the sense of relief.

So these latter days passed on velvet for all save St. Claire, and for him they were beset with thorns and spikes and burning ploughshares almost unendurable. But as he never found the courage to say to Ione, "I do not love you, and I do love some one else," he had to abide by his miserable portion, whence the only solace was his belief that he was securing her happiness at the cost of his own.

CHAPTER XXI.

FOR ALL TIME.

THERE was no question of an immediate marriage following on this rash engagement between Armine and Ione. On the contrary, it was agreed that he should return to Oakhurst for the summer, and the winter too, if his peccant chest would stand the strain, and in the spring of next year he was to come back to Palermo for his bride, if by that time he had a fitting home for a wife. This gave him a little breathing time, and loosened the yoke by just so much. It also, he thought, would enable him to make arrangements for leaving Oakhurst altogether. He would exchange his practice for one which did not include Monica Barrington as a possible patient, which did not necessitate his carrying a wife to the Dower-house as a proof of how lovally he had sealed his allegiance in his heart, and how faithful he had been to his love and his ideal.

It was like staving off the evil day of payment to a man who has sold his soul to the devil or given a bill to a creditor. If not redemption, it was at least delay; and a straw to the drowning man gives a moment's hope of salvation.

What was the chance of salvation to Armine, to Ione was the possibility of destruction. She would rather have been married now without delay, suitable home or not, and the restrictions imposed by prudence galled her as those other bonds galled her beloved. With the superstitious fears born of love, she was afraid of all probable and improbable dangers. This temporary separation was as grievous to her as an eternal farewell, and she saw in it the shapes of all the disasters which could possibly befall both her and the man she loved so blindly and so well. She might have fever and die, or he might be wrecked off the island of Capri on his return to the mainland; she might lose her beauty by smallpox, or he might be taken by brigands in the giro," which, as an intelligent tourist, he was bound to make before leaving the island; he might offend a mafiose and be shot, a camorrista and be stabbed; he might drink in typhus at Naples, or breathe in a perniciosa at Rome; the train by which he travelled might run off the line; the boat by which he crossed the Channel might be lost in a fog; it was quite in the cir-cle of possibilities that some dreadful mishap should touch him, and then what would be her life? She longed to go with him that she might at least share his fate; for, strong as the love for life was in her, the love of him who she believed loved her was stronger, and she would rather have died with him than have lived without

If she had but known the truth !-that truth which was confusion of desire and chaos of thought, as now pity for Ione, and now love of Monica, and now again anger and contempt for himself, dominated him; that truth which was to day consciousness of the splendid personality of the one, to-morrow yearning memories of the spiritualized beauty of the other, with remorse for the infidelity into which he had been seduced. and for the deception to which he stood committed; that truth which, beneath the appearance of glad submission to the sweet bondage of his own love, was dumb revolt against the tyranny of hers-had she but known all this, what a fatal end to the cloud-built palaces wherein her soul dwelt royally, to the enchanted visions which her love transformed to solid facts! But blinded as she was by the effulgence of her own passion, she saw nothing of what was, and dreamed away her life in the serene assurance that her Whether those enchantments were realities. dreams of hers came through the gate of ivory or that of horn was a thing she never asked herself. They were beautiful; they were intoxicating: they made her life like some stately poem, her love like some noble chant; and she peeped behind no blanket of the dark, simply for lack of suspicion that anything was to be seen were she to look.

So the time passed, golden-winged and rosyfingered to her, leaden-footed and griffon-clawed to him; and then the day came when he must leave his weeping love, sad as ever was Ariadne, and go on the "giro" like the rest.

Change of scene and recovery of personal liberty brought to St. Claire that feeling of relief which is the true gauge of pressure. He was no longer the slave of his own pity and the captive of a woman's love. He was free once more, and might think and act as seemed to him best. The farther he was removed from Ione's direct influence, the more surely be came back to himself, and the more impossible seemed the marriage Putting his own feelings out of court, and forgetting Monica, he said to himself, standing on the ground of common-sense, what had he to marry on? He who could scarcely keep himself, to think of adding a wife and probable childrenit was folly to imagine such a thing; it would be a crime to translate that imagination into ac-He pictured to himself his life such as it would be with Ione and poverty; the sordid struggles, the miserable needs, the want of order in the home, the want of harmony in their natures, and, on his side, the want of abiding love. He saw himself at Oakhurst married by the law to one woman, dedicated in heart and soul to another, with Monica's sweet grave eyes looking at him, half in sorrow, half in wonder at his speedy consolation. This vision haunted him night and day, and seemed to stamp itself as with a red-hot iron into his brain. No, he could not face it-he could not! He must write to Palermo and end that which ought never to have been begun. It would be a pain to poor Ione now, but marriage would be a greater pain to her hereafter; and of the two it was better to inflict the lesser and more transient than to let her undergo the larger and more enduring. She would learn to reconcile herself in time-to forget him and perhaps to despise and hate him. The thought grievous enough to one so sensitive and affectionate as he, but anything was better than things as they were at present

He was full of all this while he went the pre scribed round—startling the panting little lizards among the ruins of Girgenti; tracing out the lines where was fought at Syracuse that great battle which redeemed Sicily and ruined Athens; remembering Arethusa in her fountain and Galatea at Aci Reale; reconstructing the past and repeopling the void as he stood, bathed in the silver of the moonlight or glorified by the sunrise, in the ruined theatre at Taormina; catching the burning blood-red beauty of the pomegranates and the waxen sweetness of the oleander as he steamed through that exquisite tract which lies between Taormina and Messina-but, wherever he went, feeling the difficulties of his position, and fuller of his own troubles than of the things about him.

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ITO BE CONTINUED.]

YOLANDE.*

By WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "SHANDON BELLS," "MACLEDO OF DARR,"
"WHITE WINGS," "SUNBISK," ETO.

CHAPTER XLIX.

It was in the month of January following, when the white thoroughfares of Rome were all shining clear in the morning sunlight, that Yo-lande Winterbourne stood in the spacious vestibule of the Hôtel du Quirinal, waiting while her father read a letter that had just been given him. She was dressed in deep mourning, and perhaps that only heightened the contrast between the clearness and brightness of her English-looking complexion and ruddy golden hair and the sallow foreign-looking faces around. And if the ordeal through which she had passed had altered her expression somewhat—if it had robbed her forever of the light laughter and the carelessness of her girlhood-it had left in their stead a sweet seriousness of womanhood that some people found lovable enough. It was not her father only who saw and was charmed by this grave gentleness of look, as an odd incident in this very hotel At the time of the Winterbournes' arrival in Rome there happened to be there—and also staying at the Quirinal Hotel—a famous French painter. Of course every one in the hotel knew who he was, and every one pretended not to know, for he seemed to wish to be alone; and he was so hard at work that when he came in for his mid-day meal, which was of the most frugal kind, he rarely spent more than ten or twelve minutes over it, and then he was off again, only pausing to light a cigarette in the corridor. Well, one day the Winterbournes went as usual into the winter-garden saloon of the hotel to have a bit of lunch, for they were going for a drive somewhere in the afternoon, and they were just about to sit down at their accustomed table, when the famous artist rose from his table and approached them. He was a little man, with a boyish face, but with care-worn eyes; his manner was grave, and yet pleasant.

"Pardon me, sir, the liberty, but may I present myself to you?" said he, in the queerest of pronunciations, and he held a card between his finger and thumb.

You do me a great honor, monsieur," said Mr. Winterbourne, with a low bow, and addressing him in his own tongue; and he managed dexterously to hint that Monsieur —— had no need of a visiting-card with which to introduce himself.

Meanwhile Yolande had turned aside, under pretense of taking off her bonnet; and the great artist, without any circumlocution, told her father what was the object of his thus desiring to make their acquaintance. He was painting a religious subject, he said, which had great difficulties for him. He had observed mademoiselie from time to time. She had so noble an air, an expression so tender, so Madonna-like! All that he wanted, if the father would grant the request, was to be permitted to sit at their table for a few min--to observe more closely, to find out what was the peculiar charm of expression. Would monsieur forgive a painter who could only plead that it was in the interest of his art that he made so bold a request?

Mr. Winterbourne not only gladly assented but was greatly flattered to hear such praise of Yolande from so distinguished a man; and so she was immediately summoned and introduced, and they all three sat down to the little table, and had their lunch together. Yolande was in happy ignorance that she was being studied or examined in any way whatever, and he took good care not to let her know. This little sad-eyed man proved a cheerful enough companion. He talked about anything and everything; and on one occasion Yolande had the happiness of being able to add to his knowledge. He was saying how the realistic decorations on the walls of this saloon -the blue skies, the crystal globes filled with swimming fish and suspended in mid-air, the painted balconies and shrubs and what notwould shock the severe theorists who maintain that in decoration natural objects should be represented only in a conventional manner; and he was saving that nevertheless this literal copying of things for the purposes of decoration had respectable antiquity—as doubtless mademoiselle had observed in the houses of Pompeii, where all kinds of tricks in perspective appeared on flat surfaces-and that it had a respectable authori--as doubtless mademoiselle had observed in the Loggie, where Raphael had painted birds, beasts, or fishes, anything that came ready to his hand or his head, as faithfully and minutely as drawing and color could reproduce them.
"I saw another thing than that at Pompeii,"

said she, with a slight smile.

"Yes?" he said; and she did not know that all the time he was regarding the beautiful curve of the short upper lip, and observing how easily the slight pensive droop of it could be modulated into a more cheerful expression.

"I had always imagined," said she, "that veneering and wickedness like that were quite modern inventions. Don't they say so? Don't they say that it is modern depravity that paints common wood to make it like oak, and paints plaster to resemble marble? But in Pompeii you will also find that wickedness; yes, I assure you, I found in more than one house beautiful black marble with yellow or white veins-so like real marble that one would not suspect-but if examined it where it was broken, you would find it was only plaster, or a soft gray stone, painted

"Indeed, mademoiselle," said he, laughing, "they were a wicked people who lived in Pom-

* Begun in HABPER'S BAZAR No. 3, Vol. XVI.

peii, but I did not know they did anything so dreadful as that."

This was the beginning of an acquaintanceship that lasted during their stay in Rome, but was limited to this brief chat in the middle of the day; for the famous Frenchman was the most devoted of workers. And then, when he heard that the Winterbournes were likely to Rome, he besought the father to allow Yolande to give two or three sittings to a young American artist, a friend of his, who was clever at pastels, and had a happy knack in catching a likeness. As it turned out that Monsieur wish merely to procure a commission for his brother artist, but wanted to have the sketch of the beautiful young English lady for himself, Mr. Winterbourne hesitated, but Yolande volunteered at once, and cheerfully; for they had already visited the young American's studio, and been allowed to hunt through his very considerable collection of bric-à-brac-Eastern costumes, old armor, musical instruments, Moorish tiles, and the like. It was an amusement added to the occupations of the day. Besides, there was one of the most picturesque views in Rome from the windows of that lofty garret. And so Yolande sat contentedly, trying the strings of this or that fifteenth-century lute, while the young American was working away with his colored chalks; and Mr. Winterbourne having by accident discovered the existence, hitherto unsuspected, of a curious stiletto in the hollow handle of a Persian war-axe, now found an additional interest in rummaging among the old weapons which lay or hung every where about the studio.

"Now, Yolande," said he, "do you think Mr. Meteyard could get that portrait of you finished off to-day? Bless my soul! it wasn't to have been a portrait at all; it was only to have been a sketch. And he has kept on niggling and niggling away at it. Why? Well, I don't know unless

But he did not utter the suspicion that had crossed his mind once or twice. It was to the effect that Mr. Meteyard did not particularly want to finish the sketch, but would rather have the young English lady continue her visits to his studio, where he always had a little nosegay of the choicest flowers awaiting her.

"What is the hurry, papa?" she said, lightly. "Well, here is a letter from Shortlands. He has just started for Venice. If we are to meet him there we should start to-morrow for Florence. There isn't much time left now before the opening of Parliament."

"Then let us start to-morrow morning," said she, promptly, "even if I have to sit the whole day to Mr. Metevard. But I think this is the only time we have ever been in Rome without having driven out to the Baths of Caracalla."

"I have no doubt," said ne, "that the Baths of Caracalla will last until our next visit. So come away, Yolande, and let's hurry up Mr. - yank him along,' I believe, is the proper phrase."

So they went out together into the clear white

"And here," said he, discontentedly, as they were going along the street of the Quattro Fonis Shortlands appointing to meet us in Venice at the — Hotel. I'm not going to the — Hotel; not a bit of it."

"Why, papa, you know that is where Desdemona was buried!" she exclaimed.
"Don't I know?" said he, with a gloomy sar-

"Can you be three minutes in the place without being perfectly convinced of the fact?
Oh yes, she was buried there, no doubt. But there was a little too much of the lady the last time we were there."

"Papa, how can you say that?" she remon-rated. "It is no worse than the other ones. And the parapet along the Canal is so nice.

"I am going to Danieli's," he said, doggedly. "I hope we shall get the same rooms we used to have, with the balcony," said she; "and then we shall see whether the pigeons have forgotten all I taught them. Do you remember how cunning they became in opening the paper bags, and in searching for them all about the room? Then I shouldn't wonder it we were to see Mr. Leslie at Venice. In the last note I had from him he said they were going there; but he seemed dissatisfied with his companion, and I do not know whether they are still together.'

"Would you like to meet the Master at Venice?" said lie, regarding her.

A trifle of color appeared in her cheeks, but

she answered, cheerfully:
"Oh yes, very much. It would be like a party of old times-Mr. Shortlands, and he, and our-

selves, all together." "Snortlands has some wonderful project on hand -so he hints-but he does not say what it is. But we must not attempt too much. I am afraid you and I are very lazy and idle travellers, Yolande."

"I am afraid so, papa."
"At all events," said he, as they were going down the steps of the Piazza di Spagna—which are no longer, alas! adorned by picturesque groups of artists' models-" at all events, I must be back at the beginning of the session. They say the Queen is going to open Parliament in person this year. Now there would be a sight for you! That is a spectacle worth going to see."

"Ah!" she said, with a quick interest; "am I to be allowed to go to the House of Commons, after all? Shall I hear you make a speech? Shall I be in the grill—is it the grill they call it?'

"No, no, you don't understand, Yolande," said the "It is the ceremony of opening Parliament. It is in the House of Lords; and the Queen is in her robes; and everybody you ever heard of in England is there-all in grand state. I should get you a ticket, by hook or by crook, if I failed at the ballot; I heard that one was sold for £40 the last time—but maybe that was romance. But I remember this for fact, that when Lord——returned from abroad, and found every available left London."

ticket disposed of, and couldn't get one anyhow, he was in a desperate state because his wife insisted on seeing the show; and when he went to an official, and said that, no matter how, Lady must and should be admitted, that blunt-spoken person told him that he might as well try to get her ladyship into the kingdom of heaven. But we'll manage it for you, Yolande. We'll take it in time. And if we can't secure it any other way, we'll get you into the Reporters' Gallery as the representative of a ladies' newspaper.'

When they had climbed up to the altitudes of the young artist's studio, which was situated in one of the narrower streets between the Piazza di Spagna and the Corso, they found Mr. Meteyard rather dismayed at the prospect of their leaving Rome so soon. It was not entirely a question of finishing the portrait. Oh yes, he said, he could get the sketch finished well enough -that is, as well as he was likely to be able to do it. But he had no idea that Mr. and Miss Winterbourne were going away so soon. Would they dine with him at his hotel that evening? He was coming to England soon; might he call and see them? And would Mr. Winterbourne take with him that Persian are in the handle of which he had discovered the stiletto? And would Miss Winterbourne allow him to paint for her a replica of a study of a Roman girl's head that she seemed rather to like, and he would have it forwarded to England, and be very proud if she would accept it?

Alas! alas! this youth had been dreaming dreams, and no doubt that was the reason of his having dawdled so long over a mere sketch crayons. But he was not wounded unto death. It is true, he covered himself with reproaches over the insufficiency of the portrait, although it was very cleverly done and an incontestably good likeness; and he gave them at his hotel that evening a banquet considerably beyond what a young painter is ordinarily supposed to be able to afford; and the next morning, although the train for Florence leaves early, there he was, with such a beautiful bouquet for the young lady! And he had brought her eau-de-Cologne, too, for the journey, and fruit, and sweets (all this was ostensibly because he was grateful to her for having allowed him to make a sketch of her for his friend the famous French painter); and when at last the train went away out of the station he looked after it sadly enough. But he was not inconsolable, as events proved; for within three months of this sad parting he had married a rather middle-aged contessa, who had estates near Terracina, and a family of four daughters by a former husband; and when the Winterbournes next saw him he was travelling en garçon through the southern English counties along with two Scotch artists, who also-in order that nothing should interfere with their impassioned study of nature-had left their wives behind them.

CHAPTER L.

VENICE.

JOHN SHORTLANDS, however, was delayed by some business in Paris, and the Winterbournes arrived in Venice first. They went to Danieli's, and secured the rooms which were familiar to them in former days. But Yolande found that the pigeons had forgotten all she had ever taught them, and she had to begin again at the beginning, coaxing them first by sprinkling maize on the balustrade of the balcony, then inveigling them down into the balcony itself, then leaving the large windows open, and enticing them into the room, and finally educating them so that they would peck at any half-folded packet they found on the stone floor, and get at the grain inside. The weather happened to be fine, and father and daughter contentedly set about their water - pilgrimages through the wonderful and strange city that never seems to lose its interest and charm for even those who know it most familiarly, while it is the one thing in the world that is safe never to disappoint the new-comer, if he has an imagination superior to that of a hedgehog. There were several of Mr. Winterbourne's Parliamentary friends in Venice at this time, and Yolande was very eager to make their acquaintance; for now, with the prospect before her of being allowed to go down occasionally and listen to the debates, she wished to become as familiar as was possible with the personnel of the House. She could not honestly say that these legislators impressed her as being persons of extraordinary intellectual force, but they were pleasant enough companions. Some of them had a vein of facetiousness, while all of them showed a deep interest—and even sometimes a hot-headed partisanship-when the subject of cookery and the various tables d'hôte happened to come forward.

Then one night when they had, as usual after dinner, gone round in their gondola to the hotel there Mr. Shortlands was expected, they found that that bulky North-countryman had arrived, and was now in the saloon, quite by himself, and engaged in attacking a substantial supper. solid beefsteak and a large bottle of Bass did not seem quite in consonance with a moonlight night in Venice; but John Shortlands held to the "coelum, non animum" theory; and when he could get Dalescroft fare, in Venice or anywhere else, he preferred that to any other. He received the Winterbournes with great cordiality, and instantly they began a discussion of their plans for filling in the time before the opening of Parliament.
"But what is the great project you were so

mysterious about?" Mr. Winterbourne asked.

"Ay, there's something, now," said he, pouring out another tumblerful of the clear amber fluid... there's something worth talking about! I've taken a moor in Scotland for this next season,



ILT.

COMPUTATION



"AND THEN THEY WENT OUT ON TO THE WIDE BALCONY."

"Whereabouts is it?" Mr. Winterbourne asked again. "Well, when it's at home they call it Allt-

nam-ba. "You don't mean to say you've taken Allt-

nam-ba for this year?"
"But indeed I have. Tit for tat's fair play; and although the house won't be as well manand although the house wont be as wen managed as it was last year—for we can't expect everything—still I hope we'll have as pleasant a time of it. Ay, my lass," said he, regarding Yolande, "you look as if a breath of mountain air would do ye some good—better than wandering about foreign towns, I'll be bound."

Yolande did not answer; nor did she express any gratitude for so kind an invitation, nor any gladness at the thought of returning to that home in the far mountain wilderness. She sat silent perhaps also a trifle paler than usual—while the two men discussed the prospects of the coming

"I'll have to send Edwards and some of them up from Dalescroft, though where they are to get beds for themselves I can't imagine," John Shortlands said. "Won't my fine gentleman turn up his nose if he has to take a room in the bothy! By-the-way, my neighbor Walkley—you remember him, Winterbourne, don't ye?—has one o' those portable zinc houses that he bought some two or three years ago when he leased a salmon river in Sutherlandshire. I know he hasn't used it since, and I dare say he'd lend it to me. It could easily be put up behind the lodge at Allt-nam-ba, and then they'd have no excuse for grum-bling and growling."

"But why should you send up a lot of English servants, who don't know what roughing it in a small shooting-box is like?" said Mr. Winterbourne. "Why should you bother? We did very well last year, didn't we? Why shouldn't you have exactly the same people; and here is Yolande, who can set the machine going again—"

"There you've exactly hit it," said Shortlands.
"For that is precisely what Yolande is not going to do, and not going to be allowed to It's all very well for an inhuman father to let his daughter slave away at grocers' accounts. My guest is going to be my guest, and must have a clear full holiday as well as any of us. I don't say that she didn't do it very well, for I never saw a house better managed—everything punctual, everything well done, no breaking down—just what you wanted always to your hand; but I say that this year she must have her holiday like the rest. Perhaps she needs it more than any of us," he added, almost to himself.

It was strange that Yolande made no offer, however formal, of her services, and did not even thank him for his consideration. No; she sat mute, her eyes averted; she let these two discuss the matter between themselves.

"I am paying an additional £80," said Short-lands, "to have the sheep kept off, so that we may have a better chance at the deer. Fancy all that stretch of land only able to provide £80 of grazing! I wonder what some of the fellows on your side of the House, Winterbourne, would say to that? Gad, I'll tell you, now, what I'd

like to see: I'd like to see the six hundred and sixty-six members of the House of Commons put

sixty-six members of the House of Commons put on to Allt-nam-ba, and compelled to get their liv-ing off it for five years."

"They wouldn't try," said his friend, contempt-uously. "They'd only talk. One honorable mem-ber would make a speech three columns long to prove that it was the duty of the right honorable gentleman opposite to begin rolling off a few granite bowlders; and the right honorable gentleman opposite would make a speech six columns long to show that there was no Parliamentary precedent for such a motion; and an Irishman would get up to show that any labor at all expended on a Scotch moor was an injury done to the Irish fisheries, and another reason why the Irish revenues should be managed by a committee of his countrymen meeting in Dublin. They'd talk the heather bare before they'd grow an ear

of corn."
"By-the-way," said John Shortlands, who had now finished his supper and was ready to go out-side and smoke a pipe in the balcony overlooking the Grand Canal, "I wonder if I shall be able to

curry favor with that excellent person, Mrs. Bell?"
"But why?" said Yolande, speaking for the first time since this Allt-nam-ba project was men-

"Oh, that she might perhaps give Edwards and them a few directions when they go to get the place ready for us. I dare say they will find it awkward at first."

"I am sure Mrs. Bell will be very glad to do that," Yolande said at once. "If you like I will write to her when the time comes."

"She would do it for your sake, anyway," he id. "Well, it would be odd if we should have just the same party in the evenings that we used to have last year. They were very snug, those evenings-I suppose because we knew we were so far out of the world, and a small community by ourselves. I hope Jack Melville will still be there. My heart warmed to that fellow; he's got the right stuff in him, as we say in the North. And the Master-we must give the Master a turn on the hill-I have never seen his smart shooting that you talked so much about, Winterbourne. Wonder if he ever takes a walk up to the lodge? Should think it must be pretty cold up there just now; and cold enough at Lynn, for the matter of

"But Mr. Leslie isn't at Lynn, is he?" said Yo-

lande, suddenly.
"Where is he, then?"

"He had started on a yachting cruise when I last heard from him," Yolande said. "Why, we had half hoped to find him in Venice; and then would have been strange—the Allt-nam-ba party all together again in Venice. But perhaps he is still at Naples—he spoke of going to Na-

ples."
"I don't know about Naples," said Shortlands, "but he was in Inverness last week.' "In Inverness! No; it is impossible!"

"Oh, but it is certain. He wrote to me from Inverness about the taking of the shooting."
"Not from Lynn?" said Yolande, rather won-

"No. He said in his letter that he had happened to call in at Macpherson's office—that is their agent, you know—and had seen the corre-spondence about the shooting; and it was then

spondence about the shooting; and it was then that he suggested the advisability of keeping the sheep off Allt-nam-ba."

"It is strange," Yolande said, thoughtfully.
"But he was not well satisfied with his compan-"But he was not well satisfied with his companion—no—not at all comfortable in the yacht—and perhaps he went back suddenly." And then she added, for she was obviously puzzled about this matter, "Was he staying in Inverness?" "Indeed I don't know," was the answer.
"Did he write from the Station Hotel?" she asked again. clancing at him

asked again, glancing at him.

"No; he wrote from Macpherson's office, I think. You know he used often to go up to Inverness to look after affairs."

Yes," said Yolande, absently. She was wondering whether it was possible that he still kept up that aimless feud with his relatives—aimless, now that the occasion of it was forever re-

And then they went out on to the wide balcony, where the people were sitting at little tables, smoking cigarettes and sipping their coffee, and all around was a cluster of gondolas that had been stopped by their occupants in going by, for in one of the gondolas moored to the front of the balcony was a party of three minstrels, and the clear, penetrating, fine-toned voice of a woman rose above the sounds of the violins and the guitar with the old familiar

"Mare sì placido, Vento si caro, Scordar fa i triboli Al marinaro";

and beyond this dense cluster of boats, out on the pale waters of the Canal, here and there a gon: lola glided noiselessly along, the golden star of its lamp moving swiftly; and on the other side of the Canal the Church of Santa Maria della Salute thrust its heavy masses of shadow out into They were the white moonlight. ed with this scene, and yet the wonder and charm of it never seemed to fade. There are certain things that repetition and familiarity do not affect—the strangeness of the dawn, for example, or the appearance of the first primrose in the woods; and the sight of Venice in moonlight is another of these things-for it is the most mysterious and the most beautiful picture that the world can show.

By-and-by the music ceased; there was a little collection of money for the performers, and then the golden stars of the gondolas stole away in their several directions over the placid waters. Mr. Winterbourne and Yolande summoned theirs also, for it was getting late, and presently they were gliding swiftly and silently through the still moonlight night.

," said Yolande, gently, "I hope you will " Papa, go with Mr. Shortlands in the autumn, for it is very kind of him to ask you; but I would rather Indeed, you must not ask me to go. But it will not matter to you; I shall not weary until you come back; I will stay in London, or wherever you like."

"Why don't you wish to go to Allt-nam-ba, Yolande?" said he. There was no answer.

"I thought you were very happy up there," he

said, regarding her. But though the moonlight touched her face

her eyes were cast down, and he could not make out what she was thinking: perhaps, even if her lips were tremulous, he might have failed to no-

"Yes," said she at length, and in a rather low voice, "perhaps I was. But I do not wish to go again. You will be kind and not ask me to go again, papa?"

'My dear child," said he, "I know more than you think-a great deal more than you think. Now I am going to ask you a question: if John Melville were to ask you to be his wife, would you then have any objection to going to Allt-nam-ba?"

She started back, and looked at him for a second with the started back.

She started back, and looked at him for a second with an alarmed expression in her face; but the next moment she had dropped her eyes.

"You know you can not expect me to answer such a question as that," she said, not without some touch of wounded pride.

"But he has asked you, Yolande," her father said, quietly. "There is a letter for you at the hotel. It is in my writing-case; it has been there for a month or six weeks; it was to be given you whenever—well. whenever I thought it most exwhenever-well, whenever I thought it most expedient to give it to you. And I don't see why you shouldn't have it now-as soon as we go you shouldn't have it now—as soon as we go back to the hotel. And if you don't want to go to the Highlands for fear of meeting Jack Melville, as I imagine, here is a proposal that may put matters straight. Will it?"

Her head was still held down, and she said, in almost on impulied weige.

almost an inaudible voice,

"Would you approve, papa?" "Nould you approve, papa?"
"Nay, I'm not going to interfere again," said he, with a laugh. "Choose for yourself. I know more now than I did. I have had some matters explained to me, and I have guessed at others; and I have a letter, too, from the Master-a very frank and honest letter, and saying all sorts nice things about you too, Yolande—yes, and about Melville too, for the matter of that. I am glad there will be no ill feeling, whatever happens. So you must choose for yourself, child, without let or hinderance—whatever you think is most for your happiness—what you most wish for yourself. That is what I approve of."

"But would you not rather that I remained with you, papa?" she said, though she had not

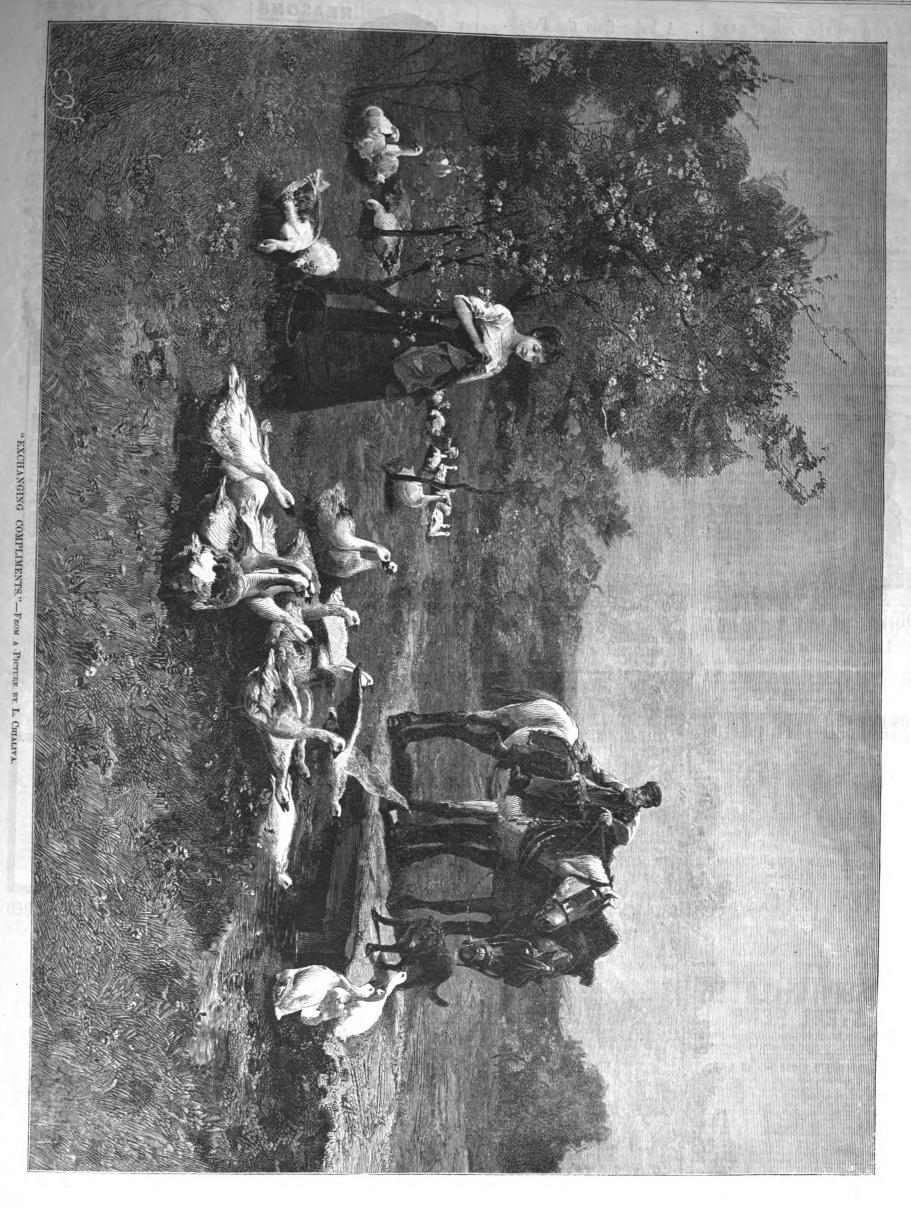
yet courage to raise her eyes. yet courage to raise her eyes.

"Oh, I have had enough of you, you baggage!"
he said, good-naturedly. "Do you expect me always to keep dragging you with me about Europe?

Nay, but. Haven't we discussed all that before? Nav, but, Yolande," he added, in another manner, "follow what your own heart tells you to do. That will

be your safest guide."

They reached the hotel, and when they ascended to their suite of rooms he brought her the letter. She read it—carefully and yet eagerly, and with a flushed forehead and a beating heartwhile he lit a cigarette and went to the window, to look over at the moon-lit walls and massive



shadows of San Giorgio. There was a kind of joy in her face; but she did not look up. She read the letter again, and again studying the phrases of it, and always with a warmth at her heart—of pride and gratitude and a desire to say something to some one who was far away. "Well?" her father said, coming back from

the window, and appearing to take matters very

She went to him, and kissed him, and hid her "I think, papa," said she, "I—I think I will go with you to Allt-nam-ba."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"EXCHANGING COMPLIMENTS."

THE picturesque little town of Ecouen, situated some eight miles from Paris, is the abiding-place of a brilliant coterie of French and foreign artists. Of this colony M. Edouard Frère may naturally be called the head; and after him, in genius as well as in the possession of a wide reputation, comes M. Luigi Chialiva.

From the beginning of his career as an artist M. Chialiva's success has been uniform, his pictures having secured a ready appreciation in England, and no small number having made their way to this country. Some noble speci-

mens of his work have found a place in the Corcoran Gallery, Washington, and others are in the possession of Mr. George W. Childs and other

possession of air, deelige W. Chiadis and other leading citizens.

M. Chialiva's specialty is landscape and animal painting. It is rarely that he introduces figures into his pictures, though he has done so in this case with remarkable success. A visit to his house reveals the methods of his work. It is a charming French dwelling revotested from outside charming French dwelling protected from outside gaze by heavy stone walls. The studio, which is on the ground-floor, opens through immense glass doors into what might be called both a garden and a menagerie. In a series of comfortable

wooden buildings live M. Chialiva's subjects. They are donkeys, geese, sheep, and other live stock, and feathered creatures of all descriptions. When needed they are marched through the glass doors into the studio, and there posed by attend-ants, who, when they become uneasy, keep order by sharp words and strong switches while the artist does his work.

M. Chialiva is about forty-five years of age; he has a charming wife and one son. The reputa-tion which he had achieved long before middle life is rapidly increasing, and his name promises soon to be numbered among those of our first

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Gents,—I desire to express to you my thanks for your wonderful Hop Bitters. I was troubled with Dyspepsia for five years previous to commencing the use of your Hop Bitters some six months ago. My cure has been wonderful. I am pastor of the First Methodist Church of this place, and my whole congregation can testify to the great virtue of your bitters.

Very respectfully, Rev. H. FEREBEE.

ROUBSTER, N. Y., March 11, 1880.

Hop Bitters Co.,—Please accept our grateful acknowledgment for the Hop Bitters you were so kind as to donate, and which were such a benefit to us. We are so built up with it we feel young again.

Oth Ladies of the Home of the Frenchess.

DELEVAN, Wis., Sept. 24, 1880.

Gents,—I have taken not quite one bottle of the Hop Bitters. I was a feeble old man of 78 when I got it. To-day I am as active and feel as well as I did at 30. I see a great many that need such a medicine.

Monror, Mich., Sept. 25, 1875.

Sirs.—I have been taking Hop Bitters for inflammation of the kidneys and bladder. It has done for me what four doctors failed to do-cured me. The effect of the Bitters seemed like magic. W. L. Carter.

of the Bitters seemed like magic. W. L. Carter.
If you have a sick friend, whose life is a burden, one
bottle of Hop Bitters will restore that friend to perfect
health and happiness.

Bradford, P.A., May S, 1881.
It has cured me of several diseases, such as nervousness, sickness at the stomach, monthly troubles, etc.
I have not seen a sick day since I took Hop Bitters.

Mrs. Fannic Geers.

MIS. FANNIE GEEEN.

EVANSVILLE, WIB., JUNE 24, 1882.

Gentlemen,—No medicine has had one half the sale here and given such universal satisfaction as your Hop Bitters have. We take pleasure in speaking for their welfare, as every one who tries them is well satisfied with their results. Several such remarkable cures have been made with them here that there are a number of earnest workers in the Hop Bitters' cause. One person gained eleven pounds from taking only a few bottles.

BAY CITY, MODIL, Feb. 3, 1880.

BAY CITY, MIOH., Feb. 3, 1880.

Hop Bitters Company,—I think it my duty to send you a recommendation for the benefit of any person wishing to know whether Hop Bitters are good or not. I know they are good for general debility and indigestion; strengthen the nervous system and make new life. I recommend my patients to use them.

Dr. A. Platt, Treater of Chronic Disenses.

Dr. A. Platt, Treater of Chronic Diseases.

Suprior, Wiss., January, 1880.

I heard in my neighborhood that your Hop Bitters were doing such a great deal of good among the sick and afflicted with most every kind of disease, and as I had been troubled for fifteen years with neuralgia and all kinds of rheumatic complaints and kidney trouble, I took one bottle according to directions. It at once did me a great deal of good, and I used four bottles more. I am an old man, but am now as well as I can wish. There are seven or eight families in our place using Hop Bitters for their family medicine, and are so well satisfied with it they will use no other. One lady here has been bedridden for years, is well and doing her work from the use of three bottles.

Leonard Wittereck.

What it Did for an Old Lady.

What it Did for an Old Lady.

Coshocton Station, N. Y., Dec. 28, 1878.

Gents,—A number of people had been using your Bitters here, and with marked effect. A hady of over seventy years had been sick for the past ten years; she had not been able to be around. Six months ago she was helpless. Her old remedies or physicians being of no avail, I sent forty-five miles and got a botte of Hop Bitters. It had such an effect on her that sile was able to dress herself and walk about the house. After taking two bottles more she was able to take care of her own room and walk out to her neighbor's, and has improved all the time since. My wife and children also have derived great benefit from their use.

Honest Old Tim.

Goman, N. Y., July 14, 1879.

Gents,—Whoever you are, I don't know; but I feel grateful to you to know that in this world of adulterated medicines there is one compound that proves and does all it advertises to do, and more. Four years ago I had a slight shock of palsy, which unnerved me to such an extent that the least excitement would make me shake like the ague. List May I was induced to try Hop Bitters. I used one bottle, but did not see any change; another did so change my nerves that they are now as steady as they year were. It used to take both hands to write, but now my good right hand writes this. Now, if you continue to mannfacture as honest and good an article as you do, you will accumulate an honest fortune and confer the greatest blessing on your fellow-men that was ever conferred on mankind.

Anna Maria Krider, Wife of Tobias K.

Anna Maria Krider, Wife of Tobias K.

Anna Maria Krider, Wife of Tobias K.

Chambersher, July 25, 1875.

This is to let the people know that I, Anna Maria Krider, wife of Tobias Krider, am now past seventy-four years of age. My health has been very bad for many years past. I was troubled with weakness, had cough, dyspepsia, great debility, and constipation of the bowels. I was so miserable I could eat nothing. I heard of Hop Bitters and was resolved to try them. I have only used three bottles, and I feel wonderful good, well and strong again. My bowels are regular, my appetite good, and cough gone. I think it my duty to let the people know how bad I was and what the medicine has done for me, so they can cure themselves with it.

My wife was troubled for years with blotches, moth-

has done for me, so they can cure themselves with it.

My wife was troubled for years with blotches, mothpatches, freckles, and pimples on her face, which nearly amoyed the life out of her. She spent many dollars on the thousand infallible (r) cures, with nothing but injurious effects. A lady friend, of Syracuse, N.Y., who had had similar experience and had been cured with Hop Bitters, induced her to ry it. One bottle has made her face as smooth, fair, and soft as a child's, and given her such health that it seems almost a miracle.

A Member of Canadian Parliament.

and given her such health that it seems almost a mirscle. A Member of Canadian Parliament.

A Rich Lady's Experience.

I travelled all over Europe and other foreign conntries at a cost of thousands of dollars in search of
health, and found it not. I returned discouraged and
disheartened, and was restored to real youthful health
and spirins with less than two bottles of Hop Bitters.
I hope others may profit by my experience and stay at
home.

A Lady, Augusta, Me.
I had been sick and miserable so long, causing my
husband so much trouble and expense, no one knowing what ailed me. I was so completely disheartened
and discouraged that I got a bottle of Hop Bitters and
msed them tuknown to my family. I soon began to
improve, and gained so fast that my husband and family thought it strange and unnatural, but when I told
them what had helped me, they said, "Hurrah for
Hop Bitters! long may they prosper, for they have
made mother well and us happy." The Mortier.

My mother says Hop Bitters is the only thing that
will keep her from her old and severe attacks of paralysis and headache...En. Osceqo Sun.
Ludden in four years and these.

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Every style and color of Jersey now in demand can be found at this establishment.

SPECIAL FOR THIS WEEK: JERSEYS. ELABORATELY BRAIDED, \$4 75; ELSEWHERE \$7 50. BON MARCHÉ (FAN BACK), \$3 75; ELSEWHERE \$5 00. FINE ENGLISH JERSEYS, \$2 35; ELSE-WHERE \$3 50.

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370 A WEEK. \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address TRUE Co., Augusta, Maine. Hair and Scalp diseases thoroughly cured by Dr. C. W. Bepson's Skin Cure. None like it. \$1, druggists.



RURAL SCENERY.

GENT FROM CITY. "BUT WHERE THE DEUCE IS THE SCENERY? WHAT IN THUNDER IS THERE TO LOOK AT?"

FARMER (indignantly). "WHY, THE NEW BARN. WHAT MORE DO YOU WANT FOR FIVE DOLLARS A WEEK? IT'S A PERFECT BEAUTY."

FACETLÆ.

A LITTLE fellow, some four or five years old, and who had never seen a negro, was greatly perplexed one day when one came by where he and his father were. The youngster eyed the stranger suspiciously till he had passed, and then asked his father:

"Pa, who painted that man all black so?"

"God did, my son," replied the father.

"Well," said the little one, still looking after the negro, "I shouldn't have thought he'd have held still,"

SOME MORE NAMES.

There's a region called Man-itoba',
Which to us sounds quite lar-da-da;
But its people would look very sober
To hear it pronounced Man-ito'ba,
This far-away Manitoba',

This far-away Manitoba',

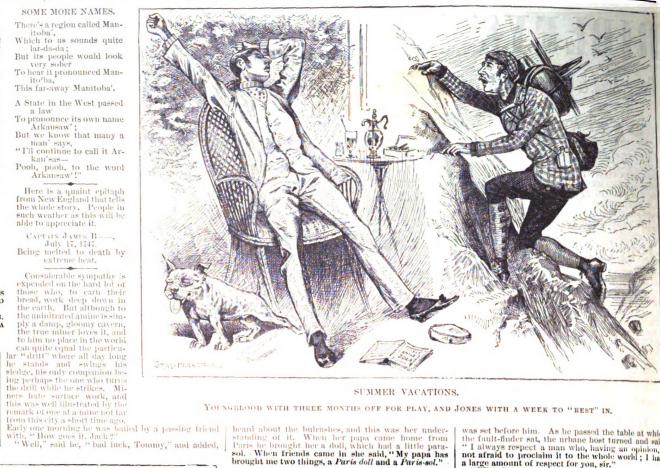
A State in the West passed a law
To pronounce its own name Arkansaw';

But we know that many a man' says,

"I'll continue to call it Arkan'sas—
Pooh, pooh, to the word Arkansaw'!"

Here is a quaint epitaph from New England that tells the whole story. People in such weather as this will be able to appreciate it.

Captain James B——,



SUMMER VACATIONS.

YOUNGBLOOD WITH THREE MONTHS OFF FOR PLAY, AND JONES WITH A WEEK TO "REST" IN.

heard about the bulrushes, and this was her understanding of it. When her papa came home from Paris he brought her a doll, which had a little parasol. When friends came in she said, "My papa has brought me two things, a Paris doll and a Paris-sol."

The proprietor of a down-town restaurant, who is celebrated for his dry wit, a few days ago heard one of his patrons complaining rather noisily of the food that

was set before him. As he passed the table at which the fault-finder sat, the urbane host turned and said, "I always respect a man who, having an opinion, is not afraid to proclaim it to the whole world; I have a large amount of respect for you, sir."
"Wish I could say as much for you," retorted the growler.

growler.
"You could," was the cool answer, "if you only lied as easily as I do."



CHEERFUL SURROUNDINGS.

NERFOUS INVALID (who has been sent to the sea-side to recuperate). "Well! this is really a refreshing spot. I think I shall soon get well here."

Once upon a time a belated traveller applied for shelter at a farm-house in rather a wild part of New England, and after being taken care of for the night, was invited to join the family at morning prayers. The host prayed with due fervor for the stranger within his gates, and also that his own sons might be like two hemispheres. The guest, failing to comprehend his exact meaning, ventured to ask it later on. The good farmer looked a bit puzzled, said he didn't exactly know, and after a moment's hesitation said, "But I guess it's a pretty good word, ain't it?"

with an expression of disgust, "I've got to work up here in this infernal sunshine all day,"

"What is pride, my son?" said a gentleman to his little boy.
"Walking with a cane when you ain't lame," he said.

"Walking with a cane when you am crame, he said.

A pretty little fairy who lives in Washington, and who is very fond of having Bible stories read to her, ran to her mamma the other day and said, eagerly, "On, mamma, please read me that pretty story again about little Moses with the bulls rushing after him!" She had



KILLING TIME IN THE COUNTRY.

CLARENGE. "HAM, OLD BOY, WHAT SHALL WE DO IN THIS DULL PLACE TO KILL TIME?"

HAMILTON. "SLEEP, OF COURSE."

CLAGENCE. "BUT WHEN WE WAKE UP?"

HAMILTON. "WHY, GO TO SLEEP AGAIN."

THE SUMMER HOTEL-KEEPER. EARLY IN JUNE .- "Butter wouldn't-"

LATE IN JULY, -An Iceberg.



IN THE CITY RESTAURANTS AND CAFES. WAITERS MUCH IN DEMAND. NEARLY ALL GONE TO THE SEA-SIDE OR MOUNTAIN HOTELS.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1883.

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YOLANDE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "WHITE WINGS," "SHANDON BELLS," ETC.

CHAPTER LI.—conclusion.

NoW it is not possible to wind up this history in the approved fashion, because the events chronieled in it are of somewhat recent occurrence—indeed, at the present writing the Winter-

bournes and John Shortlands are still looking forward to their flight to Alltmani-ba, when Parliament has ceased talking for a year. But at least the story may be brought as far as possible "up to date." And first, as regards the Master of Lynn. When on that evening in Venice Yolande had imagined that he was in [Continued on page 454.]



HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1883.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN OFFER TO YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS.

For the best original drawing to illustrate Alfred Domert's "Christmas Hymn"-the draw ing to be suitable for publication in Harper's Magazine, and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age — MESSES, HARPER & BROTHERS offer an award of THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, room the homorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the pros ecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old mas-ters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience

of the recipient for the purposes specified.

The drawings must be received by Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS not later than August 1, 1883, addressed "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York"; and each newst be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed cuvelope accompanying the drawings, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined.—The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the pub-lication of the drawing.

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A.; MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A.; and Mr. Charles Parsons, A.N.A., Superintendent of the Art Department, Harper & Brothers, will not an judges of the competition.

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for HARPER'S MAGAZINE of December, 1883; and should other drawings submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows; one page Harper's Weekly, \$300; one page Harper's Bazar, \$200; one page Harper's Young People, \$100.

If the judges should decide that no one of the

drawings is suitable, Messes. Harper & Brothers reserve the right to extend the limit of time and re-

open the competition.

Two Christmas Hymns by Alfred Domett have been published. That published in 1837 is the one for the illustration of which artists are invited to compete, and a printed copy of it will be sent on application to

> HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

JAMES PAYN'S NEW STORY.

A new Serial Story of surpassing interest, with BRILLIANT ILLUSTRATIONS, entitled

"THE CANON'S WARD,"

by the favorite novelist James Pays, author of "From Exile," "Under One Roof," "Walter's by the javorue nuccose "Some Roof," "Walter's Word," "Won—not Wood," etc., is begun in the present Number of Harper's Bazar.

We Our next Number will contain a Patternsheet Supplement, with numerous full-sized putterns, illustrations, and descriptions of Ladies Dresses for Mountain, Sea-side, Watering-Place, and COUNTRY WEAR; Cloth Polonaises, Summer Wrappings, Children's Country Suits, Ladies' Breakfust and Dress Caps; Card and Work Buskets; Chair Backs; Cradle or Carriage Afghans, etc.; with choice literary and artistic attractions.

WOMAN AS A DUNCE.

THE eyes of those persons who appear to I regard woman as a natural enemy or an evil agency always to be suppressed, and who forget that they themselves ever had mothers and may have daughters, and that these mothers and daughters are a part of the race, however unwilling to intrude on the prescriptive rights of their superiors in being so-the eyes of those persons, we say, must have been curiously opened by some recent statements concerning the inventive genius of women-statements that have been, perhaps, surprising even to women in

These cavillers would, if they could, deny that women possess any genius at all, let one the inventive: but the denial of genius being now out of the question, they only deny her the possession of useful genius.

Woman is an essential and natural conservative. She has, as an individual of long standing through the years, that is, as the generic woman, seen things so much worse than when she is but partially taken care of that she is anxious to preserve things as they are, lest change should bring an even less fortunate condition than that poor and partial care. Moreover, occupied, as the majority of women are during every moment of their waking hours, and encroaching on those necessary for sleep, with household labors that must be performed, than whose omission they generally feel sickness were far the better, there is no time to think of improvement in anything with which they have to deal, hardly time to observe its possibility, no time to act upon it if it were thought of, and but little energy left either

to think, observe, or act. And even if thought and action had arisen, the development of any sort of new mechanical invention requires money-a thing which this same majority of women do not often have, since the theory of marriage in the minds of their husbands has generally been, "All that is mine is yours, indeed, but all that is yours is mine," upon the argument of which vicious circle the husbands held the money and kept it, preferring, rather than to surrender the specific coin, to make themselves every purchase, down to that of a spool of thread, as if they meant to allow no peculation of the change in such transaction for pocket-money. Without money, should she invent the lever of ARCHIMEDES, she knows she can have no model made or pushed; she knows if she proposed it she would be poohpooled into silence; and the mere absence of money is a depressing fact anyway that is apt to extinguish hope in the moment of birth by the despair arising from impotence.

Women have been systematically taught to distrust themselves, so that housekeeping runs in ruts, and they fear to make innovations on the way found good enough for their grandmothers lest they come out on something worse; and so fearing, they go on with the rude and primitive till some man, without the fear of man before him, happens to see the possibility of a better way of doing, and straightway it is done.

Nevertheless, and even under all this hampering and discouraging condition, handi-capped from the day of the advent of their first ancestress, it seems that women have really done something worth while in the way of invention. Yes, the caviller confesses, very likely-something useless, ornamental, frivolous, a feeder of vanity. How well he guesses! For it is quite true. The spinning of silk was invented by a woman, TAO, a Chinese empress; and so was the weaving of gauze a woman's invention, that of PAMPHILE, of Cos. The cashmere shawl, too, was invented by a woman, MHEARAI MISA, an Asiatic of taste, and the attar of roses was another of her inventions, yet ten to one she perished in a suttee. The discovery of wood-engraving by two young Italian girls; of bronze relief by a Japanese woman; of pillow lace by BAR-BARA UTIMANN, of Saxony; of the straw bonnet, a century later, by BETSEY MET-CALF, of Massachusetts; of underglaze painting on pottery by Louise McLaugh-LIN, of Ohio-are all things ornamental, in a measure frivolous, and the feeders of vanity, it may be admitted; but whatever else they are, they are also the cause and source of what tremendous industries that keep the wolf from the door of how many myriad homes. For the spinning of silk is a national industry not only of France, but now in America; Persia and Hindostan can tell what immense revenues come from the attar of roses and the cashmere shawl; women who would otherwise starve in the gutters bless the name of Barbara UTF-MANN, who gave them the means of livelihood; wood-engraving employs in this country alone women enough, and men enough too, to rise up and call the young CUNIO sisters blessed; Betsey Metcale's straw bonnet is worth half a million dollars to-day in the industry born from its

But here we cease to make any allow ances or admissions to the enemy. Woman has done much more than to invent a few ornamental affairs. According to the records searched and sifted by Mrs. GAGE, she has invented many of the most useful arts and articles belonging to our daily life. Not to mention the traditional Isis, who invented bread-making and the manufacture of flax and the art of healing, and was deified for it all, nor to speak of Semiramis as the inventor of cotton cloth, since that statement may be fabulous, but to cite only instances in our own times, it was a woman, the widow of General NATHANIEL GREENE who made the first suggestion of the cotton-gin which ELI WHITNEY elaborated and perfected; it was Miss KNIGHT who invented the simplest and also one of the most useful of all articles, the paper bag, and was offered fifty thousand dollars for it: it was Mrs. WALTON who invented a device for deadening the noise of railway trains; it was a woman who invented the plan of battle by which our late civil war was brought to a triumphant conclusion; it was a girl of sixteen who invented a change box for making change more rapidly than by the old way; it was a little girl who invented the gimlet-pointed screw; the grandmother of CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG invented an important attachment to the machinery of looms in mills; and spinning, and horse shoeing, and wood-sawing, and butter-making machines without number are among the inventions of women, as well as a rotary loom, an ore-smelter, a chain elevator, a fire-escape, a screw crank for steam-ships, a spark-arrester for locomotives, a process for

using petroleum instead of wood or coal,

and another process for heating without fire; and all these are not the half.

Of course men, under their entirely favorable conditions and chances, have made a thousand inventions to each our of these mentioned. But, in comparison, how many of the thousand have been useful or are known to-day, and which of the thousand are really more useful than these, excepting the chaining of the elements in steam and electricity? On the whole, looking over her record in the light of these facts, it occurs to us that woman does not show up well as a dunce; and if she can do so much as a dunce, what is there that she might not do if she were educated? There appears to be here a spark of inventive genius, which the caviller might better use his breath in blowing into a flame; than waste it in objurgation. We wonder if he would not find it both interesting and profitable to try the experiment!

OUR HEALTH.

TOTWITHSTANDING all the attention that is paid to the subject of health, all the books and articles that are written upon it, all the people who make it their business to understand it, all the discoveries that are constantly being made in regard to it, how few people are thoroughly well, or how few, who are, take the pains to remain so! The healthy person often seems to regard illness as something quite foreign to himself, which he is in no more danger of falling heir to than he is of having the almond eyes and queues of the Chinese, the color of the Malay, or the habits of the Hottentot; and he is always very ready to give everybody the recipe for being as healthy as he is. One will say that health consists in eating Graham bread; another, that it is sleeping in a cold room, with the window ajar all the year round; with another it is the cold or hot bath; this one assures us that it is friction, that one that it is exercise, while a third believes it is thinking nothing at all about it; some rise to say that it is using tobacco, avoiding coffee and tea; that it is a vegetable diet, a good temper, easy circumstances, spring water, occupation, or happiness. All of these methods for procuring health have their disciples, and yet we all know individuals who pursue them without attaining the coveted condition, who deny themselves all the luxuries of the table, and are no better for it; but the heroic treatment will not answer for everybody. There are people who catch cold if their sleeping-room window is left open in winter, and there are prophets who tell us it is dangerous to sleep in a room with a temperature below fifty. We are inclined to believe in the regimen of happiness, for although all the happy people are not well, it is a great preventive and restorative, added to easy circumstances-scientists having lately as certained that nothing is more baleful than worry. It is a fact, we think, that the illtempered are always out of health, always complaining of their liver or digestion; in truth, we suspect that all sickness arises from indigestion in the beginning, that is, from mal-assimilation, owing to which the system is imperfectly nourished. There may have been a time when ill health was the fashion, was thought to be poetical, an indication of refinement and aristocracy, but we know better to-day, having found that vigor is the passport to success.

THE ART COMPETITION.

TIE attention of all who desire to enter the THE attention of an who desire to the hist of competitors for the prizes which have been for several months announced at the head of our editorial columns is called to the fact that in less than a month from this date the time for sending in designs will end. We would caution those who hereafter send for the Christmas Hymn to address their letters simply to Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York city, as letters addressed "Art Competition" will not be opened until the committee meets to determine upon the merits of the designs.

LADIES' DINNERS.

IT has been the custom this last season for ladies to entertain each other at dinner without the presence of gentlemen. The beginning of this rather revolutionary practice came first from the great number of club dinners, which, taking men away from home, left their wives to dine alone, or with each other. And again the occasional presence of some great lady from Washington, perhaps, who, in the absence of her lord at some grand banquet of the Chamber of Commerce or the Union League Club, was left in the dreary solitude of a hotel, inspired a hospitable hostess to entertain the lady if she could not also entertain her husband.

From this and other causes-perhaps from a reminiscence of the agreeability of the ladies' lunch-arose the ladies' dinner. Single ladies and widows who did not know many gentlemen found this to be a very agreeable way of entertaining. And then it was a novelty-a fact which always appeals to the jaded woman of pleasure,

perhaps to every one in the world. At any rate, it came about, and one must face the music of a fashion. Ladies' dinners, whether ladies like them or not, are the latest fashion. Of course the gentlemen complain, why should they be left out? It is all very well when they wish to go and dine alone—men have ever done that with great composure — but when their wives shut them out of their own dining-rooms, that is a different matter.

It is, however, a sweet revenge that the ladies are taking for years and years of a similar exclusiveness, and there can be no doubt that these ladies' dinners have been very agreeable. It is a good sign when women are happy in each others' society; when they talk as well and are as agreeable, vivacious, and witty when together as when there are gentlemen to please. no character more unlovely than that of a woman who is always posing for the effect her charms may have upon men; there is no character so useless or so dangerous as that of the coquette. A woman who is rude to and careless of her own sex is a very poor style of woman, and she begins to be out of fashion for the first time in history. A ladies' dinner may therefore have an important service to perform in the history of hospitality. While, of course, men and women were meant to dine together, and will continue to do so until dinners are no more, it is perhaps well for the ladies to take an occasional spirited departure, and to show the men that they can dine without them-at a pinch.

Now there is no doubt but that at the first ladies' dinner there was some awkwardness as to the etiquette. Should they all go in together, or should they take arms and go in two and two, as at a grand mixed dinner? What lady should go in first? Would there be questions of preedence? What should the lady of the house do in regard to cards, menus, and favors? This caused many a parliamentary debate. There were cancuses and primaries, and a number of different opinions. It became in all the circles of fashion a favorite topic for the airing of different theories on the subject of etiquette-American etiquette—the most unsettled of all subjects. Finally it was decided that the most distinguished lady should be taken in by the hostess and put at her right hand, and that she should select some favored friend to represent the host, and that this favored friend should take in the next most distinguished lady and put her at her right hand at the other end of the

But here came up that great question, Should the hostess go first into her own dining-room? All rules of etiquette forbade that. The first duchess in England will not go into her own din-

ing-room until every guest has preceded her.
But Queen Victoria goes in first; so, as this was a dinner of queens, the hostess became a queen, and she decided to go in first. Here, then, was the Gordian knot cut; the egg was made to stand alone on its broken end. customs courtesy to great kings"—and queens The precedence once settled, everything followed with an easy grace, and the ladies, arm in arm, walked in to the dining-room. Then came the usual service—ovsters on the half-shell, soup, fish; entrées; pièce de résistance; entrées; Roman punch; game; salad; cheese; pudding; ices and fruit; coffee, etc., etc.

It was discovered that almost no wine was drank: so at the second ladies' dinner very little was offered, champagne in very small quantities and one glass of sherry being all that these female convices could manage-a fact which the gentlemen first laughed at, and then highly approved as being a very great saving of their choice vintages.

Women, as a rule, eat very much less than men, although there are some with an abnormal appetite—some who are the gibe of party-givers, who attack the supper table before the hostess gives the signal, who are as voracious as the sturgeon. But these hungry women are few. The ladies' dinners, therefore, began to be more delicate, and fewer heavy dishes were ordered. A reduction of courses was asked for, and became fashionable. The heat was diminished, for the modern dining-room had become an ovenand women feel heat more than men do. The dinners were cooler, shorter, and less heavy than men's dinners. There was no smoking after them. There was little wine poured, still less drank. The waiters who came in for the heeltaps were disgusted, and some irreverent men called these festivities porridge dinners, tea-andtoast banquets; however, they were voted delight-No scandal was talked, no characters discussed. There was enough that was brilliant and witty to be said without these deeper and more dangerous topics. Some carping critic might have said that there was a certain want of a jumping from topic to topic, and a degree of incoherency particularly feminine. But is the conversation at a men's dinner any more coherent? Do we want logic at the dinner table? Are we so careful to keep to the letter of the law in our conversation at a mixed dinner? Is it not always an hour of relaxation, a time to be wandering, and illogical, and gay, and off duty for a while y

The calm ease which marks the woman of good taste does not desert her at the ladies' dinner. A young lady was once asked how she danced so well, and the answer was, that "she gave her whole mind to it." A woman of the world, in her way, gives her whole mind to the business of the moment, and without being any more ponderous about it than was the young lady who danced. It is not, then, unworthy for a woman to give her whole wind the state of the state whole mind to the subject of making herself agreeable at a ladies' dinner. She speaks of the last new novel, the latest review, the topics which have amused her in the papers, indulges in some dramatic or musical criticism of a chatty sort, speaks of the spring exhibitions of pictures, and



of the coming art loan collection—of everything but herself, her neighbors, her illnesses, and her servants. These topics are tabooed at a ladies'

The great subject of dress was allowed, and the rival merits of Worth, Pingat, and their noble army were discussed. Women are said to dress far more for each other than for men, and the toilettes at these ladies' dinners were superb. The finest laces, most elegant dresses, and choicest jewels were universally worn. The discussion after dinner, it is feared, did turn toward the bib-and-tucker school of eloquence.

Neither affected nor conceited women are favorites at ladies' dinners. Those rare women who have humor or wit are the favorites; ready talkers and good listeners are the closen guests. It is said that few women are unaffected when talking to men. It is said to be natural for them to be unnatural on these occasions. It is true that the presence of men does affect some women most disadvantageously as to their unconsciousmost disadvantageously as to their inconscionances.

But every woman is not "a mass of tarlatan and affectation." Some are, however,
brusque to the verge of affectation. This is the
modern and worst school of affectation.

At a ladies' dinner women generally appear at their best. The haughty and arrogant women who regard all the world as scum under their feet soon find their level at a ladies' dinner, and learn that to be haughty is simply to be voted stupid and to remain ignored. A certain dignity accompanies a lady in every act of her life. is sweet and full of repose; yet she can so min-gle a playfulness with this manner that she will stiff. There should be a beam of good will in her eye, and a true amiability in her hugh which shall recognize her neighbor's joke.

Some clever women are ignoble in this waythey will not recognize the other clever woman They look surprised, but not pleased, at their rival's witticisms; they affect not to hear what she says; they are sure to sail across her bows with another and a better story. No hostess should put two such women near each other they should be kept gently but firmly apart. A hostess needs more tact in seating a ladies' dinner than in any other strait of circumstances. To be civil with ease is said not to be an Anglo-Saxon talent. Women in our country should learn that "politeness is benevolence in trifles." To listen to a more clever talker than yourself is the perfection of benevolence in trifles.

As a tribute of respect from women to a woman these banquets can be made most useful and most befitting, without attaining to the Amazonian. Modern republicanism has triumphed over ancient etiquette, and women are warned from press and pulpit that they are getting unsexed. But as women have taught themselves how to earn an honest living, and have supplemented the undone work of the men in raising money to educate children and to help along charities, perhaps rithout vulgarity they can occasionally give a dinner to a sister worker without loss of caste.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

BATHING SUITS.

THE bathing suits made at the best furnishing houses are fashioned after the swimmers' suits that were formerly only to be found among imported suits. These suits have a single long garment that covers the wearer from the neck nearly to the ankles, and on the belt of this garment is buttoned a skirt that drapes the figure modestly. The single long garment is made of -a blouse-waist and tronsers that are permanently joined in one at the belt. The blouse-waist may have a yoke with the fullness gathered to it, or it may be made plain on the shoulders with the part that would meet at the throat turned back in pointed revers, to which a square sailor collar is added for the back, and a square plastron is inserted to fill up the open shaped space left by the revers. A third plan has the blouse-waist laid in five fine tucks in each front and ten tucks in the back; these tucks are stitched on the edge just below the neck and above the belt, and all the space between is left full, and gives a good effect. There are also many box-pleated waists similar to the hunting jackets worn with ordinary dresses. Short sleeves that reach just below the armholes are on the regular swimming suit, but those for general bathing have sleeves to the elbows, and some are quite long enough to extend to the wrists. The square sailor collar is of the material doubled, and may be nearly covered with white braid in rows passing downward from the neck, or there may be only a border of several parallel rows of braid, or of gay cashmere in a single wide band stitched near the edge. Appliqué braided or embroidered anchors and stars trim other collars, and are usually in white on blue or blue on white The trousers are now made straight and loose at the knees, in preference to the baggy full Turkish trousers gathered at the knees that were formerly used. These are pleated to the belt and are buttoned in front, and have usually a trimming of braid or of cashmere bands around the The skirt reaches below the knees, and is made of a straight full back breadth, with the front slightly shaped by sloping it on each side.

White, blue, and combinations of blue and red are the popular colors for bathing suits. The best materials are twilled wool serges or flannels of light sleazy quality. The trimmings are wool braids, either the smooth alpaca braid used for skirt binding, or the figured Hercules braid, with its waves and diagonal lines, or else basket-woven mohair braid. A new fabric for bathing suits is woven in webbing like the Jersey cloths, though of much looser texture, and is sometimes caught into armure, diaper, and honey-comb figures; this is mixed wool and cotton, and comes in stripes of red with blue, or else of brown and buff, or white with blue. There are also woven cotton

suits sold for very low prices, and only meant to last a short season. The prettiest suits for ladies are of dark navy blue flannel, with white or red cashmere borders stitched on the collar, sleeves, belt, skirt, and trousers, or else the parts mentioned have row after row of white braid a fourth of an inch wide. Sometimes white serge is used for the entire collar and borders of blue flannel suits, and anchors are wrought on the collar in navy blue wool. The skirt is sometimes laid in kilt pleats, and this is further ornamented by putting three rows of the white braid down each pleat of the blue flanuel. The white flannel and serge suits are trimmed with blue braid, or with bright red bands of serge or cashmere. Cords and tassels of red or blue wool tie in the full half-long sleeves at the elbows, and also the open legs of the trousers; but these are more for ornament than use, as it is not now customary to confine the coverings for the limbs, but to leave them loose in the way preferred by swimmers. Children's bathing suits are made in one piece, being merely long drawers shaped like the night. drawers in which small children sleep. They have short sleeves, a sailor collar, are buttoned down the front, and may be worn with a belt or a sash or merely loose and plain. They are made of dark blue flannel with white braid sewed on the collar, short sleeves, and across the wide open legs above the hem which finishes them. A blue, white, or red wool sash gives them a jaunty effect. Striped red and blue stockinet is also used for children's suits. Long stockings are worn with bathing suits, and the shoes are of white or blue canvas, or else they are like half-hose attached to substantial soles. The oil-silk mob-cap is the best protection for the hair, and above this is the wide-brimmed hat of coarse straw bound with red or blue braid, and trimmed around the crown with wide bands of braid, or with rosettes, or a full pleated ruche of very wide braid. The bath cloaks to put on when leaving the water are of white Turkish towelling, made very loose and long to conceal the wearer; they have a pointed hood, belt, and sleeves trimmed with braid of a gay color. The striped towelling is also used for these cloaks, and delicate ladies who require warmth use the regular water-proof cloak of cloth or of gossamer rubber.

SEA-SIDE TOILETTES.

Tailor-made dresses are the fashion of the season at sea-side resorts, and the preference for white dresses seen everywhere this summer is noted particularly in the costumes prepared for Newport, Mount Desert, Narragansett, and other places by the sea. French Cheviots, camel's hair, and finely twilled flannels in cream-white shades are selected in their lightest qualities for these dresses, and are made in severely simple styles. without a touch of color, so that they can be put on for breakfast dresses and worn all day. They are made with a skelcton basque (without lining), and are worn over any corset cover of white muslin or silk that the wearer prefers. The fronts have four tiny tucks down each side of the buttons, with eight similar tucks in the middle back form. The neck is rolled over to form a notched collar, and this is neatly stitched on the edges the sleeves are close and fastened by a single button and button-hole without a cuff. The belt is narrow, stitched on each edge, and buttoned by two small white pearl buttons. If this belted waist is objected to, a simple postilion basque is used instead. Fine white mohair braid may be used as a cord finish, in addition to the rows of stitching, by sewing it on the outside, and turning the other edge underneath, or by simply placing the braid between the edge and facing of the garment. The single kilt skirt without drapery is worn with these dresses by ladies who are neither too slight nor too stout. This skirt has wide side pleats, or else box pleats that may be single or double, and there are also skirts made precisely like small boys' kilts, with the front lapped plainly, and only five or six double or triple box pleats in the entire skirt. Rows of braid quite near together are placed above the hem of kilt skirts to give them a neat border. Still another fancy with plain white camel's hair skirts is that of tucking them all around from hips to feet in tucks two and a half inches wide, placed nearly their own width apart; a fine knife-pleating at the foot completes these skirts. Another plan is that of making an English belted blouse with a pointed hood to wear over a skirt that has tucks extending from the knees to the foot. The hood is pointed, and has a gay lining, and the belt may be of the striped Louisine silk which lines the hood, and may become a sash tied at the sides.

The more conventional dressing, however, re-tains the regulation tailor suit of white Cheviot, with its frock-basque, apron over skirt, and plain round skirt with a single flounce, or else the kiltpleated skirt with short apron drapery. When touch of color is added to these, velvet is chosen for a vest or plastron, and for a pleated sash which is permanently arranged in panier-like folds on the edge of the basque. The caprice of the summer is to use yellow velvet for this purpose with fine white wool dresses, but the more general taste is for golden brown, dark garnet, or blue velvet. The crushed strawberry, rasp-berry, and other odd red shades are little used in these simple costumes. The tapestry figured wools for draping the front of white skirts, and the new straw braids of natural color on white woollens, have been described in former numbers of the Bazar. The new shades of pale blue and also French gray and écru wool dresses are made up in these tailor styles, and similarly trimmed. Another way of varying the white or light wool dress is to use instead of its basque a Jersey of some gay contrasting color, such as blue or scarlet, and there will also be many black Jerseys worn with white skirts. For dresses of still lighter weight there are very inexpensive qualities of bordered nuns' veiling in double widths that have narrow blue or red stripes down half their width,

while the other half is plain white. The pleated skirt is made without seams (the selvedges passing around the skirt), and consequently the stripes form a wide border around these pleats. The apron over-skirt is also draped with the stripes around, or else the effect of a Marie Antoinette polonaise is given by having a shirred basque of the plain white part, with a bordered width draped around the hips. Some inexpensive lace may be added to these, but it is not necessary; rosettes or flat bows of velvet ribbon loops will deepen the color effectively.
Some very simple dresses of navy blue wool

are also seen at the sea-side, and when red dresses are used they are of the bright cherry-color in preference to the terra-cotta and strawberry shades that have now become familiar to the eye. Brighter Marie Louise and sapphire blues are preferred for more dressy toilettes of gossamer d'été
—a thin wool fabric—and for nuns' veiling dresses. The fancy in these, however, is for combinations of red or white with blue; thus the basque of blue wool has a vest and skirts of large blocks of blue with white or with red, made up with the entire over-skirt and pleated skirt cut on the bias the vest of these blocks is also high and is shirred or pleated on the basque lining, with the plain blue goods laid over its edges in scallops, and fastened by tongue-like straps with burkles,

Mackinaw straw hats in English walking hat shape are chosen in white, blue, or black to suit these wool dresses. The trimming is China crape or velvet laid in heavy folds around the crown, and one or two birds, either white pigeons, English blue jays, or doves, or else there is a cluster of humming-birds of gay colors like jewels. The large birds are strapped on the left side of the hat by the folds of the scarf, and the small birds are bunched together. Dark blue, red, and black hosiery is most worn at the sea-side. A gay parasol is used with the simple suits just described, and may be of India foulard or of dark red or blue Venetian silk, with a long stick that has a crook at the top and the handle finished for a cane. Long tan-colored gloves of undressed kid, or the lighter castor beaver gloves, are appropriate with such dresses. Fanciful jackets of écru, blue, or red Jersey cloth, braided, furnish a jaunty wrap. The white Chuddah shawls for piazza use are preferred to colored ones this season, and may be bought for \$10 upward for square shawls, and \$25 for double squares.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. Arnold, Constable, & Co.; Lord & Taylor; Stern Brothers; and James McCreery & Co.

PERSONAL.

THE banker-poet, EDMUND CLARENCE STEP-MAN, has just made the tour of half a century, and it is carnestly wished that he may now make the other half as fortunately.

—Mr. ALCOTT is slightly improved.

-Mr. ALCOTT is singulary improved.
-The only autograph letter that was probably ever sent by a Pope to an American ecclesiastic
was lately received by Cardinal McCloskEy from
Pope Leo XIII., written in scholarly and infallible Latin.

—The richest colored man in America is Aris-

TIDE MARIE, of New Orleans, whose rents alone, outside of personal estate, amount to fifty thousand dollars yearly. Before the war he owned sand dollars yearly. Bef a large number of slaves. —Mrs. MARY CLEMME

a large number of staves.

Mrs. Mary Clemmer has married Mr. Edward Hudson, the Washington correspondent of the Boston Herald, and sailed for Europe. Her visiting card runs, "Mrs. Clemmer Hudson".

SON."

—JOHN H. ALEXANDER, a mulatto of nineteen years, is a cadet at West Point from Ohio, appointed, through Congressman GEDDES, after a competitive examination which several white hoys shared. His parents were formerly slaves in Virginia.

-Mr. LAWRENCE TURNURE'S family occupy the Charlotte Cushman cottage at Newport

A first prize has been taken at the Kansas inversity, Lawrence, by Blanche X. Bruce, nephew and namesake of the colored ex-Senator.

—Mrs. Caroline W. Abbott, widow of Hon. Nehemiah Abbott, of Belfist, Maine, who died

lately, was a cousin and intimate friend of Mar-GARET FULLER. -The first woman admitted to practice in any

court in Philadelphia is Mrs. Caroline Burn-Ham Kilgore, Intely admitted to practice in the orphans' Court of that city, having been rejected by the legal examiners in 1874, who took the ground that there was no precedent for admitting a woman to the bar.

—We have the authority of Harvard for saying that the answer to J. R. Lowell's conumbation. What is a para a day in June's in

drum, "What is so rare as a day in June?" is,
"The 29th of February."
—The sculptor of the bronze equestrian stat-

ne of General Bunnstide to be erected at Provi-dence, Rhode Island, will be LAUNT THOMPSON, who worked nine years in the studio of the

sculptor Palmer.

-Miss Rosalind, a young lady of Pitcairn

Island, who is the organist of the place, is about twenty-six, weighs two hundred pounds, never had a shoe on her foot, and can swim like a fish, writes a dainty hand, and is assistant teacher in her father's school; her father is pastor as well us pedagogue.

—Dr. Bernardo's homes for neglected chil-

— Dr. BEINARDO'S nomes for neglected children in London embrace a Home for Working Lads, Temporary Home for Orphans, Factory Girls' Club and Institute, Wood-chopping Brigade, Union Jack Shoe-blacking Brigaide, Dublin Castle Coffee Palace, and others, while in letters across the whole length of the Children's Shelter are the words, "No destitute boy or girl ever refused admission." 'An Actor's Notes on Shakspeare'' has been

—"An Actor's Notes on Shakspeare" has been contributed to the Nineteenth Century by Henry Irving, who shows a literary vein in his short preface to an English translation of Talma's Essay on Histrionic Art.
—Stayers at home in New York profit by the absence of travellers, as many loan their pictures to the Metropolitan Museum while gone; notably, Mr. H. G. Marquand lends his "Italian Lovers," by Alma-Tadema; Mr. C. B. Foote, his "Peasant Girls," by Munkacsy, and his "Diffi-

cult Lesson," by BOUGUEREAU; Mr. W. ROCKE-

FELLER, his "Mecca Pilgrimage," by EUGENE FROMENTIN; Mr. S. L. M. BARLOW, his "Lewees River," by CONSTABLE.

—A splendid barometer has been given to the abbot of one of the great Buddhist colleges in Japan by the Prince of Wales, in the name of his same who ware extended there while in sons, who were entertained there while in

India.

On Varnishing day at the Paris Salon, M. RENÉ VAUQUELIN mounted a ladder and cut his painting from its frame because it hung too high, and M. JEAN VAN BEERS, in a similar

mood, covered his picture with lamp-black.

—Mr. John Parnell, brother of the agitator, has the largest peach orchard in the world, it is said, containing a hundred and twenty-five thousand true.

and trees.

—The Princess of Denmark is six feet and two

inches tall, and passionately fond of duncing.

—Mr. John Jones, who died last year, bequeathed to the South Kensington Museum what is called the noblest donation ever made by a private individual to any country in the world's history. Its chief wealth is in Sèvres furniting and ornology work of the Louis Outcome. furniture and ormolu-work of the Louis Quatorze and Quiuze. Mr. Jones was originally a tailor. —The best Chinese scholar in France is said to

be JUDITH GAUTIER, daughter of the novelist.

The Pope is seventy four, with white hair and ivory skin. He has the expression of a man to bend, but never to break.

to bend, but never to break.

At a recent celebration by the members of the Middle Temple the Prince of Wales attended as a bencher, like the rest, not as a prince, taking the Duke of Richmond and Gordon as his guest, and waiving royal right of precedence by walking after Sir Francis Roxburgh, the treasurer of the Inn. He was as popular in the procession as CHARLES STUART when "three himfession as CHARLES STUART when "three hundred gallant gentlemen of the Temple" were ready to his call.

—The first copy of James Russell Lowell's poems that reached England was received by Mr. Mudie, who had them reprinted for private

—Goundon.
—Goundon is sixty-five years old. He lives in the Place Malesherbes Paris.
—The Empress of Russia and her sister the Princess of Wales are both pretty women, but their sister, the Princess Thyra, now the Duchtheir sister, the Princess THYRA, now the Duchess of Cumberland, is so plain that she frightened away the Prince Imperial when he went wooing in 1878, which brought such a storm about his ears that he went to the Zulu war. Hence the consolidation of the French republic may be said to be due to the Ugly Duck.

Professor Logo Sylvano Reactive care he

said to be due to the Ugly Duck.

—Professor John STUART BLACKIE says he resigned the Greek chair at Edinburgh that he might do something better, which work he thinks he has found in aiding the crofters. "Let Greek die, let Hebrew die, let learning go to the dogs," he says; "but let human brotherhood and charity live!"

—The Princess Louise has promised some of her own water-colors for the World's Exhibi-

her own water-colors for the World's Exhibi-tion in Boston, where she enjoyed so much.

—A sixty-thousand-dollar house is now going

up for Cougressman Goff, of West Virginia. If this country is to stay a republic, its capital will have to begin over again in another swamp, for at this rate all our legislation will be by the rich in the interest of the rich.

—Dr. Felix M. Oswald says, "Get rid of the nighting superstition if any deals are superstition." up for Congressman GOFF, of West Virginia.

night air superstition if you don't want to die in the prime of your life."

—Professor Agassiz summers at Newport.

—The famous embroiderer M. Marring fitted the Czarina's coronation mantle upon her. —Americans are more pleased than sorry that

Mr. Winans has failed in his attempt to turn the Scotch cotters off their native heath in order to —The Duca di Ripalda, who has lately died, owning a firmous palace, on whose walls are some of RAPHAEL's best frescoes, was at one time a

cullion in the kitchen of Murshal NARVAEZ, and afterward his barber.

—The "Holy Grail" was a plain coral, accord-

ing to KARI. BLIND, the Oriental scholar, not an emerald dish.

—The Swedish composer HALLSTROEM has

—The Swedish composer HALLSTROEM has been invited by the Queen of Roumania to compose the music for the new opera she has just written, the action of which is laid in Roumania.

—A plaster cast of the celebrated inscription in Greek and Latin, known as the will of Augustus, made for the British Museum, has been brought from Ancyra by Dr. Tomaszewski, of Vienna.

The handsome Princess PIGNATELLI, the sister of the lovely Countess POTOCKA, is about to become a public singer, chiefly in order to tor-

ent her relations.

—Lord Ronald Gower, the sculptor, who now gives the world his reminiscences, is only

thirty-six years old, but he began to keep a diary at the age of eight.

The Italian government has bought the palace of Prince Corsini, in Rome, to convert to uses of science, paying two million and a half

The Countess of Shrewsbury recently presented herself in public at some races on the top of her young husband's coach. Her former husband, Mr. MUNDY, has just married again.

—The Convent of St. Dominic at Fiesole has

just parted with two more frescoes by GIOVANNI ANGELICO, one to the Louvre, and one to the Russian Grand-Prince SERGIUS, for a little over

nine thousand dollars.
—Sir Henry Thompson says that a cigarette is less harmful than any other form of smoking if used with a mouth-piece. In the East, on account of danger to the lips and tongue from the oil, a cigarette is never smoked more than half

way through.

-When engaged upon a novel, Alphonse DAUDET can work sixteen hours out of twenty-four. He nearly killed himself with overwork on The Kings in Exile, and one night, thinking

on The Kings in Exile, and one night, thinking he was dying of hemorrhage, called to his wife, "Finish my book!" He rises at seven, practices fencing for half an hour, lights his pipe, and sets himself at work.

—Somebody wittily says that Mr. James confines himself in his novels to the analysis of the mental processes of the Young-Man-who-mighthave-done-Something, the Young-Man-who-isafriid-he-will-do-Something, the Girl-who-isafriid-he-will-do-Something, his Friendanxious-to-have-him-do-Something, his-Friend-who-don't-want-to-do-Anything and-never-did, their relations, male and female, English Lords of assorted sizes, German Professors, and Cou-

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Fig. 1.-LITTLE GIRL'S PLAID STRAW HAT.



plume, the stem of which is covered by a large rosette of cream white satin ribbon an inch wide. Strings of similar ribbon are passed across the back and tied on the side.

white strich

Spanish Lace Scarf Mantle.

This graceful little mantle is made of a Spanish lace scarf two yards and three-quarters long and thirty inches deep. The scallop-ed edge of the scarf is turned down five inches deep around



DOTTED MUSLIN DRESS.—FRONT.—[For Back, see Fig. 5, on Page 453.]

Little Girls' Summer Hats.-Figs. 1 and 2.

THE round straw hat Fig. 1 is in garnet, blue, and white plaid, with the edge bound an inch wide with garnet velvet. The trimming around the crown consists of clusters of loops and notched ends of inch-wide ottoman ribbon in garnet and light blue intermingled. The bonnet Fig. 2 is of fine yellow Milan straw. The wide brim, which has a puffed facing of cream-colored satin, is rolled to form a revers on the back, while on the front it is tacked back against the crown to make it flare. The outside trimming is headed by gold galloon, set on a small back under a rosette of gauze and loops of the gold

Ladies' Summer Toilettes Figs. 1-5.

See illustrations on page 453.

THE short skirt of the dress shown in Fig. 1 is of réséda cot-ton satteen, with a border of three lapping knife pleatings around the lower edge. The rest of the dress is of flowered satteen with a réséda ground. A deep flounce of this is pleated in kilt pleats six inches wide, which are caught up with bows of myrtle green velvet ribbon at



SPANISH LACE SCARF MANTLE.

the neck and along the fronts, and both ends are drawn into close folds from the shoulders and arms toward the waist, where they are pinned down, and a rose or a ribbon bow is fastened over them.

Ladies' Collars and Cravats. Figs. 1 and 2.

THE stiff standing collar of Fig. 1, which is made of sapphire blue velvet lined with cream white satin, is an inch and a quarter wide; it is bordered with a row of narrow gold galloon near the upper edge. The cravat bow, which is mounted on a small back of stiff foundation, is composed of two cream-colored satin Surah loops six inches wide, and two loops of blue velvet ribbon edged with gold galloon, both fastened under a knot over an end of satin Surah five inches long and twenty wide, which is edged with lace and closely gathered at the top. Fig. 2 consists of a foundation neckband, edged with a lace frill, covered over with folds of light blue crimped silk gauze and a row of narrow gold galloon. The crayat bow is composed of two bias ends of the gauze edged with a lace frill

veiling relieved by bands of dark brown velvet ribbon is shown in Fig. 3. The ribbon is set in horizontal rows around the three gathered flounces that trim the skirt, and on the edge of the basque and its collar and cuffs. The skirt drapery forms a long point toward the left side of the front, and a bouffant

double puff behind.
Fig. 4, the front of which is shown on this page, is of satin-faced flow-ered foulard with a cream-colored ground. The kilted skirt is trimmed with two bands of cream-colored embroidery, and is edged with lace that falls over a dark olive foulard pleating set around the foot of the foundation skirt. The ample drapery consists of intertwined scarfs on the front, and a long back breadth completed by draped revers on the sides. The basque forms a sharp point at the front and a full postilion at the back, and is com-pleted by a collar, cuffs, and bow of olive velvet. olive velvet.

Cream-colored muslin with red polka dots is the material employed for the dress Fig. 5, of which the front view is given on this page. The three gathered skirt flounces and the front of the round over-



Fig. 2.—LITTLE GIRL'S POKE BONNET.

the bottom. The corsage is a pleated blouse, edged with lace and finished with velvet ribbon belt and bows, and the short apron over-skirt is looped high on the sides

with similar bows.

Fig. 2 is a light blue batiste or linen lawn dress, trimmed with guipure lace insertion and chains. edging. It is composed of a long Jersey basque edged with a lace-trim-med ruffle, a round over-skirt draped high on the skirt draped high on the sides, and a skirt on which is a deep gathered flounce edged with lace that falls on a full narrow pleating at the foot. Full lace jabots extend along the fronts of the basque.

A dress of sand-gray



Fig. 2.-COLLAR AND CRAYAT OF GAUZE

FOULARD DRESS.—FRONT.—[For Back, see Fig. 4, Page 453.]

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skirt are edged with lace. In addition to the over-skirt drapery there are paniers attached to the lower edge of the basque front, which are finished with red velvet ribbon bows on the sides. The basque is shirred on the shoulders, and is trimmed with lace frills and red velvet ribbon bows.



Fig. 4.—For LARD DRESS.—BAC. [For Front, see Page 4523]

Straw Bonnet.

. The peaked brim of this brown satin straw poke bonnet is faced with dark brown velvet. A scarf of leather-colored guipure lace eight inches wide is arranged in loops and folds around the brim and crown on the outside, and sim-ilar scarfs a yard long form the strings. A large bunch of daffodils is placed on the left side.

TROUBADOURS AND TROUBA-DOURS.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE ORGAN-GRINDER.

A DREADFULLY learned German professor has been lecturing upon the troubadours, but he treats the species as if it were extinct. He tells us of minstrels who came in and went out with the age of chivalry, but seems to sup!

pose that they then
censed altogether.
Indeed, for all that
this wise man says! the troubadour might be as entirely a thing of the - past as a



STRAW BONNET.

meteorological and municipal to account for the disappearance of the romantic troubádour of a past day, and to discourage his revival. Nobody, indeed, could possibly stand strumming a tender ditty on a latter-day sidewalk, with the latter-day omnibus splashing mud off the road over his green satin "leggings" and pink velvet slippers; nor would it be easy amidst all the wild cries of a nineteenth-century street to maintain that continuity of sound without which tune would be impossible. without which tune would be impossible.
The troubadour is nevertheless, not extinct as a species. On

the contrary, he flourishes amazingly. He has shed, it is true, the gorgeous plumage which once bedecked him, and donned other clothing, and he has abandoned the small-voiced guitar for louder instruments. But he is still amongst us in the flesh; for what, after all, is the German brass band and the organ-grinder but a development.

development under civilization of the original troubadour? The germ, the proto-plasm, of the modern street musician was without doubt the old "jongleur," who wan-dered about Europe reciting ballads and singing songs to the accompaniment of a feeble-stringed instru-ment, and diversify-ing his entertain-ment occasionally by swallowing incredible lengths of tape, keep-ing a number of balls the air, and doing other harmless feats of legerdemain or "magic." All class-es alike welcomed him as a break in the dull, unmusical monotony of the day's occupa-tions, and from palace yard to village green the "jongleur" roamed at will, a privileged and well-treated man.

As times grew more polished the bard who pleased the simple hamlet failed to keep the ear of castles, and so there grew up, in the struggle for existence, a superior va-riety of musicians whom men called troubadours, and, as the fittest of their species, they survived



Fig. 5.—DOTTED MUSLIN, DRESS. BACK .- [For Front, see Page 452.]

pterodactyl or the woolly rhinoceros, and he appears to suppose that the minstrel disappéared in the deluge of civilization. Yet-I can not help thinking that the learned lecturer was in error. It is true

that ever since May-day gave over being fine enough for men of business and their wives to go out, wreathed with flow ers; to dance round ornamented Maypoles, the customs and costumes of the world have changed considerably; and also that nowadays a man would appear absurd to the public eye who went about a street in an American city in a blue velvet cap with a long trailing feather in it, a slashed jerkin and "tights," shoes with very sharp points, and a guitar slung over his shoulder, singing love ditties to the second-story windows.

In the first place, he would catch his death of cold if he tried to do such a thing in a modern May, and besides the street boys making his life a burden to him, the Philistine policeman might consider it within his province to remove so preposter-ous an object from

the streets. Whether the modhouseholder would permit the bedizened musician to against his front-door post and languish at the drawing - room balcony while he twanged his guitar, or the average tax - payer tolerate a serenade from the other side of the back garden wall, are other points consideration. But leaving private sentiment out of the question altogether, there is enough in present public arrangements, both



Fig. 1.—FLOWERED COTTON SATTEEN DRESS.

Fig. 2.—BATISTE DRESS.

Fig. 3.—Veiling Dress with Velvet Ribbon.

Figs. 1-5.—LADIES' SUMMER TOILETTES

long after the antiquated jongleur, the dodo of the profession, had ceased to exist. To suit changed times and daintier senses' the new race of wandering minstrels dressed themselves like the gallants they sang about, and, abandon-ing the themes of prowess or of moral teaching which had once formed a regular feature of their repertory, confined themselves to love alone, and sang, as a rule, with their eyes directed to the balconies or to lattices where female faces were espied. Now and again,

however, they turn-ed the art to useful purposes, and, find-ing they had the at-tention of the court or the noble's household, would deftly glide in their ditty from soft nothings about their lady loves to no-bler themes. Indeed, critics of these love-making vagabonds have pointed out one phase of the much-laughed at trouba-dour's character which was a very honorable one, for the musician often had, and used well, opportunities of for giving advice and expressing sentiments which in those rough and ready days might not have been taken in good part from any other source. But, as a rule, the troubadour was a gayly dressed vagabond, in the proper and not the modern sense, who went about from place to place wherever men and women could be found to listen to him, and twangled his mild instrument in accompaniment to strains about knights and their love affairs, and, when occasion offered, was not slow to take the knight's rôle upon

himself. It is probable, therefore, that as the world grew busier, these idle folk, wasters of other men's time, found themselves gradually losing their hold on public favor, while the increased variety of amusement threw their efforts some what into the shade. Mrs. Grundy even may have had her voice in the matter; but anyhow the fact is certain that the gentleman in pretty clothes went out of fashion about the same time as tournaments, and some little while before bull-baiting.

The law of nature, however, which allows nothing to cease without supplying its place with something else, operated here as well as elsewhere, and so the "strollers" supervened in Europe upon the troubadours, while individuals of these nonad companies took upon themselves to perform solos upon various instruments. old instinct for gay clothing still survived, for tawdry feathers and bright colors were among the orthodox vagaries of the class; but the in struments in use were now both varied and commouplace, while the performer himself, instead of being an honored guest, had fallen to be an object of charity. His dainty love ditties had become homely songs with absurd refrains, and the "troubadour" was not above selling them to Mopsa in exchange for broken victuals. This was the transition stage-always the most hu miliating to the species; but at length, by gradstally throwing off a useless feature here and acquiring a useful one there, the stroller developed into the modern organ-grinder.

About the organ-grinder the professor has nothing to say. The subject, it may be, was too painful for hasty treatment. Nor does he notice the under-sized German who wrestles for hire with prodigious brazen machines for making noises in our public streets.

Yet both one and the other belong properly to the subject of troubadours, for they are just as truly the representatives of the species as one of our modern elephants is of the mastodons with a theece that ranged the British valleys in the days of the glacial period. Time, however, has had its revenge of him, for the gay butterfly of the past is now a very dingy person indeed—a foreigner still, but no longer a Provencal with memories of bright courts and generous-handed princes, but a needy and seedy Italian, with bristly chin, and a pathetic grimace, and a fragmentary cap, which is always in his hand to catch the descending copper. His music (save the mark!) is of the kind that makes angels weep and men sad; but he has no soul for harmony himself, and the tune depends largely upon the temperament of the handle-twister. If he is of a sanguine sort, the music is of lively measure; but if the reverse, it moves dolefully, making the contemplative puppy at the street crossing howl dismally, and the resi dents of the neighborhood hasten to bribe him to remove his instrument elsewhere.

Reverting unconsciously to the original type, the organ-grinder often takes with him a sadfaced monkey, who performs melancholy antics upon the lid of the organ, and mimics his master in begging from passers-by. He accepts, in fact, the hereditary instincts of the antiquated jongleur. But just as of old the musician rose from the ranks to be the accepted musician of the upper classes (for whom the ordinary musician was not su**fficiently refined), so now the German brass** band has taken the place, in the better quarters of the town, of the solitary organist.

These strange puffy-faced men who blow through ponderous instruments of brass, and force from their cavernous spaces such wondrous sounds as might have been heard from some Phantastes' forest, are the superior caste among the modern troubadours, and condescend to speak of the soloists as disturbers of the peace. are small men as a rule—such, indeed, as might comfortably sleep of nights within their own instruments-but they are the giants of the profession, the successors, after a long lapse of time, to the wreck of those favors and emoluments which the Ventadours and the Rudels, the Vidals and Miravols, of the Age of Chivalry enjoyed in so large a measure. By comparison with such we lose in music much of the pleasure which our ancestors have assured us they derived from the performances of these wandering maestros; but it is just possible that we gain in other

No organ-grinder, for instance, would dare to carry about with him a ladder of silk to scale our balconies, and fathers may trust the hearts of ever so many unmarried daughters to withstand the shock of innumerable brass bands.

OTHER FAMOUS PEOPLE. By SARAH K. BOLTON.

me of Frances Power Cobbe is well known in America. Her admirable book, Inities of Women, is in thousands of our homes, and I wish it might be in all. She is, I believe, the author of about twenty books, her last, The Peak of Darien, having in a few weeks passed through seven editions. She has written on Darwinian in Morals; Broken Lights, an Inquiry into the Present Condition and Future Prospects of Religious Faith; Moral Aspects of Vivisection; University Education of Women, etc. Seventeen years ngo Miss Cobbe read a paper in Guildhall, at the Social Science Congress, pleading for the admission of women to university degrees. She says every newspaper in London laughed at her for asking for that which would never be granted. Two years ago she headed a deputation to Lord Granville thanking him for the admission of women to London University degrees, placing in his hands her much-ridiculed address of fifteen years before! Thus rapidly does the world move. Miss Cobbe is a lady over fifty, stout in physique, with short gray hair, a noble head, and is most sunny in face and manner. She feels the deepest interest in America. She is an untiring

worker, writing from early morning till late at night till her book or work is finished, when she goes into the country and walks all day. an enthusiastic lover of nature. Her father spent much money on her education, and she says of herself at sixteen, "With a smattering of languages, I thought I was finished. Soon I found that I knew nothing at all, and from sixteen to thirty-two I read enormously." She those not think she has a great memory, but she reads with a purpose. She seems at home upon every topic mentioned. I heard her speak on woman suffrage in one of the elegant West End parlors of London. So natural, witty, and full of good nature was she that the audience felt inclined to give Miss Cobbe the right to vote even if no other woman should have it. The beautiful young wife of a member of Parliament followed Miss Cobbe, urging that wealthy girls go to college, like their brothers, so as to be self-dependent, all having a trade or pro-"This is an American idea," she said, "and I hope we may soon become Americanized in this respect." The feeling is deepening both in England and this country that every girl should be made ready for self-support, and be as ashamed of an aimless life as though she were a young man.

Philip Bourke Marston, one of the youngest of England's poets, is loved on both sides of the ocean. He is slight in physique, with dark hair and beard, and large brown eyes, sightless. He could see in childhood, but partially lost his sight between twelve and twenty-one, and wholly afterward, through grief. The death of his poet brother-in-law, Arthur O'Shaughnessy, and his two sisters, one of these Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, and her two children, and of one nearest of all, filled his cup of sorrow to the brim; yet he never seems despondent, and wins everybody by his gentleness and charity for all. The exquisite words of Miss Mulock to him in his infancy, "Philip, my King," seem to have come true:

Philip, my King,
Thou too must trend, as we trod, a way
Thorny and cruel and cold and gray;
Rebels within thee and foes without
Will snatch at thy yrowh. But march on glorious,
Martyr yet monarch, till angels shout,
As thou sitt'st at the teet of God, victorious,
Philip, my King.

"One day,

Mr. Marston's home is in the heart of busy London, on Euston Road. About him are the books of many of our poets-Emerson, Longfel , Whittier, Stedman, Stoddard, Aldrich, H. H., Louise Chandler Moulton, and others-mostly given by their authors. Two autograph copies of Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon" hang framed beside the mantel. Mr. Swinburne, I am told, comes seldom to London, preferring the beauties of nature at his home at Henley-on-Thames. He rises early, and often walks five miles before breakfast. Mr. Marston has the depth of feeling, play of imagination, vigor of thought, and flow of language which belong to the poet. Une of his sonnets is the finest description of a woman's voice in the language. One of his strongest and most intense poems is a Christmas vigil.

Another poet, who does not seem out of her eens, A. Mary F. Robinson, has already made for herself an honored place in poetry. Her father is well known in literary and art circles, and his daughter has had exceptional advantages in her own cultivated frome and in society. Of her first book, A Handful of Honeysuckle, the rigid Spectator said its simplicity and grace, success in difficult metre, and genuine pathos of some of the poems, are worthy of high puries. Her second book, The Crowned Hoppitytus, showed a fine knowledge of the Greek language, and beautifully resets many legends. She is now writing Rual England, and a Life of Charlotte Bronte for the "Famous Women Series" appearing in England. Miss Robinson is slight in figure, has dark hair and eyes, talks enthusiastically and well, and, it is hoped, will let nothing divert her from the work in the future for which she is so ably

Through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Fitch, whose courtesy to me while in England I shall never forget (he is one of the Governing Board at Girton College, a member of the London University Senate, one of her Majesty's School Inspectors, and an author as well), I met, among others, Rev. Hugh R. Haweis and his wife in their artistic home. Tapestries gathered through years of travel adorn the walls. One room has exquisitely carved furniture of five or six hundred years ago: another has a great hell of suffest tone sus. pended from the ceiling-a present from Belgium after the publication of his book on bells. is a large collection of mementos of Garibaldi. Mr. Haweis's friend and companion in the Italian revolution-his letters, his sword, the litter on which the wounded General was carried, etc. Besides all this, and much more, the home contains a charming wife, whose Art of Decoration, Art of Beauty, and London Homes are as much enjoyed in our country as in her own, and two or three pretty children. Mr. Haweis is well known among us for his books, Music and Morals, Thoughts for the Times, Arrows in the Air, American Humorists, etc. He is as enthusiastic in manner as an American and is as fresh in thought in his conversation as in his interesting works. He is a constant contributor to the best magazines, was for some time an editor, and one of the first to advocate and establish Penny Readings for the People, which have done great good in England. He is an eloquent preacher at St. James's, Marylebone, where I once heard him say, "The sweetest sentence that has come floating down the ages is, 'I have compassion on the mul-

Professor J. R. Seeley, best known in America by his book Ecce Homo! a Survey of the Life and Work of Jesus Christ, which was anonymously in 1865, and passed rapidly through several editions, eliciting much discussion, is a man about fifty years of age, with high forehead, gray hair, smoothly shaven face, and unassuming

manners. He is of the best type of Englishman, without self-assertion, dignified yet gentle in bearing, and with the simplicity and naturalness which The Queen, on the recommark good-breeding. The Queen, on the recom-mendation of Mr. Uladstone, appointed him Pro-fessor of Modern History at Cambridge in 1869. I heard him give a lecture on America in a classroom full of young men and women. (Scarcely a university professor but admits women to his lectures, and the plan grows in popularity each year. He told of our progress, prospects, wealth, and free spirit, and urged England to a confederation of her colonies into a great United States. They can be held together, he said, by a little constitution. If doul ted, look at America. The cheering was almost deafening at the close of the lecture, so popular is Professor Seeley

Oscar Browning, formerly Head Master at Eton, Lecturer and Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, is well known as an author. He has been thirteen times to Rome, and his beautiful rooms bespeak his taste and culture. He was a warm friend of George Eliot, and told us much of her low, charming conversation, her deep sympathy, and her magnetic influence. Several of her let-ters, in a delicate hand, show the same genius in thought and expression as her books.

Henry Fawcett, Postmaster-General of Great Britain, and Professor of Political Economy at Cambridge, and Millicent Garrett Fawcett, his wife, are worthy of the high position they occupy. Two years after Mr. Fawcett's graduation from college an accident while shooting left him in total blindness. To most persons this would have put an end to a career which gave brilliant promise at its opening. Not so with Mr. Fawcett. He began to write articles on economic and political science for various magazines, published a manual of political economy, and five years after he became blind he was made Professor at Cambridge. Two years after this he was elected to Parliament, and two years later was married to Miss Garrett.

She is from a remarkable trio of sisters. The eldest, Dr. Garrett-Anderson, received her diploma at the University of Paris in 1870, no college in England at that day permitting a woman to take a degree in medicine. The was soon elected by a large majority to the London School Board. She is universally esteemed as an able physician. The youngest sister, Miss Agnes Garrett, is engaged in the business of decorative art. Her partner, Miss Rhoda Garrett, who was her cousin, has just died. Both had been carefully trained in the business of designing wall-paper, furniture, etc., and sometimes made ten-thousanddollar contracts in furnishing a house,

Mrs. Fawcett is a young woman of most attractive face, of refined manners, and as the wife of a cabinet minister has the highest social pusi-Her Political Economy for Beginners 1 value highly. In 1872 both Mr. and Mrs. Fawcett published a volume of lectures and essays on political and economic subjects. He has also pointen and economic subjects. He has also written blocks in Pauperism and its Cuises, Frie Trade and Protection, etc. Both are barnest advocates of suffrage for women. Mrs. Fawcett disarms criticism by her fairness in debate, her ability, and her womanliness on the platform. Professor Fawcett has so increased the number of young women in the Post-office that there are now 1276 employed, and he has made their ages more nearly equal to those of the men. He is as familiar with America as is John Bright, and talks with us about the Chinese question labor, wages, and the best interests of the work-He is earnest in conversation, generous in his feelings, fond of boating and all outdoor sports, and is justly honored by all.

YOLANDE.

[Continued from front page.]

that had been brought him by affectionate hands stood on a small table just beside him. And Shena Van, having in vain cudgelled her brains for fitting terms of explanation and apology, which she wished to send to her brother, the Professor, had risen from the writing-desk and gone to the window, and was now standing there contemplating the wonderful panorama without the Scott Monument, touched with the moonlight, the deep shadows in the valley, the ranges of red windows in the tall houses beyond, and the giant bulk of the Castle Hill reaching away up into the clear skies.
"Shena," says he, "what o'clock is it?"

"A quarter past nine," she answers, dutifully, with a glance at the clock on the chimney.

"Capital!" he says, with a kind of sardonie laugh. "Excellent! A quarter past nine. Don't you feel a slight vibration, Shena, as if the earth were going to blow up? I wonder you don't tremble to think of the explosion.'

"Oh yes, there will be plenty of noise," says Shena Van, contentedly.

"And what a stroke of luck to have the Gra hams at Lynn! Bagging the whole covey with one cartridge! It will soon be twenty past. can see the whole thing. They haven't left the dining-room yet; his lordship must always open the newspapers himself; and the women-folk keep on, to hear whether Queen Anne has come alive or not. Twenty past, isn't it? 'Hang that fellow, Lammer! his lordship growls. 'He's al-ways late. Drinking whiskey at Whitebridge, I suppose. I'll send him about his business that's what it 'll come to.' Then his lordship has another half-glass of port-wine; and Polly thinks she'll run upstairs for a minute to see that the blessed baby is all right; and we'll say she's at the door when they hear wheels outside and so she stands and waits for the letters and papers. All right; don't be in a hurry, Polly; you'll get something to talk about presently."

He raised himself and sat up on the sofa, so as to get a glimpse of the clock opposite; and

Shena Van-whose proper title by this time was Janet Leslie-came and stood by him, and put her hand on his shoulder.

Will they be very angry, Archie?" she says. He had his eye fixed on the clock.
"By Jove!" he says, "I wish I was one of

those fellows who write for the stage; I would tell you what's happening at this very minute, Shena. I can see the whole thing: Polly gets the letters and papers, and goes back. here is a letter from Archie, from Edinburgh—what is he doing in Edinburgh?' And then his papaship opens the letter. 'My dear father,-I have the honor to inform you-' 'What!' he roars, like a stag lost in the mist. Why, don't you hear them, Shena ?-they're all at it now, their tongues going like wild-fire, Aunty Tab swearing she knew it would come to this—I was never under proper government, and all the rest; Polly rather inclined to say it serves them right, but rather afraid; Graham suggesting that they'd better make the best of it now it couldn't be helped.'

"Oh, do you think he'll say that, Archie?" said she, anxiously. "Do you think he'll be on our side?'

"My dear girl," said he, "I don't care the fifteenth part of a brass farthing which of them, or whether any one of them, is on our side. Not a bit. It's done. Indeed, I hope they'll howl and squawk to their hearts' content. I should be sorry if they didn't."

"But you know; Archie;" said Shena Vanwho had her own little share of worldly wisdom -" if you don't get reconciled to your friends people will say that you only got married out of

"Well, let them," said he, cheerfully. "You and I know better, Shena. What matters it what they say? I know what Jack Melville will say. They won't get much comfort out of him. 'No one has got two lives; why shouldn't he make the most of the one he's got? why shouldn't he marry the girl he's fond of?'—that's about all they'll get out of him. Polly needn't try to throw the Corrievreak fly over him. Well, now, Shena, when one thinks of it, what strange creatures people are! There's Corrievreak: it's a substantial thing; it's worth a heap of solid money, and it might be made worth more; and there it was, offered to our family, you may say, to keep in our possession perhaps for centuries. And what interfered? Why, an impalpable thing like politics! Opinions—things you couldn't touch with your ten fingers if you tried a month -a mere prejudice on the part of my fatherand these solid advantages are thrust away,

The abstract question had no interest for Shena Van.

"I hope you do not regret it," she said, rather

profidly.
"Do I speak as if I regretted it? No; not much! It was that trip to Carlisle that did it, Shena—that showed me what was the right thing to do. And after rot left; wasn't I wild that I had not had more courage! And then Owlet became more and more intolerable—but I date say you were the cause of it, you know, in parl—and then I said to myself, Well, I'm off to Aberdeeu; and if Shena has any kind of recollection of the old days in her heart, why, I'll ask her to settle the thing at once.'

"Yes, but why wouldn't you let me tell my brother?" Shena Van pleaded.

"Telling one would have been telling everybody," said he, promptly, "and they would have been at their old games. Now, you see, it isn't of the least consequence what they do or say—if they tear their hair out it'll only hurt their own heads. And I don't see why you should worry about that letter. Why should you make apologies? Why should you piteled to be seen by when you have the training the seen and ry, when you're not? If it bothers you to write the letter, send a copy of this morning's Scotsman; that's quite enough. Send them all this morning's Scotsman; and you needn't mark it; it will be all the pleasanter surprise for them. When they've finished with the leading articles, and the news, and the criticisms of the picture exhibitions, and when they've looked to see how many more ministers of the Gospel have been writing letters and quarrelling like Kilkenny cats, then they'll stray on to a nice little paragraph—
What | St. Giles's Church—Archibald Leslie
to Janet Stewart! —oh, snakes!

"But you wrote to your people, Archie," Shena Van said, looking wistfully at the sheet of note-paper that she had in vain endeavored to fill with apologies and appeals for pardon.

"Well, yes, I did," the Master of Lynn admitted, with a peculiar smile. "I could not resist the temptation. But you mistake altogether, Shena, if you imagine that it was to make apology that I wrote. Oh no; it was not that; it was only to convey information. It was my filial duty that prompted me to write. Besides, I wished the joyful tidings to reach Aunty Tabby as soon as possible—oh, don't you make any mistake, Shena-she's worth a little considerationshe has a little money of her own-oh yes, she may do something for us yet!

"I don't like to hear you talk of your relations in that way, Archie," said Shena Van, rather sadly, "for if you think of them like that, how are you ever to be reconciled to them? And you

told me it would be all right." "And so it will, my dear girl," said he good-turedly. "And this is the only way to put it naturedly. "And this is the only way all right. When they see that the thing is then they'll come to their senses. Polly will be the first. She always makes the best of matters -she's a good little soul. And his lordship won't do anything desperate; he won't be such a fool as to drive me to raise money on my expectations; and he'll soon be glad enough to have me back at Lynn—the people there want some looking after, as he knows. Besides, he ought to be in a good humor just now—both the

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forest and Allt-nam ba let already, and Ardengreanan as good as taken. "But I must write-I must write," said Shena,

regarding the paper again.
"Well, it's quite simple," said he. "Tell your brother that when you left Aberdeen, in-stead of going either to Inverness or to Strathaylort, you came here to Edinburgh, and were married, as per inclosed cutting from the Scotsman. The cause?—urgent family reasons, which will be explained. Then you ask him to be good enough to communicate this news to your sister, and also to send a message to the Manse; but as for apologizing, or anything of that kind, I'd see them hanged first. Besides, it isn't good policy. It isn't wise to treat your relatives like that, and lead them to think they have a right to remon-strate with you. It's your business, not theirs. You have quite arrived at years of discretion, my darling Shena; and if you don't want people to oaring sheila, and it you don't want people to be forever jumping on you—that is, inetaphorically, I mean—stop it at the beginning, and with decision. Here," said he, suddenly getting up and going over to the writing-table, "I'll write the letter for you.'

Oh, no, Archie!" she cried, interposing. "You

will only make them angry.

My dear child," said he, pushing her away, "honey and molasses are a fool to what I can write when I want to be civil; and at the present moment I should like to shake hands with the whole human race.

So he wrote the letter, and wrote it very civilly too, and to Shena's complete satisfaction; and then he said, as he finished his coffee:

'I don't think we shall stay long in Paris, Shena. I don't like Paris. You won't find it half as fine a town to look at as this is, now. And if you go to the theatre, it's all spectacle and ballet; or else it's the story of a married and ballet; or else it's the story of a married woman running away with a lover, and that isn't the kind of thing von ought to see on your wedding trip, is it? There's no saying how far the force of example might go, and you see you began your wedded life by running away,

was none of my doing, Archie," said

Shena Vân, quickly.
"No," said he. "I think we'll come back to London soon; for everybody will be there at the opening of the session, and I want to introduce you to some friends of mine. Jack Melville says he is going up, and he pretends it's about his electric lighting performance; but I suspect it's more to meet the Winterbournes, when they come back from abroad, than to see the directors of the company. If they do adopt his system, I hope he'll make them fork out, for he is not overnope he'll make them fork out, for he is not over-burdened with the gear of this wicked world any more than myself. Faith, I wish my Right Hon-orable papa would hand along the cost of that special license, for it was all his doing. But never mind, Shena; we'll tide along somehow; and when we come back from our trip, if they are still showing their teeth, like a badger in a hole, I know what I'll do-we'll go over to the west of Ireland for the salmon fishing, and we can live cheaply enough in one of the hotels there, either on the Shannon or out in Connemara. How would you like that?"

Oh, I should be delighted!" said Shena Van, with the dark, wonderful blue eyes filled with pleasure. "For I'm afraid to go back to Inverness, and that's the truth, Archie."

"Oh, but we shall have to go back to Inver-ness, all in good time," said he, "and it won't do to be afraid of anything. And I think you'll hold your own, Shena," he added, approvingly.

"I think you'll hold your own."

And so at this point we may bid good-by to these adventurers (who seemed pleased enough with such fortune as had befallen them), and come along to another couple, who, a few weeks later, were walking one evening on the terrace of the House of Commons. It was a dusky and misty night, though it was mild for that time of the year; the heavens were overclouded; the lights on Westminster Bridge and on the Embankment did little to dispel the pervading gloom, though the quivering golden reflections on the black river looked picturesque enough; and in this dense obscurity such Members and their friends as had come out from the heated atmos phere of the House to have a chat or a cigar on the terrace were only indistinguishable figures who could not easily be recognized. They, for the most part, were seated on one or other of the benches standing about, or idly leaning against the parapet; but these two kept walking up and down in front of the vast and shadowy building and the gloomy windows, and they were arm in

A generation hence," said one of them, looking at the murky scene all around them, doners won't believe that their city could ever have been as black a pit as this is.'

"But this generation will see the change, will it not ?" said his companion, whose voice had just a trace of a foreign accent in it. "You are going to make the transformation, are you not?"

'I'" said he, laughing. "I don't know how many are all trying at it; and whoever succeeds in getting what is really wanted will be a wonder-worker, I can tell you. What's more, he will be a very rich man. You don't seem to think about that, Yolande."

About what, then ?"

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"Why, that you are going to marry a very poor

"No, I do not care at all," she said, or rather what she did say was, "I do not care aytall" despite the tuition of her father.

"That is because you don't understand what it means," said he, in a kindly way. "You have had no possibility of knowing. You can't have had no possibility of knowing. any knowledge of what it is to have a limited income—to have to watch small economies, and the like"

'Ah, indeed, then!" said she. "And my papa always angry with me for my economies, and the

care and the thrift that the ladies at the Château 'Miser,' he says to me-' miser Oh, I am not afraid of being poor that you are!' -not aytall!"

"I have a chance," he said, absently. "So far, indeed, I have been lucky. And the public are hanging back just now; they have seen so many bad experiments that they won't rush at any one system without examining the others; it's the best one that will win in the end. But it's only a chance, after all. Yolande," said he, "I wonder if I was born to be your evil genius? It was I who sent you away from your own home, where you were happy enough; and you must have suffered a terrible anxiety all that time-I can see the change in you."

"Oh, but I will not have you speak like that," said she putting her other hand on his arm. "How can you speak like that to me when it is night and day that I can not tell you how grateful I am to you? Yes; it was you who sent me: if I had not loved you before, I should love you for that now—with my whole heart. If you had known, if you had seen, what joy it was to my poor mother that I was with her for that time, that we were together, and she happy and cheerful for the first time for many, many sad yearsif you had seen the gladness in her face every morning when she saw me, then perhaps you would have understood. And if I had not gone to her, if I had never known her, if she had never had that little happiness, would that not have been a sad thing? That she might have died among strangers, and I, her bwn daughter, amusing myself with friends and idleness and pleasure somewhere-it is too terrible to think of! And who prevented that? It is not my gratitude only, it is hers also, that I give you, that I offer you. You made her happy for a time, when she had need of some kindness, and you can not expect that I shall forget it."

"You are too generous," he said. "It is a small matter to offer advice. I sacrificed nothing; the burden of it fell on you. But I will be honest with you. I guessed that you would have anxiety and trouble; but I knew you would be brave enough to face it; and I knew, too, that you would not afterward regret whatever you might have come through, and I know that you don't regret it now. I know you well enough for that."

" And some day," she said, " or perhaps through many and many years, I will try to show you what value I put on your opinion of me; and if I do not always deserve that you think well of me, at least I shall try to deserve it—can I prom-

At this moment John Shortlands made his appearance; he had come out from the smokingroom, with a cigar in his mouth.
"Look here, Yolande," he said.

you don't want to hear any more of the debate?" "No, no," she said, quickly. "It is stupid—, stupid. Why do they not say what they mean -not stumbling here, stumbling there and all the others talking among themselves, and as if everybody were going asleen?

"It's lively enough sometimes, I can assure yon," he said. "However, your father thinks it's no use your waiting any longer. He's determined to wait until the division is taken; and no one knows now when it will be. He says you'd better go back to your hotel—I suppose Mr. Melville will see you so far. Well," said he, addressing Jack Melville, "what do you think of

the dinner Winterbourne got for you?"
"I wasn't thinking of it much," Jack Melville said. "I was more interested in the Members. I haven't been near the House of Commons since I used to come up from Oxford for the boat-

"How's the company going?"

"Pretty well, I think; but of course I've nothing to do with that. I have no capital to

"Except brains; and sometimes that's as good as bank notes. Well," said Shortlands, probably remembering an adage about the proper number for company. "I'll bid ye good-night -for I'm going back to the mangle—I may take a turn at it myself."

So Jack Melville and Yolande together set out to find their way through the corridors of the House out into the night world of London; and when they were in Palace Yard, Yolande said she would just as soon walk up to the hotel where her father and herself were staying, for it was no farther away than Albemarle Street.

"Did you hear what Mr. Shortlands said?" she asked, brightly. "Perhaps, after all, then, there is to be no romance? I am not to be like the heroine of a book, who is approved because she marries a poor man? I am not to make

any such noble sacrifice?"
"Don't be too sure, Yolande," said he, goodnaturedly. "Companies are kittle cattle to deal with; and an inventor's business is still more "Companies are kittle cattle to deal uncertain. There is a chance, as I say; but it only a chance. However, if that fails, there

will be something else. I am not afraid."

"And I — am I afraid?" she said, lightly. "No! Because I know more than you-oh ves, a great deal more than you. And perhaps I should not speak : for it is a secret-no, no, it is not a secret, for you have guessed it: do you not know that you have Monaglen ?'

He glanced at her to see whether she was merely making fun; but he saw in her eyes that

she was making an actual—if amused—inquiry. "Well, Yolande," said he, "of course I know of Mrs. Bell's fantasy; but I don't choose to build my calculations for the future on a fan-

"But," said Yolande, rather shyly, "if you were told it was done? If Monaglen were already yours? If the lawyers had done—oh, everything-all settled-what then ?" "What then?' I would refuse to take it.
But it is absurd. Mrs. Bell can not be such a

mad-woman. I know she is a very kind woman; and there is in her nature a sort of romantic attachment to my father's family-which I rather imagine she has cultivated by the reading of those old songs. Still, she can not have done anything so wild as that."

"She has bought Monaglen," Yolande said,

without looking up.
"Very well. I thought she would do that—
if she heard it was in the market. Very well. hy shouldn't she go there, and send for her relatives, if she has any, and be a grand lady there? I have met more than one grand lady who hadn't half her natural grace of manner, nor half her kindliness of heart."
"It is very sad, then," said Yolande (who was

afraid to drive him into a more decided and definitive opposition). "Here is a poor woman who has the one noble ideal, the dream of her life. It has been her hope and her pleasure for many and many a year; and when it comes near to completion-no-there is an obstacle, and the last obstacle that one could have imagined! Ah, the ingratitude of it! It has been her romance; it has been the charm of her life. She has no husband, no children. She has, I think, not any relation left. And because you are proud, you do not care that you disappoint her of the one hope of her life-that you break her heart?

"Ah, Yolande," said he, with a smile, "Mrs Bell has got hold of you with her old Scotch songs, she has been walking you through fairyland, and your reason has got perverted. What do you think people would say if I were to take away this poor woman's money from her relatives, or from her friends and acquaintances if she has no relatives? It is too absurd. If I were the promoter of a swindling company, now I could sharp it out of her that way; that would be all right, and I should remain an honored member of society; but this won't do-this won't do at all. You may be as dishonest as you like and so long as you don't give the law a grip on you, and so long as you keep rich enough, you can have plenty of public respect, but you can't afford to become ridiculous. No, no, Yolande; if Mrs. Bell has bought Monaglen, let her keep it. I hope she will install herself there, and play Lady Bountiful—she can do that naturally enough; and when she has had her will of it, then, if she likes to leave it to me at her death, I shall be her obliged and humble servant. But in the mean time, my dearest Yolande, as you and I have got to face the world together. I think we'd better have as little fautasy around as possible-except the fantasy of affection, and the more of that we have the better.

When they got to the hotel they paused outside the glass door to say good-by

Good-night, dearest Yolande.

"Good-night, dear Jack."

And then she looked up at this broad-shouldered, pale, dark man, and there was a curious

smile in her beautiful, sweet, and serious face.
"Is it true," she asked, "that a woman always

has her own way?" "They say so, at all events," was the answer. "And if two women have the same wish and the same hope, and only one man to say no, then

the same nope, and only one man to say no, then it is still more likely he will be defeated?"

"I shouldn't say he had much chance myself," Jack Melville said. "But what's your communium now, sweetheart?"

"Then I foresee something," she said. " I see that we shall have to ask Mr. Leslie to be very kind and to lend us Duncan Macdonald for an evening. Oh, not so very far away-not so far away as you imagine; because, you know, when we have all gone up to Monaglen House, and we are all inside, going over the rooms—and looking here and there with a great curiosity and interest—or perhaps we are all seated in the dining-room, having a little chat together—then what will you say if all at once you heard the pipes outside, and what do you think Duncan will play, on such an evening as that, if not Melville's Welcome Home'?"

THE END.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Army Giri.—Put rows of black velvet ribbon on your checked silk apron, on the ruffles, and across the back breadths; then have a plain black Jersey to wear with

breadths; then have a plain black Jersey to wear with this skirt.

H. E. S.—Figured foulard, or evru pongee, or dark red grenadine, would be prettier than pink satin for a polonaise over a black silk skirt.

Rose,—The boxes you mention, or other articles for a gentleman's room—an engraving, a fire-screen, a splasher embroidered by yourself, an afghan, a sofa pillow, a new book, or a rack for books—would be suitable gifts for him.

Beatrace,—Your ideas about the pink bunting are good. Pink the ruche. One or two long pleatings are as stylish as several smaller ones. Wear a double ruche of lace around the neck and sleeves.

F. Z. W.—Rough straw with a pointed crown and brin turned back is the Cinderella poke.

E. A. L.—Get pale blue nums veiling for an over-

brin turned back is the Cinderella poke.

E. A. L.—Get pale blue nums veiling for an overdress for the blue silk. Make the black Spanish lace over pale yellow or orange satin Surah. Use the white India silk for a basque and pleated skirt beneath your white embroidered over-dress.

Suran VAN.—In cold weather small boys in kilt skirts wear very short tronsers of the same material, but the regular knee-pantaloons are not now put on until the boy is seven or eight years old, and he then quits skirts and wears jackets. Black kid or Russian leather card cases are used by ladies in mourning. To remove kerowene stains from marble use a strong solution of potash.

remove kerosene stains from marble use a strong solution of potash.

Manki.—The stem green armure sample which you have marked is the most stylish. Make it like the tailor dresses lately described in the Bazar, and have a plaid travelling closk. Get a green straw small bonnet or turban, and trim with velvet and feather tips. Seven yards will be enough for your dress. Navy blue is still bounlar.

Seven yards will be enough for your crees. Nat, one is still popular.

C. E. M.—Have very sheer nuns' veiling, trimmed with pleatings of the same, for a white dress while you are in mourning. If it is for plain use, get Victoria lawn, and trim with revering and pleatings. Lace bunting is not worn by those who use crape trimming; the black nuns' veiling or plain grenadine is more suitable.

able.

Western Ignoranus.—For your dress on the steamer get warm wool Cheviot or else navy blue dannel,

party.

A SUBSORIBER.—If a lady comes to the door herself when you call on her sister, you should give her your

E. M. C.-It is proper and customary for a lady to give a gentleman an engagement ring. He wears it upon the third finger of his left hand, or on the little

E. M. C.—It is proper and customary for a lady to give a gentleman an engagement ring. He wears it upon the third finger of his left hand, or on the little finger, as he pleases.

M. F. AND H. E. L.—Read about graduates' dresses in New York Fashions of Bazar No. 14, Vol. XVI.

Sinorak Friend.—Barred muslin is only suitable for a very plain dress for mornings. Get sprigged white muslin, and read Bazar No. 14, Vol. XVI., for hints about making it. Get blue and white checked gingham and linen lawn for other wash dresses.

H. F.—Girls of seventeen wear jackets or else very small round capes like their dresses. The Jersey jacket would sait better than the more elderly dofman. Get a green straw langtry poke, and trhu it with small rosettes of velvet ribbon of the same color, and an aigrete, pompons, or ostrich tips.

A Farson Gul.—Twist your hair into the smallest coil it will make, and wear it on the crown or below it, as best suits the contour of your head. Put a little bandoline on the forehead curls, or wear a thick and straight bang that is not flattened by bandoline.

D. E. M.—The model you have chosen in Bazar No. 12, Vol. XVI., is excellent.

A Subsonmer.—For the black striped silk skirt get a polonaise of plain black silk Sarah. For the colored silk use gray or lavender mus' veiling, or else cashmere for a basque and over-skirt.

LLINOR.—A pair of vases or some tasteful piece of decorated chima for the table will be an inexpensive welding present, and will also be useful.

Phystas.—Ap air of wases or some tasteful piece of decorated chima for the table will be an inexpensive welding present, and will also be useful.

Phystas.—Ap air of wases or some tasteful piece of decorated chima for the table will be an inexpensive welding present, and will also be useful.

Phystas.—The sleeves of cashmere suits are long enough to need only a small white frill to fluish, covering the wrist. Illustrations in the Bazar will show yon this very plainly.

Anel.—The sleeves of cashmere suits are long enough to need only a smal

en blonde.

Lowa Subscriber. —White dotted muslin, or else the finted Madras muslin with a good deal of blue in it, will be pretty curtains for your blue and maple turnished chamber. String them on rings and rods with-

will be pretty curtains for your blue and matle turnished chamber. String them on rings and rods without cornice or lambrequin.

L. H. B. —Use velvet ribbon as you suggest, with collar and cuffs of velvet. Stitch the cont near the edges, and have crocheted bullet-shaped buttons. Do not cord the busque, nor use piping.

A. R.—Lighter brown or erra nums' veiling for a basque and apron over-skirt will be pretty with your brown silk skirt.

Somoon-Gran.—Make your basque, paniers, and skirt of the light green chiné silk like your sample, with a pleated vest and gathered ruffles of darker green silk. Trim your Leghorn hat with pleated Valenciennes lace, pale yellow velvet ribbon, and white and yellow ostrich feathers.

LLINDS.—Get cashmere or nums' veiling of darker blue for a Marie Autoinette polonaise to wear with a pleated skirt of your watered silk.

C. L. F.—A small dark straw bonnet with puffed velvet on the brim and narrow velvet strings will be a suitable travelling bonnet for tho summer for a lady of fifty years of age.

LETTIC GOOSE.—Address a gentheman by the title that belongs to him, of course, as "Captain Smith."

E. H.—We can not publish monograms by request. An Old Subsonner.—We recommend no depilatories.

NELLER. AND SUBSONNER.—Your question is an-

NELLIK R. AND SUBSORIBER.—Your question is answered in Bazar No. 5, Vol. XVI., in an article on "Invitations, Acceptances, and Regrets,"

VISITING-CARD.—It is correct to use the prefix "Mr." on your card. Bazar No. 29, Vol. XIV., gives informa-

VISITING-CARD.—It is correct to use the prenx mr. on your card. Bazar No. 29, Vol. XIV., gives information on card etiquette.

Toral Ignorance.—The best solution of your difficulties would be to invite no one to your wedding, but to send cards afterward. If you could not give a reception at your grandfather's house you could not well ask people to come from a distance simply to see you married in church. A flomeed satin would be too dressy for a hotel, or for any meal save dinner. You are not too old to have a nuns' veiling dress buttoned in the back, but they are much prettier buttoned in front.

in the back, but they are much prettier buttoned in front.

E. E.—The bride's mother should bear every expense of the wedding of her daughter. It would not be in good taste to wear orange blossoms with a seal brown cashiner travelling dress. As to the exquette of the dinner, the bride is taken in first by her husband, and the bride's mother by the officiating clergyman. The other relatives follow in order of consinguinity. It is not now the fashion to display wedding gifts, but it you wish to do so, they should be in your parior, not in your bedroom.

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ENGLISH CHURCH ARCHITECTURE,



ERBURY CATHEDRAL—[See Page 458.]

IONE STEWART.*

By E. LYNN LINTON,

AUTHOR OF "PATRICIA KEMBALL," "THE AUTHOR OF "PATRICIA REMARKS." "UN ATONEMENT OF LIFAM DUNDAS," "UN LORD?" "MY LOVE," ETC. "UNDER WHICH

> CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.) FOR ALL TIME.

This feeling of difficulty grew, as of course it would, and his courage strengthened with time and distance; so that when he was at Messina he wrote to Captain Stewart, repeating what he had said before—that he was too poor to marry as things were, and that he saw no prospect in the future of making such an income as would enable him to take a dowerless wife. His health was delicate; his friends were few; his outlook was dark; his horizon was narrow, and ever peopled with those fearful shapes of poverty and want and the gaunt wolf so sure to prowl about the door. In all these circumstances, then, he was bound as a man of honor to give up the engagement and restore lone to freedom and her

And then, because he was pitiful and kindhearted, and more easily stirred by emotional impulse than became a man, he wrote to Ione more strongly than he really felt, thinking to soften the blow to her by expressing himself as broken-hearted in losing her.

And indeed at the moment he was deeply moved, thinking of the girl's sorrow, her beauty, and her love, till his eyes grew moist, and a tear fell from his long lashes on to the paper and blotted what he had written.

His decision was accepted by Captain Stewart in a curt letter of few words and no regrets. Ione did not write at all. But as she was naturally represented by her adopted father, her silence was of the kind which affirms and consents, and St. Claire was once more free. felt stronger and stouter, more manly altogether, than he had felt ever since that fatal day when the sunshine had bewildered him, and his own weakness had overpowered him-when the story of Pygmalion had been renewed to his shame and lone's misery. As he went on board the boat at Messina, setting his face toward Naples, and leaving Sicily in the shadow of the past, his whole being was full of that divine sense of freedom which seemed to make up for all the rest. He was free-free to think of Monica and to forget lone-free to love and live as he would, without any person's claim or right intervening-free to feel that he had acted as an honorable man should—that he had re-asserted his manhood and his strength, and saved Ione from poverty and

And yet her unfathomable eyes every now and then seemed to flash like light before him, and he felt a certain pain at his heart, a certain op-pression of soul and sense, when he thought of her there in her loneliness and sorrow, and knew by his own experience what she suffered.

His mind was tossed and racked between selfcondemnation and self-excuse. It had been all his fault, all his sin, that she was so unhappy now. He had been weak and wicked. Yet what had he done that was so heinous ?-given her a kiss. Was that such a crime that he should be required to expiate it with the happiness of his life, with perjury and deceit? It was morbid to condemn himself so severely-worse than morbid to give it such enduring effects. She and her people had taken him too seriously. The mischief had lain here, and not in his innocent kiss, which ought to have committed him to as little as it meant. He reasoned himself into a tolerably calm frame of mind for one hour; but the next his troublesome conscience made itself heard in spite of his efforts to silence it, and he suffered the tortures inevitable to folly when a man's head is good, and his will has no backbone worth speaking of.

He was thinking all this one morning while sitting in the villa at Naples, drinking in the sunlight, but scarcely delighting in its charm. He had halted for a day or two on the way; for though he was so much stronger and better altogether for his sojourn at Palermo, he was not able to bear great fatigue. And he had to husband his strength for his long journey home. While sitting there, with his air of disguised

prince, he saw a tall, slight figure coming slowly through the trees. Her cream-colored dress, with its old-gold trimmings, hanging in straight folds to her feet and clinging to her figure, her hat, with its cream-colored feathers tipped with oldgold, her gait and height, all suggested lone. But surely it was only a fond suggestion of his It was impossible to be Ione—impossible! It might as easily be Monica herself—and yet how like!—literally and in very truth how awfully like

The figure came slowly forward, looking to the right and the left as if searching for some one. As it neared him St. Claire saw the face-the vellow-hazel eves which burned like living fire from under the level brows; the red-gold hair that caught the sunlight in its crossing threads till it glistened like a metallic aureole about her head; the lips apart as of one in mortal agony, the nostrils dilated and quivering with pain: the face that of the Medusa, beautiful, young, a goddess under torture, a woman in her moment of despair-yes, it was she; it was Ione! He was here and she was there, and only a few feet of earth divided them. The sea had been bridged over; time- and distance-were-no- more than thoughts; she had come to seek him in his flight and she had found him.

As she saw him she gave a little cry and came up to him, holding out her hands palm upward,

with the same gesture of self-giving as she had made under the carruba-tree.

"I have come to you because I can not live without you," she said, in answer to his half-terrified exclamation. "It was worse than death to be there without you, Armine; and I would rather die than live if I am to live away from you.

"My poor girl! poor lone! you have ruined both yourself and me," said Armine, with the

very quietness of despair. Of what use to struggle when the end has

come?
"Do not scold me, Armine," she said, with strange humbleness. "If you love me as you strange humbleness." say, you know by your own heart that I could do say, you know by your own neart that I could do nothing else. How could I live without you? or you without me? You knew that I would come. You knew that I would either drown myself in the sea or come to you. There was no help for its And I have that some that are the sea or the sea or the sea or that some And I knew that you wanted me," she added, turning to him with all a woman's grace of self-bestowal when she confesses her own passion as a response to her lover's.

What can a man do with the unwelcomed devotion of a woman? Reject it?—fling it back in her face like the dust of dead men's bones and the reference for und things? and the refuse of used things? But if he himself has been the cause? if he has made her believe that he loved her and wanted her love in And if she be young and beautiful, and of a kind whom even a prince, disguised or not, might be proud to win and wear?—how as a man of honor can he?—how as a man of flesh and blood is it possible? Even one who is all soul, and out of whom the beast has been eliminated, even he must pause before such a manifestation, staggered, and in some sense intoxicated.

It was to no good that Armine had tried to convince himself that he had not been to blame, and that really an innocent little kiss on the back of a girl's neck ought not to have entailed all these grave consequences. It was of no use. He had been foolish, putting it at the best and mildest; and having been foolish he must pay for his folly. He had made the girl believe that he loved her, and she had taken him at his own showing. He had told her that his heart was broken, his life desolate, his future dark without her, and she had come to give him joy by the wealth of her love, sunshine by the warmth of her passion. Was this a time to think of maidmodesty, of virginal reserve?-a time to wonder if she had not transgressed the strict bounds of both? Maidenly modesty and virginal reserve are jewels in the crown of womanhood: granted. But if love thinks that love craves? If the only barrier between happiness and the beloved is conventional prudence? Are there not times and seasons when, to the loving, society is only the ghost of a dead pedant, and nature and love are the living lords?

A woman is of flesh and blood all the same as a man, and Ione's flesh and blood were more vi-talized than were most. It was all because of her belief that Armine loved her, and had given her up for her good against his own desire. she suspected the arid truth she would indeed have flung herself into the sea rather than have crossed it. For it is one thing for a woman to offer of her own free-will the love which she believes is desired though not sought, and another to ask for a response to her own passion, which has sprung up spontaneously, neither sought nor desired. The one comes into the list of heroic deeds, the other into that of follies which are also crimes against one's self. And Ione's was of the former.

Armine's emotion overcame him. all the emotion of joy, but it was not all that of repugnance. He was a man, though a weak one, and he could not but feel the full force of the tremendous thing she had done for him. It would be his ruin and hers; nevertheless it was heroic, royal, sublime. And she was so beautiful, and her passionate devotion was so sincere!

Do you really give me up for poverty only ?" she asked, after a pause, her soul stirred like a drugged sleeper half awakening. "You do love me as I love you, do you not?"

Pitiful and kindly, weak and warmed by her love to something of its own fire, he could not undeceive her. She had come to him for love and joy, believing in him, trusting in him, loving him; and he could not give her sorrow and truth instead of that which she came to find-and to give.

'Yes," he said, steadily; "I do love you, lone. It is only because of poverty that I gave you up. Then I care for nothing now in the world," said Ione, with the air and manner of one who has gained the victory. "If you love me—basta! I will work for you; I will be your good genius, Armine; and you shall find all things better because of me. Only love me as I love you and all will go well. Love me, and forever after you shall have reason to bless the day when I took my life in my own hands and came to lay it in yours.'

She poured out her love as a flood, wherein he was overwhelmed; she wrapped him in it as in a garment of fire, that clung closer than his own flesh; he could not resist her-no man could-and he was swept away by the torrent and burned by the fire. There was no other course open to him, and he had only to accept his position and legalize hers. He must make her his wife, ruin or not and save her from the consequences of the folly she had committed for love of him. It was easy to say that he was weak and that he ought not to have yielded, but there are times in one's life when self-sacrifice is the bravest action, and perjury to the past the first virtue; and this was one

Wherefore he wrote to Captain Stewart, and told him all that had been and all that was to be; and how, as soon as things could be legally arranged, he would marry Ione at the Consulate. He ended by expressing a hope that he, the Captain, Ione's adopted father, and Mrs. Stewart, her adopted mother, would come over to Naples to give their sanction to the ceremony.

"But they will not," said Ione, when he read e letter to her. "I know them, Armine; you the letter to her. do not. They will not," she repeated, when he combated her dictum by the baseless "hope" of that superficial optimism which simply refuses to see the bad side of things because they are disagreeable to look at.

She proved herself right. To Armine's letter came, as a reply, certain legal documents by which Captain Stewart gave his consent to the marriage; three boxes, full of everything that could be said to belong to Ione—all her clothes, her trinkets, her girlish treasure, her books, her music, her very wrecks and relies of childish toys -all her property, down to the veriest bits of rubbish; but for reply to the request of her adopted parents' presence to sanction the marriage, simply two lines: "We desire to hear no more of you or of her. She is dead to us forever.'

Thus the two began life together alone and absolutely isolated from all family connections whatsoever-she loving him with the whole force of her passion, the whole creative power of her imagination-he loving Monica, but resolved to bury her sweet image deep in the unfathomable recesses of his heart, and to do his duty to the girl who, for love of him, had not done it to herself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LAWS OF ADOPTION IN CHINA.

By WONG CHIN FOO.

ONE of the gravest calamities to be apprehended by a Chinaman is to die without leaving male posterity to care for his ashes and decorate his grave, thereby pacifying his wandering spirit in purgatory. Therefore to have the good fortune to become the father of a son is properly considered to be a matter worth boasting of, and something to be long remembered. It is generally with manifestations of unbounded joy approximating to childish glee that the father of the new-born male infant heralds its advent, often spending a third of his entire fortune in celebrating the joyful event. Such, however, is not the case when a female child is born, for reasons which are given hereafter.

This almost universal fear of leaving in death no son to execute the family ceremonies and perform the post-mortem services is confined in greater part to the middle classes, being scarcely ever realized by the wealthier families, owing to their plurality of wives. Neither does it have serious weight in the minds of those who are extremely poor; but among those who occupy a position midway between the two, as above remarked, it occasions great concern. Indeed, the in nocent and loving wife is frequently most unjustly blamed by the overanxious husband for not having presented her lord with a son and heir.

China is the only country where bachelors are sometimes rendered supremely happy by taking advantage of a system of lawful robbery of the happiness of others. Individually the bachelor is not only an object of aversion to the fair maidens of the place of his nativity, but he is considered a useless ornament to society in general, besides being an object of especial fear among those of his own kindred; for, being wifeless himself, and consequently without issue, he can, if he so choose, legally claim the first-born male child of any one of his younger brothers with impunity, the bereaved parents having no redress.

The law governing this point distinctly says:
"If an elder brother shall have arrived at the age of fifty years, being barren, he may take the first male child born to any of his younger bro-thers and claim him as his own by right of inheritance, the male child so chosen to become his legal representative and heir to his estates."

But under no circumstances can the younger brother, if likewise situated, claim from an elder brother the same privilege, because the son of an elder brother is legally considered to be one

degree higher than the son of a younger brother. This somewhat peculiar and to the uninitiated, I doubt not, interesting law of adoption has been so implicitly adhered to by the Chinese that it has created the strongest feeling of affection and mutual interest between brothers of the same family. Three brothers, all of whom were young men, sincerely attached to each other, came to this country some five years ago, and started in the laundry business in Chicago, at which place I formed their intimate acquaintance. A year or two after, having been successful in amassing quite some \$1100-among the three, the two younger brothers begged the elder to repair to their far-distant home, carrying with him the whole sum of their combined savings, and im-mediately take to himself a wife, hoping thereby to greatly lessen the dread chances of being robbed of their first-born son in the near future through his remaining a bachelor. He was at first averse to this, but finally their united entreaties caused him to take rather an unwilling departure, since which time the two remaining brothers have made another handsome sum, and now the poor innocent younger one of the two yet remaining is strenuously endeavoring to persuade his second elder brother to follow the same course.

It will be obvious to the reader that to have been born the seventh son is, if a subject of the Chinese Empire, a thing to be deplored, for it entails the greatest trouble on the poor unfortunate. Even then it is better to have been born the seventh son than the first daughter, for although both may be treated with the same tender solicitude by their parents, yet their prospects during the greater part of life are anything but cheerful, and particularly is this the case in regard to the female child, no matter where she may rank in the order of offspring. In the first place, her right to inherit any portion of her parents' property is strictly denied by the law, except conditionally and in the following manner:

In cases where the parents are without male issue, either of their own or through adoption in

the manner already described, and where the estate is very large, the daughter may, if she remain single and loyal to the members of her parent's house, or, being married, if she prevail upon her husband to forswear forever his al. legiance to his own kindred and relatives of every degree, and change his surname to that of the daughter's father, so as to forever become his son, this being publicly recorded and acknow. ledged, the estates then may be partially controlled by the daughter for the benefit of herself in the first instance, or for her by her husband, the newly created son, in the second instance, who would generally assume the entire control not only of her property, but also of herself.

The common laws of China prohibit people of the same surname from intermarrying. Thus, for instance, in the Lee family, numbering some 15,000,000 individual members—the males are not allowed to marry any female who bears the same family name. Miss Lee is therefore obliged to marry into a family whose members have been strangers to her family for at least 500 years before she was born! After she is married she is supposed to be forever lost to the Lee family, and must forsake and forget all her numerous kith and kin, and cleave forever to those of her newly wedded lord. She must even transfer her entire affections (if she have any) to her husband's fully; they must not be divided between the two. For this reason the law justly prohibits any right or title to her parental estates, except in the manner before described. In its stead, she must there after depend entirely upon the husband's family for her patrimony, he being generally selected from a family of equal financial standing.

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

See illustration on double page.

N continuation of the series of views of Eng-I hish cathedrals which we have been publishing in HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S BAZAR, we now present to our readers a view of the Metropolitan church of Canterbury. The seat of the Primate of All England, founded by Augustine, sanctified by the martyrdom of Becket, ruled now by a statesman like Stephen Langton, now by a theologian like Bradwardine, the doctor profundus of the schoolmen, the history of the cathedral is an epitome of the history of England. The present edifice consists of portions of the works of various prelates, from the rebuilding by Lanfranc to the death of Prior Goldstone—a period of four centuries—and exhibits specimens of nearly all the styles of pointed architecture. The view we give in this number is taken from the southwest, and exhibits the southwest porch, which forms the main entrance to the cathedral; the south transept, opposite which is the north transept, where Becket was slain; the southeast transept, in which is now placed the patriarchal chair of Purbeck marble, called "St. Augustine's Chair," and said to have been that in which the pagan kings of Kent were enthroned, and which was given to Augustine by Ethelbert to be the metropolitan cathedra. The tradition is inaccurate, for Purbeck stone was not used till long after the days of Augustine, but the throne is undoubtedly of high antiquity. Beyond the second transept the view ends with St. Anselm's tower and chapel. Above the chapel is a small room, with a window looking into the church, where a monk was nightly stationed to keep watch over the shrine of St. Thomas. In this watch-room it is said that King John of France was kept a prisoner.

The great central tower is named "Bell Har-

from a small bell hung at the top of it. It one of the most beautiful specimens of Perpendicular architecture existing. It is 235 feet in height, and groups admirably with the surrounding objects. The tower at the northwest angle of the nave is modern, and was not completed till 1840, when it was erected to replace the Norman tower known as the "Arundel Stee-ple." The south tower bears the name of the The south tower bears the name of the Dunstan Steeple." The other, or northern side, of the cathedral is more picturesque in its outlines and more interesting in its memories than the one given in our illustration. There in the north transept is the spot where took place the murder which was regarded throughout Christendom as unexampled in sacrilege since the crucifixion of our Lord. The door by which the archibishop and his murderers entered the church, the wall against which he leaned when De Tracy cut him down, and the pavement on which he fell, still remain as when the martyrdom took place. But the great shrine of Becket was not in the transept, but at the east end of the choir. The spot where the shrine stood is indicated by some mosaic-work, while in the roof above is a crescent of foreign wood, which perhaps bears some allusion to the well-known story that the archwas a Saracen maiden who folbishop's mother lowed his father from the far East.

To this shrine came myriads of pilgrims of all countries and ranks, after the fashion of that immortal company which Chaucer has made familiar to us. Here came Louis VII. of France, the first French king who ever landed in England, and who, "being very fearful of the water," prayed to St. Thomas to be saved from shipwreck and seasickness. Emanuel, the Emperor of the East, paid a visit here in 1400, and Sigismund, the Emperor of the West, in 1417. A century later Henry VIII. and the Emperor Charles V. knelt here together. To the south of the shrine is the monument of Edward the Black Prince, the first tomb erected in what was then considered the most holy spot in England. The effigy is of brass, and exhibits the flat cheeks and the well-chiselled nose of the house of Plantagenet. The most permits of the chief of the culiar feature in the cathedral plan is the circular corona at the extreme east end, which was conmonly called Becket's crown. From the transept of the martyrdom access is gained to the crypt

^{*} Begun in Habree's Bazar No. 2, Vol. XVL

it which was the chapel of Our Lady Undercroft, which in wealth and beauty exceeded even the famous shrine at Walsingham. The whole of the crypt was given by Queen Elizabeth to the French and Flemish refugees who fled from the bloody rule of Alva.

The best view of the city and cathedral is from Harbledown, whence the first English Christian city is seen nestling down below. In the words of the lamented Dean Stanley: "The view from St. Martin's Hill is one of the most inspiriting in the world; there is none to which we would more willingly take one who doubted whether a small beginning could lead to a great and lasting good; none which carries us more vividly back into the past, or more hopefully forward to the future."

THE CANON'S WARD.

Br JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "KIT: A MENORY," "BY PROXY," "HIGH SPIRITS," "WHAT HE COST HEE," "WON-NOT WOOKD," "A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT," ETC.

CHAPTER I. THE CRONIES.

WHAT "the High" is to Oxford men, picturesque, unique, unapproachable, "the Backs"the river gardens at the backs of their colleges along the river from St. John's to Corpus; "linked sweethess"—for do not the bridges join the gardens?—"long drawn out." It may be a personal partiality, but I venture to think that iminclintely in front of Trinity College the beauty of "the Backs" culminates. There (to my eyes) the stream is broader (it has "a feeder" through which a tiny shallop may be pitshed betteath the lime boughs); there, to my ears, "the frequent pulse" of oars is more musical than elsewhere; the bridges have a more graceful curve. The tender greensward, the fragrant overhanging lime walk like a cathedral sisle in leaf—a picture glazed, alas! with tears, for those with whom. like tile, 'tis winter-time, while when they saw it last, long years ago; "twas May with them from head to heel.

It is "the May" now (as the May term is called), and "the Backs" are at their hest, though not their brightest, for dewy eve is about to fall. The sky colors above tree and turret are like a herald's garb, the herald of the summer; the bells of old St. Mary are clashing overhead, but mellowed by distance; the tinkle of the college bell is calling the white-robed students, flitting ghost-like through arch and corridor, to prayer, or at all events to chapel. Upon the water lingers vet a fairy fleet, and the light dip of the feathered oar, full on the stream, and sharp be-neath the bridge, falls dreamily on the ear. To the actors in such a scene its glories are less visible than to the eye of memory. We are none of us fully aware of our happiness while it is with us, and Youth is as unconscious of it as is the flower of its blossom. It is Age alone which admires—and regrets.

At the open window above the college archgray, but with intellectual features that still retraces of physical beauty, is regarding this fair landscape with feelings that are unshared by those he looks upon, and whose presence enlivens it. His thoughts are grave, though they are gladdened by its beauty. The grass is as green as when he trod it thirty years ago, and the fragrance of the lime walk has lost none of its sweetness, yet how much is gone that was there before! All is crowded with life, yet how great is the gap that Death and Change have made!

A light hand, though it belongs to a man of six feet high, is laid upon the dreamer's shoulders, and he looks up into the face of an old friend. It is Mayors, the tutor, with whom he had been at college, and who had remained at work there while he himself had taken a college living, given it up through ill health, been made a Canon of the neighboring cathedral, and finally had come back to Cambridge to "reside."

"Why, Aldred, you are musing!" exclaimed the new-comer, in bantering but not unmusical tones. "Are you regretting that you have not once more an under-graduate's gown upon your shoulders? Such thoughts never come into my head, because, I suppose, I have other things to do. The hand of least employment has the daintier sense. A thousand pardons—I forgot the Concordance."

"I was thinking of my boy," said the Canon, gently.

"To be sure," returned the other, his voice changing at once to one of sympathy. "He would be just the age for coming up; and you would interest one, no doubt, if one had a son amongst them; as it is, I think Trinity would be the most delightful place in the world if it wasn't for the lads."

"A pigeon pie without the pigeon," remarked the Canon, smiling; "tough beef and hard eggs—though not so tough and not so hard as some

of you would make yourselves out to be."

"Ah, you have forgotten what it is to be a tutor," returned the other; "what one suffers from those who bring up their offspring to us days before the term begins—the "Early Faand the mothers—as to a dry-nurse, each with his tale of intelligent precocity and budding genius; likewise from the young gentlemen themselves, so full of promise, who take to spirits and the female retailers of spirits, and are sent down-after a brief but voluptuous career-in their second year.'

"They are not all like that, however, if I re-

member rightly.'

'Oh no; there are your romantic young gentlemen, who know Shelley by heart, and even your own Milton, and who would perhaps get their fellowships, only that the day before they take their degree they marry their bed-maker's daugh-

"And are there now no students?" inquired

the Canon, giving way to the other's humor.
"Certainly, one or two; and those, from the tutor's point of view, are the worst of all. They mostly take to mathematics; wear wet towels round their heads all night, and eventually get brain-fever, and drown themselves in the river yonder: you have no idea how my time is taken up with inquests."

"Still, I wish my boy were here, Mayors," sighed

the Canon, "and that you were his tutor."
"And I wish it too, Aldred, with all my heart. Still, it is my firm conviction that a boy of character knows what is best for himself; for ninety-nine lads out of a hundred it is all one: 'soldier, sailor, tinker, tailor, gentleman, apothecary, ploughboy, thief'; they are as fit for one calling as another; but your Robert, he is the hundredth. He has views of his own, or so it seemed to me when I saw him at the Rectory; he will distinguish himself in whatever profession he has a mind for.'

The color rose to the Canon's cheek: to have his boy praised was the greatest pleasure life had left for him.

But a soldier, Mayors; and in India!"

"Well, a soldier is better, at all events, than any other of the professions I mentioned. You wouldn't make him a sailor, I suppose, serving is a gun-boat in the tropics, without half the necessary amount of cubic feet of air to breathe in nor yet a young gentleman at large, which means, in the end, the Insolvent Court. And as to India, just think how your Indian enjoys getting home.!

"Ah, if he ever does!" returned the Canon,

mournfully.
"Why shouldn't he? What's to prevent him? He is not the boy to take to brandy

pawnee. A few years—"
"Ten, at least, Mavors," put in the other, mournfully ; "and the lad's ambitious; if there's

an opening he will make for it."

"And make his mark there," added the tutor, cheerfully. "Why, one would really think that the boy had been sentenced to penal servitude! You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Aldred. Have you not your sister to take care of you and look to your comforts? I wish I had a sister. The way in which I am robbed right and left by my bed-maker is something incredible; I order everything in duplicate, and I don't mind her taking things out of one cupboard; but they are both emptied simultaneously.

Why don't you lock one cupboard?"

"I do, with a Bramah; but Bramah is a false

god."
"You are just as you used to be, Mavors," returned the Canon, laughing; "never satisfied. Before you took the best degree in your year it might have been excusable, but now-tutor of your college, a man said to know more about Plato-

" Said to know!" broke in Mayors, with irritation; "confound you, I do know more about Plato than any man alive."

'Just think of that!" said the Canon, slyly. "On such a pinnacle, and yet not satisfied."

"Where is the comfort of a pinnacle?" retorted the tutor, peevishly. "Give me a canon's stall. For you to grumble is indeed ingratitude to fortune. You've your rooms here-the best in the college. Your house on the Trumpington Road kept for you by a devoted sister, and ornamented by the presence of the most charming of wards. Satisfied, indeed! It is my belief that if you married your ward you wouldn't be quite content even then."

I am quite sure I shouldn't," said the Canon, laughing outright; "and I don't think Sophy would be quite content either. That's another thorn in my lot, Mavors, my responsibility as regards that girl."

"A crumpled leaf in your bed of roses, you

mean, Aldred. I wish I had such a thorn. charmingly she makes your coffee for you! How neatly she catalogues your library!"

"I believe that is your notion of a wife's perfection, Mavors. If so, why don't you propose to Sophy? You shall have her guardian's full con-

sent, I promise you: now do—do,"

The Rev. Henry Mayors, tutor of Trinity College, and the terror of German commentators, blushed like a girl. Perhaps it was knowing so much about Plato that rendered the notion of marriage alarming to him, or perhaps the Canon had unconsciously touched some secret chord in his friend's breast. He saw his advantage—it was cruel of him, but he did not know how cruel and pushed it home.

"If you are shy about it, my dear Mavors," he continued, "I'll speak to Sophy myself. Only vour mir asks you, you will hardly like to refuse a lady."

"I don't think a lady—or at all events so

young a lady-would quite appreciate a jest of that kind," said Mr. Mavors, gravely, and still very red.

That shows how little you know about her, my dear friend," said the Canon, dryly; "she would enjoy it immensely."

It was not only that, being a widower, he was more "at ease in Zion," as regarded the fair sex, than his celibate friend, and spoke with a certain cynical lightness: he had in view a particular

"Between ourselves, my dear fellow," he continued-" for it is a matter which I should certainly not speak about to any one but an old friend like you-our dear little Sophy is a source of great anxiety to us"

You don't seem to feel it so, my dear Aldred," observed the other, with sympathetic interest; "at all events, in her company,

'I would not let her know that I feel it for worlds; both my sister and I greatly enjoy her companionship, she is so naïve and engaging;

but I can't help wishing the old Queen's Counsel had not fixed upon me for her guardian. I have not a word to say against the dear little maid, mind; but she's flighty, not to say flirty. At Portsmouth, where she last came from, it did not signify, I suppose; soldiers and sailors are not apt to take young ladies an sérieux, because they mean nothing themselves; but with under-graduates it is different."

The tutor frowned. "But why do you ask under-graduates-that is, such as you have any reason to disapprove of-to your house?

"My dear fellow, Sophy asks them, not 1; or rather she is the magnet that attracts them. They meet her at tennis parties, balls, and what not, and then ask leave to call.

Then I should not give them leave."

"But they call in order to request the permission; and as I am always from home, my silence is taken for consent. Sophy welcomes them, and my sister has not the heart to say, 'You mustn't come, sir.' You see, it's very hard for the poor girl, shut up all day with Maria or an old fellow

"You're not a particularly old fellow," observed the tutor, with an air of irritation rather than of one who pays a compliment, "A man is only as old as he feels."

Quite true; age, however, is a matter of comparison, and in this place of all others the con-trast stands out most strongly. We call these young fellows 'boys'; and they call us—well, I'm sure I don't know what they call us, but 'fogies,' at the very least. Not, my dear fellow, that you look like a fogy" (for the other had drawn himself up, looking more like a major, and a drum-major too, than a college tutor); "but you know what boys are. "Well, girls are like them in their judgment on these matters, only worse."

Mr. Mayors answered nothing, but played a tattoo with his fingers on the thrown-back win-

dow-pane.
"Yes," continued the Canon, sadly; "it is impossible to conceal from myself that dear little Sophy (though I do believe she is fond of him) finds her old guardian a bit of a bore, and infi nitely prefers the society of a young gentleman such as Mr. Herbert Perry, for instance

"Perry? Who's Perry?" inquired the tutor. "Well, he's a Trinity man in his third year; he is not on your 'side,' but of course you know him. He won the sculls last year."

"A boating man! Oh yes, I remember—a great hulking fellow, with a brown beard and a fresh complexion."

"An excessively handsome man."

"Indeed! I should rather call him a fine ani-

"He is an animal I am sorry to say that So phy admires very much," returned the Canon, dryly. "I don't like him myself, nor is it alto gether my prejudice. I have heard things about him-not very bad things-but things not to his credit. There is a theory that your athlete is generally a person of good moral character."

The tutor smiled contemptuously. "Just so. Well, this young man is said to be no better than he should be, and also very reck-

"But have you no authority over your ward?" "Authority? I can't 'gate' her, or 'fine' her. To be sure, I could 'rusticate' her, but that would

be very inconvenient."
"No doubt," said the tutor, with an air of con-"It would be too much to expect that you should leave Cambridge on her account."

"I did leave it for a month or two last win-

ter, and took Sophy to London. I need not go into painful details, Mavors; but the fact is, that course did not produce the effect I intended. The man followed us there, and I have reason to believe that Sophy gave him some encouragement. She knows, however, that my views are fixed as regards that matter. She shall never have my consent to marry him while I have power to forbid it; that is, until she comes of age; but in the mean time what am I to do?"

"Forbid him your house."

"The effect of which would be that she would see him out of the house; a flirtation is bad enough, but a claudestine flirtation is far worse. The last appeal, however, as I have said, lies with There is still a twelvemonth to run before she becomes her own mistress, and I am in hopes she will tire of the man before that time."

"And then?"

"Well, then she will please herself. She has twenty thousand pounds of her own, though strictly tied up; so that she will have plenty of suitors, no doubt. In any case—even supposing, that is, her penchant for Mr. Perry dies out—I have no great confidence in her judgment; nothing would please me more than to see her transfer her affections to some worthy fellow (I good promise) who would make her happy; but I confess I should be as much surprised as pleased. The dream of my life used to be that Sophy and my Robert - But there," concluded the speaker, with a weary sigh, "that's over, and much else

"That would have been a convenient arrangement, no doubt," said the tutor, in a tone less consoling than perfunctory: his sympathy seemed to have somehow faded out. "I suppose the ladies will be here to-morrow evening?

" For the procession on the Backs ?- yes, certainly. You will come, of course?" The tutor nodded. "You will not mind my asking a few young fellows, for Sophy's sake? The more she sees the better she will be able to strike an average, and perceive how much beneath it is Mr.

He will not be here, I do hope." "My dear friend, he will be on the river, of course. Do you not know that he is stroke of

your own boat? "My boat!" exclaimed the tutor, contemptu-usly. "Good heavens!" ously.

"Well, I mean the Third Trinity: you were an Eton man yourself, were you not? You have no idea what interest we take in aquatics up at the Laurels. I believe I could tell you the place of every boat on the river.'

Could you? I could just as soon go through the catalogue of the Kings of Israel. I'll come, with pleasure; but I must go now, for I have some work to do to-night;" and he took

up his college cap.
"And so have I," said the Canon.
"Is it possible!" laughed the tutor, as he left the room. But when the door had closed upon him he grew grave enough. Even into the deep solitudes and silent cells of a collegiate life human nature now and then intrudes; and with the man who knew more about Plato than anybody, all was not lettered ease and contented celibacy.

CHAPTER II.

THE SCHOLAR.

"My work," Canon Aldred was wont to observe, in his pleasant way, "like topmost Gargarus, takes the morning;" but, as Mr. Mavors had hinted, it was not a severe description of labor, and could be done at any time. He was just now engaged upon a new edition of his favorite poet, Milton, including a concordance; and, like all men who have little to do, thought it a matter not only of vast importance, but of pressing necessity. It did not strike him that for what people had done without for a few centuries, such as a concordance to Milton, they could very well wait a little longer; and in order to expedite matters he employed an assistant. It must be confessed that had he not done so the great work would have progressed but slowly, for the Canon was dilatory and a dilettant. When Nature said, "Dream"-a remark which, if one is inclined to listen to it, she repeats pretty often-he let Nature have her way. He would sit for hours with his book before him, with his head propped on his hand, one upright finger pressed upon his cheek, and with his thoughts a hundred miles away; indeed, much farther, for they were with his boy in India.

He had everything about him suitable to intellectual activity; every description of note-book, piles of volumes of reference, a desk with a sea of papers on it, and a noble harbor for his knees beneath it. But a large tin of Latakia tobacco stood beside him, which, though it may stimulate the imagination, is hardly a spur to toil; and a huge meerschaum pipe, which required a pretty constant hand to it, or it would have pulled his teeth out. The tender solicitude he bestowed upon the bowl was touching: it was swathed in wash-leather, but from time to time he carefully undid its covering, and gazed upon its deepening color with paternal pride; then he would rise from his seat, and nursing it in his plump white hand, would take it round the room with him, as though it was a baby. There were so many objects to attract his attention on these occasionsa book to be set right on its shelf, a picture to be straightened on the wall, the flowers with which Sophy always supplied his college chambers to be sniffed at (though never re-arranged; that would have been audacity indeed)-that these promenades took up considerable time.

There was one object that was as certain to bring him to a halt as is a partridge to stop a pointer. On a little table stood a glass case, and within it, on a velvet cushion, a lock of hair. Pipe in hand, he is leaning over it now, and softly murmurs to himself:

" It lies before me there, and my own breath at use perore me there, and my own breath Might stir its outer threads as though beside The living head I stood in honored pride, Talking of lovely things that conquer death. Perhaps he pressed it once, or underneath Ran his five fingers, when he leant blank-eyed, And saw in fancy Adam and his bride, With their rich locks."

This lock, I need hardly say, was from the head of the Canon's literary idol, Milton; but there was scarcely anything on which his eye lit which did not suggest some poetical quotation; and when there was nothing to suggest them they suggested themselves. Though without any ear for music, he had a voice exquisitely modulated, and gave exactly the right expression to every word. He was no scholar like his friend the tutor, but a man of very various reading, who valued literature for what it was worth, and not (as is generally the case with scholars) for the name of the author. He had many fine things in his head with which few others were acquainted, and would "croon" them (as the poor "Shepherd" used to term it) to himself, for the gratification of his inward ear.

As he passes by the open window in this tour around his chamber he once more looks out of lost its fairy fleet; and only one or two figures are still threading the lime walk. Something in the scene suggests an old-world time and tune:

"Masters of colleges have no common graces,
And they that have fellowships have but common

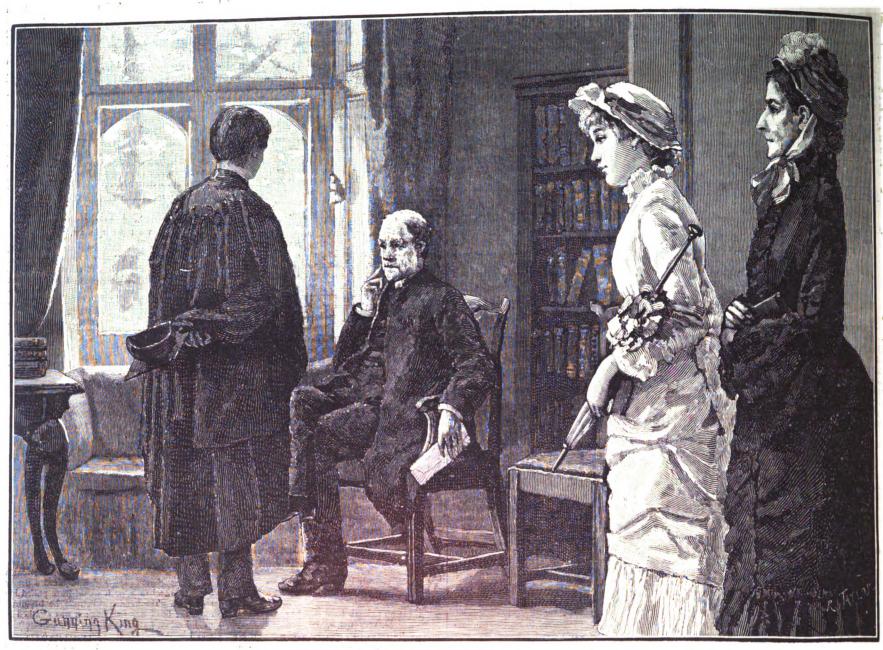
places,
And those that scholars are, they must have handsome faces.

Alas! poor scholar, whither wilt thou go?"

"That must have been a strange way to preferment," he muses. "A handsome face!" Then, as a step comes up the echoing stair outside his chambers, "My poor Adair," he adds, "would have had small chance in those days."

There is a modest knock at the inner door (for the outer, of course, was open), and his own gentle voice replies, "Come in." The new-comer was a young man of twenty-two or so; and since he was a scholar of his college, it was clear, as the other had just said, that he owed it to his learning, and not his looks. He was tall and thin-of a leanness, indeed, that almost approached emaciation. He had dark hair, the length and straightness of which made him appear even

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"WHILE HE WAS YET SPEAKING THE DOOR OPENED, AND TWO LADIES ENTERED THE ROOM,"

more lantern-jawed than he really was. His face, so far from having the hue of youth, though it was not unhealthy-looking, was destitute of color, : His teeth, however, were good, and his black eyes, though somewhat downcast, very clear and bright; "I fear I am rather late, Canon," he said, in a

voice as soft as a woman's, and with a deep respect that had yet no touch of sycophancy; "but I had not kept my chapels, and—"

"Don't mention it, my dear lad," put in the other, with a friendly smile. "The Church has the first call on all of us. I hardly think; however, that that phrase, 'keeping your chapels,' conveys the full feeling of ecclesiastical devotion with which you are, no doubt, possessed. Have you done the B's yet?"

"Yes, sir." The young man drew from un-

der his gown some MSS., and put them into the other's hand,

"That's well, my lad. How neatly you do everything! How I envy you that gift of deftness!; When it comes to me" (this with a whimsical smile), "it will not be of the fingers. own christening I do believe the fairy Disorder was left altogether out of the programme, and revenged herself by never leaving me since.

Well'and how do you like it?"

"Very much, sir, 'It is, in, the first place, a very great pleasure to find myself useful to you in any way; and, after all, nothing but care and accuracy is required in the matter."

"Nay I didn't many the Considerance" said

"Nay, I didn't mean the Concordance," said the Canon, smiling. "I meant the poet himself. I gathered from what you said that you have had hitherto but a bowing acquaintance with him."

"That is true. You see, I have not had much time for reading such things."
"Such things!" echoed the Canon. "And now you have read it?"

"Well, sir, there seem to be a great many B's in 'Paradise Lost.'"

There are, are there?" returned the other, There are, are there? returned the other, with an amused look. "And as for the poetry, I suppose you agree with the famous Johnian that there is 'a good deal of assertion in it, and very little proof?"

"Indeed, sir, I find no proof at all. And how manufally he had divided for thing! In the

unequally he has divided the thing! Eighth Book there are not 640 lines, while in the Tenth there are no less than 1104."

The Canon looked at his young companion with that sort of gentle pity with which a kindhearted person regards a blind man.
"What was the book you liked best when you

were quite a boy?" he inquired, after a long

"Euclid, sir."

"You will be Senior Wrangler, my good fellow, as sure as your name's Adair," ejaculated the Canon. His tone had something of warning and even menace in it as though he had said, "If you don't take care, young man, you will go straight to the devil"; but the speaker was quite unconscious of it; he intended what he said for a compliment, and the other took it as such.

"It is a pleasure to hear you say so, sir," he replied, with a quick flush; "but if my success depends upon my name being Adair, I shall not be a wrangler at all. My name is—or was—Burke."

"Then why did you change it?" inquired the Canon, with mild surprise. He knew it was not for the usual reason—an inheritance—for Adair was a Sizar, and far from rich.

"To please a patron, Sir Charles Adair."

The bitterness of the young man's tone was excessive; if you could have seen his eyes, which, however, were bent down, you would have read in them more than bitterness—hate. The Canon's handsome face softened like a girl's. "A patron," he said; "a patron may, however, be also a friend."

"This one is not, or rather was not," replied the young man, curtly. "I have done with him, or, as I should perhaps put it, he has done with

"And have you no friend?" inquired the Can-

on, gently.
"No friend but you, sir. My parents are dead; they left me nothing but a name, and that"—here he uttered a sharp sigh, as it seemed involuntarily-"has been taken away from

"Your present name, however, will one day be known irrespectively of him who gave it you," said the Canon, encouragingly. "I hear from your tutor that great things are expected of you. on will achieve reputation fam.

"And independence," added the young man, vehemently.

"No doubt of it. To a young man of character" (the Canon was thinking of his own son) "dependence is thralldom. Nature herself points out to him his way in the world. But I gathered from what you said that you and your patron had parted company.'

"So we have. What I have now to gain is a competence."

"Oh, I see! That sort of independence," returned the other, dryly.

The young man looked amazed; then, as one who, having lost his way, hits suddenly on what he believes to be the right track, he answered, eagerly, "Do not think me mercenary, sir. You

do not know what poverty is."

"Quite true, quite true," said the Canon, touched by the other's tone. "I am no judge in such a case as yours."

"Moreover, it is my earnest desire to free my self from the sense of an obligation that has become intolerable."

"Ah, you want to pay this too-generous gentleman the money back that he has expended on

The scholar bowed his head assentingly. If his intention was to have made a favorable impression on his companion, he had certainly suc-

ceeded; there was no need for him to speak.

"May I ask without impertinence—indeed, I have a reason for it—the cause of quarrel between you and Sir Charles?"

"It is only natural that you should do so, sir," answered the young man, gravely. "If I do not answer your question, you must not imagine that I am ashamed to do so. I am not afraid of any inquiry; but"—here he turned scarlet—"it was a private matter."
"That means there was a lady in the case, I

suppose," said the Canon, smiling.

"Yes, sir; I was very ill treated."
"And not by her, I dare say," smiled the Can"Well, my lad, we can not all get what we want in this world, and as often as not it is better for us that we should not. I can not say," he continued, in a changed tone, "how pleased I am with your assistance in my present work. You seem to me to be the very helpmate I have been looking for. I was verifying what you had done only last night, and did not detect a single error. I do not think that the remuneration we agreed upon is a sufficient recompense for such

care and accuracy. I propose to double it."
"Oh, sir, you are too generous."
"Tchut! tchut! the benefit is mutual. You may be sure I keep the whole matter secret, as before. Nor need I add that what you have just confided to me about your own affairs will go no farther.

spoke so rapidly that it was impossible for the other to interpose a word of thanks, but his face glowed with pleasure.

"By-the-bye, you are not in the boats, are you?"
"Oh, no, sir." The words were spoken with The words were spoken with a cold smile, which might have almost been translated, "How should I be, since I have neither time nor money for such things?"

"Then you must join us here to-morrow night. We shall have a little party to see the procession -my sister and my ward-I think I hear them this moment on the staircase; they often come to fetch me home."

While he was yet speaking the door opened, and two ladies entered the room. The elder, a tall woman of about five-and-forty, very thin and angular, but with an air of singular refinement and delicacy; the younger, a slight, fairy-like little creature, exquisitely pretty, and with a face that sparkled with expression; her hair was golden, and her eyes of hazel. But it was not at once that you noticed any such detail; her other charms were lost in her brightness.
"My dear guardian," she exclaimed, "we are

late, I know, but do not scold Aunt Maria; it was all my fault; for after chapel—" Here stopped, catching sight of the young scholar.

A friend of mine, Mr. Adair, my dear Maria." There was something in the tone of her brother's introduction which caused Miss Aldred to gra-

ciously hold out her hand instead of bowing.
"Mr. Adair, my ward, Miss Gilbert."
The girl inclined herself stiffly toward him with what was very literally scant courtesy, and while looking straight in his face contrived to carry the impression that she was unconscious of his presence. Notwithstanding all which signs and to-kens, "I have had the pleasure of meeting Miss Gilbert before," said Mr. John Adair, and at the same time stepped forward and held out his hand to her.

The delicate pink faded from Miss Sophy's cheek in a moment, leaving it all lily; it was evidently an unexpected rejoinder, but she took the proffered hand frankly enough, and in her bright musical voice replied: "I beg a thousand pardons. I remember you now quite well. We met at the Bachelors' Ball, I think."

met at the Bachelors' Ball, I think."

"Well, I am surprised, Adair," said the Canon.

"I should have thought a ball-room was the very last place you would have been found in. However, I am glad to find you are not such a stranger as I thought you were. It is hardly necessary to say you will not forget to morrow night; a man who gen do guike works in his hard should never

say you will not lorget to morrow night; a man who can do cube roots in his head should never forget anything."

"You overestimate my memory, sir," said the scholar, smiling; "but" (here he glanced at the young lady) "I rarely forget what I wish to remember."

"I have read any to the member."

"I hope you don't repeat all you remember," said Miss Sophy, lightly,

you and my dear guardian would be a little try-It was a flippant speech for a young girl, but it was generally admitted that Miss Sophy was

"or an

The Canon, whose habits of quotaflippant. The Canon, whose habits of quota-tion had been thus sarcastically alluded to, only smiled and shook his head.

"You need not be afraid of my repeating anything, Miss Gilbert," said the young scholar, gravely; and, backing to the door, he bowed and left the room.

"You've frightened that young man very much, Sophy," remarked her guardian, reprovingly; "he is a mathematician, and takes everything seriously, even your pert little jokes."
"I'm so sorry," replied the girl, with a pre-

tense of penitence; and running up to her guardian, she gave him an affectionate kiss.

You could never have guessed from her man-ner what was the actual fact—that, so far from frightening Mr. John Adair, that gentleman had frightened her to the verge of a fainting fit.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE LORD CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND.

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THE LORD High Chancellor is one of the few great officers of state whose place in the "Table of Precedency" has been fixed by act of Parliament. By a statute passed in the reign of Henry VIII. it is ordained that he shall "have precedence above all temporal peers." As a matter of fact, he ranks in state pageants before all spiritual peers as well, except the Archbishop of Canterbury, who follows immediately after the royal princes. The position thus assigned to the Lord Chancellor is fairly indicative of the importance of his office in relation to the sovereign and to the state. He is sometimes spoken of as "keeper of the sovereign's conscience," and in former times, being generally an ecclesiastic, he actually discharged the mysterious functions which that title implies—he was the "confidential adviser" of the sovereign in all state affairs.

"The Lord Chancellor," says Blackstone, "is keeper of the King's conscience; visitor, in right of the King, of all hospitals and colleges of the King's foundation; and patron of all the King's livings under the value of twenty marks per annum. He is the general superintendence of all

infants, idiots, and lunatics, and has the general superintendence of all infants, idiots, and lunatics, and has the general superintendence of all charitable uses in the kingdom." Even this remarkable list of a Lord Chancellor's duties and prerogatives is not exhaustive; he is keeper of the Great Seal, Speaker or Chairman of the House of Lords, chief judicial officer, and recognized head of the law in England.

officer, and recognized nead of the law in England.

The office is conferred by the sovereign, by formally delivering the Great Seal, and addressing its recipient by the title "Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain." The appointment is confirmed by "letters patent," and if the new Chancellor is not already a peer he is immediately leaded to the recognizer. elevated to the peerage. The practice of conferring a peerage upon the Lord Chancellor is comparatively modern, the first instance of the kind Lord Chancellor is comparatively modern, the first instance of the kind having occurred in 1603. Henry Brougham held the office of Lord Chancellor, and actually took his seat upon the Woolsack as Speaker of the House of Lords the day before he was created a peer of the realm.

The most important duty belonging to this high office is that which is expected with the custody and use of the Great Seal. The crown, which in popular estimation is the peculiar emblem of sovereignty, may be moved from one place to another without any official record being made of its whereabouts; but the Great Seal has hardly ever been placed by the sovereign in the hands of the Chancellor or

been placed by the sovereign in the hands of the Chancellor, or those of any other person, for a single day, without the fact being duly recorded. The Great Scal is the constitutional emblem of sovereignty, and it is the only instrument by which, on solemn occasions, the will of the sovereign can be expressed. Every docuof the sovereign can be expressed. Every doment purporting to be under the Great Seal is received with absolute faith as duly authenticated by royal authority; and no "royal grants" or "letters patent" without that are valid or of any force whatever, even if all other formalities have been complied with. A man might plead his sovereign's oft-expressed intention, and produce royal letters under the signet, or a warrant under the signet, or a warrant of privy seal, in support of his claim to a peerage, for example, but all to no pur-pose if the Great Seal were wanting. Lord Chancellor Yorke had his patent of peerage prepared and pass-

heirs was absolutely lost. The Lord Chancellor, as custodian of the Great Seal, is at once the repre-sentative of both the sovereign and the nation. Since the Revolution of 1688 it has been an acknowledged principle that, in order to prevent the Crown from acting without the consent of its responsible advisers, the Great Seal can only be consti-tutionally made use of by the prop-er officer to whom it has been intrusted, viz., the Lord Chancellor. He is held personally responsible, therefore, for every occasion on which the Great Seal is affixed to any document; and though, with some few exceptions, the Great Seal can not be used without the express command of the sovereign, yet the Chancellor can not plead the sovereign's command as sufficient justification apart from his own

ed through all the forms required, but as he died be-

fore the Great Scal had been affixed, the peerage intended for him and his

agreement to the act.

In ancient times the King occasionally delivered to the Lord Keeper several seals, of different materials but with similar impressions, and to be used for the same purpose; but for a long period now only one Great Seal has been in existence at a time. The Great Seal of the present reign is a silver mould of two parts, designed by the late Benjamin Wyon, R.A., chief engraver of her Majesty's Mint. When an impression or cast is required, the two parts are placed together and melted wax is poured through an opening at the top of the seal. The wax cast is usually attached to a "patent" or other document by a ribbon or a strip of parchment, the ends of which are put into the seal before the wax is poured in, so that when the hard impression is taken from the dies, the ribbon is firmly imbedded in it. The wax cast when it leaves the mould is six inches

in diameter and three-quarters of an inch in thickness.

The Lord Chancellor claims the Great Seal which goes out of use on the death of the sovereign as one of his perquisites. Formerly the "old seal" was broken into fragments, but the ceremony of "breaking," or "damasking," is now performed by the sovereign giving it a gentle blow with a hammer, after which it is regarded as "broken," and can not be used again. A curious dispute over the ownership of the "ohi seal" arose at the accession of William IV. Lord Lyndhurst was Chancellor when the new scal was ordered to be prepared, but when it was finished and ordered to be used, Lord Brougham had succeeded to the Woolsack. Each of their lordships having claimed the old Great Scal, the matter was submitted to the King. His Majesty wisely adjudged that the seal should be divided between the noble and learned litigants, and graciously ordered that each part should be set in a splendid silver salver with appropriate devices, and presented, the one to the ex-Chancellor and the other to the presiding Chancellor, as a mark of the King's personal regard.

The Lord Chancellor used to wear the Great Seal on his left side, but now he merely carries the bag or purse in which he receives the seal from the sovereign. When he appears in his official capacity in the Queen's presence, or receives messengers of the House of Commons, he bears this purse in his hand. On other occasions it is carried by his "purse-bearer," and lies before him as the emblem of his authority when he presides in the House of Lords or in the Court of Chancery. The purse containing (or supposed to contain) the Great Seal is about twelve inches square, made of rich crimson silk velvet, embroidered with the royal arms on both sides, and fringed with gold bullion. This bag was formerly renewed every year, and the wife of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke is reported to have saved so many of the old purses that she had

velvet enough for the hangings of one of the state rooms at Wimpole. The Lord Chancellor is, by prescription, ex officio Speaker of the House of Lords; and, according to the standing orders of that House, it is his paramount duty to be in his place as Speaker during their lordships' sittings. order was so strictly enforced at one time that not even the King's command for the Chancellor's presence elsewhere was held to excuse his absence from the Woolsack. The peers are not so exacting now, however, as the Chancellor's absence causes no complaint, provided he gives notice to a Deputy-Speaker to be in attendance at the hour of meeting. His functions as Speaker differ in the following respects from those of the Speaker of the House of Commons: he is not moderator or ruler of the assembly; he is not addressed in the debate; he does not name the peer who is to

ruler of the assembly; he is not addressed in the debate; he does not name the peer who is to speak; he is not appealed to as an authority: and, strange to say, he may cheer the sentiments of his colleagues in the Ministry without violating any rules or traditions.

The "Woolsack," as the Lord Chancellor's seat in the House of Lords is called, is actually a large square bag of wool, without either back or arms, covered with plain red cloth. It is said to have been introduced in Queen Elizabeth's time as a memento of the passing of an act prohibiting the exportation of wool; but Lord Campbell (Lives of the Lord Chancellors) finds its origin in "the rude simplicity of early times, when a sack of wool was frequently used as a sofa—when the judges sat on a hard wooden bench, and the advocates stood behind a rough wooden rail, called the bar."

times, when a sack of wool was recommended by the sack of wool was recommended by the sack of wool was recommended by the sack of a sack of wool wooden rail, called the ban."

By the 24 Henry VIII., c. 13, the Lord Chancellor is satisfied weare in his apparell velvet satene and other silked of a sack of a sack of the sack of commons he sack of the sack of commons he sack of the sack of commons he sack of the sa

China Bellows.

THIS is a useful working pattern for the pretty china bellows Fig. 2, which was published in reduced size in Harper's Bazar No. 25, Vol. XVI. The shrub is the feathery plant known as lowenin-a-mist, very much conventionalized. The design is best worked in conventional colors, such as shades of electric blue on dark blue velvet with high lights. blue velvet, with high lights and feathery spikes in white floss silk. It is always work-ed solid, with the crescents in satin stitch and the leaves in stem stitch.

OLD EMBROID-ERY STITCHES.

WE now proceed to speak in detail of old embroidery stitches and designs. Couching is ca-pable of almost endless variety, not only in the arrangement of the transverse stitches, but in the different colors in which they may be worked. Raised net work, or diaper stitch, in different sizes, is largely used in mediæval work, and frequent-ly the ground will be "laid," as it is called, in one color, while the net-work is in another, and the small stitches at the intersections are in a third. Great brilliancy is given by the couching being worked in gold or silver thread.

But we must pass on to the needle-work of the last century, in which the ingenuity of our great-grandmothers exhausted itself. There were fine netting, both in thread and in white silk, darned in a pattern imitating lace; embroidery in chenille laid on and sewn to thick silk; embroidery in twisted silk on silk and satin, rivalling painting itself; chain stitch or tambour-work, executed sometimes on fine India muslin and sometimes on coarse linen; Nuremberg, or veil-work, which imitated in black silk on linen or fine white silk the effect of line engraving so closely that it could hardly be known from the original; crewelwork, with its innumerable stitches, that wrought pictures and covered acres of linen; and drawn-work, executed with a large needle and fine thread on the thinnest and most filmy India muslin, producing a gossamer fabric fit for the robes of Titania herself. No fingers would reproduce this at the present day, but as more feasible, though in comparison coarse and clumsy, we refer to Italian linen-work, Bazar No. 40, Vol. XV.

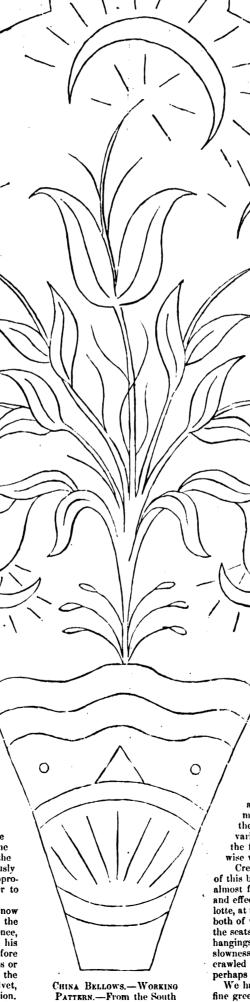
"Queen Anne" darning is now as popular again as it was at the time of which we write. We gave some examples of darning in Bazar No. 16, Vol. XV. It is useful for grounding, and may be worked, if not in as great a variety of stitches as couching, yet in a number of ways, some of which are given in the article on crewel-work to which we have just referred. The stitches may be taken irregularly, or by leaving an equal number of threads with those on the needle in the alternate rows. These again may be taken in a slant, and this may be varied by vandykes or diamonds, or a damascened effect may be produced by taking up the threads and leaving them in hexagons, the intermediate stitches being longer or shorter as the case may be. Great variety may also be effected by the crossings, which can be taken up, or leave the first stitches in the same way as the threads of the foundation, or otherwise varied to suit the fancy.

Crewel pictures are worked in French or long and short stitch. The mistress of this branch of art was Miss Linwood, whose works, once so celebrated, are now almost forgotten, triumphs of ingenuity though they are in their varied shading We have seen a picture of the romantic heroine of that day, Charlotte, at the tomb of Werther, and a group of rustic figures, recalling Gainsborough, both of which were original designs. Tapestry proper was no longer worked, but the seats of chairs, and even covers for the same seats, window-curtains, and bedhangings were industriously broidered, and often in stitches which, from their slowness of execution, must have made the worker's progress that of the snail, who crawled up three inches every day and fell back two every night. One such stitch,

perhaps more used than any other, is the double herring-bone.

We have seen it on a set of curtains, worked on unbleached twilled linen with fine green crewel, taken double, this producing more depth than a coarser single thread. The design is in perpendicular stripes of branching leaves, conventionalized oak and ivy, filled in with a variety of stitches.

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Kensington Royal School

of Art Needle-Work.

USEFUL RECIPES.

USEFUL RECIPES.

Cold Savor for Puddings.—Four onnees of butter creamed, six onnees of pulverized white sugar, white of one egg, and a glass of vine. Beat the sugar and butter till very white. Beat the egg, and add the wine slowly by degrees. Season with fresh lemon juice or orange julce.—Note. Onlit whise if you choose. Batter Pudding.—Seven eggs, fourteen table-spoonfuls of flour made into a batter with one quart of milk and two onnees of fresh butter), and a tea-spoonful of salt. Bake quickly, and eat with sauce.

Batter Pudding, No. 2.—Eight eggs; four table-spoonfuls of flour; a pint of milk. This makes pudding enough for eight persons.

Even-day or Plain Cake Pudding.—Five pints of flour; four cupfuls of sugar; a cupful of butter; two intimegs or a table-spoonful of ground cimmamon; five eggs; two tea-spoonfuls of sugar; a tea-cupful of buttermilk or sour milk; half a cupful of butter or good lard; a tea-spoonful of sods. Playor with a nutmeg or a few blades of mace pounded up fine.

White Potato Pudding of sugar; a tea-cupful of buttermilk or sour milk; half a cupful of butter or good lard; a tea-spoonful of sods. Playor with a nutmeg or a few blades of mace pounded up fine.

White Potato Pudding of sugar; a half a pound of butter; six eggs, the whites beaten separately. Cream the butter, and mix all together, beating till very light. Use any flavoring you like; nutmeg and wine or lemon and mace are suitable for the purpose.

An exactlent Pudding of raishs or any other fruit, well foured (in a part of that measured out; five eggs well beaten. Let it boil two hours, and prepare for it a nice sauce when sent to table.

Derenance of the purpose of the security of the salt of sugar; one tea-cupful of raishs or any other fruit, well foured (in a part of that measured out; five eggs well beaten. Let it boil two hours, and prepare for it a nice sauce when sent to table.

Derenance of the security of the salt of sugar; one cup of sugar; one cale with French sauce, for these add a gill of cream, a quarter of a po

BLACK Pudding.—One quart of molasses (not syrup):

Black Pudding.—One quart of molasses (not syrup); one pound of sugar; two quarts of flour; five eggs; half a pound of butter and lard mixed; one table-spoonful of ground spice; two table-spoonfuls of ground ginger; one tea-spoonful of soda in a tea-cupful of buttermik or sour cream.

Good Plain Pudding.—Four eggs; four tea-cupfuls of flour; one tea-cupful of sugar; two tea-cupfuls of butter or suct; one cup of buttermik or sour mik; one tea-spoonful of soda. This pudding may be either boiled or baked, and requires a sauce. Flavor with lemon or nutureg.

one tea-spooning of some. This pulmon may continue before the boiled or baked, and requires a sauce. Flavor with lemon or nutneg.

SLAW Drassing.—One egg; one cup of rich milk; half a cup of singar; half a cup of strong vinegar; one dessert-spoonful of sult; one tea-spoonful of mustard; a piece of butter the size of a wainut. Beat the egg and sugar together. Put on the milk to boil, and the moment it boils pour it rapidly over the sigar and eggs. Haying mixed the mustard smooth with a little of the vinegar, add that and the salt, stirring vigorously until thickens a little like custard. Add the vinegar last, and pour the dressing hot over the chopped cubbage. Cover up, and let it stand until crid. When wanted for dinner, make soon after breakfast.

CREAM CANIV.—One pound of brown sugar; one large ten-cup of rich milk or cream; a lump of butter the size of an egg. When almost done take it off, and beat with a strong wooden spoon until very light. Stir it frequently while on the fire, and season with lemon, rose, or vanilla. You can tell when candy is done by dropping a little into a plass of cold water. If it hardens at once, it is done; if not, more boiling is needed.

Russian Sauce.—Four table-spoonfuls of finely

done by dropping a little into a glass of cold water. It hardens at once, it is done; if not, more boiling is needed.

Russian Sarce.—Four table-spoonfuls of finely grated horse-radish; two of made mustard; one salt-spoonful of salt; one table-spoonful of pulverized white sugar; vinegar enough to cover the whole. It will keep several months if closely bottled, and is delicious.

Orange Perl for Flavouing.—The peel, perfectly clean, should be cut into long thin strips; steam in water until all the bitterness is extracted. Throw away the water, and steam again for half an hour in a thick syrup made of one pound of sugar to one pound of peel and one pint of water. For flavoring pies and puddings chop very fine. A most excellent confection, iar superior to the extracts sold.

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FACETIÆ. "LET ME TRY."

Musing she sat in the moonlight, Sat thinking of exquisite things, Resting her face upon a hand That flashed with beautiful rings. Wistful and pure I thought she seemed, Nearer to heaven than men have dreamed.

"O love, could I share in your thoughts!" "O love, could I share in your thoughts!"

"Frank dear, you would not understand."
"I know too well I am rough and dull,
Only one of the coarser band;
But if you would let me try," I said.
Sighing, she sadly shook her head.

And I saw that pitying glance, And the far-off look in her eyes. "If you were only a woman, Frank!
For a man, when he hardest tries,
Can never be made to feel or share
Such anxious doubts as now I bear:

"If you were only a woman, Frank, You would comprehend my fear;
Men are so different. I dare say

You would feel like laughing, my dear."

"O sweetest, no. Though coarser and dull,
I love the pure and beautiful."

"All day I've thought of nothing else, I waked and thought all night.

What should I do if I were wrong?

Yet still I think I'm right."

"You can't be wrong." "Well, think so, deur; But then men's tastes are rather queer.

"You can't judge as a woman could." "I know, Celeste, but let me try."
"Well, Frank, then tell me honestly, If you were me which would you buy, That hat just like my suit we saw Or some sweet thing in lace and straw?"

A boy was lately caught stealing currants, and was locked up in a dark closet by the grocer. The boy commenced begging most pathetically to be released, and, after using all the persuasion that his young mind could intent, he proposed: "Now if you'll let me out and send for my father, he'll pay you for the currants and lick me besides." The grocer could not withstand this appeal, and released the archin.

Oth Mrs. Makkur (to young Mrs. Lucky, who is the fortunate possessor of a wealth of brown tresses, and who has never lost even one of her beautiful teeth). "Oh, dear me, yes, my dear, I quite agree with you in all you say about the welcome rest of the Sabbath. And then, too, we are free from fashionable callers on that day at least, and after we've been to church we can go about in an old gown, without our false hair and teeth, and be so comfortable."



THE RAW MATERIAL.

A child, while walking through an art gallery with her mother, was attracted by a statue of Minerva.

"Who is that?" said she.

"My child, that is Minerva, the goddess of wisdem."

"My child, that is affecting that does,"

"Why didn't they make her husband too?"

"Because she had none, my child."

"That was because she was wise, wasn't it, mamma?"
was the artless reply.



asked him if he would not kiss her. He answered, "No."
"What is the reason you will not

kiss me?"
"I'm too little to kiss yon; papa will
kiss you; papa kisses all the big girls."

Mama. "And now, Pursy, you have chatted enough. Shut your eyes, hold your tongne, and go to sleep." Prusy. "How can I do three things at once, mamma?"

EPITAPHS.

ON AN OLD WOMAN WHO SOLD POTS IN CHESTER.

CHESTER.

Changed to a lifeless lump of clay;
Changed to a lifeless lump of clay;
By earth and clay she got her pelf,
Yet now she's turned to earth herself.
Ye weeping friends, let me advise,
Abate your grief and dry your eyes;
For what avails a flood of tears?
Who knows but in a run of years,
In some tall pitcher or broad pan,
She in her shop may be again?

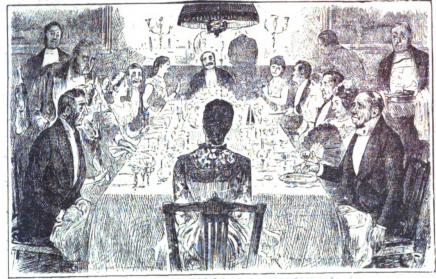
The Hyde family were evidently not loved in their day.

Here lies Ned Hyde
Because he died;
If it had been his sister
We should not have missed her;
But we would rather
It had been his father;
Or, for the good of the nation,
The whole generation.

AFTER A COUPLE OF YEARS' TUITION.



OLD-FASHIONED BRIDGET (not well up in styles). "I WUNDTHER HOW IVER I LOSHT THE MATE O' THAT CUFF." [It isn't a cuff at all; it is one of Cholly Fitzdoodle's collars.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

HOSTESS. "WHAT FUN YOU SEEM TO BE HAVING OVER THERE, CAPTAIN SMILEY! I WISH YOU ALL SAT AT THIS END OF THE TABLE!"

A little ten-year-old miss told her mother that she was never going to marry, but meant to be a widow; because widows dressed in such nice black, and always looked so happy.

"Mamma, what does M.D. mean when it comes after the doctor's name?" Does it mean money down?"

Rattlebones's mouth is disfigured by the absence of one of his front teeth. His little son surprised him vesterday by asking, "Pop, why do you part your teeth in the middle?"

The other day some ladies were out visiting. There being a little three-year-old present, one of the ladies



HOPE AND FEAR. THERE ARE TWO PERIODS IN A MAN'S LIFE WHEN HE LOOKS ANXIOUSLY TO SEE IF THE HAIR IS COMING OUT.

TRAINING FOR THE SUMMER SEASON MR. DE LANCEY HOPES BY VIGOROUS DAILY EXERCISE TO QUALIFY HIMSELF FOR THE USUAL NUMBER OF PICNICS, YACHTING EXCURSIONS, CLAM-BAKES, ETC., TO BE ENCOUNTERED DURING HIS BRIEF VACATION.

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Christmas Aumber.



WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

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LOVE ME FOR EVER.

A Christmas Carol in Prose.*

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN,

AUTHOR OF "GOD AND THE MAN," "WHITE ROSE AND RED," ETC.

PART I.

HOW LITTLE MABEL CAME TO BARTLEPOOL.

I.-LAMBE OF LAMBE'S WASTE.

"Sound at last!" said Martha Parr, bending softly over her father as he dozed in his arm-chair." I thought the worry I thought the worry

about the missing ship would have spoiled his nap."

Then softly, on tiptoe, she stole over to the great window an I looked out musingly. The snow was falling like a white veil all over the quay, and though the house stood only some hundred yards above high water mark, there was not a peep to

be seen of the sea.
"The wind's down, that's a comfort," she murmured to herself, "and may be after all Captain Seth may find his way home."

As she spoke, she heard faintly, from the direction of the village, the somewhat wheezy sound of the Waits, and, craning her neck round close to the window, she gazed in the direction whence the sound came, but could see nothing through the moving whiteness of the troubled snow. Presently, with a deep sigh, more to relieve the physical weight of silence than to give vent to any secret trouble of the heart, she crossed that the recovery and cause again into the familiar there has father dark room and came again into the firelight where her father was sleeping. The firelight, glad to have something bright to shine upon, illumined her from head to foot, showing the figure of as plump and straight a little lass as ever drew health from the ocean breezes.

The old man slept soundly, and one had not far to look to discover the cause. On the deal table, still spread with the remains of a simple meal, stood a half emptied flagon of wine. The sleeper's rubicund cheeks and highly reddened nose shone with Bardolphian gleam under his snow-white hair, telling a tale of good cheer, which his small frame and little shrunken legs seemed to contradict. For the rest, his dress was a dingy snuff-coloured suit of old fashioned cut, with a very deep lappeted waist-oat, knee-breeches, and thick woollen hose.

As he slept he snored, and from time to time muttered to himself, at which signs of disturbance his daughter raised her eyebrows and shook her head. Then she stood with her back to the great wood fire, holding her brown hands to the blaze,

and watching him.

The wood crackled and blazed, shooting outcrimson flickering rays all over the chamber; glimmering on the black rafters overhead, from which depended diversuitiehes of bacon, coils of rope, pieces of tarpaulin; making a mirror of the black polished floor; showing the barrels piled upon one another in the corners, and the divers other samples of ships' stores scattered here and there. Over the mantelpiece there was a cuckoo clock; but the door of the cuckoo's box had grown so rusty that it would never open, and all one heard at the full hours was a wild momentary struggle, as the bird tried in vain to spring out. In a corner, from a wooden peg, hung a sou'-wester and a suit of tarpaulins; and below these, leaning against the wall, a rusty gun, very long in the barrel, and very rickety about the

lt was a large antique room, and belonged to what had been in its time a fine house, but which was now so worn, wind-beaten, and rat-eaten, as scarcely to be habitable. The gabled recess of the window, with its worn wooden seat, was of solid oak; and the window itself, which was fashioned of small diamond panes, opened down almost to the ground.
Suddenly, as the girl stood looking at her father, there was

a loud knocking. Almost immediately afterwards, a shock-headed girl, of about fourteen years of age, bearing about her all the immemorial characteristics of the maid-of-all-work, rashed into the room.

"Mistress Martha! Mistress!"
"What is it, Keziah?" said Martha, pointing to her father,
and putting her finger on her lips. Keziah, thus warned, gasped like a fish, and sunk her voice

to a husky whisper.

"Squire Lambe be at the door; he have ridden over on the black mare from Lambe's Waste, and he be a-coming in." The announcement was by no means premature, for at that

moment the door of the room was darkened by the figure of the individual in question—a tall, black-browed, black-eyed man, with a bull-neck and a bull's manners, dressed in huntfing boots and smalls, and carrying a riding-whip. His dark fare was disfigured by a heavy seowl; his mouth, which was full and sensual, by an habitual sneer. His hands, which were tolerably white, were covered with rings, and in his neckeloth he wore a great coarse brooch. He was clean shaven, and his hair was cropped very close—so that every phrenological and physiognomical point of him was seen in perfection.

"A pretty house!" he growled, shaking his whip. "No sooner had that red-haired lass opened the door than she fled as if she had seen the devil, and left me to grope my way into this informal den."

this infernal den.' Please hush, Sir," said Martha, while Keziah, with positive horror in her fish-like cycs—for Squire Lambe had a reputation

horror in her fish-like cycs—for Squire Lambe had a reputation as a very fire-cater among women—backed quickly out of the room. "Father's sleeping."

"Then I'll awake him," returned Lambe, sharply rattling on a cask with his whip. "Here, Amos Parr."

The old man started, mumbled, and began to rub his eyes.
"God bless me," he cried, waking at last. "What's

"It's me—Squire Lambe," said the visitor, standing over

him with square shoulders and brow-beating scowl.

Half asleep and half awake, but clearly by no means edified at the visit, Amos Parr looked feebly up, and murmured, "Bless me! Martha, my glasses"; and when his daughter had taken a pair of horn spectacles from the mantelpiece and adjusted them on his nose, he continued to blink up

piece and adjusted them on his nose, he continued to blink up over them mildly, and wait for what might come next.

"You've been dining, I see," said Lambe, tapping the flagon with his whip; "and wine-ing too. Strange, the infatuation you old men have for that sort of poison."

"I suppose," murmured Amos timidly, "I mustn't offer you a glass?"

you a glass? "No," was the sharp reply; followed by, after a moment's pause. "Come, I suppose you know what brought me here?"
"I can guess, Sir," said Amos, fidgeting in his waistcoat pocket nervously with forefinger and thumb, and seeking an imaginary pinch of snuff. "That—that money."

imaginary pinch of snuff.
"Yes. Is it ready?"
"No."

• This story is founded on a drama written by the author, registered, performed, and duly protected. All dramatic rights, here and abroad, are therefore reserved.—R. B.

"Oh!" interrupted Martha, nervously. "Father will pay

you."
"When?" asked Lambe, sternly, not looking at her, but

keeping his eyes on Amos.
"Without fail," said Amos—"when the Mary Jane comes in."

Lambe gave a short, fierce laugh "The Mary Jane never will return—she is food for fishes; and I shall wait no longer. Amos Parr, I mean to sell you

The old man started violently.

"You won't do that?"
"Oh, no, no!" interjected Martha.

"On, no, no: "interjected Martha.
"Did you ever know me break my word? When I said I'd give you a month's time, I gave you a month's time. When I say that I shall wait no longer, I shall wait no longer. You understand?"

"I do, I do," said Amos, trembling violently.
Then were a reason. The wooden couled made a violent

There was a pause. The wooden cuckoo made a violent effort to break out and announce that it was six o'clock, but the only result was a commotion of the old clock's works, and a sound like a death rattle. Amos kept his eyes on the ground, while Lambe still watched him scowlingly and narrowly.
"Stay, though," said Lambe at last, "I gave you an alternative."

Amos started more violently than ever, glanced nervously

at Martha, but did not speak.
"What was that, father?" asked the girl.
"Nothing, nothing," returned the old man, finding his voice with some difficulty. "Leave us, child. Let me speak to the gentleman alone."

The research of their and developes met and in answer to the

The eyes of father and daughter met, and in answer to the dumb entreaty Martha, with whom obedience was a habit, quietly left the room. There was another long pause, broken at last by Lambe. "Well?"

"No, Sir," returned Amos, with an air of decision unusual him. "I've thought it over, and it can't be."

The coarse lips tightened, the heavy brows came down

Why not?"

"Don't speak of it, Sir—it's impossible."
"Amos Parr," said Lambe, seating himself on a corner of thable, and squaring his shoulders more than ever, "you're forgetting who I am "

the table, and squaring his shoulders more than ever, "you're forgetting who I am."

"No, Sir-I am not."

"I'm Squire Lambe of Lambe's Waste, master of man, woman, and beast for twelve square miles around. I never forget nor forgive. With a word I can make or mar a man like you. You know that?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Yes, Sir."

"And when I, Lambe of Lambe's Waste, say to you—to you, Amos Parr, a pauper, a beggar, whom I hold in the hollow of my hand—give me your daughter; let me marry

her—you refuse?"
"I must, Sir," answered Amos firmly, looking up and

meeting the other's eye.
"You dog!" cried Lambe, purple with rage, shaking his whip in the old man's face.

The ice thus broken, Amos Parr seemed to gain courage. He was sufficiently collected to take an imaginary pinch of

'Be reasonable, Sir," he said in a low voice. "Mabel is no daughter of mine, though, God knows, I 've loved her like one, since the day Antony Reilly placed her, a little year-old babe, in these two arms.

"Have you spoken to her of this at all?" asked Lambe

"No, Sir," replied Amos, "but I know" "You know?" echoed Lambe, with a savage sneer. "Let me speak to the girl herself. Is she at home?" and, without waiting for an answer, he added, with overbearing impulse, rattling with his whip on the table, "Ho there! within!"

Amos Parr was about to protest, with some indignation, and possibly to deny the presence in the house of the person demanded; but at that moment a voice cried, from the very

air above his head, "Father, did you call?"

Turning quickly, Lambe beheld her whom he sought, descending the black wooden staircase which led down into the great chamber from the upper part of the house. She carried a rush-light, which she shaded with her hand, as she

paused on the staircase, looking down.

A face of almost ghastly pallor, set in such golden hair as is only heard of in the pages of moonstruck German poets; large wistful eyes of deepest grey, under eyebrows absolutely dark, a broad brow, a small ripe mouth, a chin not too large, rounded, yet full of power and purpose. The figure was slight, almost frail, and tall, the feet and hands perfect, the bust very fine and full.

A girl of eighteen years, she was clothed much in the same manner as Martha Parr, in coarse serge and homespun, and she had been reared, under the same conditions, on rough fare, amid wild weather, by the side of the sea. But the same salt breath which gave Martha ruddy checks and a brown skin left no tint of redness on this other face, which kept its deep and lovely pallor through all seasons, yet retained the firmness and freshness of perfect health. "Gentle blood defies gruff weather," saith the proverb; and it was only necessary to set the two maidens side by side to show that they were not sisters. Seen alone, Martha seemed a comely and even a fine-nurtured girl, with her brave eyes and her warm skin; but when Mabel was by Martha Parr became almost rude and common-so strangely does Nature distinguish between the coarse and fine materials with which she works her miracles of life.

Surprised by this pretty apparition, Lambe put on his company manners and made a bow. Then, subdued but unabashed, he feasted his eyes on the maiden as she came gently down into the chamber.

Amos trembled violently, but seemed more uncomfortable than ever, while Mabel drew close and took his hand with a ild's affection.

cana s anection.

"I fear we have disturbed you," said Lambe, smiling.

"You did disturb me," answered the girl, coldly and with the indifference of utter unsuspicion. "I was reading."

"Some good book, I trust?" suggested Lambe, with a leer. "May I see it?"

He held out his bond condealy and thinking the held out his bond condealy and thinking.

He held out his hand carciessiy, and, turned over the leaves with no little contempt.

"Poetry? Humph! You like poetry? Most young dames you read too much. You lack air and "Poetry? Humph! You like poetry? Most young dames do. But methinks you read too much. You lack air and sunshine. If you would only mount a steed some day, and gallop over to Lambe's Waste—'tis a pretty ride!"

"Mabel has never been a-horseback," said Amos, nervously.

"If she were my wife," exclaimed Lambe with emphasis, his bold eyes fixed on her face, "I'd teach her to hunt."

Amos trembled, and clutched the little hand in his own.

The girl started, and turned her large eyes calmly on Lambe's

face.
"Your wife?" she said, raising her eyebrows gently.

Squire Lambe bowed and smiled his best.
"Why not, little one? Perhaps you mislike me too much?"

"No, no; it is not that," murmured Amos, apologetically.
"Let the maiden speak for herself," cried Lambe sternly; then he continued in his former tone of gallantry, "Come, should you not like to mate with Squire Lamb? Is he too should you not like to mate with Squire Lamb? Is he too old, or too common? Is he halt or lame? Is he a man among men, or a rogue and a cipher? Name my faults—I may try to amend them."

Still perfectly self-possessed, looking steadily at him with her truthful eyes, the girl replied,
"Sir, you must first mend your disposition."
"How?"

"The people say you have no heart, Sir, and never yet did gentle deed; that your companions are not good men, but roisterers and Sabbath-breakers; that you have no pity for man or beast; and that good women shudder when they name your name."

your name."

This was truth-telling with a vengeance; but, curiously enough, it seemed to tickle the savage Squire, for he struck his whip against his thigh, and fell into loud laughter.

"A true picture—what say you, Amos Parr?"

Amos opened his hands in polite protestation, but the other, not heeding him, turned to Mabel, and sank his voice, with a total change of manner.

with a total change of manner.

"You paint me as men see me; but remember those who hate well can love well too. Wed me, and I will teach you to live. There shall ever be a maid at your ellow, serving men to attend you, a good nag saddled for you to ride. You shall be wisteness of Lamba's Waste courted and envised of all. Come! mistress of Lambe's Waste, courted and envied of all. Come!

Something in his eyes made the girl shrink away and look at him in positive fear.
"Father," she murmured, "is the gentleman in earnest or

in jest?

"In jest, only in jest?" said Amos, fondling her hand.
"Amos Parr," exclaimed Lambe fiercely, "I never jest.
Come, is it a bargain?"

'No, Sir,—it can never be."

Lambe turned to Mabel.
"What say you, mistress?"
"What my father says," answered the girl in a clear voice.
"It can never be, Sir."

For some moments Lambe stood looking at her in insolent astonishment and admiration; not offended, but rather won

astonishment and admiration; not offended, but rather won by her frank plain-speaking.

"Good," he said at last, with a peculiar smile. "Perhaps you will think better of it; and, at all events, I break my heart for no woman." Then turning to Amos, he said, "Amos Parr, I will give you three more days. Let me see! This is Monday; Thursday is Christmas Eve."

"Yes, Sir."

"Usless I am poid work worth before trades at least 1.

"Unless I am paid every groat before twelve o'clock on Christmas Eve, I shall realise on your estate. Judgment is given, as you know, and if you are a wise man you will raise the money.'

It is impossible. Sir, I be seech you—give me more time."

"It is impossible. Sir, I beseech you—give me more time.
"Not an hour. Good-night!"
As he strode to the door, he added with a short laugh, waving his hand to Mabel, "Think it over! We may hunt Lambe's Waste together yet!"
Crossing the threshold of the room, he encountered Martha, who was just returning and pinched her plump cheek with

who was just returning, and pinched her plump cheek with coarse familiarity, very different from his manner of treating her foster-sister. Martha tossed her head and flushed angrily, while Lambe passed out across the kitchen, and crashed the outer door behind him.

Meanwhile Amos Parr, looking as pale as it was possible for so rubicund a veteran to look, had sunk into his arm-chair, as if overpowered by the visitation. Mabel bent over him, and Martha ran to join her. Thus employed, the two maidens contrasted strangely with each other—Mabel being to Martha what some delicate lily of the garden is to some robust flower of the reverside. of the wayside.

II.-LITTLE MABEL.

The little seaport town of Bartlepool lay, like some decayed mariner of the human species, half buried and forgotten in one of the loneliest reaches of the east coast of England, looking with an ancient and fish-like gaze right across the waste waters to the distant flats of Holland. It had once been prosperous and well-to-do, but that was hundreds of years past,—when bearded mariners of all climes trod the narrow streets, and when the hammering of shipbuilding was heard night and day on the banks of the little river; but at the time of which we write, when George the Third was King, the occupation of

Signs of the old prosperity, however, still remained, in desolate wharves sloping to the waterside, in large disused warehouses many of which had fallen into positive decay, in an old custom-house now haunted by a few idle constguardsmen, and in a tumbledown and lopsided Townhall, among the death, are highly as the process of great shipping. dusty archives of which bilgewatery records of great shipping transactions were still preserved with veneration. But the onceprosperous trade was now confined to a few coasting schooners and small foreign traders, and the population had dwindled down to about a thousand weather-beaten souls, all told.

Inland, the little sluggish river crept out of bright green fens till it reached the sandy tract stretching for miles and

fens till it reached the sandy tract stretching for fines and miles on the side of the sea.

Near to the little town, there were small signs of habitation or human energy, save a few lonely farms of the amphibious order cut up geometrically with dykes and ditches, and an occasional water-mill, turned sleepily by one of the river's narrow arms. But to right and left of Bartlepool, on the coast, the sand-hills rolled like the billows of a yellow sea, surnounted with coarse tufts of weed and canna-grass, and deepening here and there to emerald stretches of arid pasture land. When the wind blew, the sand flew as thick as foam, forming itself into miniature cyclones, and hiding earth and sky; and, under the influence of wind and weather, the sandhills themselves were always shifting their shapes, to the bewilderment of the oldest inhabitant. The sea-sands, however, wherever the tide reached them, were hard and firm, forming, at low water, mighty stretches where a horseman might gallop for many miles.

Owing to the dangerous character of the shallow coast, it

was quite impossible to approach the harbour of Bartlepool, except under experienced pilotage; and under any circumstances it could never be entered at low tide. Every night a red light burned at the end of the old pier, to warn off unwary ships, and to guide in those who knew the harbour. But yessels of large tonnage generally gave that coast a wide enough borth. From time to time however there was a great shipberth. From time to time, however, there was a great shipwreck, especially in winter, when the nor -easter blew right in wreck, especially in winter, when the nor -easter blew right in on the sands; and when the news of shipwreck spread, there would suddenly swarm out of the lonely town, and out of the surrounding sand-hills, and out of the amphibious districts beyond, men, women, and children, as thick as wasps and as hungry as wolves, in the quest for plunder. Dark tales were told of what ensued on those pitiable occasions; of how the struggling survivors of the wreck were mercilessly stript and, perhaps, knocked on the head, the dead mutilated for the sake perhaps, knocked on the head, the dead mutilated for the sake of their precious rings, the fainting and exhausted plundered and left to die, in accordance with the familiar superstition that it is a luckless thing to rescue any creature from a watery

On a terrible night of tempest during the autumn equinox eighteen years before the opening of our tale, a large ship had gone to pieces on the Wantle reef, an ugly tuft of sand and rock about five miles, as the crow flies, north of Bartlepool, and rather more than a mile from shore. How the tidings were blown about it is difficult to say, but at daybreak the sands were covered with swarms of wild creatures, of all sizes and sexes, looking hungrily to sea. Only the black hull of the ship remained, with no sign of living beings; but here and there on the waters were dark floating masses, pieces of wood, and floating bales and casks. The sea from the shore to the reef was churned to one mass of white foam; but, owing to

the shallowness of the water, the waves were not high.

A broken ship's boat had already been washed ashore, and two puncheons of rum—one staven open and empty, the other full to the bung. With shricks of delight, the full puncheon had been seized and broken open, but before its contents could be well distributed it was spilt incautiously among the sands and rocks—where it ran like blood, and was lapped up by many who lay, face downwards, and drank like dogs. The ship, in fact was a huge trader from Jamaica, laden chiefly with the fact, was a huge trader from Jamaica, laden chiefly with sugary fluid. Presently other puncheons drifted in, the wretches rushing in waist deep to drag them to shore; and before long the result was easily perceived, in flushed faces, flaming eyes, wild oaths and yells. Soon nearly every man, woman, and child of that mad throng, with the exception of a few wary spirits, who had kept sober for plunder, had drunk to repletion; some danced and sung others rolled helpless on the sand, others again fought and yelled, while here and there the broken puncheons welled out into great purple pools, slowly lapped up by the parched sands. One or two coastguardsmen, few mounted tradesmen from the town, in vain tried to keep order, and at last gave up the effort in despair.

As the morning advanced, several corpses were washed ashore, surrounded, and stripped. Most were common sailors, but nearly all had finger-rings, car-rings, or other jewellery. One, who looked like the captain of the vessel, wore a valuable watch and chain, for which there was an ugly and prolonged struggle, resulting in the stabbing and wounding of several men. Another doomed victim was a poor negro woman, drest in white cotton, and clutching in her black hands what seemed

a portion of human hair.

If there had been any fragment of human pity subsisting in the hearts of the wild beasts who thronged the shore, it had been all destroyed by the rum. The affair was already an orgie, as well as a loot. In the intervals of plunder, while waiting for more booty to gloat in, they drank, they yelled, they sang and danced—the women, wild, ragged creatures, joining madly in. Close to one of the broken puncheons was seen a hideous spectacle—a drunken woman from the town sitting in a pool of rum, taking the thin infant from her naked breast, and grinning imbecilely as she held it down to taste the liquid fire

Suddenly there was a wild shrick, and many hands pointed seaward. From the side of a sandy promontory, about a mile away, a small boat shot out upon the waters, carrying the

merest shred of a sail.

The point whence it started was sheltered from the fury of the sea by an outlying reef of rocks, and at first it had slipped along in smoothish water; but the moment it left the shelter the white sea seized it, and tore at it, and smothered it with breaking foam.

One man sat in the stern, guiding it with an oar. Every moment the fierce sea seemed about to envelop both man and boat, and again and again they were lost to view; but, ever re-emerging, they slipped along, making a clean "board" seaward in the direction of the ship.
"It's the mad Irishman!" cried several voices.

Drunk as they were, they forgot their work in watching the man, expecting every moment to see him overwhelmed.

Every time the sea seemed to break over him they uttered a low groan; every time he re-emerged, the groan changed into a yell of amazement.

Though the sail was but a shred, the wind was so strong that the little boat went at lightning speed. As it grew neares and nearer to the reef, the seas grew heavy, and it plunged and dived more dangerously. At last it came under the lee of the ship, when, springing up, the man tore down his sail and took to his oars.

The water was breaking round the black hull, which The water was breaking round the back hear, when threatened every moment to break up and disappear. The man rowed closer through the surge, and his boat hung suspended on the incoming waves, while he waited his chance to approach. Suddenly they saw him ply his oars rapidly. The boat shot in like a bird, and disappeared in a cloud of foam. They held their breath, thinking that all was over. A minute afterwards they saw the boat in the smooth water, close under the ship's side, while, rope in hand, the man leapt

A wild yell of mingled wonder and admiration rose from the shore.

What would happen next? They saw the figure struggling on the slippery decks, now appearing, now disappearing; then it disappeared altogether. There was a long interval. At last they saw the man re-emerge, struggling towards the ship's side with something in his arms.

Plunder, as they thought.
The flying foam now hid him from their sight; but they strained their eyes and watched. Suddenly, out of the stormy whiteness, they saw the boat emerge, making for the shore.

This time the man did not hoist his sail at all, but kept to

Ins time the man did not holst his sail at all, but kept to his oars, and it was clear that it required all his skill and seamanship to keep the boat from foundering. His progress, on the return voyage, was very slow, for the wind was on the boat's quarter, and the waves behind. Nevertheless, he progressed in safety, though laboriously. As he neared the place from which he had started, the crowd rushed along the sands and clustered on the promontory, waiting to see him come in.

Close under the shelter of the promontory there was a tiny creek of golden sand, where the sea was scarcely ruffled b gale. As he slipped into the smooth water and approached, the crowd cheered him vociferously, but watched with jealous hungry eyes to see what plunder he brought.

Rowing in swiftly, he grounded the bout, and leaped in waist deep to drug it in to the dry shore. He was a powerful man, bareheaded, wearing only shirt, breeches, and long sea-boots.

Directly the boat was safe, he stooped over it and lifted something in his arms. As he did so, he was surrounded on every

side by crying women and men.

"Stand out of the way!" he cried, clutching his burden.
They fell back a little, but still surrounded him. Then a savage-looking ruffian, in rude quasi-nautical attire, put a

hand upon his shoulder.

"What have you got there, mate?"
It was needless to ask, for at that moment the wind lifted the folds of a rich Indian shawl which covered it, and showed the face of a little child!

Dead or alive? It was hard to tell, but the face was pale as death, and the little eyes were closed.

Another cry rose, greedy hands were thrust out to clutch the shawl, but with a thrust of his strong shoulders the man sent the crowd flying in all directions.

"Back, every mother's son of ye!" he cried. "I'll brain the first man that lays a finger on it!"
"Share and share alike, Antony Reilly!" said the ruffian

who had first spoken.

Without deigning to reply, the man ran with his burden up the promontory, and on to the adjacent sands. The crowd followed behind him, panting and yelling; but he did not halt until he reached a small group of coastguardsmen, with whom were a few of the more respectable townspeople, several on

'Are ye there, Mr. Parr?" he cried, addressing one of the riders, a little middle-aged man dressed in decent broadcloth. "For the love of God, look at what I'm carrying, and see if it's dead or living!"

As he spoke, panting and trembling, he tenderly drew off the shawl, and revealed the half-naked form of a year-old

infant, with blue eyes and golden hair.
"Why, it's a little child," said the person he had just addressed, alighting, and bending over it. "And living, sure

For at that moment the infant opened its eyes, struggled in

its captor's arms, and began to cry feebly.
"Look at that, now!" exclaimed Antony Reilly, with a

Then, in a few hurried sentences he proceeded to explain how, entering the ship's cabin, which was partially filled with water, he had discovered there the figure of a dead man, who seemed to have been surprised, crushed, and stifled when in seemed to have been surprised, cruisned, and somed when in the very act of rescuing the child—perhaps his own; for float-ing on the water, amidst pillows, bedding, and articles of ship's furniture, was a little cradle, wherein, Moses-like, the child, with the shawl wrapped around it, lay as if sleeping. Warned by the crashing of the hulk, which seemed about to split asunder, he had snatched the child up in his arms and rushed back to his boat, and finally had succeeded, almost by

a miracle, in carrying his prize to shore.

"But it's perishing wid the cold," he cried, as he concluded his narration. "Mr. Parr, your honour, may I mount

the mare!

'Marter' 'Certainly,' said the person addressed.

Antony handed the child over to him for a moment, while he leapt into the saddle.
"Where are you going to take it?" asked the little man,

as he placed the child in the Irishman's arms.
"Where, but to your own house, and to your own wife—good-luck to her!" was the reply. And without another word, the man galloped away in the direction of the town.

A few hours later, a small group was assembled in the oldfashioned room described in our opening chapter. Before a roaring fire sat a motherly woman, the wife of Amos Parr, the ship's chandler, holding in her lap the little waif which had just been snatched from the sea. By her side, clinging to her dress, was Martha, a little maiden of three. Close by, in his easy-chair, sat the master of the house, blinking complacently; and in the ingleside stood the hero of the day, still wet to the skin but regions with simple delight. skin, but radiant with simple delight.

The little foundling had just come out of a hot foot-bath, which steamed in front of the fire, and was lying, mother naked, and warm as a toast, crowing and stretching in the

lap, like a bird in the nest.

Now, Antony was a modest man, and had bashfully turned

'O, look, Antony?" cried the dame "Isn't she pretty? Antony peeped round bashfully, and fidgeted with his feet. Had the child been a boy, he might have been more audacious; but as it belonged to the other sex, for which he had the most simple awe and veneration, he only peeped and blushed—that was all.

"A dear little girl!" continued Mrs. Parr, kissing her

"Look at that now!" murmured Antony, scratching his

head and blushing all over. Presently, however, when the babe was dressed, in warm flannels and a white night-dress of Martha's, he turned and inspected her delightedly; and surely a prettier darling, more bright and dimpled and kissworthy, never gladdened parents' eyes. When Antony put down his forefinger, she took it with her tiny dimpled fist, and held it tight, while his loving eyes

ran over with delight.
"She knows you, Antony! She'd be lying at the bottom of the sea if it hadn't been for you. Poor darling! I wonder if she hath father or mother—I doubt they must have perished in the ship!"

"Did you see any womanfolk aboard?" asked the master of the house.

Antony shook his head, and then, struck by a sudden thought, began opening his shirt and feeling in his breast. After searching for a moment, he drew forth a leathern belt,

which he had worn tightly clasped about his middle. "I found that in the crudle wid her!" he e he exclaimed. "By the same token, and by the feels of it, there sold in the belt; I hid it away from those thieves of the world. I think the poor crathur who died must have throw'd it there, wid

his last gasp, before he was drownded by the water."

He handed the belt to Parr, who at once saw that it was a kind of leathern purse, to be worn for concealment on the person. Undoing several small buckles, he came upon the ontents, and speedily emptied them upon the table hundred pieces of English gold, and two bank notes for a

hundred poetes of Anglian Boss, hundred pounds each. "Whew!" said Antony, with a prolonged whistle. The belt discovered no clue to the owner, beyond the initials "R. M." wrought upon it in red silk; nor did it contain any kind of writing or printed memoranda. Nevertheless, it

eemed sufficiently possible that the property belonged to the infant, her presumptive right to it being scarcely disputable.

The discovery of the property seemed to awaken the little ship-chandler to a consideration which had hitherto escaped

"And now that we have got the child," he said suddenly,

"what is to be done with her?

"Done wid her?" echoed Antony Reilly. "It's the Lord's wish, and we'll keep her. I'm one of her fathers, you're another, and the mistress will be a mother to her, place

So, after some little hesitation, it was settled: that if no So, after some attre nestration, it was settled: machine one sent to claim her, or nothing was discovered of her kindred, she should be brought up with Martha, as a child of that humble house. The good dame was delighted with the arrangement, and covered the infant with loving kisses; while Antony Reilly swore, in his heart of hearts, that he would never forsake what God had committed to his care, under circumstances so strange and sad.

In this manner, the little maiden of the wreck was welcomed at Bartlepool, and took the name of Mabel Parr.

III.-ANTONY REILLY.

Antony Reilly was one of those Irish wanderers who are to be found scattered everywhere up and down the earth, and who never under any possible circumstances lose the outward signs of their nationality.

Though it was many a year since he had trod on Irish soil or been in Irish company, he was still to the manner born, as if he had just stepped out of his father's turf-cabin in Connemara. He was, at the time of the wreck, about thirty-five years of age; with a complexion like polished mahogany, bright blue eyes, and a mouth full of slyness and secret laughter. He turned up one day on the sea-shore, setting a long line on the sand for flounders. No one knew where he came from, or what he wanted; but he had built himself a sort of rough cabin among the sand-hills, and was soon to be seen early any morning at the door, smoking his pipe and looking quite at home. The water-side characters of the district, who never did any honest fishing, but looked upon the surrounding ocean as their divine pre-rogative, at first resented the presence of this good-humoured intruder; and it was not till he had quietly knocked a few of them on the head, and pleasantly intimated his willingness to fight any half dozen of them single-handed, that he was suffered to abide in peace.

After that, Antony came and went about the district in what would have been considered, had any person taken pains to consider it at all, a very mysterious manner. He was nominally a fisherman; but, though he had built a boat for himself, he seldom or never went fishing. A good part of his day was spent in bed; but at night he was abroad like a restless spirit. Heknew by heart every corner of the sand-hills, and every creek of the coast. From time to time he was seen in the town, consorting with suspicious-looking nautical persons who were strangers to the place. Presently, it began to be whispered abroad that "the mad Irishman," as he was called, was nothing more nor less than a professional smuggler, concerned in the landing of valuable cargoes which never paid duty to the King. Be that as it may, he could generally lay his hand at very short that as it may, he could generally lay his hand at very short notice on a nice piece of foreign silk (fit to be made into a lady's gown), or a bottle or two of good schiedam, or a few pounds of prime cigars and genuine tobacco. People said that he had mysterious hiding-places in the cliffs, where treasure of all kinds was secretly buried. The constguards watched him, but never succeeded in catching him in any nefarious occupation. The waterside characters spied upon him, but utterly falled that the court of himilation to him. failed to detect the secret of his midnight doings. For all that, he seemed to thrive, and despite his vagabondish appearance, had always plenty of money at his disposal.

He had not been long in the place before he became very well known to Amos Parr, the ship-chandler, a worthy little man, for whose honesty and erudition he had a great respect. Ill-disposed persons said that Amos had an interest in more than one of the contraband cargoes which were "run" upon that coast, and that Antony was the medium of communication between himself and the smugglers. If that was the case. Amos was inconsistent, for he was never tired of rating Antony on his vagabond habits and mysterious comings and

goings.

Thus he would say gravely, when Antony strolled in with some bright piece of silk, or a bottle of foreign wine, as a

"I wish I could be sure, Antony, that this was honestly

"Look at that now!" Antony would exclaim, with his beaming smile.
"Why don't you dress decently, take to some honest trade,

and—ahem!—marry? What you want is a nice decent woman to look after you."

But Antony would never entertain the idea of matrimony He loved his wild life, its freedom, and perhaps its dangers, fur too well. It was his own opinion, frequently expressed, that he would never "die decently in his bed;" and indeed, judging from appearances, he was perfectly right.

ever after the day when, to use his own expression, "he had become a father without the help of a wife." he became conscious of a new responsibility. Though he still continued his wild life, he was soberer and more steady, and gentler with all mankind. No one came to claim the child, and all inquiries as to her parentage were unavailing, though it was discovered that the ship was a West Indian, bound from Jamaica to the port of London. A few days after the shipwreck, a body was washed ashore, which Antony recognised as that of the gentleman he had seen in the ship's cabin, and Antony took care that he was decently buried, in a solid oak coffin, which the Irishman paid for out of his own pocket.

"Sure, now I'm a father, he's a kind of kinsman of my own!" said Antony, when he and Amos followed as chief

As the little girl grew, the simple soul watched her in ever-increasing delight. She was a beautiful creature, and anyone might see, as Antony said, that "she was a lady born." Not content with contributing largely to her maintenance, as he insisted in doing, he insisted that she should have schooling: and a local worthy was found who, for a small sum, super-intended her simple education. The little fortune he had found for her was untouched, and every penny of it was put, for her future use, into the bank of the neighbouring county town. So she grew and grew, loved tenderly by her two foster-fathers—"father Amos" and "father Antony," as

"She's like a fairy child," Antony would say to himself.

"Her hair's like gold, and her eyes like the blue sky, and her voice like fairy music. I'm afeared the angels will be taking her—she's too purty to live."

The angels did not take her, but they came one night, when she was seven years old, to take away her foster-mother. So Amos was left alone with the two children and a little boy who had come three years before his wife's death in the old house by the sea; and in those days Antony was like a woman to the desolate man, and to the mourning children. He came and went on loving errands, and, thanks to him, the widower contrived to bear his load. But as years went on the little ship-chandler showed the signs of age and trouble, and comforted himself more with the case-bottle, which the snuggler always kept well supplied.

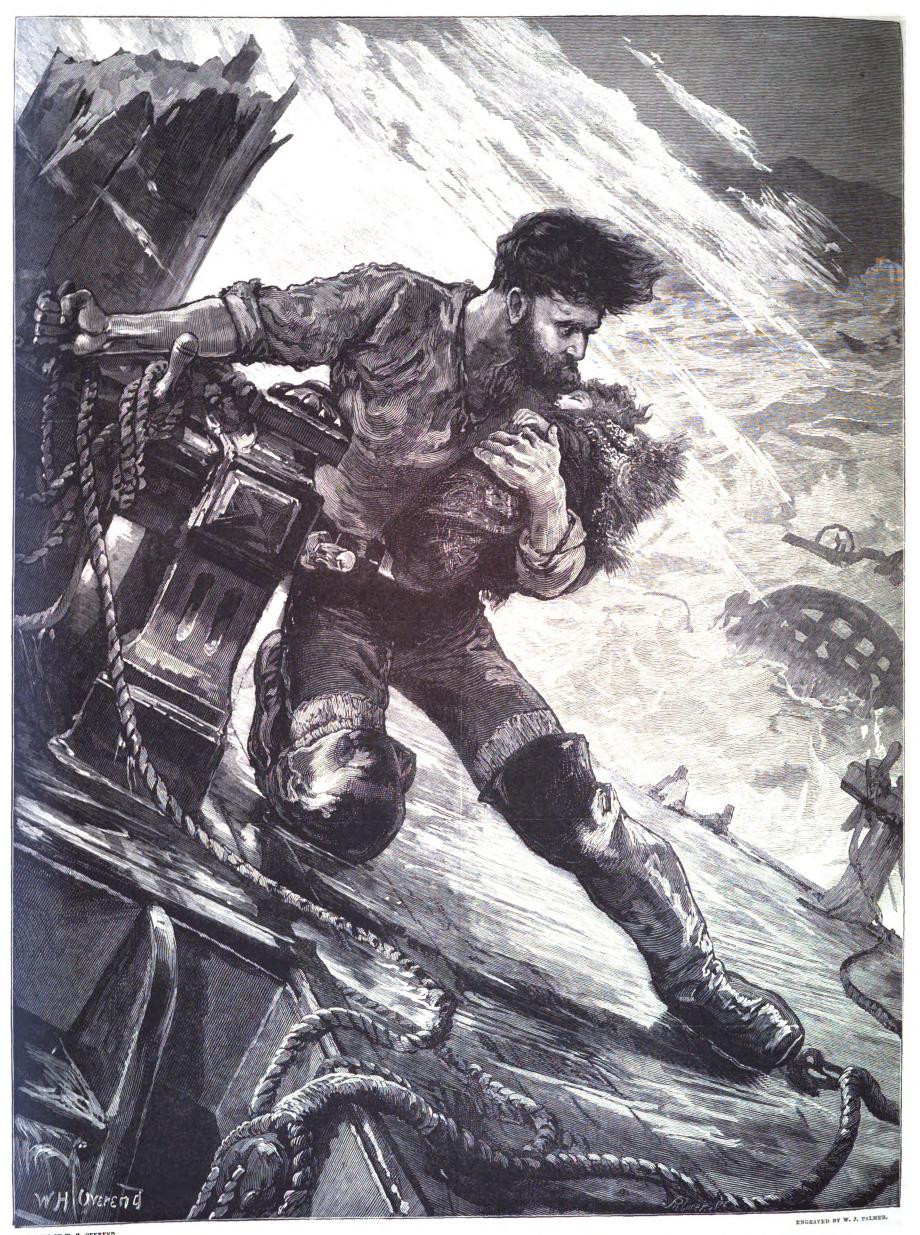
time wore on, till the date of the opening of our tale when Mabel was a beautiful dreamy girl of eighteen, and Martha a strong, shapely lass of twenty-three.

Now it came to pass that Amos Parr had, in a moment of speculation, put nearly all his savings in a little schooner which traded—not without a suspicion of occasional contraband doings-between that coast and France; and, eager to secure a competency for his foster-child, he had, with Antony's somewhat reluctant consent, invested in the same vessel the three hundred pounds which were Mabel's portion. The fact that he had done this, and that ill-luck might come of it, was a secret source of trouble to the little man—so that the case-bottle came more frequently than ever into requisition, and he himself showed daily more unmistakable signs of human infirmity.

Just as Christmas-tide approached he was, as we have seen, more than usually anxious, for nothing had been heard of the "Mary Jane" since she had sailed for France, months back, Mary Jane " and he began to be afraid that mischief had come to her. add to his perplexities, he had, in an evil moment, accepted a bonn from one who never lent without an ulterior object.

Squire Lambe of Lambe's Waste. If the schooner was lost be was practically ruined, for Antony Reilly, whose money was





They saw the figure struggling on the slippery decks, now appearing, now disappearing; then it disappeared altogether. There was a long interval. At last they saw the man re-emerge, struggling towards the ship's side with something in his arms."—Love Me for Ever, page 3.



DRAWN BY P, MACNAB.

"From the moment of her lover's appearance Mabel Parr began to recover health and strength. Before many days had passed she had left her bed, and had walked out into the sun upon her lover's arm. Then, in that happy time, he told her everything that he had already told her friends."—Love Me for Ever, page 26.

also invested in a cargo of some kind, was not in a position to help him. Bitterly, therefore, did he reproach himself that he had been so speculative.

PART II. THE FIRST CHRISTMAS EVE.

I.-ANTONY'S CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

It was rough weather that Christmas-tide

Two nights before the arrival of the Holy Morning, Captain Seth Stapleton, of the schooner Betsy, a trading coaster of one hundred tons, came rushing in over the bar with only his foretopsail and jib set, and was soon snugly berthed under shelter of the little quay. Thereupon Jack Parr, an imp of fifteen, who was apprenticed in a sort of formal way to the Captain, leaped ashore merrily, and ran up to tell his father and his sister Martha that the Betsy was in port.

He found the little family at supper, and burst in upon them in the uproarious manner peculiar to sea urchins. They welcomed him gladly, for it was his first voyage, and they were glad to see him safe on dry land. He kissed Martha boisterously and Mabel bashfully, and affectionately saluted his

The meeting was scarcely over when Captain Seth himself rolled m, for to say he walked would be to do little justice to a kind of motion only to be acquired by constant lurching about on the decks of a small vessel. He was a young man under thirty, but so gnarled and weather-beaten, so rough and hairy, and so swathed up in rough nautical raiment, that he might have been taken for any age under fifty. His right eye was invariably half closed, with the constant habit of looking to windward, and his voice was hoarse and far away, like a voice faintly heard in a gale.

For all that, he was the best of fellows; and Martha Parr, for all that, he was the best of renows; and martin 1 arr, to whom he was engaged, was quite satisfied with his merits.

"What cheer, father?" asked the Captain, when he had folded Martha to his ample waistcoat, kissed her, and shaken hands all round. "Any news of the Mary Jane?"

hands all round. "Any news of the Mary Jane?"

He spoke as if hailing from a distance, and, though Amos stood directly facing him, put his hand to his ear as if to catch

The little chandler only shook his head.
"O, Captain Seth," cried Martha; "I'm afraid she's

Don't you go and make no manner o' mistake, Martha," replied the Captain, noticing Amos's crestfallen but almost imploring look. "Captain Mark Jones is aboard, and Billy Horncastle is his mate, and there aint two better seamen atween here and Tynemouth. No, no; she's none lost. Maybe she 's somewhat on the Dutch coast, biding her time for a run home "

As he spoke, the wind roared at the casement, and the old

house shook to its foundations.
"Hark to that, father!" he added cheerily. "Captain

"Hark to that, father!" he added cheerily. "Captain Mark aint likely to lift anchor in such weather."

"How's Jack been behaving?" asked Martha, anxious to change t odleful subject.

"Mid ling, middling," said the Captain.

The bey snapped his fingers and laughed gaily.

"Don's you believe him?" he cried. "I'm getting on splendid. I can smoke like a funnel, drink like a fish, and ken the Barber is teaching me to chew." Ben the Barber is teaching me to chew.

The Captain surveyed him from afar off with his weather cye, and growled good-humouredly,
"Why, you young lubber, you've been a-groaning on your back in my cabin nigh all the voyage. I thought we should ha' to chuck him overboard, I did indeed; but there, it takes more than one shell to make a sailor."

more than one spell to make a sailor."

All at once, Mabel, who had been sitting quietly at the table, with her dreamy eyes fixed on the fire, rose to her feet with a leafful or. with a joyful crv.

"What's the matter, Mabel?" asked her foster-sister.

"Hark, don't you hear!"
As she spoke, they heard distinctly, above the rour of the wind, the sound of a voice singing. It came nearer and nearer, till it seemed to cease just outside of the house.

"That's Antony Reilly's voice," cried Captain Seth; and he added more loudly, as if hailing, "Antony Reilly, ahoy!"

Martha ran to the door, and peeped out into the darkness, but saw nothing. Then they heard, from just under the antique casement opening on the little yard, or garden, a clear voice carolling the following words:-

O, I was born in Connemara, One day at home when my mother was out!

Then the song ceased, and a clear voice cried,-"Open the windy

Mabel had already run close to the casement, laughing and listening. With a joyful cry, she now threw open the casement, which opened like a door, French fashion, almost to the ground. The wind shricked, and the snow swept in; and at the same moment a burly figure, wrapt in a frieze great-coat and covered with snow, leapt into the room. On his head he and covered with show, leapt into the room. On his head he were a hairy cap, with lappets drawn down over his ears, on his legs long sea-boots; but his hands were bare, and under his right arm he carried a small keg.

"Father Antony!" cried Mabel, clapping her hands with

delight.

Antony nodded, and beamed greeting to the friendly faces shining all round. Then, with Mabel's assistance, he took off his snow-covered great-coat, and hung it up it on a nail in the

window gable, and, untying the strings of his hairy cap, threw it down on the window-seat, revealing to full view a bright, weather-beaten, clean-shaven face, closely-cut hair, as white as show, and eyes that twinkled with health and good-humour. "But why did you come that way?" asked Mabel, laughing.

Antony, who was growing more garrulous as years advanced, at once replied, in a voice clear as a bell, and full of music,

Did ye ever know Antony Reilly come in by the door, like an honest man? My life 's a saycret, and my comings and goings is a saycret; and I love a windy better than a door, and a chimbley better than either. Are ye there, Captain Seth? I'm telling Mabel I'm a rogue bred and born. There's nothing dacent about me, barring my name; and that's not my own—it belongs to my father!"

So speaking, he advanced into the cheerful light of the fire, and saluted his friends seriatim.

Always abusing yourself, Antony!" observed the shipchandler, quietly.

chandler, quietly.

Antony threw up his head and laughed like a boy.

"That's my cunning! It's to give other people the cue
to praise me." He added, reflectively, brushing the flakes of
snow out of his rosy neck, "Sorra little there ever was in me
to praise. I'm a dirty low thief of a smuggler, and I never

in ail my life did a good deed—but onst!"

So saying, he took a chair, and sat rubbing his hands together merrily, with a thorough enjoyment of his own

wickedness. "When was that, father Antony?" asked Mabel, coming

close beside his chair, nestling to his side, and smiling down

at him.
"When I snatched your own sweet self from the say,
mavourneen!" he replied, beaming up at her. "I thought it
the same of the selection of the same of the selection of t was a say fairy ye were thin, sleeping so tranquil wid your little fist in your rosebud of a mouth, and now you're a fullgrown colleen, and as good as you're big, they're telling me!—Look at that now!"

The girl slipped her little hand down, and he held it softly between his own, while he looked over at Captain Seth, who had also seated himself, with Martha by his side, and inquired,

nodding amicably

And how's the Captain, these times?" The Captain replied that he was never better, apart from a slight touch of the lumbago, somewhere in the region covered by the back of his enormous pea-jacket.

Antony then glanced thoughtfully at the master of the house, and asked in a lower key—

"Any news, Amos?"
"No news," replied

"No news," replied Amos, dolefully. "I'm afraid the ship's lost, and if so, God help us all!"
There was an ominous silence, and a gloom fell upon all the faces present; but Antony, after heaving a heavy sigh, with his eyes fixed on the sad countenance of his old friend, was the first to shake off the shadow. To effect a diversion, he gently released Mabel's hand, and rose to his feet.

"Never say die till you're stretched out and being waked to glory. Where will I lave the keg; I'm afraid of the

In the old place," replied the ship-chandler, rising too. Then Amos took a candle from the table, and searching the paved floor found a movable stone, which he displaced, revealing a sort of hole in the ground. Into this hole Antony dropped the keg, but not before he had opened the bung and replenished the case-bottle on the table, filling the apartment with the perfume of choice schiedam, many degrees above Then the stone was set carefully in its place.

But Antony, who never came empty-handed, had not yet done. Running over to his great-coat, he felt in his pockets,

and came back with both hands loaded.

"Look, Martha, darlint, I've brought ye some new silk ribbons, forbye some prime cigars for the man that's going to own ye. Try them, Captain—they're telling me they're swate smoking, though myself I prefer the pipe."

Martha took her ribbons, and the Captain at once lighted one of the cigars, a perfect Havannah, by the rush candle. Then Antony, going to his coat again, and holding his hands behind him, looked merrily at Mabel.

"What d'ye think I've brought you, darlint? Ye'll never

She gave up the attempt at once, and Antony, with much importance, produced a small paper parcel: this he undid triumphantly, and after unfolding and throwing away several of its wrappers, revealed a dingy brochure, quarto-shaped, printed in black letter, and bearing all the signs of age.

"Sure I knew you loved a bit o' print better than any-

thing in the world, and I got this from an ould coastguardsman in exchange for a drop of my own importing."

With a cry of pleasure, Mabel took the tome, and opened it

at the titlepage, which read as follows, in quaint old-fashioned clumsy black type

De Crue and Strange Storie of Mynherr Vanderdecken, called pe Flyinge Duichemanne, and of his doomed Barque, called pe Fantome Shippe.

English'd out of pe Butch. and printed by Moger Burke, at ne Signe of ge Blacke Cocke, Alichtielo, 1615.

With gleaming eyes, the maiden first read the words herself, and then murmured them aloud, to the evident consternation of Antony himself.

"Look at that now!" he exclaimed, lugubriously.

that in it, mayourneen? If I'd known, I'd never have brung

"Why not, father Antony?" asked Mabel, eagerly,

"Because it's not for young colleens to read about Dutchmen and the Divil. Bad luck to him that gave it me! I tould him I couldn't read nor write, and he said it was poetry stuff, quite convanient for a colleen to read."

"And there is poetry, too, Father Antony," replied Mabel, who had in the meantime discovered at the end of the prose narrative some black-letter verses, entitled "Ye Sad Ballade of Ye Fring Parklemanne"." of Ye Flying Dutchemanne.'
"Listen!" she added, ar

she added, and read in a low but clear voice the following verse, which we print in more orthodox English:—

"For ever and for ever more His soul must range the deep. Till woman's faith and woman's love Shall bring his spirit sleep."

Curiously enough, the reading of the verse seemed to make not only Antony Reilly, but Captain Seth, exceedingly un-comfortable. "Avast!" groaned the latter, fidgeting un-comfortably in his chair: while Antony held out his hand and tried to take the book back.

"Give it back to me, darlint! It's fairy work, I'm thinking!"

But Mabel was not at all disposed to part with her prize;

and at last, laughing merrily, she ran with it up the oaken staircase to the rooms above. Antony shook his head dismally, and Captain Seth uttered another groan.

"What's the matter?" said Martha, rather astonished.

The Captain did not reply, but looked compassionately at Amos Parr. The fact was, he had a sailor's superstitious horror of the very mention of the famous Dutch Ship, and thought it might have some mysterious bearing on the fate of the missing Mary Jane. He had something else on his mind, as

"Never mind, Mabel," said Amos Parr; "the book will do her no harm. But you spoil her, Antony! She's too fond of poetry and superstitious folly already. Dreaming! always dreaming! It drives all the roses out of her cheeks. I'll be bound she's locked up in her room, devouring the rubbish

Antony was about to reply, when all eyes were directed on Captain Seth. He was struggling in his chair apoplectically, and giving vent to extraordinary sounds, as of something working within him. At last he rose to his feet, and hailed

the company.

"Mates, list' to me!" he said, with a gasp.

They all looked at him in wonder.

"I didn't ought to mention it p'raps," he continued, "but it's on my mind. Last night, I seen something, out theer!

And he swept his hairy hand in the direction of the sea.

"Well, well, what did you see?" asked Amos, smiling and shrugging his thin shoulders. "The Flying Dutchman itself, or I'm no sailor. I were

at the helm, mates! Suddenly I see her, scudding under full at the neim, makes: Shandani, a south, salary ander intersal when my boat was lying to under double-reefed topsal and storm-jib. Mates, I thought we was lost, but a few hours afterwards we sighted Allery Lights, passed the Beacon, and came over the bar safe and sound."

Antony gave vent to a prolonged whistle, and Martha looked a little distressed. But Jack Parr laughed, and Amos Parr, with twinkling eye, patted the giant on the shoulder,

Come, come, Captain, tell that tale to the marines!" But the Captain was too lost in his cogitations to resent

this scepticism.

"Mates," he continued, "I ought to be a drownded man by rights, yet here I be; and what puzzles me is this her—that ship ought to be seen off Cape Horn, yet theer she was in the Channel, not thirty mile from the Dutch Coast."

Amos laughed again, and poured himself out a glass of

"A sailor's fancy," he said; "some passing ship!" This time Captain Seth turned his weather eye on the speaker, and surveyed him steadily from head to foot. Then

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he returned solemnly:-'No ship of that cut sails the sea but one, and that ship's

sailed by no living man!"

Antony Reilly made no remark, but was plainly puzzled by his own thoughts. A gloom fell over the company, which was not entirely dissipated when Antony and the Captain said good-by for the night.

II .- THE LEGEND.

Meantime, Mabel, safely locked in her own room, a tiny chamber close to the roof, and with a little window looking out to sea, was seated on her bed, a rush candle on the pillow at her side, and deep in the perusal of the strange old chronicle. As she read, her eyes widened in wonder, and her colour came As she read, her eyes widehed in wonder, and her colour came and went, and presently her tears began to fall.

Part of the strange old legend is, doubtless, familiar to our

readers; certain details, however, are to be found only in the

authentic chronicle she was reading.

It told how a certain Dutch captain, by name Philip Vanderdecken, descendants of whom were even then living in Amsterdam, had offended both man and God by his wicked life, his want of Christian religion, and his piracies on the high seas; how he went from bad to worse, and never took God's name save in vain; how at last, one winter night, when attempting to round Cape Horn, he had sworn with frightful oaths that he would either succeed in his attempt or never ease sailing until the Judgment Day; and how, even then, the direful doom had been cast upon him, that he should indeed, sail the stormy seas for ever—that is, till the Lord Christ cometh to judge the quick and dead. As it was doomed, so it was fulfilled. Instead of dying blessedly like other men, the doomed Captain lived on, carrying tempest and devastation wherever he sailed; never resting, never sleeping, ever struggling and blaspheming, amidst the pitiless elements which sought in vain to destroy him. Again and again he tried to die, but could not—nor could any of his wicked crew. That was his doom; that nor could any of his wicked crew. That was his doom; that he should never sleep, nor rest, nor find a pillow in the grave, until his sin was atoned. A thousand times he cried in his despair for Death to come to him; but his prayer, being impenitent, was never answered. The lightning struck and spared him, the wind and the sea smote, but did not harm him: he raved, blasphemed, and ever when Death passed by a but held at his children with the sea smote. clutched at his chilly robe without avail. So he bringing terror and fatality to all who caught a glimpse of his

This was the first part of the chronicle; but there was a second, even more pitiful—as the maiden's ready tears betokened.

It came to pass after many years that Christ the Son, the All Merciful and All Loving, in his supreme pity for the most undeserving of his human brethren, so interceded with God the Father that He released the Flying Dutchman from a certain issue of his despair; insomuch as He promised to let his own dark Angel of Death take the man and give him sleep, if ever he should discover a living woman willing to share his sorrows and his doom. For this purpose, and with a view to his spiritual regeneration, he was suffered once every seven years to come to land and to seek for sympathy and pity most of all, for love. And he had ranged every land of the broad earth on this weary quest. None knew him as the accurst of God, and he had, by God's will, command of whatever treasure he chose; so that he sometimes appeared in splendid raiment as a powerful prince, and sometimes as a poor and wandering student, and sometimes as a sailor fresh from over sea. Then many women loved him-some for his gold, others for his face (which was beautiful as that of an angel), and others for his mystery and power; but none loved him truly, and most turned from him, before he could even discover his secret and say, "Will you give your soul alive to me, for Love's sake?" The chronicle told of how he wooed a beautiful Princess of the Inds, who betrayed and would have slain him; and a passionate lady of Italy, who was false to him: and a simple shepherdess of the Alps, who, calling upon Christ to save her from him and from sin, to which he had driven her, did die in his despairing arms; and of many others, all of whom were fearful, or unworthy, or unfaithful, when the hour of trial came. And ever at the large of every earthly visitof unworthy, or unfaithful, when the hour of trial came. And ever, at the lapse of every earthly visitation(which lasted, once every seven years, for the space of the moon's four quarters) he returned to the seas, blaspheming anew against God and hating all woman-kind. There, alas! (said the chronicle) he saileth to this day, in infinite despair; nor doth any man think that ever woman will be found faithful appealsh in Leve to consider besself as attack for a creature. enough in Love to sacrifice herself so utterly for a creature under God's ban. Nor, if such a woman be found, will her task be easy; for having parted with him on earth at the want of the moon, she must sail to seek him on the great ocean, and when his ship is found, she must row to it in a frail boat, and leap upon the deck alone, and call upon her lover thrice in the name of Christ the Lord. Then, and then only, the doom would be uplifted; but, alas! uplifted it will never be, since there is no woman born of a woman that is so devoted, or so

there is no woman born of a woman that is so devoted, or so desperate, as to face so terrible a fate.

Mabel read and read, while her tears fell, and the infinite pity of the tale filled her gentle soul. When she had read it once, she read it again. It seemed so real, so pitiful! It did not seem possible that it was merely a fancy and a dream.

For Mabel was a child, on the threshold of womanhood, and her spirit was full of superstition and sweet romance. She saw the Lonely Man before her eyes, even as he was pictured in the chronicle: a pale man of singular beauty, tall and graceful exceedingly, with raven hair, a face like alabaster, and eyes as bright as precious stones; with thin rings of gold in his ears, and singular jewels glittering on his hands, which were described as delicate and white as snow. What maiden were described as delicate and white as snow. What maiden would not have fallen in love with such a picture, as Mabel did? What maiden would not have dramed, as Mabel did,

that it would be easy to live or die for such a lover?

That night, before she fell to sleep, she prayed for the Flying Dutchman, and for all men who were beautiful and sorrowful like him; and she prayed, moreover, that God might some

day bring such a sufferer to her, that she might show there was at least one true maiden in the world! Even when her was at least one true mander in the world: Even when her eyes closed, her thoughts were full of the new vision. She saw the Lonely Ship upon the sea, she heard the crying of the tempest, she caught glimpses of a beautiful phantom figure that trod the deck, companionless and alone; and her heart yearned out to him in infinite love and pity, and she thirsted to go to him through the tempest, and to die with him if need be, since nothing could be sweeter or blesseder than so to die!

Poor child! It was the first awakening of Love within her

soul. Who shall smile at her simple thoughts and prayers? Such prayers and thoughts fly forth as doves on the troubled waters of human life; they shall abide imperishable, when all this cloudy fabric of the sense has passed away; and, thanks to them, and to the spirit of Love which inspires them, many a storm-tossed Soul shall be saved indeed!

TIL-ROUND THE CHRISTMAS FIRE.

On the afternoon before Christmas Eve, Amos Parr had an

unpleasant surprise.
Squire Lambe came swaggering to the house in company with Caleb Thatch, a miserable little creature with the moral outlook of a ferret, to which unpleasant animal his white eyelashes and bloodshot eyes gave him no little resemblance. He was a sort of pettifogging practitioner in the town, and he knew a little of the law; but he was not a qualified attorney, and he had fallen on evil days.

He came in at the heels of the Squire, and was summarily

This is Caleb Thatch. I have asked him to make an inventory of the contents of this house.

Amos, who was seated in the great kitchen busy with his pocket-book (he was trying, in fact, by a series of fanciful calculations, to see a way out of his financial troubles), looked up in amazement.

"Surely, Sir, you are only jesting," he cried, trembling ently. "Besides, it is against the law." violently.

"Law or no law, I wish it. If you decline to humour me, I shall know how to bring you to your senses."
"But why do you wish to leave this man here?"

"Because I do not trust you, Amos Parr."

"I will pay you! I will pay you!"

"Of course, when the ship returns!" returned Lambe, with a sneering laugh. "I am likely to wait till then—eh,

Caleb, who was completely under his employer's thumb,

gave a servile titter, rubbing his hands.

Amos looked round nervously; for he was alone in the kitchen, and he dreaded lest any of his household should

"To-morrow is our Lord's Birthday; to-night is Christmas Spare me, Sir, till the holy season is done.

"I am an honest man, and never yet failed to keep my Give me a little time.

Squire Lambe struck the table with his riding-whip, and

uttered a coarse oath.
"Keep that cant for one who does not know you. You are in league with that Irish scoundrel, Antony Reilly, to rob the King of his lawful dues. 'Honest,' quotha!—Caleb, out with your inventory, and put all down?"

As he spoke, a sunbeam came into the old room, in the shape of Mabel, fresh and bright from wandering by the sea. She wore a country hat, with ribbons, and a pretty cloak; and in her hands she carried the precious book which Antony had

The moment his eyes fell upon her, the Squire took off his hat and made her a mock bow.

"Fair Mistress Mabel, may I kiss your hand?" he cried,

"Fair Mistress Mabel, may I kiss your hand?" he cried, with coarse gallantry; and as he suited the action to the word, he looked up at her with fierce, bold eyes, and whispered, "You see, I bear no malice, pretty one!"

She turned away coldly, and looked inquiringly at her foster-father. Meantime, Caleb Thatch, book in hand, was moving about the chamber and busily taking notes.

"Father, hath anything happened?"

"Nothing, child," answered the ship-chandler, with an imploring look at his tormentor.

"I but ask your father, as you call him, to pay me my

"I but ask your father, as you call him, to pay me my lawful due," exclaimed the Squire, "and he refuses. Come, you can pay me if you will!"

"I!" said Mabel.

"I have bidden fairly, and my offer still holds. Come, Amos Parr, which shall it be—the money or the maiden? You see I am easily content."

Amos Parr did not reply—he was too fearful of giving fresh Amos Part fild not reply—he was too learned of giving fresh offence. Mabel, now understanding too well how matters stood, looked at the Squire in ever-deepening dislike. Yet many young maids would have thought him a prize worth catching. He was resplendently dressed, in a yellow coat catching. He was resplendently dressed, in a yellow coat with ruffles and lappets, with crimson breeches, and silk stockings under his riding-boots. He wore his sword on his thigh, fastened by a silken sash. His bold face was not ill-looking, though a little discoloured by strong passions and dissipation, and he wore, on that occasion, an elegant peruke, surmounted with a crimson hat and feathers. In fact, he was going that night to dine with some boon companions at a neighbouring manor, and had donned his best.

The maiden missed no portion of his splendour, eying him with soft, steadfast eyes from head to foot; and, I fear, the Squire, who had no small opinion of himself, took the look for one of admiration. In truth, however, she was comparing this coarse reality with the new ideal of her dreams; with the beautiful and sad-eyed sufferer whom God had cast out, and

who could find no woman to love him truly and redeem him.
"Come," cried the Squire, "this is the merry season, and at

a word from you it may be merry indeed. And thereupon he took her round the waist, and would have given her a smacking kiss. She disengaged herself with and turned upon l im with an expression of

like which was now unmistakable.

"Pray go, Sir!" cried Amos, losing his self-control.

"This house is not yours, and you shall not insult my child."

"Very well," answered the Squire, with a threatening nod.
"You refuse. Remember, 'tis the second time of asking!"
"I do refuse," answered the little man, taking Mabel's

hand and assuming a certain feeble dignity.

The Squire put on his hat, with a fierce cock to one side, and strode to the door. Turning on the threshold, he made a sign to Caleb to continue in possession, and with a savage scowl at Amos, and a mocking kiss of the hand to Mabel, he left the house, making his way through the snow, which lay white and thick upon the ground, towards the inn where he had left his horse

The first impulse of Amos, on the Squire's departure, was to turn angrily upon Caleb, and bid him follow his master; for his presence was an outrage, and he had no right whatever there. But bethinking himself of the violent character of the man with whom he had to deal, and reflecting that, after all, he had nothing to conceal, he sighed heavily, and, still holding Mabel's hand, went slowly up stairs. On the upper storey of the house there was a small room, furnished only with a

wooden chair and table, and with several old ledgers and piles of invoices strewn upon the floor. There Amos often sat and did his accounts; and thither he now went and sat down sadly, leaning his cheek upon his hand.

The sun was setting over the ocean, and the crimson light streamed in through the diamond panes of the window. The sea was just ruffled by the last dark breath of the dying gale, and heaving laboriously, in great sad waves that did not break. The quiet square, the surrounding houses, the old warehouses, and the whowest down to the property of the surrounding houses, the old warehouses, and the whowest down to the surrounding house, the old warehouses, and the wharves down to the very edge of the water, were covered with snow, no longer pure white, but softly reddened by the sunset. All was very sad, still, and solemn, as if expectant of the Christmas Vision that was to come so soon. Kneeling by the side of her foster-father, resting her arms

upon his knees, Mabel looked upon into his face. She did not speak—her heart was too full of fondness and sweet pity. The light flooded the two silent figures, but grew gradually dimmer and dimmer.

"God bless thee, Mabel!" said the little man at last, softly smoothing her golden hair with his wrinkled hand. "My own child doth not love me better!"

"And am I not the same as your own child, father Amos?"

"In one sense, yes. God sent thee to me, I am sure of that. But, alas! it is for you I grieve. If I have in my folly cast away what was thine, not mine, how shall I forgive myself?"

Nay, it was not mine, but yours," she cried tenderly. "Do I not owe you that and a thousand times more? Do not

fret about the money—if it be lost, I care not."
"My dear, it was your marriage portion."
She smiled sweetly, and shook her golden head.

"I shall never marry; I shall stay always here with you. I am so happy here!"
"But I grow old and feeble, Mabel, and at the best I

"But I grow old and feeble, Mabel, and at the best I cannot last for long; and Antony, too, is not young, and any night, in his wild wanderings, he may be taken away. Yet it is not that I dread; it may come, but not so soon. I have dwelt in this old house ever since I married my dear wife, who is in heaven; my children have been born here, and here it was that you were first brought to us, my darling. If they should turn us forth to seek another home, it would kill me before my time."

She tried to comfort him, and partially succeeded; for in his heart he was hopeful still that his venture might come safely home. Urged by her sympathy, he began to argue feebly in favour of his own hope. Many unforeseen events, he said, might have detained the ship. Perchance her cargo was not quite ready; or she might have needed some slight repair; or the skipper, being a wary man, might have thought it unwise to leave port during the wild weather, which had lasted, off and on, for weeks. As he spoke, his cheek brightened a little, and, forgetting the presence of Caleb in the house, together with his other troubles, he began to chirp of future ventures—by which his last days were to be brightened, and his children, including his foster-child, to be left rich.

At ten o'clock that evening there assembled in the great kitchen, ready to welcome in the Christmas morning, Amos Parr with his children Martha and Jack, Mabel, Captain Seth Stapleton, and Antony Reilly. Martha and Mabel were both prettily dressed in cotton, the former in blue colours, the latter in white and pink; Amos had on his church-going suit, with black silk hose; and Captain Seth had donned for the first time a splendid suit of ultramarine, with brass buttons on the coat, linen ruffles, white cotton stockings (which showed to full advantage a pair of herculean calves), and silver-buckled shoes. Antony Reilly was the only person present who was not made up for the occasion. He wore his usual rough suit and knee breeches, with the throat of the shirt wide open; but, to make amends for other deficiencies, he wore in his waistcoat an enormous silver watch, a sort of clock in miniature, to which he ever and anon referred, always preluding the reference by a preliminary shake and tap of knuckles on the watch's back, as if to wake up the sleepy works.

They supped pleasantly, on a boiled leg of pork, boiled capons, potatoes, bread, and some sweet cakes to follow, all made and served piping hot by the hands of Martha, who was a born cook. Then, after supper, the kettle sang in the ingle, and the instrument of the same in the ingle, and the jorum glasses were set out, and the broad, case-bottle of schiedam, flanked by a couple of bottles of red wine from

France, stood on the table.

There was a blazing fire on the hearth, filling the room with so merry a radiance that other light was unnecessary. Before long tongues were wagging merrily, and the air was full of the fumes of tobacco and the scent of hot punch. Chairs were drawn in semicircle before the fire. Amos sat on the right hand, faced by Antony, and in the left corner sat Captain Seth, with Martha on his knee. Jack stood roasting in the ingle. Mabel sat on the hearthstone, close to Antony's feet, her golden head resting against his knees, and her eyes fixed upon the fire.

It was just when things were at their merriest that Antony suddenly pricked up his ears and uttered an exclamation—
"Hearken to that now!" he said. "Is it the rats, think

From the chambers overhead came a sound very like the

shifting of furniture and shuffling of feet.

Now the fact was that Caleb Thatch was still in the house, but just before the arrival of the strangers he had left the lower part of the dwelling and continued his tour of inspection up stairs. Amos had almost forgotten the shadow of his presence in the midst of the evening's convivality; and when his attention was called to the fact he looked very uncomfortable. In a few words he explained the state of affairs, to the great indignation of his friends and guests.

He had just finished when the thin face of Caleb was seen peeping down over the balustrade above, while at the same peeping down over the battastrade above, while at the same time they heard his shrill voice muttering, somewhat osten-tatiously—"Two feather beds—six blankets—hum! hum! looking-glass, cracked—now for the next chamber!

This was too much for Antony Reilly. He rose to his feet, and approached the stairs.
"Take care, Antony!" exclaimed Amos Parr, who dreaded

Antony answered by a wink and a nod; and, putting into his countenance the most friendly and innocent expression

possible, he called up the stairs, "Is that yourself, Mr. Thatch?"

The face peeped down again, while the shrill voice answered in the affirmative.

"Come down at once, Sir; there's a gintleman at the door waiting to speak wid ye."
"A gentleman?"

"A gentleman r"
"Yes, sure; a gintleman in black. Hurry now!"
Beguiled by the message, Caleb came shuffling down the stairs, and, reaching the floor, looked suspiciously at the com-

pany; but before he could say anything. Antony, all smiles, was elbowing and pushing him towards the door. "Hurry now! He's waiting for ye. Mr. Thatch!"
"Where? where?" cried the bewildered creature.

"Outside the door. He 's one that 's mighty fond of lawyers and lawyers' clerks.'

As he spoke, he moved Thatch by a succession of firm yet gentle pushes nearer and nearer to the door, then out across the kitchen, to the door of the street. Finding that he was being hustled out of the house, Thatch cried and protested; but Antony's only reply was, "Hurry now, hurry!" At last, suddenly opening the door, he sent the intruder flying, with one well-directed push of the shoulder, right out into the snow.

"The divil take ye!" muttered Antony, as he closed the door; "and it's him I meant, for sure isn't he always waiting for the likes of work?"

for the likes of you?

It was no use for Caleb Thatch to hammer with hands and feet against the door, which the other quietly bolted against him. After continuing the attack for a few minutes, he went away, muttering audible threats of future vengeance.

Antony returned to the kitchen, and took his seat smilingly,

as if nothing had occurred.

"I fear me this will lead to trouble," said the ship-chandler, reproachfully. "You are too violent, Antony!"

But Antony only laughed, and soon Amos forgot his per-

secutor in the more rapid circulation of the bottle. All grew very merry. Urged by Martha, Captain Seth sang a nautical song, something in which "yeo heave ho" and "keep her steady" came in as a sort of chorus; but the ditty, ascending from somewhere in the region of the Captain's esophagus from somewhere in the region of the Captain's esophagus, had a faint distant sound, like a shouting voice nearly lost in a high wind. Afterwards Antony, who really sang well, in a clear silvery tenor, gave the merry ballad of the "Piper of Clare." Healths were proposed and drunk, the Captain's health being coupled with that of Martha Parr, and Antony, in few a humorous words, wishing good luck to the Mary Jane and her careo. and her cargo.

All was going merrily when Mabel, who still kept her place before the fire, glanced up at the clock. "Look, father Amos! In less than half an hour it will be

Christmas Day!

She added, almost if speaking to herself,
"And it is at twelve o'clock every seventh Christmas Eve

They looked at her in surprise, for they did not yet gather in what direction her ideas were drifting.

"He? What are you talking about, little one?" asked

Amos, sipping his grog.

She answered, with a smile,
"Of him, father Amos! The Captain of the Flying
Dutchman."

The men started and looked at each other, Antony shaking

The men started and looked at each other, Antony shaking his head dismally.

"Don't spake of him!" cried the latter. "Sure it's bad luck even to mention him!"

"Avast!" murmured Captain Seth.

"But I pity him so much," persisted the girl. "Perhaps it is only a legend, but it seems so real. I dreamed of him all last night, and his face was as beautiful as an angel's—but, ob! so work sed!"

ah! so very sad." "Wheest, darling!" exclaimed Antony. "Don't be talking! The Flying Dutchman beautiful, is it? Why, he's more like the divil than that same."

'No, no, father Antony!"

"I ought to know. I've seen him wid my own eyes."

All turned their eyes on the speaker, who seemed immediately to regret that he had spoken.
"Seen him?" cried Mabel, eagerly. "O, father Antony, tell me!

"There, there, don't be plaguing me! It was long ago, in a trip I took for the good of my health to South Americky. We were becalmed off Cape Horn, and aal at onst the mist lifted, and, though there wasn't a breath of wind, we saw a Ship coming down on us under full sail. It was too late to get out of the way, and, before we knew it, her figure-head was cutting us through. Well, darlint, just as we thought we was lost, she passed clean through us widout a sound, and passed on; and just as she faded I lifted my head and saw the ould gentleman-I mane the Captain-looking at me over

the taffrail. Amos laughed incredulously, but Captain Seth did not

even smile.
"And he was like?" cried Mabel. "O tell me what he

Antony scratched his head.

"He was moighty like a bull with two horns and two flaming eyes—it was the eyes that scared me, for they were for all the world like the lights of a lanthorn. Well, two days after that our ship foundered!—and though ye may be thinking I was drown'd, you're mistaken, for I got hould of an empty tar barrel and was washed ashore!"

With hands clasped round her knees, Mabel gazed again

With hands clasped round her knees, Mabel gazed again at the fire, and her eyes were dim with tears.

"God help him!" she said. "God help all on board!"

"On board the Flying Dutchman, is it?" exclaimed Antony in horror. "Don't say it, darlint!"

"But it is so cruel! They say he must beat for ever on the stormy sea, save once in every seven years, when he somes to land trying to find a loving heart in vain. Yes, it is cruel, cruel!"

"And it's on Christmas morning, at twelve o'clock in the night, that he comes to land. Look at that now!" said Antony, impressed in spite of himself with the solemnity of the idea. But Amos Parr, impatient at the ghostly turn their talk

was taking, thought it now high time to interfere.

"It's an old wife's tale," he said, authoritatively but good-humouredly. "And though both Captain Seth and Antony say they have seen the Phantom Ship, it's not the first time that a man has seen more than his neighbours—eh, Antony 2".

Antony!

Antony laughed, and tapped the spirit bottle.

"Wid the help of a spying-glass like this, ye mane? Well, well, seeing's believing, and from that hour I gave up the say and its spirits, and began to dale wid spirits of another hind."

At this moment a series of violent workings in the interior of the cuckoo clock showed that the bird was pre-paring to make his usual ineffectual effort to announce the hour. They looked up, and saw the hands of the clock about

to point to midnight.

The little ship-chandler rose to his feet.

"Fill your glasses," he cried, and drink the Christmas in!"

Glasses of the steaming mixture were handed round, even the girls having a wine-glass each from which to sip. All stood up, smiling and expectant. Then the cuckoo, struggling to suffocation in his case, made twelve feeble plunges to the door, which he shook violently, but could not force open, and uttered twelve faint choking sounds in the inarticulate endeavour to pronounce his own name.

Simultaneously, all lifted the glasses to their lips, and drank. Then placing the glasses down, all rushed at each

other, and eagerly shook hands. As they did so, there was a loud knocking at the outer

door.
"Mille murther, what's that?" cried Antony, starting



THE SQUIRE'S PEW.

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PUSSY'S PERQUISITE.

ENGRAVED BY R. BRENDAMOUS

"Some of the neighbours, perchance," said Amos, "come to give us their kind greetings

At a sign from her father, Martha left the room.
"If it's Caleb Thatch come back," Antony cried after her,

"caal me, and I'll give him his Christmas faring!"

A minute passed. They heard the outer door open, and the sound of voices. Then Martha reappeared, showing in a tall man, whose face was hidden by his slouch hat, and who were a heavy travelling cloak, white with the snow which had again began to fall.

IV.-"PHILIP VANDERDECKEN."

The moment the stranger entered, he addressed Amos Parr, in a deep musical voice, with a strong foreign accent.

"Pardon me if I intrude upon your privacy. Do not dis-

turb yourselves, I pray."

So saying, he threw back his cloak, and took off his snow-covered hat. The firelight flashed upon his features, and showed them distinctly to all there. His complexion was swarthy, yet clear and singularly pale, his hair black as jet and worn somewhat long, his features handsome in the extreme yet darkened by an habitual from his area singularly wantering darkened by an habitual frown, his eyes singularly penetrating and almost fierce. He wore a black moustache and a short beard, cropped close, sailor fashion; and fixed in his ears were two small rings of gold.

All looked at him in amazement, Mabel in positive awe and terror, for he seemed the very original of that old Legend! Her eyes dilated, her colour went and came, she could scarcely refrain from uttering a cry; but none noticed her—all eyes being fixed on the intruder.

Captain Seth was the first to break the silence. "Who are you? and what d'ye want?"

The stranger glanced at him calmly with his black eyes, and then, without replying to him, again addressed the master of

the house.
"I am a traveller just landed from Holland, and I lost my way amidst the snow. I was looking for an inn, when I beheld your windows brightly lit, and thought I would ask for shelter." for shelter.

Amos Parr, who was the very soul of hospitality and kindliness, was annoyed at the rough salutation which had greeted the stranger's entrance; so lifting his finger warningly to Captain Seth, who seemed unaccountably sullen and irritable, he said

"You are right welcome, whoever you are, Sir."
The stranger nodded, and without more apology threw off his cloak, a heavy article of attire, of somewhat old-fashioned cut. His graceful yet powerful figure now showed to greater advantage in a tight-fitting suit of dark brown, with black veivet lappets and cuffs. His collar was open at the throat showing a rough sailor's shirt, and he wore leather boots reach-

"May I sit by your fire a little?" he said; and, without waiting for a reply, he walked over and sat down. The little party drew back, watching him in surprise, and, if the truth must be told, with a certain dread; for there was much about the circumstances of his appearance calculated to awaken superstition. Captain Seth and Antony nudged each other; Martha shrank back under her lover's huge shadow; while Amos stood smiling awkwardly; and Mabel, standing alone on one side of the hearth, looked at the stranger in positive fascination.

He kicked the snow off his boots against the hearthstone, and then, leisurely drawing off his gloves, began warming his hands. Mabel then perceived, with a fresh thrill, that his hands were unusually white, and covered with valuable rings.

"Won't you sit down?" he said to his host, with a patronising nod. His manner, we may remark in passing, was

aggressive, and not too amiable; and he had the air of one accustomed to be obeyed.

Amos smiled again, and took his old seat.
"I'm afraid I disturb you," said the guest, with a slight

shrug of the shoulders.
"Not at all," replied the ship-chandler; "but the fact is,

and I 'm afraid you will laugh at us when I tell you why your appearance took us by surprise. You say you came from Holland, Sir; and, curiously enough, just before you knocked, we were discussing a foolish superstition of your countrymen con-

every seventh Christmas-tide"——

"Ah! the Flying Dutchman!" cried the stranger, with a careless nod, and the ghost of a low laugh. "I know the story. He comes to earth in the hope of finding some human and with more the Levil alone know by relieve him from soul who may—the Devil alone knows how!—relieve him from his burden. Well, I confess the coincidence of my arrival is a curious one; but I trust you will give me the benefit of the doubt, and not refuse me your company because an unfortunate countryman of mine is recorded in the black calendar of your superstitions."

Amos was about to answer cordially, when Mabel, her eyes still fixed on the stranger's face, cried eagerly:

"No, no! You will stay here—you will"——
She paused with a deep sigh, and drew back into the shadow. The stranger looked at her coldly, though with a certain surprise, and then said, turning carelessly to Amos:
"Your daughter, Sir?"
"By adoption."

"And mine, too," muttered Antony, "if finding's

keeping."
"I'm afraid my arrival has startled the young lady. Mark how pule she is."
"Nay," returned Mabel quickly, now blushing scarlet, "it

is not with four." The young man gazed at her steadily again, with a gaze it no one could have deemed too modest; and then, as if

tired of the scrutiny, turned again to the fire, observing: ensibly spoken.

"Will you drink with us, Sir?" said Amos. "See, here is

"Will you drink with us, Sir? said Amos. See, here is no - and some stronger liquor of your own nationality."
"Thanks. I'll take a cup of wine, with your leave."
Amos poured out a full goblet of red claret, and was out to lift it and hand it to his guest, when Mabel stepped forward and quietly undertook the office of cup-bearer. As he took the wine from her delicate hand, he looked at her again with the same audacious gaze, so that she blushed more deeply, and drooped her eyes. Then he held the cup up to the

Not bad wine, I fancy!"

"'Twas a present from my friend here," replied Amos,

was a present from my friend here," replied Amos, smiling, and pointing to Antony.

"Humph! too good, I should fancy, ever to have paid duty to the king!" He continued, observing Antony's look of consternation, "Never mind! I'm no Custom House officer."

"May I ask your name, Sir!" said Amos timidly.

The stranger hesitated, still in the act to drink; then a group could fitted agree his face.

cur ous smile flitted across his face.

'Philip Vanderdecken," he replied.

The very name of the ghastly Captain! All started, and looked nervously at each other. He continued, still smiling

grimly:
"The fact is, I am a descendant of his; at any rate, I bear his name, not an uncommon one over there. Well." he cried,

"here's the poor devil's health, and luck to his search when he comes ashore

And he lifted the goblet to his lips and drank. Presently

he added, looking thoughtfully at the fire:

"After all, it's a hopeless business, and my spectral relative might as well give up the hunt in despair. Where anything depends upon a woman, farewell to hope and con-

stancy!"
"Why upon a woman, Sir?" asked Amos, who was but

dimly instructed in the legend.

"As far as I recollect, 'tis through a woman my unfortunate namesake is to be saved-a woman who is so true, so pure, that she is willing to give her life, her very soul, for his. So the thing is, on the very surface, a ghastly jest! A true woman! a constant woman! a woman who is not more changeable than a weathercock, lighter than a straw! There is no such thing!"

"You are severe on the fair sex, good Sir," observed Amos

Parr.
"I've sailed the wide world round," was the reply, "and found them ever the same. Fair face, false heart—sweet in seeming, treacherous in truth—such have been the charmers, from Lilith and Eve downwards."

He sat for a moment looking at the fire, and the frown darkened on his face. To the surprise of all present, Mabel looked at him steadfastly and said:

"You speak very bitterly, Sir. Have you good cause?"
He started, and raised his eyes to hers. His gaze was bold as ever, but this time she did not flinch or blush.

"And if I have?" he said, after a prolonged look.

"And ou deem all women false and wicked?"

"And you deem all women false and wicked?"

"Nay, fair company ever excepted," he returned, with a nd of sneering courtesy. "She in whose presence we sit and kind of sneering courtesy. "She in whose presence we sit and quaff, is an angel ever. All the rest of her sex,—what I have

He appeared to think that he had disposed of the subject; but, after a moment's pause, Mabel said, less as if addressing him than as if communing with herself:

And yet it seems so easy to be true. 'Tis hard to be wise

And yet it seems so casy to be true. Its nard to be wise, beautiful, and noble, like some women; but surely any maid can be true, if she wills!"

A little more interested, the young man gazed at her again. "She must first love, my pretty maiden. Is that so easy?" This time Mabel did not reply; but turning her eyes away, she sighed deeply and seemed to become lost in thought.

Before anything further could be said or done by those

Before anything further could be said or done by those present, an unexpected incident occurred. Suddenly, to the astonishment of all, a loud and angry voice exclaimed:

"So! Amos Parr! you have company, I see!

V.-THE BLESSING.

Leaning against the lintel of the door, and regarding the company with fierce bloodshot eyes, was Squire Lambe, who, finding the outer door unbolted after Martha's admission of the stranger, had stridden in unobserved.

It was obvious that he had been engaged in high revel; the ruffles round his throat were torn and stained with wine, his georgeous dress was disordered, and he stood very unsteadily upon his feet. Clutching his riding-whip, he rocked to and fro, and rolled his head very victously. Just behind him, in the shadow of the kitchen, stood Caleb Thatch, his familiar.

"Your troubles sit lightly upon you," continued the Squire with a slight hiccough, "that you can keep wassail with

your rascally companions. Answer me, Amos Parr! How dared you turn Caleb Thatch from your door?"

And he shook his whip threateningly.
"Musha, thin, that was my doing," cried Antony Reilly;
"and I'd serve his master the same, if he wasn't civil—look at that now!'

"You dog, I know you!" said Lambe, with a face of thunder; then, turning again to Amos he continued, "I was passing by and saw the lights—hic—and heard the voices. It is like you—you, a pauper—to waste your substance in riot, and refuse to pay your debts!"

"Nay, Sir," returned Amos, gently, "'tis Christmas Eve."

"Christmas or no Christmas, have you got that money?"

"Alas, no, Sir!"

"And yet you can entertain all the rascals of the neigh-

"And yet you can entertain all the rascals of the neighbourhood. You knave! why have you not borrowed it?"

"You jest, Sir. Who would lend me such a sum?"

"That is your affair, not mine. Amos Parr, so sure as the snow falls to-night I will not spare you another day."

As he spoke, Lambe had advanced into the centre of the chamber, glaring balefully at his victim; while Caleb Thatch, encouraged by his employer's violence, had taken courage, and stood smiling maliciously in the door. All seemed completely taken aback by the sudden onslaught. Martha chung to Cartain Seth, who gasped morplectically; and even Autony to Captain Seth, who gasped apoplectically; and even Antony Reilly looked bewildered.

As for the poor ship-chandler, all the colour had gone out of his checks, and he looked the picture of misery and shame; and when Mabel ran over to him and softly pressed his hand,

he scarcely lifted his eyes to hers.

"You are a wicked man!" she cried, looking indignantly at Lambe.
"God will punish you for your hard heart!"

Lambe. "God will punish you for your nard neart:
Lambe laughed loudly.
"Do you hear that, Caleb?" he cried. Then he added significantly, "Remember, Mistress Mabel, a word from you might make me gentle even now!"
"She will not speak it," said Amos, recovering himself and speaking with a certain dignity. "Mabel, my child, do not hand him."

"I do not heed him," cried the girl, while her tears fell on his trembling hand. "God will protect you against him, futher Apper." father Amos.

Captain Seth leant over towards his old friend, and hailed

Captain Seth feant over towards his old friend, and hailed him faintly from a distance.

"Father! can't you pay him?"

Amos only shook his head.

"As far as twenty pieces will go, Squire," continued Captain Seth, "I'll help the old man. Come, don't be hard, mate. This be Christmas-tide."

Lambe turned on his heel, and deigned no reply to the

proposal. You know me, Amos Parr. I shall keep my word. Sleep

on it—and pleasant dreams. And he strode towards the door.

All this time the stranger had remained quiescent in his chair, with his eyes fixed on the fire, seemingly quite indifferent to what was going forward. But at Lambe's last words, he

rose suddenly.

"Stay!" he said authoritatively. "What debt is this?
How much?"

The Squire turned, and looked him contemptuously from head to foot.

"How much? I might rather ask, who are you that ask? Pshaw, a trifle to many, but a fortune to beggar rogues, such as you and he! One hundred golden pounds: eh Caleb?"

"One hundred pounds—yes!" cried Caleb from the door.

The stranger, frowning darkly, turned his dark eyes on

Amos.
"Can you not pay this paltry sum?"

"In sooth, no," was the reply, "though I shall do so if he will give me time. I am part owner of a small vessel plying between this port and France—all my little fortune is in her—she hath been missing for weeks—we fear lest she be lost."

"Her name prithee?"

"Her name, prithee?"
"The Mary Jane of Bartlepool."

"Schooner or brig?"
Captain Seth took upon himself to reply:
"Brig. Hunnerd and fifty ton."
Vanderdecken seemed to reflect for a moment; then he

quietly:
'I think I can set your mind at rest. That vessel is safe in the port of Rotterdam, and will doubtless return here before many days."
"Sir, is it possible?" cried Amos, trembling with delight.

But Squire Lambe, who had been listening impatiently to the foregoing scene, and watched the stranger with growing irritation, now struck the lintel with his whip and interfered

What cock-and-bull story is this, you knaves? Do you think to cheat me out of my due, as you cheat his Majesty the King? I tell you the Mary Jane is lost!"

King: I tell you the Mary same is lost.
With flashing eyes, Vanderdecken advanced towards the

"And I tell you, man, that you lie!" he said in a commanding voice; and before the other could recover from his astonishment he added, "Enough—I will give you substantial proof of my faith in mine own tale. Write out a receipt for this debt in full!"

He drew from his breast a heavy silken purse, and, with the carelessness of one to whom money is utterly indifferent, emptied a portion of its contents upon the table. They were large English gold pieces, each the size of a modern halfcrown

"There is gold. Count out what is owing to you, and leave this house!

"O Sir," cried Amos, utterly aghast, "I cannot suffer this—you are too generous!"

"Bah! 'tis nothing—you will repay me, perchance, when

your ship returns."

Lambe was dumbfounded and savage, for he did not want

"How know I that this gold is honestly come by?"

"That is no affair of yours. Count it, I say, and begone."

"Well, gold is gold, and I am content. Caleb, count the yellowboys and write the discharge!"

With eyes glittering full of avarice, Caleb approached the table, and obeyed. With trembling fingers he counted the pieces, lingering fondly over each, and handed them to Lambe; then he wrote the discharge on a leaf of his note-book, and handed it to the stranger, who looked at it, nodded, and threw

it down on the table among the heap of gold still remaining. "Is it fairy gold, think you?" whispered Antony to

Captain Seth. 'Lord knows!" muttered the Captain.

Lambe still lingered, and Vanderdecken pointed to the door. "Who, in hell's name, are you?" asked the Squire,

between his set teeth. That concerns not you. Go! there is the door."

"This is our first meeting, but it will not be our last by ——! As for you, Amos Parr, we shall talk together of this and other matters before long. Come, Caleb."

So he went, and it was as well he did go, for Antony Reilly, in a wild state of excitement, was making unmistakable preparation to assist his departure. The moment the door closed behind him and his familiar, Vanderdecken quietly resumed his chair, as if nothing particular had occurred

Amos approached him, trembling with gratitude, and holding out his hands. "O Sir, how shall I repay you? Your goodness puts me

to shame; it does indeed."

The young man looked at him quietly, and shrugged his shoulders.

"It is nothing," he said, coldly. "If I had a whim to thwart a knave, prithee do not credit me with any particular sentiment in the matter. But it is late. Can I sleep under this roof to-night?"

"Most surely," returned Amos. "But ah! Sir, suffer me to thank you—suffer me"—

With an impatient frown, the other turned his face away "Oblige me by saying no more on that subject. What I did, I did, less for your sake, than to please mine own humour

And he sat with averted head, gloomily gazing into the fire. Then Mabel, who had beheld the whole scene with tender wonder, approached him, and put her little hand upon

"Sir, do not speak so!" she said, and in the ring of her voice there was a sweet solemnity. "Whoever you are, you came this night as an angel of mercy to this poor house. Your own words wrong you, but your deeds are those of a good man. You have come to us on Christmas Eve, a time of peace and blessing. As you have blessed us, may God bless you!"

He looked up at her as if startled, and seemed to shiver under her touch; then, smiling coldly and incredulously, he drooped his eyes again. Was it fancy, or did she hear him

murmur afterwards to himself, as he sat brooding there-"Bless me? Never; never!" But even then they heard the singing of the carollers out-

side in the wintry snow, and Martha, opening the window and letting the dim moonlight creep into the room, said softly: "See father,-it is Christmas morn."

PART III. THE STRANGE CAPTAIN.

I.—CHRISTMAS MORNING.

There were several spare rooms in the old tumbledown years, and in one of them the strange Captain (for they gathered from his conversation that he was a mariner by pro-fession) was lodged for the night; Mabel and Martha making up with their own hands a bed of sweet-smelling linen, as

When he had retired, they all sat whispering together over the fire, discussing the marvels of the night, Vanderdecken's mysterious appearance, his ominous name, and the great services he had done to his host. Antony Reilly and Captain Seth were strongly of opinion that he was something more than human—and not angelic; perhaps, if the truth were told, the Flying Dutchman himself, in whom they both religiously believed. But Amos Parr pooh-poohed the simple idea, and even expressed his opinion that it was not merely foolish, but ungrateful, to entertain it. All were agreed on one point—that the stranger, whoever he was, had acted very nobly.

Antony and the Captain went away, and the family retired to snate! a few hours of rest before Christmas Day began. On reaching no own chamber, Mabel, whose brain was all affre with excitement, took out the old book and eagerly read the



portion describing the personal appearance of its hero. Yes, she had not been mistaken! The words might have been taken for a correct description of their mysterious guest. The sad face, as pale as alabaster, the raven-black hair, the tall and graceful figure, were his; nay, the likeness was extended even to the rings of gold in the cars, and the rings upon the white hands. And he came from the same land, and bore the same name! How strange and ominous it all seemed!

His chamber was not far from hers, and as she read, she

could hear him pacing restlessly up and down.

Now, can one conceive a series of experiences more calculated to awaken romance and passion in a young maid standing on the threshold of life, and visionary by both habit and disposition? Her whole nature was strangely, mystically stirred. Heaven itself seemed to have opened it, as the wind stirred. Heaven used seemed to have opened it, as the wind opens a blossom, with the soft airs of Love. Under any circumstances, the strange Captain was a man to exercise a spell over the hearts of women. His personal beauty was remarkable, to begin with; then his whole manner, though not over amiable, had that kind of power and mastery so beloved by the gentler sex; then again, he had signalled his appearance by an act of extraordinary kindness and generosity; and, to crown all, there was about him a strange, a startling, perhaps a supernatural, mystery. Mabel was completely conquered, realising in her trembling yielding spirit the words of the

Love comes not as a slave To the uplifted finger! but, some day, When least expected, cometh like a King, And takes his throne!

From that night forward, the stranger reigned indeed.

All night she could scarcely slumber, so full was her heart of the new wonder and happiness; and ever as she lay upon her pillow she heard the sound of his restless footsteps in the neighbouring room. At last, she dropped to sleep, and her sleep was full of dreams. She saw the troubled ocean, the

sleep was full of dreams. She saw the troubled ocean, the Phantom Ship, the strange Captain, and his spectral crew. When she awakened, the bells of the town were ringing gladly, and the room was full of light.

She sprang up and rubbed her eyes. Were the occurrences of the past night all a mere dream? Could they be real, being so wild and strange? Eager to satisfy herself, though she knew it was still very early, she sprang up and dressed.

It was a lovely winter morning. Looking from her casement, she saw the square and the quays all clothed in white, but the skies were clear azure, and the sea was calm and bright with morning red. And the bells rang gladly, scattering a golden snow of happy sound.

golden snow of happy sound.

Full of gentle dread, lest she should find that all had been enchantment and that their guest had vanished like some good fairy, she left her room and approached the chamber where he slept. The door stood wide open, and peeping in, she saw that the bed was undisturbed. Her heart sank; was it, then, a dream after all? She listened at her foster-father's door; he a dream after all? She listened at her loster-lather's door; he was fast asleep, for she could hear his tranquil breathing. She peeped in on Martha, who lay quite sound, her plump hand stretched outside the coverlet, and her kindly face not yet touched by the morning light. Then she ran down stairs.

Her heart leapt joyfully, as she descended to the room where they had gathered over-night; for there, thrown on a chair that ag it had lay when he cast it off was the stranger's

just as it had lain when he cast it off, was the stranger's cloak. Then it was no dream! It was true, it was real! Eager to make assurance doubly sure, she passed out of the kitchen, and in a moment her hope was answered. He was standing at the open door, and looking quietly out to sea.

Nor was his occupation of a very ghostly kind, seeing that it is not recorded that ghosts are given to strong tobacco. He had a quaintly carven pipe of wood between his lips, and was

tranquilly smoking.

He heard her light footsteps behind him, and turned his face towards her. How fair and brave he looked in the rosy light of the Christmas morn! He did not smile, but greeted her with a quiet nod, fixing his bold black eyes upon her face. Eagerly blushing, she hastened to him, and put out her

little hand, which he took and held. Her hand was warm, but his seemed curiously cold. His look, however, was the very reverse of cold. Innocent and pure as she was, she did not like the expression. Why did he gaze at her like that? She felt her cheek burning, and drew her hand away.

"You have risen early, Sir," she said. "I fear you have slept ill?"

"I have not slept at all," he replied, and his foreign accent was even more marked than it had seemed over-night. "I

am used to midnight watches, my pretty maiden, and sleep but

She did not know what to say further, but bethought her

of the church bells, which were still ringing.

"Listen to the chimes!" she said, smiling. "How sweetly they sound, ushering in our dear Lord's Birth-day!"

Vanderdecken shrugged his shoulders, and blew a cloud contamentary. contemptuously.

They are out of tune, methinks. For the rest, I hate churches and church-music, and most of all on such a day as this. 'Peace and goodwill to men,' forsooth. As if there were any peace on this foul earth, or any goodwill in man or woman.

She looked at him in sad surprise.

"You do not mean what you say," she replied simply.
"You yourself brought both goodwill and peace to our dwelling last night, and you must love the church chimes, since they tell of the coming of our Lord."

He gave a gesture of impatience, and at that moment the

bells ceased to ring.

"They have stopped at last," he muttered. "Curse upon their jangling! and upon those that ring them!"

"Prithee, do not speak so," said the maiden; "good Sir, 'tis wicked!"

He laughed to himself, and then, struck by her earnestness, he looked at her curiously—not indeed without admiration; for if he was handsome, the was wonderfully fair. Her deep and steadfast eyes shone that morning with a new light, like rapture, and her cheek was softly flushed, and over all hung the glory of her hair, light as that of a painted Madonna. Her simple dress, consisting of a white gown and petticoat reaching to her ankles, added to her charm, and made her irresistible.

'You have not told me your name?'' he said, smiling for

"My name is Mabel—Mabel Parr."
"Not the old man's daughter, I think he said, save only by adoption?"
"I have no other father," she answered, "except father

Antony, who saved me from the sea when I was a babe "Father Antony? Ah, I remember—the ragged rogue who was here last night?"

Her face flushed indignant, and she began to feel very angry with the stranger.

'Nay, Sir, he is no rogue," she exclaimed, "and if his dress is careless, his heart is like a king's. He is the best and kindest man in all the world." 'Humph! He is fortunate at least in having so affectionate

a champion. But, methinks, for one so delicate and fair, you have strange surroundings! I will say nothing of the company

in which I find you, since you love them so well; but this house is but a poor house, and this place—how call you it?—as cheerless as the tomb. Would you not like to leave it, and see the merry world?" see the merry world?

She looked at him in astonishment. His tone jarred upon her, and she liked neither his looks nor his words. As he speke he had drawn closer to her, and slipping his arm quietly round her waist, had offered to kiss her lips. She quickly drew herself away, but still kept her large truthful eyes fixed upon the man's face. There was nothing coquettish in the gesture or indignant in the look; she seemed simply startled and troubled, and anxious to discover from his countenance that he was sufficient to the countenance truth the second section.

that he was only acting a part.
"I love my home," she said, "and I hope never to leave

A little disconcerted, and looking rather less amiable than before, the young man exclaimed impatiently:

before, the young man exclaimed impatiently:

"Nay, that is but childish nonsense. Young birds fly, and so must young maids. But perchance," he added, with a keen, penetrating glance, "there is some sweet company in the neighbourhood, which makes the drear place charming? You have a sweetheart, I suppose?"

"Nay, indeed, Sir," she answered simply.

"No sweetheart? That is strange; yet I should have been sorry, too, if any country clod or rude dweller between land and water had stolen away the heart of one so pretty. You

and water had stolen away the heart of one so pretty. You have a look of gentle blood, and he that wins you should also

She smiled and shook her head.

"I have no wish to be other than I am—a simple country maid. And I do not crave to marry."

"Why not, prithee?" "I am happier as I am."

"Well, perchance you are right," cried the stranger, with a laugh. "Marriage is a dull business, and the bridal cakes but the driest of bread within. Nevertheless, bright eyes like yours were meant to make some one happy, and pretty hands like these were meant to fondle, and ripe lips like these to kiss."

Again he tried to suit the action to the word, and again she drew away from him, with the same troubled, searching,

This time he would have persisted, but he was interrupted by the voice of Martha calling from within. Mabel released herself, and hastened in to her foster-sister, who had just risen, and, with Keziah's assistance, was tidying the great

The strange Captain remained at the door, smoking and

frowning.

"The girl is but a simpleton!" he muttered to himself.

He stood moodily smoking and looking seaward. People were beginning to stir about the square and quay; but it being a holiday, when country folk generally lie late, the signs of life were few. Far out at sea, on the very horizon line, the sails of a passing ship were visible. He watched them keenly, while they turned black against the risen sun.

Presently Murtha tripped out and invited him into break-

Presently Martha tripped out and invited him into breakfast. He found Amos Parr and Mabel scated at the table, which was spread with cold meats, fresh eggs, bread, coffee, and wine. The old man wished him a kindly good-morrow,

and wine. The old man wished him a kindly good-morrow, and he sat down at once.

Certainly there was nothing spectral or superhuman in the way he plied his knife and fork, taking a substantial breakfast and washing it down with wine. The meal over, he sat talking with his host on general topics—on the trade of the port, the kind of vessels which went and came, the state of opinion in England, which was then at war. He seemed particularly curious as to the number of the coastguard and their stations; and he asked, carelessly enough, whether shipsof-war or other Government vessels ever came that way. The replies he received seemed to satisfy him. With regard to himself and the circumstances which brought him to the place, With regard to he offered no explanation whatever, and Amos was too polite and too grateful to trouble him with questions. He expressed his intention, however, to stay in the town for a short time, until he received certain written communications from Holland; and he proposed without any circumlocution to retain his lodging in that house at a certain fixed sum. Amos, being so deeply in his debt, would have had him remain as an honoured and welcome guest; but this he would not hear of, and a fair amount was fixed.

"I shall not trouble you much," he said, in conclusion.
"My wants are simple enough. All I shall crave is to come and go as I list, to join your board if I choose, not to be questioned if I stay away. Make no change in your daily life on my account, I prithee; but consult my humour by leaving me in peace, and we shall not quarrel."

So it was settled and on that understanding the strange

So it was settled, and on that understanding, the strange Captain took up his quarters in the house of Amos Parr.

II.-LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

A week had passed away since the stranger came to Bartlepool, and his prediction concerning the missing ship had been fulfilled to the letter. The Mary Jane had returned safe and sound, with a valuable cargo. She had sprung a leak during

sound, with a valuable cargo. She had sprung a leak during the late gales, and had been detained, under repair, at Rotterdam; whence she had sailed at last, with a favouring breeze, for the port of her nativity.

The delight of the little ship-chandler knew no bounds. He laughed, he wept, he sang rejoicingly, all in a breath; he embraced his daughters, and would, doubtless, have embraced his melancholy guest, if that personage had shown the slightest disposition to respond to such effusion.

For days after that, Amos and his friends, Antony and Captain Seth, were constantly engaged in business concerning the cargo of the precious vessel; and it thus happened that

the cargo of the precious vessel; and it thus happened that Vanderdecken and Mabel were thrown more than ever into each other's company, Martha being far too happy in her own

love-affairs to dream of spoiling sport.

Since his first rough sally at love-making, the strange Captain had been wise enough to change his manner from one of coarse gallantry to another of melancholy respect,—seeing which, Mabel had yielded more and more to the fascination of his handsome presence. He soon gathered that she was in love with her own ideal, and that if he did not seem to equal that, he would have very little influence over her. Half amused and half serious at first, he soon began to woo the beautiful girl in earnest. He told her wild tales of his adventures afloat, ever softening the tendency to rude colour when he saw that look of puzzled disappointment again appearing in her face. He described the strange lands of the tropics, and the lonely islands of the ocean where the pirates of South America hid their treasure, and the gloomy regions where the Patagonian giant walked as naked and bare as in the days when he scared Magellan. And if he sometimes drew upon his fancy, and pictured things unreal as airy visions, who shall altogether blame him? It pleased him to see her look of wrapt sympathy; to mark her colour as it went and came; to look into the clear wells of her truthful steadfast eyes, as she questioned him again and again, like a curious child. So, 'twas the old story,—

She loved him for the dangers he had passed, And he loved her that she did pity them!

She would have been lost indeed, but for the fearless simplicity and instinctive shrinking from evil, which were at once

her safeguard and her fascination.

Thrown thus into each other's society, they walked forth for hours together, along the upland flats or by the sea. She had no fear of him, or rather she had no distrust the sea. She had no fear of him, or rather she had no distrust of herself, and taking little account of what lookers-on might say, she freely went with him, and showed him the scenes amidst which she had lived since childhood, and told him such old tales as she knew of that wild district. Thus they were spoken of by the town's folk as lovers, long before they had game to over cover seasion. come to open confession.

It is not to be supposed that an individual so striking in appearance as Vanderdecken could come to Bartlepool, where appearance as Vanderdecken could come to Bartlepool, where each man knew his neighbour's business better than his own, without becoming the subject of much gossip and speculation. Besides, several wild versions of the Christmas Eve episode, and the passage with Squire Lambe, had been extensively circulated about the place. He was, therefore, for more reasons than one, an object of interest. He himself shrank from such observation, and showed the least amiable side of his temper whenever he seemed the subject of remark or gossip. temper whenever he seemed the subject of remark or gossip. Frequently, he remained within doors, in the privacy of his chamber, for the greater part of the day, and often went out at night—not returning until close upon daybreak. Whither his business took him, or what was the nature of that business, no one was suffered to inquire.

It was one calm winter day, some fourteen days after the

stranger's first arrival, that Captain Seth Stapleton stood on the

stranger's first arrival, that Captain Seth Stapleton stood on the shore just outside Bartlepool, looking impatiently townward. He was evidently expecting somebody. At last his patience was rewarded by the appearance of Jack Parr.

"Well, is she coming?" asked the Captain gruffly.

Jack nodded, and pointed towards the town, just outside of which a female figure was seen approaching. Coming nearer, it revealed the plump outline and pleasant features of Martha Parr. Martha Parr.

"Here I am, Captain," she said, while he took her in his mighty arms and saluted her. "But why didn't you come up

to the house?"

"Because I want to have a talk with you out in the open. Here, Jack, you grampus, hoist sail and run—we don't want

Jack nodded, and made up back to the town. The Captain and his sweetheart walked on side by side.
"Well, what is it?" asked Martha presently.

There was a frown on the Captain's face, and at first he shook his head slowly from side to side, but made no reply. At last he halted, fixed his weather eye on Martha and said

significantly:
"It's—it's about that strange Captain, my lass. I've no cause to worry your father, and it's no affair of mine; but the fact is, I'm onaisy in my mind."
"Why:"

"About Mabel yonder. I don't like her goings on with that theer Dutchman. He may be a man, and he may be Davy Jones; but all I know is, there's something piratical about his figure-head. Here's over a fortnight gone past, and he's still at anchor in father's house. I shouldn't mind that so much, though folk do talk of his not a-beaing a honest craft, but I don't like to see Mistress Mabel and him keep company out-

"They are a good deal together," said Martha thoughtfully. "A good deal:—late and carly. And—and they're too free, aint they?"
"I don't know; but if Mabel likes him"——

"I don't know; but if Mabel likes him"——
"That's where it is," growled the Captain. "You know,
my lass, it's all very well for you and me to be seen together—
all very well and in the way of nater—'cause we're agoing to
be spliced. It's different with them."
"How's that's—If Captain Vanderdecken"——

"How's that?—If Captain Vanderdecken"—
"How's no more a Captain than you are. No, Martha, I've watch'd him a good bit, and the more I've watched him, the more I've seen he's not a fair trader. Well, I'm going to put it straight and clear to Antony Reilly, and we'll see what he thinks; so come along!"

Leaving the town behind them, they followed an old cart

road which wound among the sand-hills in the immediate neighbourhood of the sea, and at last became entirely obliterated by drifting sand. The hills, or hillocks, rose on every side of them like waves fixed and changed in the act to break, some broad and large, some sharp and small, and each just thinly covered with arid grass and weeds. Here and there were holes, where the hares burrowed like rabbits. A large raven, floating low in the air, and sometimes hovering like a hawk, was drifting leisurely from hillock to hillock, on the look out for plunder.

They walked on for some distance, till they were quite lost among the sand. There were no landmarks, and it was difficult to find the way. At last Captain Seth climbed one of the larger hillocks to take a bird's-eye view and discover his bearings. He had no sooner reached the summit than he started, drew back, and beckoned.

Martha ran up at once and joined him, and peeping in the direction of his pointed finger, saw what had so suddenly attracted his attention.

Below them was a green meadow, watered by a shallow rivulet, which sparkled in the sunlight till it lost itself on the adjoining sea-sands; and in the centre of the meadow was a solitary hillock with a full view of the sea.

Sitting there side by side, with their faces turned seaward,

were two human figures; Mabel and the strange Captain.
Only their backs were visible, but one of the Captain's arms

encircled his companion's waist, while her head rested softly against his shoulder.

After a long look, Martha and Captain Seth drew back, and dived down again among the hillocks. Then they paused and looked at one another. The Captain shook his head ominously, and Martha seemed troubled and perplexed.

Without a word, they hastened onward. They knew where they were now, and had no difficulty in making their way in the direction of Antony Reilly's solitary dwelling. After walking for about half a mile, they left the shelter of the sandhills, and, following the seashore, came at last in front of the Irishman's cottage.

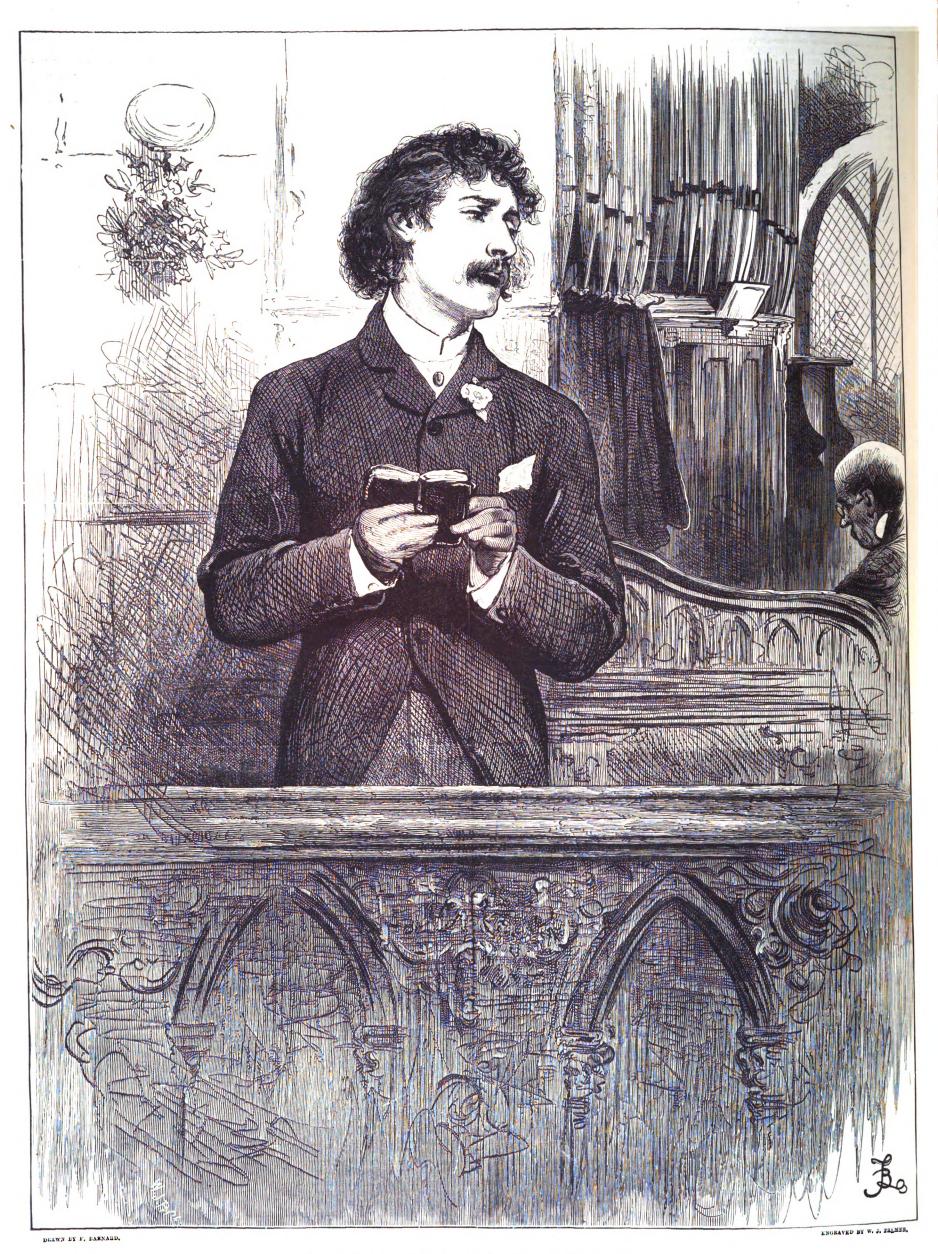
It was still a rude place, though much improved since Antony had first made it his home. A low hut, with a door and one window, the walls of sea-stone, and the roof thatched and covered with weeds and wild leeks. At the back, with neither wall nor hedge, was a tiny garden, where a few cabbages drew a scanty subsistence from the sandy soil.

They found Antony "at home," lying stretched upon his

bed, smoking and half dozing; and a few words acquainted him with the object of their visit. What opinion he formed of the matter will be gathered later on; so it is unnecessary to trouble the reader with the details of their conversation.

Meantime Mabel and her companion were sitting in the same attitude, watching the ocean. It was clear that the hour of their confession had come. The girl, with her eyes half closed, her head resting on her lover's shoulder, seemed lost in the luxury of her loving dream.





OUR CHURCH CHOIR: THE LEADING TENOR.

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OUR CHURCH CHOIR: THE LEADING SOPRANO.

"And you love ma, Mabel?" he whispered. "Oh, yes!"

He drew her closer, and kissed her again and again. The expression of habitual gloom seemed to have passed from his face, leaving the light of an abundant happiness. As he kissed her their eyes met, and the light in his seemed to startle her a

ner their eyes met, and the light in his seemed to startle her a little, for she tried to disengage herself from his arms.

"Let us go home now!" she said, trembling.

"Not yet, my darling. Promise me, first, that we shall quit this place together. I am rich. We will go to some fairer, brighter land, out yonder, where we shall be happy with each other, and where you will forget your gloomy days in this dreary place."

"Nav it is not dream." the model.

"Nay, it is not dreary," she replied, "and I have been so

happy here. Can you not stay amongst us?"
"I cannot, Mabel. In a little while I must go, and you will not let me depart alone."

'I will speak to my father," she said. "I will tell him

that you love me, and wish me to become—your wife."
"Why take him into your confidence?" asked the other impatiently. "You are a woman, and mistress of yourself.

You owe him no duty, since he is not your kin by blood."

Mabel looked at him in surprise. There was much in his words often, as well as in the expression of his face, to call up

"He is kin to me by Love, and that is more. I should be ungrateful, indeed, if I forgot him and those others who love me, even for you."

He caught her in his arms again.

"I would have you forget all—the world—all men and men in it—for my sake. What are they all to such love as "I would have you torget all—the world—all men and women in it—for my sake. What are they all to such love as ours? We crave no leave—we ask no blessing—all we need now is each other. You are mine, in spite of man or God!"

But she rose very pale, and released herself from his embrace. There was that in his manner, in his words, and

his reckless looks, that terrified her.
"Let me go home," she said, holding out her arms to keep

'Mabel! are you angry?" he cried, seizing her hands. "I am grieved, not angry. Sometimes, when you talk and look like that I am sorry that we ever met. And you despise (fod's blessing, without which such love as ours is an evil

thing."

"You are a child," he cried; "you do not know the world.

If you loved me truly you would trust me, Mabel, and you would need no other guide."

would need no other guide."

They walked on in silence side by side. Simple as she was, she could not but observe that his affection for her had a certain desperation, and that his manner was deficient in respect. Nor had he said one word to imply that any sacrament was needed before they could be bound to each other indeed.

He watched her gloomily, then he said softly:
"I know I am unworthy of you. My life has been stormy and evil, and I have no faith in man or God. But your love would redeem me, Mabel! If you deny it to me I shall leave this place, and what becomes of me after that I care not."

"Why do you speak like that? I have told you that I do love you!"

But not as I love, madly, fearlessly. You are so cold, so calculating, and you distrust me ever.

"I do distrust you when you talk so wickedly," she answered. "If your life has been evil only one thing can change it—repentance, and faith in God."

"Pshaw! must you preach to me? I tell you I love you, and that your love may make me a braver and a better man. If you loved me truly you would forsake all and follow me—

"I would die for you, dear Philip!"

"You would die for me," he echoed incredulously. "I ask you not to die, but to live for me. I cannot settle down upon the earth, rest in one place, like common men. My place is out yonder on the wild sea—where the priest casts no shadow, and all is merry and free. With you for my companion, I would ask nothing more—your love would be blessing enough, my darling; and I should look for no heaven but in your sweet eyes

They had come out upon the open shore, whence there was a path leading straight away to the little town. She paused and held out her hand.

Good-bye, now! my father is waiting for me!"

"Mabel! have you no more to say?"
"Not now, Philip."

"Let me go back with you!"

"I would rather walk alone. I wish to think—yes, and to pray."
"To pray? Pshaw!"

"I wish you could pray, too," she said gently; "for I tremble for us both when I think of all that you have said. Good-bye, now, dear Philip!"

Her face, though wet with tears, was bright as that of an angel with infinite tenderness and pity. But he turned away angrily, mad with her for what he deemed her narrowness of

mind and her superstition.

She sighed, and walked slowly on towards the town. Left to himself, Philip Vanderdecken stood darkly looking out to sea. In spite of himself, the maiden had mastered him, and he felt like dust and ashes beneath her feet; but there was no true penitence in his soul—only wild passion and irritation. The girl was so simple and yet so strong; she understood his dark nature so intuitively; and even when his meaning was only half uttered, she was ready with her soft rebuke. A poor girl, ignorant of the world, simple even to childishness, she yet possessed some spiritual amulet against him, and it made him impotent, and kept her strong and pure.

As he stood thus, his figure drooped balefully, his expression became sinister, and he looked strangely worn and old. His extraordinary physical beauty seemed to shrivel up under the influence of some inner flame of sin. A curse came to his lips, and he clenched his hands in savage despair.

He was disturbed by the sound of a man's voice.

"So, Sir: I have found you!"

He looked up, and saw Lambe of Lambe's Waste, standing and surveying him from head to foot with a quarcelsome scowl. In a moment, his coolness and self-possession returned.
"You have found me—well?" he said, with a cold smile.

"You know me?"
"Perfectly."

"I know not, care not, who or what you are," continued

the Squire, furiously; "but you have crossed my humour, and that is enough. Hark you, when a dog gets in my way, I spurn him with my foot, and when a man is rash enough to oppose me "-

He paused, fiercely tapping the handle of his sword. Then he added, blustering: "You are my rival, Sir!"
"Your rival?"

"You woo Mabel Parr-fairly or foully, I care not whichbut you woo her, that is enough, and your gold has dazzled

the simple fools with whom she dwells. Now, mark me again; I love that maiden, and mean to possess her. She is beneath me, but 'tis my humour. Will you resign her to me, yes or no! "No."

"Then draw, Sir, draw!" cried the Squire, flashing out his long blade.

"Fut up your sword," said the other, coldly.
"Draw, or I'll run you through!"
And he almost suited the action to the word. Vanderdecken, however, was instantly upon his guard. He wore only one of those short broad swords commonly used by sailors only one of those short croad swords commonly used by smiors in those days, and it was but a sorry weapon compared with the long and far-reaching sword of the Squire. The weapons clashed together, Lambe attacking furiously, his opponent remaining calm and pale as death. In a moment it was all over. Vanderdecken was a skilful swordsman, and with a quick thrust he disabled Lambe's sword-hand and sent his blade flying into the air. With a fierce oath, Lambe fell back; then, lifting his weapon with the left hand, while the blood streamed from the right, he gave one look of concentrated hate and rage on his opponent, and rushed from the spot without a word.

without a word.

The sun was now sinking behind the sand-hills, and casting a powerful gleam. The sca-sands gleamed like brown gold, the salt pools here and there shone purple and emerald, and the seas beyond were faintly flushed with red, save in great patches of mingled amethyst and green. Seemingly lost in thought, Vanderdecken wandered on, his back towards the town, until he reached the very promontory whence Antony Reilly had sailed, many years before, to rescue Mabel from the wreck. Here he sat down upon a rock, gloomily thinking; and as the shadows of the night came nearer and nearer, he seemed to grow older and sadder.

seemed to grow older and sadder.

Darkness came, and found him thus.

Darkness came, and found him thus.

Then slowly and silently, one by one, stars crept from the folds of night to pasture on the dark fields of azure, and at last, wrapt in an ever-brightening robe of spangled silver, the Moon arose like a pale shepherdess, watching and following her flocks as they shone and fed.

As the eyes of the strange Captain fell upon the silver crook of the Moon, then some three parts wasted, his face seemed to grow paler and more terrible, and he threw up his hands heavenward as if in terror and supplication. He rose

hands heavenward as if in terror and supplication. He rose wildly, and uttered a low, despairing cry; but no answer came to him out of the eternal stillness. Then, panting heavily, like a creature in mortal pain, he turned his hollow eyes on the sea, now lying black and cold, with gleams of dusky argent and mother-of-pearl, and searched it as far as the horizon, as if looking for some dreaded sign. But no sign came. The waters were still as death, with no ship or other moving thing upon them, but the faint throb of their solemn ablution, as they washed the shore, filled the windless air.

He stood thus for some time, waiting and watching; then with feeble limbs and dejected head, he crept slowly towards

the darkened town.

III.-THE FLIGHT.

For several days after that Philip Vanderdecken saw little of Mabel. In the first place, he kept his room until a very late hour each day, and when he did appear seemed moody and preoccupied. He could not avoid noticing, however, that a watch was kept upon him, and that every obstacle was now thrown in the way of his seeing Mabel alone. The little ship-

(Continued on page 19.)

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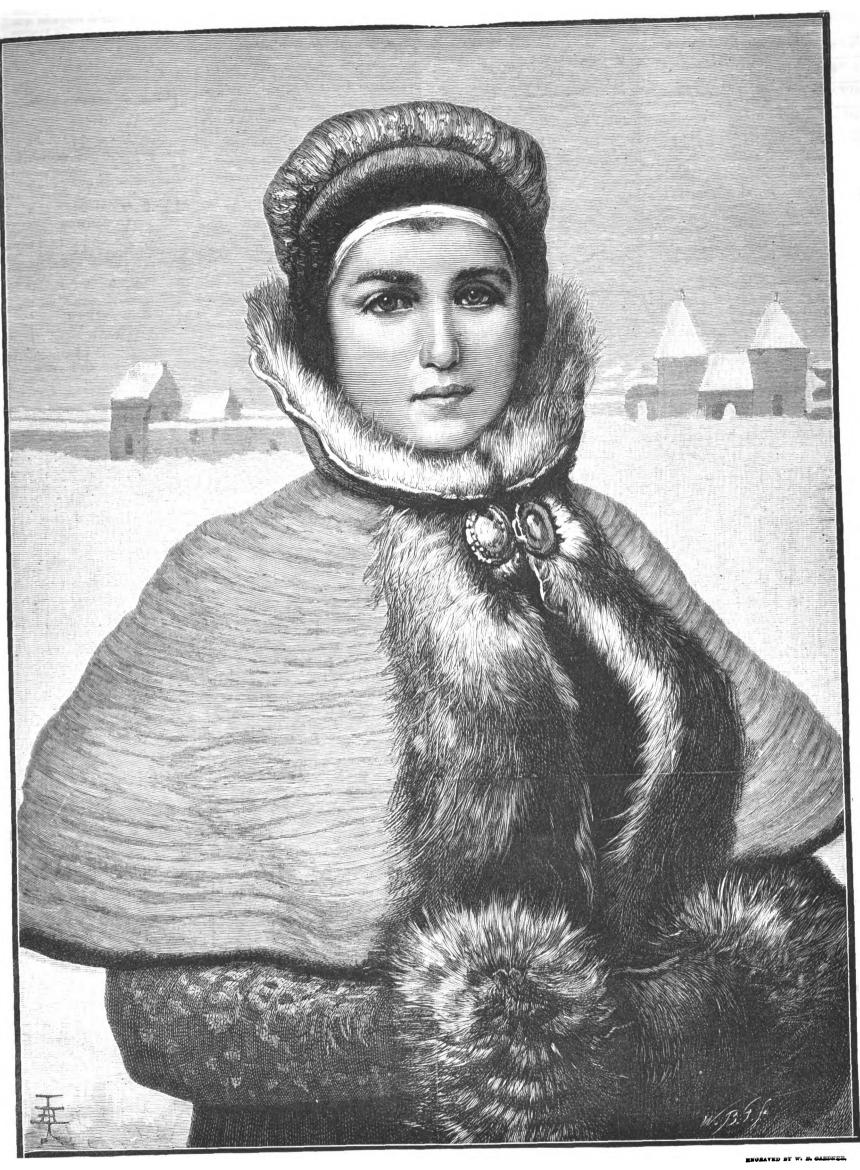
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LOYE ME FOR EVER.

(Continued from page 14.

chandler, though kindly and polite as ever, had become anxious, and after consultation with Antony Reilly, he had even warned his foster-daughter. Somewhat to his surprise, Mabel received the warning with gentle acquiescence; for in truth she herself, much as her heart was implicated, had taken the aların.

There was another point, moreover, which troubled Amos Parr. It was generally considered in the place that his lodger Parr. It was generally considered in the place that his lodger was a suspicious character, and possibly a foreign spy of some sort. The night following his parting with Mabel, a strange ship had been seen off Bartlepool, and a boatfull of armed sailors had rowed in over the bar. On landing, they had been met upon the quay by the strange Captain, and had conversed excitedly in some foreign tongue, which was understood to be Dutch. Before they could be further watched or interrogated they had taken their departure—as mysteriously as they came. To add to Amos's uneasiness, Vanderdecken was still perfectly dumb as to his position, his plans, and his business in the town. But one night, in his absence, an officer and band of coastguard came in and searched his room for papers. They found nothing, however. When questioned by Amos, they refused to give any explanation, but it was clear that their suspicions were excited in some way.

When the stranger, who was absent until close upon day-

break, heard of the domiciliary visit he evinced some agitation, which he mastered speedily. From that time forth his movements were closely watched, to his evident annoyance and

L. IV,

E .

Unfortunately for himself, he had made one powerful enemy in the district—the savage Squire of Lambe's Waste; and it was partly owing to the vigilant dislike of this person that the constguard became active. Lambe was manly enough, or too much ashamed of his own discomfiture, to say nothing of the duel on the sands, though for many days he carried his wounded hand in a sling; but he was not one to rest inactive, when his angry passions were once aroused.

At last, as he returned to the house one morning at sunrise,

Vanderdecken found Mabel risen and alone in the kitchen. He paused at the door, looked round anxiously on every side as if to see whether he was followed, and then entered, closing the door softly behind him. Then he came towards her with

extended arms.

"You are up carly, my darling," he cried, and kissed her. She smiled fondly, but her face seemed very sad

"I could not sleep. It was a wild night, and I thought of you. Why did you not come home?"
"I was away inland, on some business you would not

lerstand. But call me Philip!"
"Philip!"

As she gazed at him, she saw that he was changed. Never had she seen him look so weary, so subdued, and never was his manner so gentle. To her surprise, he sighed heavily, and sank into a chair, as if exhausted.

"O Philip, what is it?" she exclaimed, bending over him.

"It is nothing, he returned, pressing her hand; "I am tired a little, that is all. There were rogues watching me, but I gave them the slip, and ran."

"Why should they watch you?"
"For want of wiser work to do, I suppose." He added somewhat bitterly, "I came to this place for peace, for rest, but they will drive me from it, in my own despite."

She did not understand, but his words hinted at some secret danger. Not daring to question him closely, she clung to him, and waited to see if he would speak. For some minutes, he seemed lost in thought; then raising his head, and speaking with a tenderness unusual to him, he said:
"I was right, Mabel. We shall have to part!"
"To part!" she echoed.

"God knows I would gladly linger here; it hath been like a fair haven, after years of storm. But if I go, do not thou grieve for me! I am not worth it—I am less worthy than even you can dream. You will forget me, my Mabel, and wed some better man.

"I shall never forget you! I shall never wed another!-But you will not go?

He sat trembling, and still holding her hand. All his force

ne sat trembing, and still notting her hand. All his force seemed broken, all his wild abandon of manner had deserted him; and in his eyes there was a dimness, almost like tears.

"I am a villain," he continued; "and I was most a villain, my darling, when I asked you to share my fate. I would have craved your forgiveness ere this, but we have been so little alone. Will you forgive me now?"

"Oh, Philip!" she answered, sobbing.

"Oh, Philip!" she answered, solding.
"Do not weep, Mabel. You were right, and I was wrong. It was an unholy love that filled my evil heart, but you have changed it for ever. When I leave this place—and I must leave it—I shall take with me a blessed memory that, perchance, may save and purify me yet. When I am gone, you will pray for me, will you not, my darling?" will pray for me, will you not, my darling?'

She could have borne his anger, but she could not bear his sorrow. She looked at him through her streaming tears, and cried, out of the fulness of her overburdened heart, and, for-

getting all her doubt and dread,

"Oh! Philip, take me with you!"
He gazed at her steadfastly, as he demanded,
"You would go, my Mabel?"
"Yes; to the world's end!"

"You know not what you say. In linking your lot with mine, you would be preparing for a life of suffering and mortal danger. Itold you I was rich; I lied; for I am practically poor and outcast. I have no home to offer you, no refuge; and, as my life is without anchorage, so is it without honour. Think better of it, and let me depart alone."

"Did you not say I might redeem you, and make you happy? If you leave me, I shall die!"

There are some things worse than death," he answered sadly. "These would be your portion if you followed me! Remember that night when we first met. Remember my namesake, doomed for his sins and crimes. Could you follow such a man as that, even to save his soul from the eternal fire?"

"I could," she answered, looked solemnly upward. "If he repented, I would follow him, as I will follow you." It was with a feeling almost of awe that he now regarded her. Her sweet face seemed to shine with angelic light, and her eyes were steadfast as two stars, with tender, child-like

faith. He was silent, and she continued: "Was it not strange, dear Philip! When first I saw your face, I thought 'twas his, and yet—I was not afraid; and afterwards, when I knew I loved you, I thought I should have

loved you even more, if yours had been a fate as pitiful!"
"You knew me by his name," he returned, "and great as his have been my sins. I am not even worthy to kneel before you and beseech one touch of blessing. I have been a man of blood—a man of crimes without a name—a man for women to loathe and men to shun—or slay! Yes, Mabel, the curse of God is upon me, as upon him, and, like him, I bear the brand

He paused, as if expecting her to shrink from him in terror. She did not shrink, but pressed her hand softly across his hair.

"If you have sinned, you have repented, dear."

"God knows I have! ah yes!"
She bent down softly, and kissed him on the brow.
"God bless you, Philip," she said.
Mastered by her infinite tenderness, he hid his face in his hand; and through his fingers she could see the streaming tears. Then he uncovered his face, and something of the holy

light from hers was reflected upon it.

"And you love me—so much? Wretch as I am, you do not shrink from me? Oh! Mabel, think again! If I were doomed like him of whom you dreamed! If I were outcast for eternity, from man and God!"

Sweetly and unfalteningly her prepare come.

Sweetly and unfalteringly her answer came:
"I would be outcast, too! yes, now and for evermore!"
With a wild sob, he caught her in his arms, and kissed her again and again-reverently, lingeringly, as one loving a holy thing. But even as they embraced thus, with the solemnity of a perfect love upon them, they heard voices overhead, and then footsteps descending from above. His manner changed instantly, and he whispered:

"I must see you alone to-night!—at moonrise, out yonder on the sands! It may be for the last time!"

For a moment she shrunk, hesitating; then, seeing his look of wild entreaty, and strong in the confidence of her own purity and devotion, she replied:

"Yes, I will be there.

The day passed uneventfully, and for the greater part of it Vanderdecken kept his room. He joined the family, however, at their simple mid-day meal, and never had his manner been

so courteous and so gentle.
"I shall be leaving you soon, old friend," he said to his host; "but I shall ever remember how happy you made mehere."
The little ship-chandler, still conscious of his great obligations to the speaker, responded warmly, expressing his constitutions to the speaker, responded warmly, expressing his constitutions to the speaker of appropriately should ever that the acquaintenance begans to appropriately should ever

regret that the acquaintance begun so auspiciously should ever come to an end.
"And that reminds me," he continued, "I have ready for

ou the amount of your generous loan, in notes of the county

He rose, passed up stairs, and returned instantly with the notes in his hand.

Vanderdecken seemed to hesitate, but at last, with something of his old supercilious manner, he crumpled them up and thrust them into his breast-pouch.
"Will you not count them?" asked Amos.

Vanderdecken shrugged his shoulders

"Well, thanks to your nobleness, my luck hath turned," continued Amos, chuckling to himself. "Our cargo has been bought at a good price, and our little ship is ready for another

"Be a wise man," said his guest, coldly, "and run no more fool's risks in future."

The payment of the money, and its very touch, seemed to have transformed him again, and he sat frowning, without any remains of his former affability. Nothing more was said, and the day passed away dismally enough.

etly darkness fell, Vanderdecken wrapped himself in his cloak and left the house, first exchanging a significant look with Mabel. He sallied out into the street, and made his way to the quay, which was quite deserted. There he stood looking out to sea for some time; then, turning back in his own footprints, he crossed the square, strolled through the town, and took the footpath leading to the seashore.

There was a lonely stretch of sand, well known to Mabel and himself, and close to the watered meadow where they had been seen by Captain Seth. Here he waited, while the moon

rose and filled the quiet night with dusky beams.

At last he heard a light footstep, and in another moment

Mabel had leapt into his arms.
"I have come, dear Philip, but I cannot stay long." She added, looking round somewhat nervously, "When I left the town, methought there was some one following, for there were footsteps behind me."

"It was, doubtless, your fancy, and, at any rate, you are now safe with me. Come, dearest, I have much to say to you."

They walked along side by side, his arm encircling her waist, along the sand, their frames wrapt in the moonlight and casting shadows black as ink on the silver sand. It was

a happy time for both! The peace and consecration of the stillness was upon them, and a heavenly rapture was throbbing in their hearts

"First, while I think of it," said the lover, "let me give you what is yours. You saw your father return me that money—I have kept it safe for you." He drew the notes from his breast, and would have put

them in her hand.
"But it is not mine," she cried.
"O Philip, do not think
of it—I cannot take it."

of it—I cannot take it."
"I never thought to have it returned, and I have no use for it. If I kept it, it would be to waste in folly. Take it, I

But finding she would not be persuaded, he at last returned the notes to his pocket. Then he said, pressing her closer to him:

"Mabel, this is our last night together. To-morrow I

must go away."
"Oh, Philip! you will not go!"

"Alas, I must. I have thought it all over, and it is better that I should go. I thought I should be safe here, but every hour I linger is full of danger."

Again she uttered her loving appeal: "O Philip! take me with you!"

"No, Mabel," he answered, and his face was set in firm olve. "I once thought of it, but then—I was another n. Your love has changed me. I came but as a shadow resolve. in your life; I shall depart, and the sunshine will come to you

"Never without you! O Philip, do not speak so cruelly!" He stooped and kissed her, and his eyes were dim with tears; but when he spoke his voice was firm, and full of grave

"Before we part, my darling, let me tell you what you have done for me, and then, perhaps, you will know that I am kind, not cruel. Before I saw your face and learned to love you I had no faith in human goodness, but thought all things evil, and most evil the light hearts of women. I hated my fellows, and I was in revolt against God. Well, that is all over. Two blessed things have come to me, my darling—the over. I wo desired things have come to me, my darning—the power to love, the power to pray; and God, in answer to my prayers, has taught me how to act. The love that sacrifices itself is blesseder—nay, even happier—than the love that gains. I shall not mar your life by linking it with mine. I shall leave

you, but I shall not lose you. No, no: for God is good!"

He paused, his voice broken with deep emotion, and on his face fell the full light of the moon, blessing and beautifying it. She could not speak, for she was sobbing wildly.

He continued:—

"I shall go to suffering, perhaps to death, but not, this time, to sin or shame. Whatever happens, whatever you may hear of me or of my past life, remember that—I am saved through you. On this earth I do not think we shall ever meet

again-and it is better so; but, perchance, we shall meet hereafter, with God. As the years roll on, and my face becomes dimmer and more strange, I shall become to you as a sad, strange memory. You will find another of your own people, worthier far; but you will pray for me, my Mabel, and you will teach your children to pray for me, will you not? That will be my best blessing, and as the answer to my own prayers, which chell rice for your and yound night that is all. which shall rise for you and yours day and night, that is all that I shall ask."

She could not answer him, her heart was too full; but she clung around him, crying and despairing. It was a supreme moment, full of that happiness which comes only of great sorrow, and which is better and diviner than any mere gladness that can fill the hearts of men. For now they both knew, then and for ever, the consecration of the love which is not carthly, but divines which shideth all things suffereth all things. but divine; which abideth all things, suffereth all things, hopeth all things, because it knows, whatever may befall, that God hath made it and sanctified it.

Suddenly, as they stood together, Mabel started and listened, for a sound like hurrying footsteps had broken upon

her ear.
"Oh, hark!" she cried.

Almost at the same instant there came a hurried tramp, a rush of dark figures towards them, and a loud voice crying, "Take him—alive or dead!"

With a cry, Vanderdecken drew his sword, and found him-self instantly attacked by a number of armed coastguardsmen.

Mabel screamed aloud, and stood wringing her hands.

What followed she scarcely knew; but she was faintly conscious of her lover's powerful form struggling with and striking against great odds. Shrieks and oaths filled the air, shots were fired, swords flashed; but in as brief a space as it takes to write these words. it takes to write these words, Vanderdecken had fought his way through his captors, and flown for life towards the neighbouring sand-hills. They followed, but did not seem to succeed in gaining upon him, for he was very fleet of foot; and though they fired at his retreating figure, he did not seem to be touched. As they disappeared, pursuing him, Mabel looked up and saw one of the party still remaining close to her, and at the first glance she recognised the Squire of Lambe's Waste.
"Courage, Mistress Mabel!" he said with mock courtesy.

"The rogue will be taken!"
"O Sir, what mean you?" she cried wildly. "Why would they harm him? What hath he done?"

Lambe shrugged his shoulders, and laughed.
"A price is upon his head in his own country, and all true Dismiss the rascal from your thought. Come, shall I see you home?" liegemen of the King are warned to give him up if need be.

She shrank from him in horror, and when he approached as if to touch her the expression of her face disconcerted even him. With her heart bursting in her bosom, and tears streaming down her face, she hastened in the direction of the town. Half an hour afterwards she tottered into the house, where Amos and Martha were sitting, alarmed at her absence, and, with a low cry, fell like a corpse upon the floor.

By daybreak next day, the little town was full of the news that the strange Captain was wanted by the King's officers, to be given over as a corpus vile to the authorities of his own country, and to be tried for his life on charges of murder and piracy on the high seas. He had been traced to Bartlepool, where he had been in hiding, and where he had been for some time an object of suspicion to the local authorities. But the attempt to capture him had failed-that night, at least. He was somewhere in hiding, however, and would doubtless be speedily arrested.

The next day the house of Amos Parr was searched by a detachment of coastguardsmen; but of course without any result. The family was warned to give information to the result. The family was warned to give information to the authorities at once, should he return and attempt to take

All that day Mabel wandered to and fro like a mad woman watching, listening, waiting, fearing to hear some dreadful news. She heard with indifference the various wild rumours concerning her lover's character; if she believed, she did not heed them, for her soul was confident in the belief of his goodness of heart and regeneration. Again and again she knelt, weeping, and prayed for him in passionate despair.

Half an hour after midnight, the night following, as Mabel sat in the old chamber with her father and foster-sister, a tap

came to the window. Mabel sprang up with a cry, thinking perhaps it was her lover returned at last. She threw open the casement, and who should leap in but Antony Reilly?

The moment he entered, he smiled and nodded; then, closing the window carefully, he laughed and snapped his fingers. Then, while they looked at him in astonishment, he addressed his foster-child.

"Don't be distressed any more, darlint," he cried; and added, sinking his voice a little, "The quare Captain's safe!" She uttered a joyful cry, and stretched out her arms to him. "First give me a drop to keep out the could," he said, and I'll tell you all about it!"

The inevitable case-bottle being on the table, he wasked over and helped himself to a glass, smiling pleasantly to himself, as if at the recollection of some amusing adventure. Then, seating himself, he drew Mabel to him, and said:

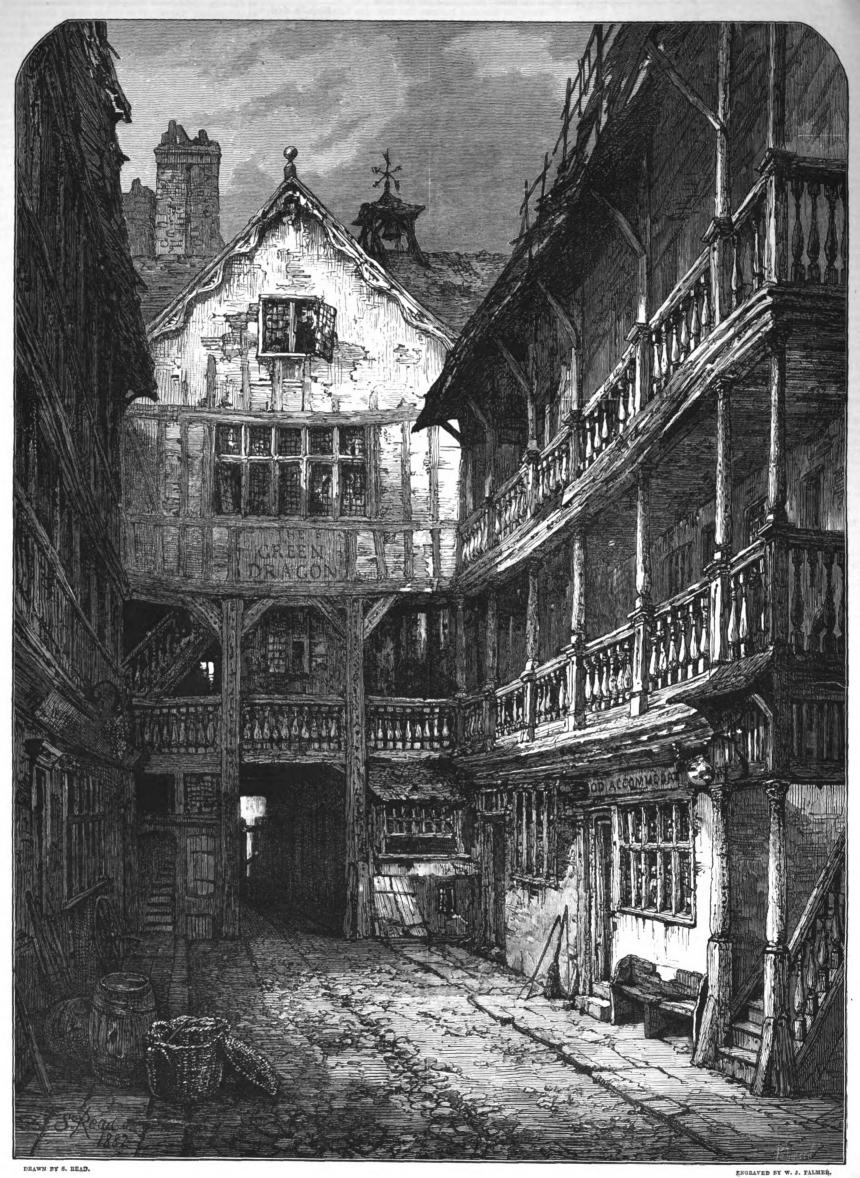
Then, seating himself, he drew Mabel to him, and said:

"He's safe on the say, good luck to him, and this was how it came about. Last night, when the blackguards were after him, he came across an ould smuggling rogue who never did a good deed but onst—and you know when that was, darlint! Now the ould rogue had been angry wid him, by the same token that he was trying to stale away the heart of a little colleen; but when he saw him pale and bleeding, wid the thieves of the world afther him, the ould rogue relinted, and browing all the cares and holes between here and Flamses. knowing all the caves and holes between here and Flamsca Head, he hid him away snug in one of them. Look at that now! The blackguards searched all night long, and twenty times, darlint, they walked over the very ground where the ould rogue and the quare Captain were hid away, like rabbits in a hole!"

"God bless you, father Antony!" cried Mabel, kissing his hands. "And he is safe, quite safe, you say?" "Don't be bothering of me!" returned Antony, with twinkling eyes. "Now, why wouldn't he be safe, when such an ould regue as that, wid as many corners as a rat to run in, had the hiding av him? He lay snug all day, and sure he didn't miss the taste of a dhrop of spirits to keep him warm. Well, then he tould the ould rogue that there was a ship coming this very night to take him away. The place was the Cormorant's Point, close to the Wantle Reef, and he was to signal from the shore. Well, what did the ould rogue do, but take care that, when night came, the blackguards of coastguards were running many miles inland, like dogs on a false scent. Well, night came, and, thank the Lord, it was dark as my grandmother's black cow. The quare Captain kept snug, and the ould rogue kept watch. Sure enough, before the stroke of even, he saw the lights of a ship two miles off the shore; and as the Captain had tould him, he fired two shots out of a gun. Then the quare Captain came running out, and they went down to the Cormorant's Point, and they hadn't stood there many minutes before they heard the sound of oars. Then the ould rogue



HE STOOPS TO CONQUER.



THE GREEN DRAGON IN CHANCERY.

h ld up a light to guide them, and the boat came in, and in a minute the quare Captain was jabbering to his friends—a mighty ugly crew they looked, by that token. Then he stepped into the boat, but not before he'd given the ould rogue's hand a squeeze for thanks, and bid him take his blessing to a certain poor little colleen, who might be onaisy about him, somewhere on shore.'

Mabel wept, partly for joy, but partly for sorrow, for she felt that the parting had come indeed. Amos Parr looked relieved and glad.

"I'm glad he has escaped," he said. "Whatever he has been, he saved me from ruin—I shall never forget that!"
"More power to him!" cried Antony exuberantly. "And

more confusion to the blackguards that missed him! on me. "What ship's lights are those?" they said, looking out to sea, suspicious like. 'Ship's lights,' said I, quite innocent, 'you must be dreaming.' Then they turned on me Dutchman. 'Is it me's said I. 'You know he's wanted,' they said; 'there's a price upon his head.' Then I couldn't help speaking up for him. 'There may be a price,' I said, 'but bad luck to him that takes it. He's a gentleman every inch of him. inch of him: and if he is a Dutchman, don't blame him, but his father and mother—who never axed his opinion where he'd like to be born!' They went away swearing, and when they were gone, I came along without delay, to tell you all about it!"

IV.-MABEL IS LEFT ALONE.

So the strange Captain disappeared from Bartlepool, leaving

at least one heart the sorer and the sadder.

The ghost of her old self, Mabel wandered about the lonely house, praying and dreaming to herself. Her face was pale and worn, and her eyes were full of a strange hunger, and the image of a beloved face floated ever before her, like a phantom from a fairer world. Her foster-father and sister watched her with deep anxiety, and Antony Reilly tried in vain to comfort her. Her soul was no longer in that peaceful place, but far away with him—far away upon the dark waters. One companion she had—the book containing the old legend; and she read it again and again, as if it were Holy Writ, for it called up the vision she adored, and filled her with a faint, mysterious hope. As the days advanced, she found it more and more difficult to separate the picture of him she loved from the dreampicture of his namesake; and often, sleeping or half awake, she heard the ocean roar, and saw the fatal Vessel flash by, and saw from its shadowy deck the flashing of her lover's living

Several weeks after the stranger's disappearance, two packets, bearing the mark of a small seaport in Holland, reached the ship-chandler's house. One was addressed to Amos Parr, and when opened was found to contain a roll of English bank notes (the very same, indeed, which Amos had paid to his guest), together with this writing:—

"Take these back from me, and add them to the dower of your faster-child, Mabel Parr. I give them to her as the last legacy of one who brought her much sorrow, but who would gladly atone."

There was no signature.

There was no signature. The second package was simply a letter, addressed to "Mistress Mabel Parr, at the house of Amos Parr, the ship-

chandler, at Bartlepool, England. It ran as follows: —

"Forget me if you may; forgive me if you can; but, for my sake, be happy. Though I am far sway, I can see you from afar, the one star of my lonely life, shining patiently across the sea. Think well of him who was downed by hate, and was to be saved by lore—by a love as patient and as pure as yours. And so, with all blessings, farewell !-Philip."

That was all. To the eyes of all but one the words were strange and wild enough, but to those of Mabel they were full of beautiful meaning. She was not forgotten.

of beautiful meaning. She was not forgotten.

There was in the disposition of this simple girl a curious firmness of resolve, a strange tenacity of opinion. Having once decided instinctively on any way of thinking, it seemed quite impossible for her to change; and her love was, therefore, subject to no aberrations of mood. Whence she derived this fidelity of character, we cannot say; certainly there was little in her upbringing to teach it to her; and it is more than possible that it was an hereditary acquisition, derived from a perfect father or mother, perhaps from both. Blood, saith the proverb, is thicker than water; and science teaches us that many of our noblest predispositions, and sometimes the whole "set" of the moral nature, come even from our remote ancestry. Be that as it may, Mabel was what we have painted her —a maiden who threw into all her deeper feelings, and now, most of all, into her love, the tenacious devotion of a religieuse.

So, instead of taking the world into her confidence, and wailing very loudly over what was lost, she seemed to resign wailing very loudly over what was lost, she seemed to resign herself to the peaceful current of her former life, avoiding company, seeking consolation in her own thoughts and dreams. Her love was too precious a possession to show to others; she kept it as a secret crystal, or consecrated beryl, to be regarded only by her own spiritual vision. Nor was it altogether a sad, or a disturbing, possession. Out of love's sorrow, perhaps, however cruel, there always comes more pleasure than pain,—
if we do not measure pleasure as the base measure it by the if we do not measure pleasure, as the base measure it, by the mere enjoyment of the senses. To her thenceforth, whatever might befall, the world was made holy through suffering,

beautiful through affection. Not Death could alter that, now.

Nevertheless, as the days were on, her friends regarded her with deep anxiety; for the strong, steadfast light which Love hal lit within her was burning far too constantly, and beginning to consume the delicate physical frame which en-circled it. She grew thinner and paler, and her foot fell more feebly upon the ground; nor, though she took long walks by the sea, ever loving to gaze upon it and listen to its music, did its breezes convey to her cheek the hues of health.

Months passed away, and summer came; but she did not brighten; but her look seemed more listening and expectant. It is little matter for surprise that, as her bodily health waned, her mental health began to suffer too. She began to be conscious of visions—not sleeping merely, but waking; and finally, by sheer fatality, the one vision which continually haunted her was that which had first come to her out of the old Legend. She could no longer distinguish clearly between the Vanderdecken whom she had known and loved and the Vanderdecken of popular superstition; they become one and the same of deemed up. superstition; they became one and the same—a doomed, unhappy creature, sailing for ever on a sea of storm and pursued

by the wrath of God.
Under these circumstances, her imagination fed more and more upon the precious book. She had it by heart, every line of the record, every picture, and every word. She remembered the conditions of the miserable wanderer's salvation ;-that she who loved and would save him must sail forth to seek him in the great Ocean, and, when his ship was found, must row into it in a boat with her own hands, leap upon the deck alone, and call upon her lover thrice in the name of Christ the Lord.

As the year began to wane again, and leaves to fall, and cold winds to blow, her hunger became deeper and wilder, till she could no longer rest in peace. Then came a time of darkness and mystery, in which, seized by some sickness and yielding to delirium, she seemed to lose her sense of the solid world.

Much that followed was strange and terrible to her, and for a long space she could scarcely determine what was real and what was dream.

PART IV. THE LONELY DEEP.

A weary space of time had passed away. A ship was sailing upon the lonely deep, far from any land.

Away on the dim horizon line day was breaking—a dull

orange streak deepening to crimson, beneath a sky as black as Already, in some mysterious way, the ripples by the waves were beginning to sparkle, like grains of salt, with the luminousness of the sun that had not yet risen.

To the group of sailors gathered forwards on the deck, came Captain Scth Stapleton, just emerged from his cabin,

and smiling good humouredly.

"A merry Christmas, lads!"

"A merry Christmas to you, Sir, and many of 'em!"

"We'll make it as merry as we can. I've given orders to serve out a double allowance of grog all round" "Three cheers for the Cap'n!"
"And harkee, lads, the missus is in the cook's galley,

makin' something as will surprise you!"

So saying, he walked up to the steersman, glanced at the compass, and noted the course they were steering. Meanwhile,

compass, and noted the course they were steering. Meanwhile, one of the group in the forecastle, an old weather-beaten sailor, was muttering gloomily to himself:

"A better Cap'n never sailed! I 've only one fault agin him—that he went and got spliced last woyage!"

"Why not, Ben?" asked a young seaman.

"Why not? Cos a sailor ought to be married to his wessel, and no one else. Then, to make things wuss, he's brought his wife aboard, and, as if that warn't enough, another mad faymale with her." faymale with her.

"Look at what luck they've brought us!" said the young

"Fair wind and fine weather so far; but we aint landed yet, mates, and we're coming to them regions where the Flying Dutchman sails."

They were standing close to the cabin skylight, and Mabel, who was below, heard every word they said. It all seemed like a dream. Opposite to her, looking sadly at her, was Antony Reilly, and he was saying in a low voice, half addressing her, half talking to himself:

"Is it on dry land I am, or on the salt say? I swore never

to go to say again, but what could I do when my own darlint said to me, 'Father Antony, it's to say I'm going, and I'll never rest till I find him alive or dead? Ah, gramachree, it's just wild and mad ye are, chasing a ghost, running up and down the lonely wather after your own shadow. God help ye, my child-and keep ye from the Divil-I mane the Flying Dutchman.

Mabel looked at him fixedly, and at first her brain seemed to wander, and then she remembered all. Yes, the lover who had come to her that Christmas Eve a year before was, indeed, the doomed Captain, and she had come forth to seek him on the great Ocean, trusting God to guide her through the waters to him. And what strange changes had come about in a year? Her brain seemed to wander again as she thought of them. Captain Seth had married Martha, and was master of a great ship, sailing between England and America; and, at Mabel's entreaty, he had taken her with him, along with Antony, her foster-father; and, though they were all so gentle with her, she saw by their pitying eyes that they thought her mad. Sometimes, indeed, she thought so too; for her memory would fade, and their faces would vanish into air, and she would

seem to be lying, sick and weary, in her little room at home.

Yet it was all true! so strangely true!—and she was to save him, though she died so doing. Ah! but they had sailed and sailed for days, for weeks—it seemed to her for years—and had scarcely seen a sail. Perchance she would never find him; the waters were so wild and vast!

She crept up the cabin stairs, and came out upon the cold The purple ball of the sun was just peeping over the horizon, and the sea was sparkling from wave to wave.

And there on the deck, standing and looking at her so

strangely, were Martha, and Captain Seth, and her gentle foster-father!

"Mabel, dear, are you better?" asked Martha.
How strange her voice sounded! It seemed like a voice in a dream.

"I am quite well," answered Mabel. "What day is this, father Antony?

My darlint, it's Christmas morning!'

"And we have been for months on the ocean, and have seen-nothing "Barrin' flying fish-and porpoises-and now and then a

ship."
"But not his ship!" she mouncd. "'Twas the same last voyage-always the same bright calm water and the same quiet

sky. It wearies me to death! It breaks my heart! Oh, that the winds would blow a hurricane, and waft me on to him!"

Here Captain Seth, who had been looking thoughtfully

towards the rising sun, said suddenly,
"You're likely to have your wish, lass—leastways, I don't like the look of them clouds. It's going to blow out of the sun, and we'll lighten her a bit."

He walked forward, and immediately she heard a shouting,

a tramping of feet along the deck.
"All hands aloft to shorten sail!"

Then she heard in the air a murmur as of the rising wind, and from the sea a sound as of troubled water. She ran to the vessel's side and looked over.

"See!" she cried joyfully. "The waves are beginning to rise!"

They seemed to think her mad still; else why did they touch her gently, and try to lead her below? But she would not stir. Her heart leaped gladly at sight of the rising storm. "Look, what small bird is that, flying hither and thither in

"Look, what small bird is that, flying hither and thither in the trough of the waves? It is the storm petrel, that only comes when tempest is brewing. And, hark! what's that?"

"Only the wind, Mabel," said Antony, in her ear.

"It sounds like a voice—his voice—out yonder on the ocean, crying 'Come hither! save me! Philip, my love!" she continued, stretching out her arms and crying, "I am coming! I am coming! "

"Wheesht, mavourneen! there's no one to hear ye!"

"He can hear me," she replied. "As his voice is wafted to me, so is mine to him!"

"To the Flying Dutchman, is it? God help ye, child!"

"Don't look at me like that, and turn your head away.

"Don't look at me like that, and turn your head away. Father Antony, you think that I dream—that I am mad!"

"Not mad entirely," he replied, soothingly: "but it's in love ye are, and that's a kind of madness, anyhow. O mavourneen, it makes my heart ache to hear you cry and to see

your pale face ever growing paler and paler, and to know what vexes your poor herr; is all a drame. Sure, I never married myself, but I thought ye'd marry some bould gentleman and make me a grandfather without the thrubble of a wife; and now you're running up and down the earth after your own

shadow, and ye'll never catch it, for fast as you fly, the crathur flies before

crathur flies before!"

How sadly and pitying he gazed at her, and how weary and grey he scemed! And while he was speaking his voice seemed to grow fainter, and to be lost in the roaring of the wind.

The ship was now sailing along under easy sail before the gale which came from the east like blast from a furnace; before her lay a great dimness; and behind, the crimson she stood clinging to the bullwarks and losting the stood clinging to the bullwarks and losting. of the sun. She stood clinging to the bulwarks, and looking at the leaping waves. Was it her dream also, that they took the likeness of flashing faces and waving arms, as in some tempestuous dance of death? Sometimes, as the vessel rose and fell upon the tossing waves, she seemed to swoon away, and be again lying on some tumbled bed on land; but ever when she opened her eyes again, there were the rushing waters, and the weath-r-beaten ship, and the round eye of the sun glaring with baleful light.

How long they sailed thus she could not tell; but it seemed How long they said thus she could not ten; but it seemed a long, long time. All at once, however, without a moment's warning, it became black dark—so dark that she could not see an inch before her eyes. She felt the deck rolling beneath her feet—that was all. And the wind fell as suddenly as the darkness had fallen, so that she could hear the sails flapping loose overhead.

Then she heard voices.

All hands forrard!"

"Aye, aye!"
Presently she saw a red light coming to her along the

resently she saw a red light coming to her along the deck—Captain Seth carrying a lantern.

"The wind's dropped dead still," he said (how faintly his voice sounded!); "and we've run into a black mist. I hope it isn't a land fog, that's all. Anyhow, we've tried the lead, and can't find soundings."

Then she heard another voice- that of her foster-father-

whispering, Is there danger, think you?"

"I don't like this here fog—it aint in the way of nature.

If there is danger, Old Nick's at the bottom of it!" 'Old Nick?

"Leastways, his namesake-the Flying Dutchman!"

The name seemed like a spell. A faint, mysterious light, like the earliest gleam of dawn, spread suddenly through the air. The sea grew dimly phosphorescent. Then Mabel, fixing her eyes on the wall of darkness, saw there the luminous outline of a vessel under full sail. It trembled and changed, flashed and faded, like a spectre cast by a magic-lanthorn.

"Look! look!" she cried, pointing. "A ship!"

"Where?"

"There—close to us!"

"A vessel, sure enough," cried the Captain; "and not five ships' lengths away. Forrard there!"

Then the sailors came aft murmuring together, and clustered around the Captain.

"La them extensive around."

Is there steering way upon her?"

"No—she's drifting abeam in the fog."
"Look at that ship! We're drifting down upon her.

Ship ahoy!"
Was it fancy, or did a faint cry, like an echo, come from the distance—"Ship ahoy!"
"Look how she's tossing and rolling, though the sea here is smooth as glass."
""Cook how comin!" said Antony's voice.

"Spake her again!" said Antony's voice.
"Ship ahoy!"

Again the faint ccho-"Ship shoy!"

Again the faint echo—"Ship ahoy!"
"What ship's that?" said the echo, and as it died away,
it was followed by a sound like mocking laughter.
"Powers above," said Antony, "do you hear that?"
"Hear it?" cried the Captain; "aye, and I know what it
means. Look at the blue light in her rigging and the glimmer

of her masts. That's no ship sailed by flesh and blood. It's the Flying Dutchman!"

His voice rose to a scream, and was answered again by that distant laughter. The sailors fell upon their knees, hiding their faces in terror. But Mabel now knew that the hour of her prayer was come. She strained her eyes at the vision, and saw the outline of the ship grow clearer and more terrible, while the ghostly light grew, and the sea seemed like a liquid

"Philip!" she cried, and would have sprung over the vessel's side, had not gentle hands seized and detained her.

"Keep her back!" she cried "Let me go to him!"

"Do not touch me!" she eried. "Let me go to him!" She saw them gathered around her, looking at her in

"The sea is still as glass," she said, "and the ship waits there as if anchored in the bay. See, how close; Captain Seth, do not part us now! Let me go to him!"

"Go to him—how?"

"Launch a boat, and let me go to him!"

"To your death? No, no!"
"Not to death, but life!" she cried. "Hear me, pity me, help me! If this hour passes by and we do not meet, we shall be lost for ever, he and I. Father Antony, speak for me—do not break my heart! Do not let me die before your face. I have no fear. Let me go to him! let me go to him!"

Her voice rose wailing upon the air, and, overpowered by emotion, her senses seemed to swoon away. When she next

became conscious, the figures of the crew were crowding round her, and Antony was looking at her with his kind, sad eyes.
"Is it your wish, darlint, before God?" she heard him ask.

"Yes! yes!"
"Ye'll die if we deny ye?"

"It will kill me, Father Antony."
"Then come, darlint," he said, taking her hand; and she saw that the bulwarks were open, and that a small boat was saw that the bulwarks were open, and that for the Physical Control of the Physical Open Co She looked for the Phantom tossing at the ship's side. She looked for the Phantom Vessel!—and lo, it was grown so dim, and seemed so far away, that its outline seemed scarcely distinguishable. She leaped into the boat, and would have taken the oars, but lo! there was Antony again in the boat with her, and still looking at her with his sad eyes

"Father Antony, I must go without you."
"No, darlint, we'll go together."
"Then only as far as the ship's side. My help is useless

. !

unless I stand upon the decks alone."

"God bless ye, darlint! I'll row you there with my own hands. When your work's done, I'll be ready to bring your back, or to die along wid my child."

They were out upon the gleaming waters. Square walls of darkness seemed on every side of them, and against one wall, like black cloud, the vision of the ship was playing like lightning—like liquid lightning with a shape and form. Mabel was scated in the stern of the boat, eagerly bending forward. Antony was rowing, with his back to the ghastly ship. And (how strange it seemed), as fast as he rowed, the water seemed to suck the boat back, while his arms seemed weaker and weaker, and he panted for breath.

and weaker, and he panted for breath.

"Quicker! quicker!" she cried.

"Is it there still, darlint?" he asked, leaning on his oars.

"Yes. Look!"

"I've a stitch in my neck, and daren't turn my head. There's time yet! Let's turn, darlint!"
"No, no-hasten on!"

"You won't go back. Say your prayers, then. I'm trimbling like a leaf, and the more I row, the more the water seems to take the strength out of my ould arms.

What was that, coming so faint, yet so distinct, above the sound of wind and water? She heard it distinctly—a voice

calling her own name.
"Mabel! Mabel!"

With a wild cry of joy, she stood up in the boat and answered, "Philip!"—and instantly, to her wonder, the power that had held the boat back seemed to slacken, and they were flying at lightning speed towards the Phantom Vessel. She could feel the thrill of some strange force drawing them nearer and nearer, as a needle is drawn to the loadstone; and water and mist seemed troublously moving and drifting with them, as a river streaming and shooting towards a fall.

And still she felt no fear; only a wild, supernatural

exaltation.

As they drew nearer, the luminous outline on the wall of As they drew hearer, the luminous outline on the wall of darkness grew dimmer, but she saw distinctly the masts and sails of a vessel, rocking up and down in great, smooth waves. The closer she approached, the less ghostly it appeared, till she saw that it was a large, long vessel, barque-rigged, with a very low, black hull, a high, old-fashioned poop, and tapering masts. The sails were torn and old, but dripped with a kind of faint phesphorescence, and the body of the vessel, where it touched the water seemed covered with slimy weeds. The touched the water, seemed covered with slimy weeds. decks seemed crowded with shadowy figures, but they did not

Almost before she could think again, she was close under its side,—and the bulwarks were open, and strange faces were gazing down upon her.

"Ship ahoy!" said Antony; and she saw hands stretched out to assist her up the vessel's side.

As she sprang up to do so, Antonyuttered a despairing groan. "Darlint, take me with you!" he said; then seeing her look of reproach and entreaty, he murmured, "Kiss me, then,

before ye lave me!"

He folded her in his arms and kissed her, while the boat

rose and fell on the great waves.
"God and his saints watch over you!"

There was a sound like low thunder, as, assisted by ghastly hands, she sprang up on the deck, which was firm and solid beneath her feet. She looked around her. On every side were scamen, so strangely, quaintly dressed!—but not one of them moved or looked at her! Some gazed up vacantly at the releasing sails of there here to year the years? gleaming sails, others bent over the vessel's side, others leant against the masts, and all were very pale, with faces like those of drowned men that she had seen. At the helm was one old, old seaman, with a white beard that reached to his breast, and a face like wax, and glassy eyes that were fixed on vacancy. Yet all the crew, despite their death-like pallor and strange supernatural stillness, had a ghastly oddity. Some wore Some wore quaint sugar-loaf hats, and some red cotton nightcaps; and many held in their mouth quaint pipes of wood. They were little broad-set men for the most part, with round faces and pale blue eves.

She advanced upon the deck, stretching out her hands. "Where is the Captain of this ship?" she said. They didn't answer. They did not even look at her.

The yeasel rose and fell softly on the sea.

She moved to one who stood near her, and touched him on the sleeve; he was looking up at the sails, and he did not even turn his head. It was like touching a dead man, a man dead Her dread and horror deepened; and she moved along the deck; and it seemed to her that the spectral scamen, though they did not stir, all followed her with their eyes.

Who was this standing in the centre of the vessel, and leaning against the mast? A tall man, with a face like marble, and rings of gold in his ears. She knew him in a moment, though his face was so worn, and his hair so wild and grey. It was he, her lover, whom she had come to seek.

But why did he not gaze at her? Why did he not turn and welcome her with one look or word? He stood leaning wearily against the mast, his eyes vacant, his form as nerveless as any

"Philip!" the said, and touched him. "Philip!"

He did not seem to hear. It was like touching a man long

The stillness was deeper and more dreadful; not a sound was heard of wind or sea, though she still felt the troubled motion beneath her feet. She spoke to him again, and would have put her arms about him, but she was afraid. Then, sick and despairing, she sunk upon her knees beside him, and

prayed aloud for him in the name of Christ the Lord.

What was that? Even as she prayed she seemed to hear from across the sea a sound like Christmas bells! She looked up at her lover. Did she dream, or did he begin to move; moving his head from side to side like one awaking from sleep !- and did the seamen, who had been so still, move from

their posts and pass like shadows to and fro?

"Philip, it is Christmas Day!" she said. "Our Lord hath sent me to you, this happy day, when He was born."

Again the bells ringing, louder and louder!—and then a

sound as of happy voices singing the Christmas hymn: "Hark the herald angels sing! Glory to our new-born King! Peace on earth, goodwill to men! Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

She looked up into his face. Yes, he was listening! On every side of her the crew were clustering and listening too. As the last notes of the hymn died away, he looked down upon her, smiled, and held out his arms.

She sprang up, and fell sobbing on his breast.

At that moment, it seemed as if the bells clashed out again, and imnumerable voices sang the celestial hosanna; but even then all grew dark as night, and, with a shock like carchquake, the vessel was rent asunder.

The waters boiled up beneath her, the vessel sank like lead, and, still elinging to her lover, she was swept, as by the maelstrom, deep down into the darkness of the sea.

PART V. THE SECOND CHRISTMAS EVE.

I .- THE SHADOW IN THE SICK-ROOM.

Was she waking or dreaming? Wti the wild sound of bells in her ears, she opened her eyes, and lo! she was lying in her own little room at home, and a bright light, streaming in through the window that looked upon the sea, was creeping towards her across the floor, till it touched like a white hand

She stretched out her own white hand, and felt the warm

she stretched out her own white hand, and reit the warm beam, wondering and listening; for hark! the bells were still ringing clearly, as if very far away. She turned her head, moaning, on her pillow. Who was that sitting between her and the window quietly reading in a

book? She looked up, and Mabel recognised Martha, her fostersister, and, looking at her wildly, named her name Martha rose and gently arranged the pillow underneath her

head. "Martha, is it you? Where am I? What hath happened,

dear?' She spoke so faintly that the other could scarcely catch the

words.
"Hush!" said Martha; and like a tired child, Mabel closed her eyes. She felt so weak and weary, and even when she opened her eyes, her head went round. But presently she started and spoke again.

'Philip! it is I! I have come to you! O Philip, speak to

Then opening her eyes, she saw Martha bending over her.

"Martha, where is he? where is my Philip? Methought I held him in my arms, and that we sank into the deep sea together. And the angels were singing, oh so sweetly, and the bells were ringing. Hark! they are ringing now!"

"Lie and rest, dear."

"Lie and rest, dear."

"Whose hand is this I am holding? Is it Philip's?"

'Nay, it is mine--do you not know me, your sister The blue eyes opened, and the sad face smiled sadly and

faintly.
"Yes, I know you; but where is Philip?" she murmured, closing her eyes again; and after a little space she asked,

"Why are the bells ringing?"
"'Tis the church bells," answered Martha. "'Tis the Sabbath, and to-morrow is Christmas Day."

"Methought that Christmas Day had come and gone. Why am I lying here

Something like a tear fell on her thin wasted hand, that trembled on the coverlet.

You have been very, very ill—but you are better now." "How did I come back? I was out there upon the sea, with Captain Seth in his ship, and I found my Philip, and, just as we embraced, the Phantom Vessel faded away."
You have been dreaming, dear."

"Only dreaming? Perchance, then, I am dreaming still? How sweet the bells sound? It is time to rise and go to church

and pray."

She half rose on her pillow, and tried to quit the bed; but Martha's gentle arms crept round her, and, with a sigh, she sank wearily back. Then the room and the sunlight faded away, and she sank again into a sleep like death. She lay thus for an hour; but to her bewildered sense it seemed only a few rainutes, and when she opened her eyes again her father Antony was standing near her, looking worn and sad, just as she had seen him in her dream.

"Father Antony, is it you?"
"It's me, darlint!"

She looked at him long and wearily.

"Why are you crying, father Antony?"
"Crying, is it?" answered the kindly voice in broken

"Crying, is it?" answered the kindly voice in broken tones. "Sure I'm not crying, but laughing like to split—to see the little colleen so bright and well. Praise be to the Lord, you'll soon be running about again!"

She stretched out her hands, and he took them and kissed them gently. If he was not crying, why were his eyes so wet, and why did the warm dew trickle upon her fingers? And, feeling the soft touch, she could not help crying too.

"Don't you cry, darlint, for the love of God!"

"Don't you cry, darlint, for the love of God!"
But she sobbed like a little child, scarcely knowing why; and, sobbing thus, her spirit wandered away into darkness

Yes, it was only a dream. Worn with her one haunting thought, Mabel had fallen into a low fever, and for many a long day she had been fluttering between death and life. Often, by the wild words she uttered as they watched by her bedside, they knew that her soul was far away upon the ocean, following some visionary quest. They watched her with unwearying love and devotion, hoping against hope. The local leech whom they called in, a man skilled in herbs, was fearful that she would never recover, or that if she recovered, her wits would be wholly gone. and felt her fluttering pulse, he answered their questioning eyes with a brighter look. now, when he came in on tiptoe and looked at her sleeping,

I think the danger is passed," he whispered; "for look, her sleep is quite peaceful. Do not disturb her, and when she wakens, give her the cup I have mixed for her to drink. Should the fever seem coming back, send for me again.

She slumbered till late in the afternoon, and when she opened her eyes, they saw at once that the vacant look was gone. She knew them every one, and greeted them by name. Then she took the cup from Antony's hand, and smiling sweetly, drank the draught; it was cool and grateful, being made of soothing simples, and when she had drunk it, it spread like balm through all her veins.

It was a sad company that gathered in the old chamber that Christmas Eve. Antony was there, listening to every sound that came from the little room above, where Martha sat watching: Amos sat in his arm-chair, sipping his glass thoughtfully from time to time; and late on in the evening Captain Seth came in, treading on tiptoe, and hailing his

friends in a voice fainter and more far away than ever.
"How is she, father?" he asked in a whisper, as he took his seat.
"Better, thank God! Master Collet thinks she will recover

The Captain gave a murmur of satisfaction. All sat silent, and the room was full of that solemn hush which ever accompanies sickness, and death. Presently Captain Seth spoke again.

"I see a strange ship coming in over the bar, as I was

a-crossing the quay!"
Amos nodded, not much interested, and the Captain

"Taint often a vessel comes into port this time o' year, unless driven by stress of weather. And the night's like summer, father! I suppose she's some passing trader, run short of water."

Amos made no reply, and Antony, too, was dumb. Finding the attempt to start a conversation ineffectual, Captain Seth relapsed into silence. After several applications to the case-bottle, the Captain found his tongue again.

"Martha's with her, I suppose?"

"Yes," replied the little ship-chandler.

"She's a good gol is Mortha!"

"She's a good gel, is Martha!"

Amos nodded. The Captain leaned towards him, and whispered in alto,

"As soon as ever the little one comes round, Martha and we'll get spliced for good—if you've no objection, father?" Amos had certainly no objection, as the Captain well knew,

for the engagement had been settled long ago. So he only smiled, and reached out his hand. The Captain took it, and, breathing heavily with delight, gave it a filial squeeze. Then they all looked at one another, and listened again for a sound from the room above.

So the night wore on. They were sociable, but very silent. Towards midnight Captain Seth, who had been looking thoughtfully at the clock, ventured the following remark:

"It's just a year ago to-night, father, since the strange Cap'n came to Bartlepool."

"I wish he'd never come at aal, bad luck to him!" said ony Reilly. "If she'd never seen him, the darlint Antony Reilly. "If sl wouldn't be lying there!"

"He is not to blame for that," exclaimed Amos. "Don't forget, Antony, that we are all under obligations to him.

"You're right, Amos," was the reply, while the speaker's kindly face shone with delight. "He's the right sort, or she'd never have thought so much of him; and as for me, I'm an ould rogue, and I'm always abusing them I like the best-myself, by that token. Here's his health, thin, whoever he

He lifted the glass to his lips, and was about to drink, when his eyes became fixed and fascinated, his hand frozen as it grasped the cup, and with jaw dropping, he stared wildly at He was seated facing the roomvacancy, or so it seemed. He was seated facing the room-door, while Amos Parr and the Captain had their backs to it and faced him.

"Saints preserve us!" he gasped; "look there!" and he pointed with his hand.

Turning quickly, the others could hardly repress a cry of terror; for there, standing inside the doorway, arrayed just as he had been on his first ghostly visitation to that house, was the strange Captain himself!

II.-PHILIP JANSEN.

While he stood looking at them and smiling, the hands of the clock pointed to midnight, and the cuckoo went through his suffocating struggle to get out, with twelve wiry gasps and

"A merry Christmas!" he said, taking off his hat and

approaching the fire.

Despite his astonishment, Antony had the presence of mind to think of the invalid, and to dread the shock which the sound

to think of the invalid, and to dread the shock which the sound of that voice might bring to her.

"Spake low, for the love of God!" he whispered, creeping towards the new comer. "Is it yourself, or your ghost?"

"My substantial self," was the reply. "Touch me, feel me, if you doubt, old friend. Once more, a merry Christmas!"

So saying, he offered his hand all round. Surprised and startled as they were, they could not fail to be struck by a peculiar change in him. His face was bright, his eyes happy, merry even, and his manner all kindly warmth. He put his hand on the little ship-chandler's shoulder, and looked at him hand on the little ship-chandler's shoulder, and looked at him with a smile; he wrung Antony's hand, and he was quite effusive with even Captain Seth.

Suddenly, however, their embarrassment, and the nervous looks they cast towards the staircase, seemed to strike him.

"But what is the matter? Why do you all look so gloomy—at such a time, too? Nothing hath happened, I trust. No

"Spake low, Captain," answered Antony. "The fact is, we're in thrubble. There's one up there lying sick in bed."
"Not—not Mabel?" exclaimed Vanderdecken; and all the

brightness passed from his face in a moment.

"Yes, Mabel," replied Amos Parr. "The poor child hath had a fever, and we feared that we should lose her; nor do we know yet if she will live or die!"

With a loud cry of pain, Vanderdecken sank into a chair. His face was as white as death, and he trembled like a leaf. "O God!" he murmured, as if to himself. "If I have

come too late!"

Presently recovering himself, he questioned them of all that had occurred since his departure. They told him of her great trouble, her silent musings, her gradual wasting away, until the fever came and clutched her; and as they spoke, they saw the tears coursing silently down the face that had once seemed so cold and stern.

Then, in answer to their questions, he told them something of his own fortunes.

He had led a wild life, as they no doubt guessed, and had

been concerned in many a reckless deed. Having some money of his own, acquired in the infamous slave trade, he had fitted out a vessel in the West Indies, and shipping a degenerate crew, had plundered vessels of all nations. His name had soon become known, and a price was put upon his head. Finally, in a fight with a ship of war, his vessel had been sunk, and he himself, by a miracle, had escaped with life. Returning to his own country, he had been recognised and almost captured; but he had managed by a heavy bribe to persuade a merchant captain to conceal him, and to land him on the English coast. Coming by accident to the house of Amos Parr, and taking his cue from the conversation of his entertainers, he had given his name as that of Vanderdecken-to which he had no claim whatever.

His true name name, he said, was Philip Jansen.

Directly he mentioned it, he saw that it was familiar to them,—as, indeed, it was to most men in those days, as that of one of the most desperate and successful privateers who ever harried the high seas.

As he made these confessions, he saw that they regarded him with fresh suspicion and alaım.

Then he told them that for many a long day he had

loathed his mode of life, and had dreamed of changing it; but his better nature had never really triumphed, until he had but his better nature had never really triumpned, until he had learned to love Mabel Parr. Every day in her company, he said, was a fresh step towards regeneration; till at last he perceived how base and horrible, measured by her angelic matter and goodness, his character had been. Still, he had kept up communication, even while in hiding in England, with certain wild spirits of his own nation, and they had offered him the command of another vessel, then being fitted out for maritime plunder. While he was still hesitating, and the negotiations were pending, his retreat had been discovered, and the hue and cry had begun. Alarmed and desperate, he had arranged with his new crew to be taken off one night, and to sail with them right away to the Indies. Just before the night came, as those who heard him knew, he had nearly been captured; but through the aid of Antony Reilly he had acceeded in evading his pursuers, and had escaped to the

Dutch ship.

When he had got thus far with his narration, he paused, and an awkward silence followed. At last he said, addressing Amos:

"And now, with God's blessing, I have returned. My wanderings are over, and if God spares your foster-daughter, she may now become my wife."

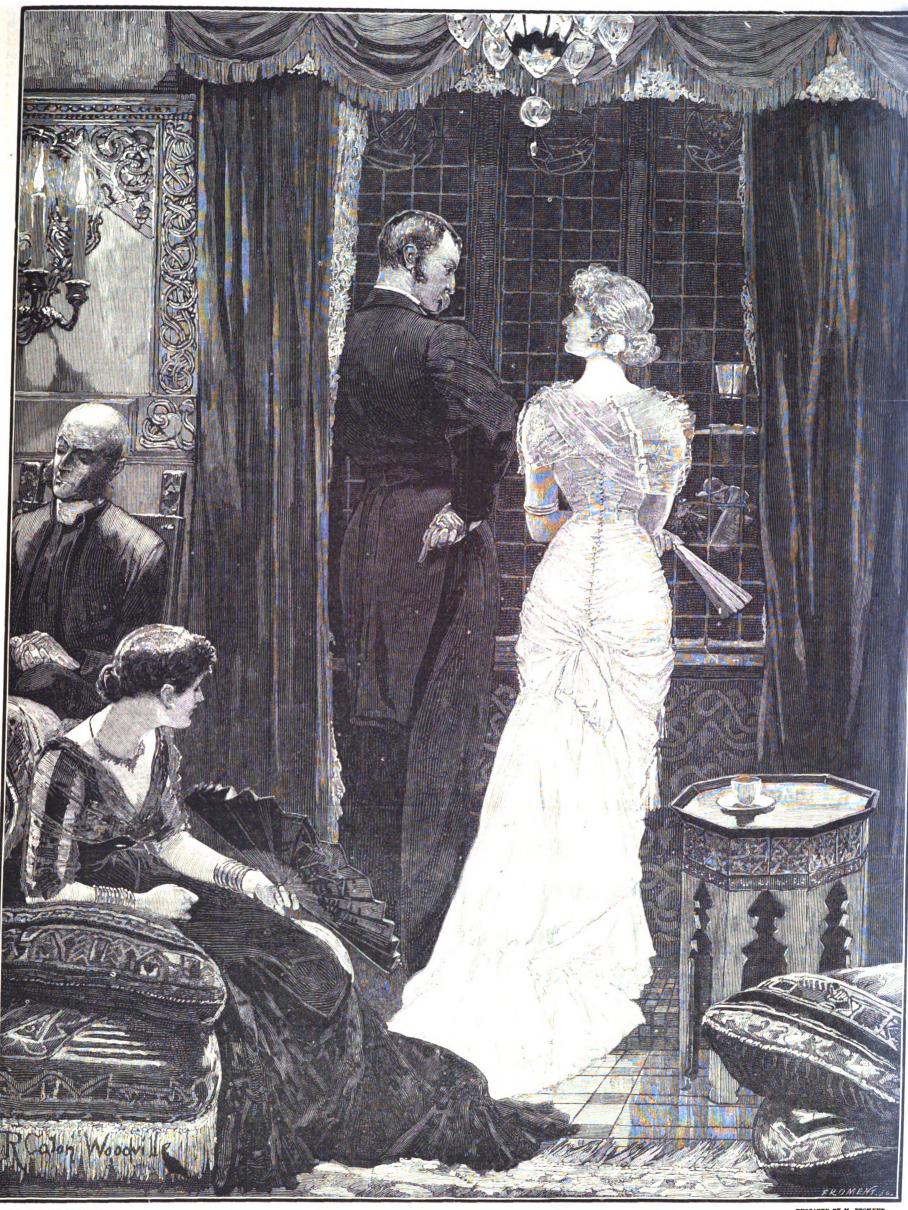
Amos did not reply; he was too shocked and alarmed at all he had heard. Captain Seth sat gloomily scowling. But Antony, who was nothing if not outspoken, looked firmly at the strange Captain, and said with decision:

"Your wife, is it? No, no, man alive, that'll never be. Why, it's nothing but a say-pirate you are, and sure some day, if you're not drownded, you'll be hanging in chains for your sins! Get along from this house like a dacent man, and don't be afther bringing more trouble. The poor child shall never know that ye ever came back."



RIVAL BELLES.

ENGRAVED BY B. AND E. TAYLOR.



LOST AND WON.

ENGRAVED BY M. FROMENT.

Philip Vanderdecken-or rather Philip Jansen, as we must now call him-gave no sign of annoyance at this tirade, which was spoken under breath; on the contrary, he inclined his head sadly, and seemed to acquiesce in it. But his look was so patient, his manner was so sad and regretful, that both Antony and Amos were deeply touched.

"If I thought that my love would bring her sorrow," he replied, "I would do as you say; for it is not too late. But alas! it would be very hard. For many a long month, night time and day time, I have been dreaming of an hour of meet-I know I am not worthy of her; indeed, no man is; but I have tried to be, I have sought to leave my past life behind me, and to atone

"Let me put it to yourself," said Antony, soothingly, "and ye'll see the sinse of it, tho' ye are a Dutchman. Even were ye a dacent man (God forgive me for miscalling ye!) the thieves of the world are against ye. Grant you saw the darlint again, and I'm not saying she wouldn't be glad to see ye; what thin? It would only be lifting of the poor colleen up, to break her heart more aisily by and by; for when they came afther ye and caught ye, and took ye may be to your death, sure wouldn't it kill her entirely, just as she was coming

"But I am a free man." said Jansen, eagerly.
"What do you mane?"

Without replying, he drew from his breast a parchment, attached to which was some kind of an official seal; unrolling it, he handed it to Antony, who, after staring at it in a puzzled way for some minutes, handed it on to Amos Parr.

"It's some haythen gibberish—divil a word can I read."
"Nor I, Sir," said Amos, gently.
"That is a free pardon from the Government of Holland

to the man outlawed under the name of Philip Jansen, in consideration of the discovery and yielding up of certain treasure in the Indian seas, and for his services on board the troop-ship Jam Brock, where, as a common seaman, at the naval battle of Senla, he saved the life of the Dutch Admiral."

Then, while they gazed at him in wonder, he quietly

When I left this place, flying for life, it was with no intention of resuming my former career. My only wish was to die in some honourable service. Refusing the command of the no little peril, I quitted my comrades at a Danish port; thence, disguised, I made my way to Holland, and, under a new name, entered the fleet as an able seamen. I was so far fortunate as to see active battle at once; and caring nothing for my life, nay, craving indeed to lose it, volunteered for every desperate service. My promotion was already for every desperate service. My promotion was already certain, when, in a terrible engagement, when we were boarded by the enemy, I saved the Admiral's life at the risk of my own. I returned to Amsterdam in the Admiral's slip, but was there recognised, arrested, and thrown into prison. It would have gone ill with me, had the Admiral been a less grateful man; as it was, my fate was for some months uncertain; but at the end of this autumn I was taken secretly before the authorities, and interrogated con-cerning certain treasure hidden by me and my former comrades in one of the smaller West Indian Islands. I replied that I knew the place well, and would yield up every fraction of an enormous treasure,—if I received a pardon. Finally, by the Admiral's intercession, my terms were granted, with this condition, that I should quit Holland for ever. There is little more to add. Guided by me, the authorities secured the treasure, and I was suffered to depart."

III.—" LOVE ME FOR EVER!"

As Jansen finished his narration, the voice of Martha was heard calling up stairs, and Amos Parr hastened to the sick-

In about a quarter of an hour he returned, looking ver anxious. Mabel, he said, was strangely agitated. Though it was impossible that she could have heard a sound from below to awaken her suspicions, she was full of a wild presentiment that her lover was near, in the flesh or in the spirit, and that she would see him soon. It was useless to argue with her, or to attempt to soothe her. She was like a creature under mesmeric conditions, conscious of some secret influence from the person of her lover.

Freatly agitated, Jansen would have gone to her at once, but they would not suffer it. The shock of his sudden appearance might, they thought, be fatal to her. At their eager solicitation, he left the house to seek another lodging,—first making them promise to send for him, should the invalid's condition cause any further alarm.

He found shelter in a house close by, where he waited

impatiently for news of his beloved.

Very early the next morning, he received a message asking him to return to the ship-chandler's dwelling. He found Amos Purr and Antony Reilly, in eager consul-

tation with the old leech, in the outer kitchen. Mabel had spent a restless night, and still remained under the impression that her lover was close at hand, or coming to her. Her condition was so critical, her excitement so dangerous, that they had determined, under the leech's advice, to let her know the truth—in the faint hope of saving her life.

Gladness seldom kills," said the leech. "This trouble hath been in the maiden's mind for long, and threatens still to destroy her. Let her see the gentleman, and leave the rest to

Antony was sent up to break the joyful news. He did it so clumsily, yet so tenderly, that she suspected him at once. When he hinted to her that her lover lived, and was perhaps coming to her, her face shone like an angel's, full of rapturous life and hope. Then Philip crept in, and with a cry of joy she

"I knew it!" she cried, looking up at him through her tears. "God is good, and He hath heard my prayers. O, Philip! my love!—and have you come at last?"

The bells of Christmas-tide rang out joyfully, answering looken beny core.

her happy cry.

And now, our tale is almost told—our simple carol of Love

The old leech was right—gladness quickens, instead of killing; and from the moment of her lover's appearance Mabel Parr began to recover health and strength many days had passed, she had left her bed, and had walked out into the sun upon her lover's arm.

Then, in that happy time, he told her everything that he had already told her friends—and more for her own ear, of nad aircady total ner friends—and more for her own ear, of hopes and dreams and prayers, by which his struggle for redemption was made holy, and his troubled heart made strong. She, in her turn, told him of her sufferings, of her nightly prayers for him, and of that terrible Dream wherein she had seemed to go forth to save him, out upon the lonely

"And you are not Philip Vanderdecken," she said, looking up at him and sweetly smiling, "but my Philip still. O Philip, wow it all only a dream?"

s it all only a dream?

He kissed her tenderly. "A dream, and no dream," he replied, "for did it not foreshadow the living truth? My life was even as his, my

doom no fairer, since, until your love redeemed me, I was truly outcast and unblest. And you love me, Mabel?"

"Ah, yes!—Dear Philip, what can I do to make you blest indeed?"

He raised his eyes heavenward, and they were dim with joyful tears.

"Love me for ever!" he said. His prayer rose to Heaven, where it was heard. The glad earth choed it, the deep sea intoned it, all things that live and love murmured their answer to it. And so, her Dream had its sweet fulfilment, and he, through Love, was saved; for Love alone of all things is eternal, and Life and Death are only the shadows of a Dream.

AT THE SIGN OF THE GREEN DRAGON. BY W. W. FENN.

An old-fashioned country town, deep in the heart of the Midlands, the best days of which, if it ever had any days deserving a superlative, have long passed; -a town that could never really have been more than a large village, but which, being situated on one of the great northern roads, was once, by reason of the coaching traffic on that highway, a place notable for changing horses;—a town that dwindled, even in spite of this advantage, but which, when railways managed just to avoid it by a few miles on either hand, seemed to shrivel up and die, as it were, of inanition;—the grass-grown market-place and single straggling street, the ancient mouldering foundation of almshouses, the many tenantless dwellings and closed shops, the small, long-unrenovated church and parsonage, all spoke of desertion. But it was in the large gable-ended, ruinous old inn, standing on the outskirts of the town, that the story of the past the outskirts of the town, that the story of the past was most plainly to be read. The Green Dragon looked like a page from the "book of fate," where we may see "how chances mock, and change fills the cup of alteration with divers liquors," for this used to be the great postinghouse in those palmy days of the road, and where there was stabling for some two hundred horses, and where the cry of "The next pair out" was as familiar on the air all through the day and night as the church bells on Sundays.

"But now, alas! how is it with The Green Dragon after

more than fifty years? for it is fully that time since these dazed eyes gazed on your swinging sign-board, your ample courtyard, with outside stairs and galleries, your ponderous chimney-stacks, your gabled roofs, and quaint leaded casements. Yes, and nearly seventy since I first remember distinctly any of these, your once familiar features.

"And so we meet again, old friend—parent, I might almost call you, for in yonder high-up dormitory, in the northern face of the quadrangle, I was born; and, since I never knew a human parent's love, your inanimate old timbers and rifted measurements. rifted masonry are more to me, and seem to have more kindred with my ending life than it were possible for mortal flesh and blood to have. I' faith, there is little to choose between us now. Desolate, deserted, ruined, is our condition both; and as the moon looks down on this mild and strangely genial Christmas Eve upon our common lot, my heart goes out to you—drawn towards you by a feeling not easily defined. If shelter may yet be found beneath your crumbling roof, I would fain seek it for this night, and would willingly stretch these weary old bones on your roughest plank."

Thus ruminated, thus almost spoke, an aged but still stalwart man who, having slowly traversed the street, and for a good hour or two ere twilight fell and the moon rose, wandered round about the house, at length passed beneath the ruined gateway and up one of the creaking flights of stairs. By this time, as if in friendly welcome, the moonbeams, bursting in at many a rift and aperture in roof, wall, or window, fell broad and clear at intervals across his path. Or, glinting here and there on splintered panel and broken balustrade, cast the deep recesses of room or passage into such stretches of ominous and ghostly shadow as might have made a stranger pause. But the slow footstep which now sent ringing, booming echoes up and down the empty corridors and scared the world of vermin life that held high revel in the deserted habitation, was not the footstep of a stranger. took its way familiarly from room to room, and floor to floor, until it came to one high-up attic in the roof. The door was ajar, and for the first time in his wandering about the place, old man started, and shrank back apace, for he fancied that he had caught sight of a woman's figure suddenly re-treating into the apartment. It was as if she might have been in front of him, although he had not observed her until that moment. He rubbed his eyes as if distrusting them; then calling out "Is anybody there?" advanced and pushed the door wide open. But no one answered, and there was no sign of life within the room.

"Twas but a flickering of the light," he thought; "my sight is easily deceived _ow."

The chamber was a bare, blank place enough, yet wearing some appearance of recent care and occupation, and looking as if the ruthless hand of Time had been laid more gently there than elsewhere in the house. The walls were dry, the window sound, and the low, heavy-beamed ceiling but little cracked. The broad mantel-shelf and certain panelling on either side the fire-place, with an odd old-fashioned chair or two, a rickety table and a straight-backed kind of settle, helped to cuggest a certain air of comfort where all else was dilapidation and decay. A threadbare rug, too, still lay upon the uneven hearth, and as the friendly moonlight streaming in at the casement showed the old man these and other minor details,

he entered and closed the door behind him.

"Yes—here it was I first saw the light," he presently murmured as he gazed around, "and here not unwillingly would I let my cyclids close for ever on this world. A home it was to me in the beginning—a home it still appears. It is as if the long interval had never been, and I can once more see myself, the urchin, clambering upon the window-seat to watch the doings with the horses in the court below."

He walked up to the casement and looked out, and his tall figure, with its flowing snowy beard, as it stood motionless in the flood of moonlight, might have been that of some weird visitor from the realm of dreams and shadows, so ghost-like did it look! For many minutes thus he stood; then, suddenly turning, he started again, for again he felt half-conscious of some other presence in the dim obscurity of the further end of the room; but the idea was gone almost as soon as formed, and passing slowly to and fro, he spent a long while examining each nook and corner in an absent dreamy state, until, at length wrapping the folds of his long military sort of loose grey coat around him, he stretched himself upon the settle, and seemed to fall asleep. Hours may have gone by, he never knew how many; and whether he dreamt at all, or whether from strong association merely, the visioned outline of his life came back before his mind with the vivid reality of a dream signifies little; but there it was, and what he saw and felt and acted was surely a shadowing forth of the irrevocable past.

First, as he had said, he beheld himself as a baby boy scampering about the nursery and eagerly watching the active

life in the stables beneath the window. With him too, often, is a little girl, some five years older than himself, who, for the is a little girl, some new years older than numself, who, for the most time being the only other occupant of the room, acts as his nurse and guardian—romps with him, plays with him at his games, carries him on her back, and always shows the tenderest and lovingest regard for all his little wilful ways and fancies. Then the summer has come, and they are in the fields to the first her gethering the buttercups and making loops of deire. together gathering the buttercups and making loops of daisy together gathering the buttercups and making loops of daisy chains to jump across, rifling the hedges and weaving wreaths of wild flowers, with which, having perched her on a bank, he crowns her, and, clapping his pudgy palms, looks at her admiringly, her, and, clapping his pudgy paims, 100ks at ner admiringly, and calls her his queen, flings his arms round her neck, kisses her, tumbles her over in the grass, and then, with delighted frantic whoops and shouts, dances round her in wild delight. By-and-by, the two, a little older, are side by side on the deep window-sent, and she is helping him with his lessons, and there he council the the figures on the slate come right, and where he cannot make the figures on the slate come right, she takes the pencil from his little fist, and shows him on his takes the pench from his never her, and snews him on his dumpy fingers how to count, and having made the numbers out, sets them down, and makes him copy them. Now the great letters from the spelling book are conned, words are formed, and sentences built up; she, leading aloud, he, repeating slowly but untiringly; and if by any chance she has to scold for inattention, and grief is the result, she presently relents, and dries his eyes with her clustering curls, putting her pretty face close to his, soothing and petting always.

Following this and many another air-drawn picture of his Following this and many another arr-drawn picture of his childish life, the old man saw a gloomy blank when, with but few and distant intervals, he was separated from his loving little friend and playmate—his cousin, as he learned by this time to know she was. He is at school, beginning to buffet with that world in miniature, and, if holding his own manfully, does so with the constant thought of what she will say, the thought of her sweet, bright face always keeping him steadily

to his work in the right path.

A final dreary interval of absence and he, a boy of fourteen, is back at the old inn for good. It looks much smaller than it used, and the high-up attic has shrunk, as it seems, into a mere cupboard. Moreover, the old air of prosperity is gone there is less custom, fewer horses in the stables, and many of the rooms are shut up entirely. His uncle, who was the landlord of the house, is dead, and that stern, morose woman, his uncle's second wife, is harsher and sterner than ever. Were it not for the radiant, sunny presence of the girl he would feel the altered aspect of the place unbearable. Even with her there, he finds his old home no longer the cheery, happy haven he once had thought it, for she, too, is altered, not only from the fact of her having shot up into a graceful, beautiful woman, as she looks to him; but because there seems to have opened a great culf between them, and at times her bright face grows clouded. his uncle's second wife, is harsher and sterner than ever gulf between them, and at times her bright face grows clouded, and that dimpling smile of hers is far less frequent. Their old relations are changed somehow, not because she is less kind, not because he is less fond; but the years have wrought that inevitable change which from his young standpoint he cannot comprehend. Is there another reason still? and can it have anything to do with that handsome, dashing, bold-looking, swaggering young squire, who is for ever riding over on his high-mettled nag, and stretching out his booted legs before the parlour fire, and talking so familiarly with the sweet cousin?

Anyway, it was a sad, sad stretch or time that now passed before the mind's eye of the solitary old man, still sitting motionless in the waning moonlight high up in the attic of the

ruinous Green Dragon. He sees himself put to menial offices, to dreary drudgery about the stables and outhouses; and, weary and resent ul by turns, he recalls more vividly than all one particular day. when, as a stripling of seventeen, he flings himself at his cousin's feet, and heart-sick, madly jealous of that interloping young Squire, he calls upon her to reciprocate the love he bears her. He is put aside, spurned contemptuously, as it seems to him in his blind madness. He rushes out of the house, and hurries away to a lonely part of the road by which he knows that man goes home. It is at the foot of a steep hill, up which the horse is always allowed to walk slowly, and there, armed with a heavy stick, he lies in wait behind a hedge till stickled. Lust ea his wictim roing up, and proceeds as usual nightfall. Just as his victim reins up, and proceeds as usual at a foot pace beneath the gloomy trees, the lad springs out upon him, and with one blow from behind on his head brings him senseless off the horse, which gallops away. More blows are struck, more direful vengeance wreaked upon the senseless man on the ground, and by the time day breaks that criminal and fierce young spirit is miles away upon a southern road. He has no clear recollection of how it came about or how he got there, save that, after days and days of weary walking, he finds himself on the outskirts of a large town, where there are bastions and fortifications, and troops marching hither and thither with colours flying and drums beating; and that, specdily being accosted by some of the lounging soldiery about the place, he enlists, and, under another name, is soon himself marching to and fro, like the rest, and with a reckless angry pride in his heart that sweeps all other feelings out of it. Regiment after regiment depart, and he knows they are going to fight the French in Spain. When his turn comes, as it does ere long, he experiences a wild joy at the thought of quitting his country and leaving no trace of himself behind; whilst the prospect of flinging himself into the forefront of battle has a ms country and leaving no trace of himself behind; whilst the prospect of flinging himself into the forefront of battle has a flerce charm in it above all else. Beyond the names of Wellington and Bonaparte, he, like the thousands who are his comrades, knows little or nothing of the why or wherefore of the mighty strife now going on. The unquenchable fighting instinct in man's nature is roused within him and long before the mighty strife now going on. The unquenchable fighting instinct in man's nature is roused within him, and long before he comes face to face with the enemy he has embraced the soldier's career with a hearty love for it, which by degrees of that masters and obliterates nearly every remembrance of that other love which had driven him into this. Such a spirit, such enthusiasm, can but bring their reward. Promotion follows swiftly, and ere Waterloo is fought he has already gained an swiftly, and every result of Paris. ensign's commission; whilst by the time the Peace of Paris is finally ratified, and the British troops are garrisoned at home again, he holds the brevet rank of Major.

The old man stirred uneasily on his rough couch when the air-drawn panorama of those bygone days reached this point. oon, however, he lapsed back into complete quiescence; the long peace that followed, which was but as a blank upon the canvas passing before him, seemed to bring with it bodily repose to the grim old warrior, and he slept profoundly. Bu he still dreamed on, the sequence of his life but little broken.

There is the idleness and inactivity subsequent to the subsidence of "war's alarms," with no outlet for the still ardent energies of such as he. His soldier's pay is all he has—he feels the want of means preclude all further upward steps. The military calling is at a discount in the people's mind. Resentment once more gets the upper hand of him, and his dare-devil instincts, unsubdued, burst out again in a wild passion for play. The facilities for its indulgence at this passion for play. The facilities for its indulgence at this epoch are, alas! too easy, and he falls, never to rise and his Broken in purse, but not in spirit, he quits the service and his country, with nothing but the bare value of his commission in his pocket.

(Continued on page 84.)



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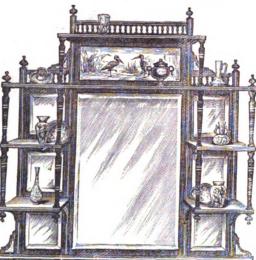


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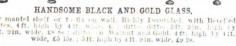


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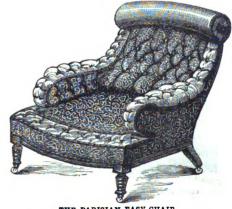


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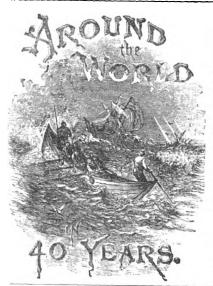


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CATION

This sprig of mistletoe I flaunt as flag of truce, And recreant knight is mine should be neglect its use.

AT THE SIGN OF THE GREEN DRAGON.

(Continued from page 26).

Away in the Far West he finds for many years a sort of compensation, and as one of the many pioneers of civilisation he does more good service yet, in the peaceful battle which man is waging with wilderness and primeval forest. But more years go by—it matters little how they are spent without aim or purpose, until, cast down by sickness and the increasing weight of time, a hungry longing to revisit his first and enly home takes possession of him.

And here at length he is, of all nights in the year, on Christmas Eve, but, as yet, with little of the holy influence of the time in his heart: nevertheless, its spirit is abroad, and all around him in the familiar Green Dragon. That girl-child's face with the golden hair, the guardian angel of the house, is now again the moving figure in his vision, and looks down upon him, he fancies, as he seens to be bending over his little crib and watching him as she used to do in those far-off days, when, loth to wake him rudely, she would do so with a gentle kiss. He feels her lips upon his forehead, and starts up from the old settle, dazed, confused, but suddenly conscious that he is not alone!

A wild exclamation, half in astonishment, half in terror, burst from him. It was echoed by a woman standing within a yard of him. The bright morning sun flooded the room with a dazzling light, and the man and woman remained for a while gazing at each other in dumb amazement. She was as old as he at least, but not at all infirm, and still bearing traces of exceeding beauty—a handrome-featured, comely old dame, with thick snowy hair, smoothly brushed beneath as snowy a cap, surmounted by a neat kind of old-world beaver bonnet. A rough warm coloured cloak fell from her shoulders, displaying beneath it a dull grey gown and coarse whity-brown apron, the whole dress having the sir of a regulated uniformity.

She was the first to speak. Advancing a step, she said in a tensilent heartering revise which considering her age had in it a

shoulders, displaying beneath it a dull grey gown and coarse whity-brown apron, the whole dress having the air of a regulated uniformity.

She was the first to speak. Advancing a step, she said in a tremulous hesitating voice, which, considering her age, had in it a singularly youthul ring—

"Can it be? Is it? No, surely, not Johnnie?"

She put out her hand as if to settle her doubt by touch. But the thin, well-shaped, albeit bony, fingers did not reach far enough, and she advanced another step. The old man here stretched forth his hand and grasped hers. It was his left and her right, and so they stood in silence just for one moment more, looking at each other strangely, doubtfully. His gaze was steady, searching, and seemed to carry conviction with it, for suddenly he exclaimed,

"Great God! I had never hoped for this, Mary—for Mary, and none other, it is. Bless you, bless you, dear heart!" and, going forward, he fell upon her neck. "I had never hoped for this," he went on hurriedly, in a hoarse and guttural voice, as he looked up again in her face; "I dared not ask if you were still—still here. But I know you now—your eyes, your voice—among a thousand!"

"Dear, dear," she cried; "to think of this—for you, Johnnie, to be living, and I—we all here—never to have heard of you, ah! for wellnigh these fifty years, I suppose! Where have you been, man? How came you back?—and never to have written a word. Deur me, dear me! How wonderful, how marvellous, are the ways of God!"

Then her tears choked her, and she completely broke down. There was gnother and a longer sileuce. Again she was the first to

Then her tears choked her, and she completely broke down. There was another and a longer silence. Again she was the first to break it, for, as they sat side by side now upon the settle, the man had buried his face between his roughened palms and was sobbing like a child.

like a child.

"Tell me, dear Johnnie, how you came here—up into this room," she began. "I have kept it a bit tidy as best I could, all for your sake—because I loved it for your sake—because it seemed to me to be the only place where I could sometimes think of you happily and feel as I used to feel when we were together here as children. The property is in Chancery, they, say—no one minds it now, or who comes or goes—the inn never prospered after poor father die i, and then the railroads took away all the custom—and so I have tried to keep this corner at least from the general ruin. Daily, almost, I come up to have a look at it, and this morning, before church, I come and find a man asleep on this bench. At first I did not notice you, and then as I stood wondering who you could be, and was beginning to fancy somehow I ought to know you, you awoke and stood up, and then I did know you!"

Raising his face, but without looking at her, he answered, softly—

softly—
"Ay, ay—I understand what it was now—your influence, your presence has hallowed this room, and it was your spirit which guided and kept me here, and which more than once I seemed to think I

presence has hallowed this room, and it was your spirit which guided and kept me here, and which more than once I seemed to think I saw."

He drooped his head again, took her hand, and pressing it to his lips, sobbed still.

"There, there," she continued soothingly, patting him on the shoulder, and then folding her arm affectionately round his neck, just as she had done a thousand times before—all those years ago! He was again to her the wayward, fretful child, and she to him the loving, tender nurse. Their hearts at that moment were utterly unconscious of the long separation there had been between them. They were entirely oblivious of the lapse. It was truly as if it had nover oeen. As on the threshold of life they had sat under that selfsame roof, so sat they now at its close—its misgivings, doubts, perplexities, errors—all but its mystery, swept away.

Long was it before their talk became coherent, or the one heard from the other, briefly and brokenly, anything of how each had fared. The distant sound of the church bells pealing forth for the Christmas morning service was the first thing which recalled these two old dreamers from their vivid past to, as it seemed to them, the far more hazy present.

"You will come, Jehnnie," said the woman, rising, "you will come with me and give praise and thanks to God for this and all his mercies."

The old man shook his head.

"How dare I show my face, Mary? Remember what I did the night I ran away. As you have recognised me, others may. I have never dared to think or ask what was the end of that deed."

He looked at his old love with pitiful, appealing eyes.

"Johnnie, Johnnie!" she broke in, "take comfort. God was merciful to you then, as always. The young Squire was not dead when he was found by the roadside, and lived to pass away in the natural course of time, though perhaps with shortened days."

"Thank God, again and again!"

"Thank God, again and again!"

"Thank God, again and again!"

"Once more the old man fell upon her neck, weeping; the fierce strong passiona

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RIVAL BELLES. - LOST AND WON.

Two bosom friends were Prue and Nell-Each beautiful in her degree, So winning both, 'twere hard to tell Which was the lovelier she.

Prue fuc as day when not a trace Of cloud in summer sky is seen; And Nellie with the tender grace Of twilight's hour serene.

As kindred odours interfuse, As concord dwells in varied tones,
And each gay flower from blended hues
Diviner beauty owns,—

So with sweet difference were they blent That in one mould they fain must run: Each being to each the complement— Two hearts close fused in one.

So seemed it once. And yet, alas!
The firmest friendships melt away,
And into filmiest vapour pass,
Beneath Love's fervent ray.

A young Adonis came their way, One bearing an illustrious name; A warrior bold, yet blithely gay, Loud-heralded by Fame.

Soon like their shadow he became, Close following wheresoe'er they went
To church or rout, to him the same—
His footsteps thither bent.

Long time no difference could be seen In his devotion to the two;

None knew which was his Beauty's Queen,
If Nellie'twas, or Prue.

For all that anybody knew
Their love-lorn victim, nothing loth, They by twin magnetism drew Conjointly to them both.

What of the ladies all the while? Charmed by this gallant, brave and gay, Did Love alike both hearts beguile More deeply day by day?

Yes. When at length he breathed his vows
To Prue, who listened with delight,
Then sombre grew sweet Nellie's brows,
For in her heart was night.

Where was the friendship that so long Had bound them heart to heart? Snapt was the link so seeming strong, And these two stood apart.

In angry mood sat Nellie there, A prey to anguish as she glanced To where, apart, the happy pair Stood in their bliss entranced.

Cheer up, thou lone one! nor believe
That all life's joys are vanished quite!
Why sit you watching (while you grieve) The tantalising sight?

The day will come, Miss Nell, when you, Ignoring this unpleasant time Will be again warm friend with Prue, As in your early prime.

For Time, I dare to prophesy,
Will seat you yet on Love's own throne;
And you will treasure by-and-by
A heart that's all your own!—John Latey.

"HE STOOPS TO CONQUER."

Eyes saying more than eyes say when they 're glist'ning;
Eyes upon which the lids languidly fall;
'Tis to their whisper he's leaning and list'ning,
Not to the lips that say—nothing at all!
Nothing? Well, simply what comes to the surface;
A souffle of gossip; Society froth:
But, pleasant his voice is, and oh, to read her face,
And perish, is bliss to the rapturous moth.

He conqueror? look at the suppliant! oh, when'll he Recover the wish to walk upright again?
This playing-fields' idol, this hero (at Henley),
This drawing-room darling, this man among men!
You would not suppose, as you watched the beau dawdle,
That he won his V.C. in a terrible way.
Well, he did; but, unwarned by Delilah—or Caudle,
He "gives himself" (Yankee the phrase is) "away."

The pity they feel as they furtively watch him!

The target he is for the shafts of their wit!

"A Baby like that"—say the women—"to ca'ch him!"

The men: "It's all over! he's fatally hit!"

To each unwon Beauty denied is the power yet

To find out the charm of a conquering face:

"Alas," said the Fox, "yonder bunches are sour yet;

Of those who must eat them I pity the case."

He stoop to conquer! for "conquer" read "capture."
He came, and he saw, and—he bowed to the yoke.
She was sure he was hers, and the knowledge was rapture—Yes, knew it (how odd!) cre the stammerer spoke.
The day is not named, but the fetter Love forges
To bind her to him and to make him her slave, You may see one flue morning, in lofty St. George's,
If semebody sends you a card for the nave.—Byron Webber.

WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Here comes a sweet dear, Her Pussy caressing, To wish us good cheer And each Christmas blessing. Tis Little Miss Muffet! Not she famed of yore In nursery lore, Who sat on a tuffet Who sat on a tuffet
And ate curds and whey,
Until a big spider
Came crawling beside her,
And drove her away.
No, this is a new one,
A flesh-and-blood dear,
Who lives with us here;
A genuine true one,
Whose eyes look right through one,
Unknowing of fear.
She scared at a spider!
Do you wish to deride her?
You know not our dear,
If you say so, 'tis clear;
Should a spider alight on her,
Think you't would frighten her?
Without any fuss,
She would wave her hand - thus,
Or blow a puff—so,
And off it would go.
Our sturdy Miss Muffet Our sturdy Miss Muffet With Boreas dares buffet. In tippet of fur, Wia' are wild winds to her? With hands in her muff, it Is clear she can rough it

In stormiest weather.
She's a hat on, or bonnet—
Which is it!-and on it
A very fine feather;
Equipped for a walk
This keen frosty morning,
And utterly scorning
The cold alt-gether.
But first she must talk The cold aft gether.
But first she must talk
With Pussy a bit,
Ere going, as fit.
So there's plenty of chatter
In pussy-cat patter,
With many a kiss
Interjected by Miss;
Her speech softly purring,
And Pussy susurring
An answer most fit:
At least she'll aver
'I is well known to her
As hers is to it!

"Now Puss! that's enough Of fondling and puring! My cape you are furring! Jump down from my muff!"

Miss Muffet at last Aliss Muffet at last
Is off, walking fast.
What delight 'L', behold her,
Gancing back over her shoulder,
Sweet smiling and nodding
As onward she's plodding!
You derlingest Miss.
I blow you a kiss!—J. L.

The Coloured Picture.

CINDERELLA. BY F. C. BURNAND.

Cinderella? Yes, Cinderella; not as we all know her when she had discovered the advantages of having a Fairy Godmother, but Cinderella a few weeks after her father's second marriage, when her shrewish step-mother no longer cared to conceal her dislike of her second husband's pretty little child, whose "sweet, obliging manners," says their family historian, "made those of her own daughters appear a thousand times more odious and disagreeable."

daughters appear a thousand times more odious and disagreeable."

What a very pretty woman, too, Cinderella's mother must have been, for the little girl, we are told, was "the exact likeness of her mother in sweetness of temper and carriage."

Strange to say, that the chronicler to whom we are indebted for all we know about Cinderella has never once mentioned the Christian name or surname of Cinderella's father. This is the more astonishing when we come to consider that her father must have been aware of the powerful assistance he could always obtain from the good Fairy who had consented to stand as Godmother to his child What name, too, had been bestowed on the child by her Godfathers and Godmothers in her baptism? or, by some special arrangement, was the Fairy the only Godmother present at the ceremony? If so, what did the clergyman say? and what did the clergyman's bishop say when he was, as he must have been, at some time or another, acquainted with the facts? Was the Fairy acting as Godmother under fulse pretences without having informed anyone of her being a Fairy? And how did she sign the baptismal register? All these questions have yet to be answered, and many more.

Cinderella's father was "a very rich geutleman," and sincerely attached to Cinderella's mother; and yet we remain in total ignorance of his name and rank.

But truly the chronicler could not have made any honourable

Cinderella's father was "a very rich geutleman," and sincerely attached to Cinderella's mother; and yet we remain in total ignorance of his name and rank.

But truly the chronicler could not have made any honourable mention of him, as he must have been not only uxorious, but the weakest specimen of male humanity, to have allowed his sweet little daughter, the image of his late wife, to be so ill-treated that she was "forced to sleep up in a sorry garret, upon a wretched straw bed, without curtains, or anything to make her comfortable." Why did he not send her to school, or why did he not at once invoke the Fairy Godmother,—for what on earth is the use of having a fairy godmother if she is not able to help you at a pinch? The Fairy must have been friendly, or she would never have consented to undertake the trust, and "to promise and vow" a but of things in the name of her protégée; which promise, however, her Fairy-ship was either not called upon to fulfil, or had too many irons in the fire to remember. My own opinion on the subject is that Cinderella's father came to no good end; that, in fact, there was some mystery about his disappearance, which was never sifted at the time, and was hushed up afterwards. Certainly this harsh treatment of Cinderella, who could not have been more than two or three years old when her father married his second wife, must have continued for years, until the unhappy but long-suffering girl was reduced to the position of a maid-of-all-work, a sort of "Marchioness," making-believe very much, with a scrap of lemon-peel and a little water in a tumbler; while the conduct of Sally Brass was represented by that of her step-mother and two sisters, who kept her in the back kitchen and rarely let her go out, except on very short errands.

Yet if Cinderella's father were a very rich man, how was it that in such an establishment as he must have kept up were there no servants to take pity on Cinderella, and even for their own profit report this "Extraordinary case of Cruelty to a Child" in the

Proper quarter?
The History of Cinderella has yet to be written; and as some

The History of Cinderella has yet to be written; and as some sort of an answer to some of the above very natural queries, I herewith present my readers with a few materials for a future history of what we may term The Cinderella Family.

Cinderella's father was not a clever or high-principled man; but he started in life with a small capital, and was au uncommenty lucky man. He speculated freely, stupidly, and blindly; he took wrong advice, and always came out right; he won rubbers without skill, and with no trumps; and when everyone said that "good luck in spees was sure to be followed by bad luck in a wife," he married one of the loveliest women—most accomplished, sweetest-tempered and most fascinating women of her time.

The old adage had gone wrong; the wealthy speculator had been

The old adage had gone wrong; the wealthy speculator had been

most fortunate in his choice.

But, alas! the truth of proverbial philosophy was to be avenged, for

But, alas! the truth of proverbial philosophy was to be averaged, for the charming lady died, leaving him a widower with a beautiful child. The grief of this loss was too much for him. He took to drinking; secretly, not openly. The showy widow of a retired trademan, aged fifty, with two daughters, eager to get into society, made a swoop upon him; sat near him at church, met him at a watering place, flattered his weaknesses,—and he was accumulating more and more weaknesses every day,—ministered to his wants and conforta pretended to pet his daughter, and finally compromised him so effectually that he found himself bound to marry the widow, while consoling himself with the thought that he was doing the best for his motherless child, and ensuring a comfortable hone for himself.

Before the marriage day the l'airy Godmother had calledon him—coming in her private chariot drawn by cockchafers—and warned him of the consequences. He refused to listen, protested that no one had a right to interfere with his family affairs, not even the Fairy Godmother of his own child, and was or ude to her that she quitted the house in dudgeon without seeing her godchild, and wishing him bad luck as she went out, vanished, chariot and all, on a sunbeam. He married; but from that moment things went wrong. His speculations turned out failures, his expenses increased, his womenkind became overpoweringly expensive, and within two verse he was in the Geartic his house place furniture, agenthing on a sunbeam. He married; but from that moment things went wrong. His speculations turned out failures, his expenses increased, his womenkind became overpoweringly expensive, and within two years he was in the Gazette, his honse, plate, furniture, everything sold up, except a sum that his wife had insisted on being settled upon her at their marriage; and then, being totally unable to face difficulties, he became more attached than ever to the bottle, had frequent domestic rows of a violent character, and at last one night packed up his portmanteau, and, hoping that Cinderella would be protected by her Fairy Godmother, he sallied forth, and never reappeared or was ever heard of again—at all events, during the litetime of his second wife.

His wife and her two daughters took to keeping or rather letting, furnished apartments in a fashionable quarter of the town; and here it was that Cinderella, now about ten years of age, began to be very useful to them in the kitchen and parlour, also acting as maid to the girls when they wished to have their hair dressed to go to a dance or a dinner, to which they were from time to time invited by the eligible bachelors who patronised their house.

After a time they set up a boarding-house, and, by using the greatest discrimination, they managed to select the right customers, always with an eye to regaining that position in society forfeited by the loss of means, and also to a good match for both of the young women, who were now getting on in life rather too fast for their own satisfaction. Their mother had become a confirmed invalid,

women, who were now getting on in life rather too fast for their own satisfaction. Their mother had become a confirmed invalid, and was tended entirely by Cinderella, who was now able to return good for evil, and who was thus saved for a time from more menial employment.

On the death of their mother, the two daughters realised their On the death of their mother, the two daughters realised their little property, set up a small house for themselves, relegated (inderella to the kitchen, nominally as their housekeeper (she was between fifteen and sixteen), but really as their maid-of-all-work, and did their very utmost to secure as partners for life any two of the richest or most fashionable among their numerous acquaintances who had at one time or other been their lodgers. The two sisters—the eldest's name has present tempolical but the requirer was called who had at one time or other been their lodgers. The two sisters—the eldest's name has never transpired, but the younger was called Charlotte—cultivated most assiduously professional and artistic friends, and so obtained gifts of boxes at the theatres, stalls at the Opera, and free admissions to various entertainments, which helped them considerably in laying their fashionable (but not wealthy) friends under considerable obligation to them. Poor Cinderella never went to any of these shows, and would sit at home width effer night to any of these shows, and would sit at home, night after night for a whole year, and wonder what a pantomime was like, and how transformation scenes were managed, and O, how she did long to see a fair! see a fairy!



She heard her sisters talk of these things when they were dressing, when they used to bitterly regret that fate had not placed

them in a higher sphere of society.

"Still," said Charlotte, "we shan't do so badly, I expect, if old Frizzlewig only gets those tickets for the Royal Ball at the

O. I do so hope he will!" exclaimed the elder, and before she had time to put an extra touch of powder on her nose, a knock at the door startled them, and Ciuderella would have hurried down to answer door startled them, and Cinderella would have hurried down to answer it, had she not remembered that an old charwoman, to whom she had lately been very kind, had come in for the day, and had undertaken, for the consideration of 'wittles' and drink, to take the heaviest portion of the down-stair work on her own hands. The arrival was old Frizzlewig—this was their nickname for a noble Marquis, who could not make up his mind which of the two sisters he preferred, as they work fooled him to the top of his bent, and flattered and coaxed him, so that, being a fond and foolish old nobleman, he would have done anything in his power for them; and indeed, as it was, was quite proud, at his time of life, to be seen about with two such elegant and showy young women, who seemed so entirely devoted to him and

·~ 45.

so that, being a fond and foolish old nobleman, he would have done anything in his power for them; and indeed, as it was, was quite proud, at his time of life, to be seen about with two such elegant and showy young women, who seemed so entirely devoted to him, and who appeared to love him with a disinterested affection beyond that shown by any of his relations, including his own children. So old Frizzlewig had taken no end of trouble, had, on their account, promised his vote and interest here, there, and everywhere; had got en the right side of the Lord Chamberlain, and had procured two ladies' tickets for the Royal Ball which was to be given at the Palace on the occasion of the Prince's coming of age.

Weren't the sisters mad with joy! Poor Cinderella, she had a time of it, I warrant you. But now that her half-sisters were really going to be launched into society—the very best society in the world—their old friends and acquaintances rallied round them, and the presents came in carloads, chiefly bouquets and gloves, while old Frizzlewig, rendered jealous by these attentions, presented them with real diamonds and such magnificent dresses as made Charlotte and her sister weep with delight as they embraced him, one on each side, and called him all the dears, darlings, pets, poppets, and sweet things they could think of.

The night of the ball came. You know the rest. That peacock's feather in Cinderella's hand had dropped out of a rare mantle presented to Charlotte by one of her 'admirers many years before. She had cherished it as being one little bit of finery. As a mere girl,—and it is just at this time that the artist has taken her,—when they first came to this house, she had sat up thinking of what her half-sisters were seeing at the theatre, and how they were enjoying themselves, and then the feather seemed to expand and to show her the world through its own peacock's eyes, and she would dream of possibilities and fairies, and princes, and wonder whether she should ever be anything more than what she now was; seventeen, and tooked back to that dreamy time. One had ceased to wonder about theatres, but the Royal Ball—this was a new sensation!—and a Prince!

But she was all alone—till her old friend the charwoman came

But she was all alone—the ner old triend the chart and, in to say good-night. And the elderly dame stopped to chat: and, becoming very loquacious, she confided to her a charm: and this charm could compel the presence of fairy godmothers. Then sudbecoming very loquacious, she confided to her a charm: and this charm could compel the presence of fairy godmothers. Then suddenly there flashed across Cinderella's mind a light—faint, but still a light—of other days, bringing into relief something she had once heard—when—where? Before her father's death? Yes. Something about her mother's friend the Fairy Godmother? Yes. And by a sudden, unaccountable inspiration, she jumped up and cried, "I have a Fairy Godmother. Let her appear. She has descrted me too long. If she really loved my mother she will come to me." The flash was now a blaze of light. The charwoman had vanished. The Fairy Godmother was there. "I bring you," she said, "the reward of Patient Suffering. I have never lost sight of you, but I was not permitted to help you till now; and even now only on a condition. But this condition is for your good, though how it is so you have yet to learn."

Then all the rest followed with which history has made us familiar.

When Cinderella became Princess, says the family historian already quoted, being "as amiable as she was handsome, she gave her sisters magnificent apartments in the palace, and a short time after married them to two great Lords."

her sisters magnificent apartments in the palace, and a short time after married them to two great Lords."

But did Cinderella's papa ever reappear? Did the Fairy Godmother take any further interest in her godchild? Once only she is mentioned, and that was when the one glass slipper fitted, and after she had drawn out of her pocket the other slipper the Fairy suddenly appeared, and with a touch of her wand changed Cinderella's drudge's clothes into a magnificent dress. Then, without a word, she disappeared; and whether she ever returned, or was even thanked, is not recorded in any history of Cinderella that I have been able to consult. The age of this Cinderella of Mr. Millais' is, I have said, between fifteen and sixteen, just two years before the Royal party. She is in dreamland, where Mr. Millais met her, and that cap on her head is another remnant of finery which one of her half-sisters has thrown away.

My own opinion is that when Cinderella became Princess the wonderful story was published everywhere, and that her old father, who was on his last legs at Boulogne-sar-Mer, suddenly turned up, between a considerable sum, and was among the first to call at the Palace, where he was warmly received by his daughter, and less warmly by his son-in-law, who, however, provided him with a comfortable berth, and a liberal allowance of his favourite beverage. Still, we have no exact data as to facts; and until the family name of Cinderella's father is made known to us the very existence of the family itself will remain for ever shrouded in mystery.

The slippers, unless broken, may be under a glass case in Queen Mab's museum. But if we run after the "may be's," they are as plentiful and as difficult to catch as summer butterflies—and, when caught, about as useful. So "here break we off."

"THE BURGOMASTER'S DAUGHTER."

The painter of the picture we reproduce—Mr. G. H. Boughton, A.R.A., I need scarcely say, so characteristic of him is it—found a mine of pictorial wealth when, drawn perhaps by his sympathy with the early American settlers, he first visited the ancestral home of many of them in the Netherlands. The limited nature of the scenery in Holland, the toylike aspect of many of the habitations and trim garden pleasaunces, the quaintness of the costumes, and the homeliness of the people—not forgetting that most primitive region the "dead cities" of the Zuyder Zee, lately visited by our artist—have just that intime character which seems best suited for the painter's purpose. Even about this "Burgomaster's Daughter"—one of the latest and most charming of Boughton's new acquaintances—is there not something of demure simplicity in her comely face, something of antique Protestant propriety, if not Puritan primness, in her neat coif and closely snooding head gear, her cosy furred ruff, and old-fashioned tippet? I should guess that she is trudging through the snow to or from church; or, stay, as it is Christmas time, she may very likely be on some errand of mercy. Be this as it may, here—or if we should meet her later sledging on the canal in a gally painted ark, like a miniature galleon, or at home The painter of the picture we reproduce—Mr. G. H. Boughton. the c and in a gally painted ark, like a miniature galleon, or at home with musical friends in the Stadt-huis—she looks, or will look, as though she had stepped out of a seventeenth century picture. But the mention of that time, with the suggestion in the distance of the gates and walls of a fortified town, and the word itself of "Burgomaster" remind me that the Netherlands have their glorious and heroic, as well as their peaceful domestic associations—deathless memories of a War of Independence to which all Europe owes so much. I must, however, leave the many pleasant or moving thoughts which the picture may evoke to my readers' imagination—merely adding that the picture is engraved by permission of Messrs. Arthur Tooth and Sons, Haymarket.

T. J. Gullick.

CHRISTMAS ECHOES.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

Samuel Rogers, Poet and Banker (and one of the kindliest-hearted men that ever said bitter things about people), discoursed long ago, and delightfully, concerning the "Pleasures of Memory:"-

Childhood's loved group revisits every scene, The tangled wood walk and the tufted green Indulgent Msnosv wakes, and lo, they live! Clothed with far softer hues than Light can give.

Yes; Memory is "the first, best friend that Heaven assigns below; " and it may be made to "soothe and sweeten all the cares we know;" still, the faculty is one that has its duties and responsibilities as well as its pleasures. If you wish to keep your memory bright you should rub it up periodically, and spare no amount of furniture polish. Nay; now and again you should take it to pieces and put it together again, as George Stephenson used to do, first with clocks and afterwards with locomotive engines. If you find that your memory has grown so rusty that no friction with oil and vinegar, flannel, and wash-leather will make it shine again, you may feel tolerably sure that you, too, are rust-eaten, and close upon disintegration.

Christmas is one of the Festivals of Memory. It is, as Washington Irving beautifully phrases it, "the season of regenerated feeling—the season for kindling, not only the fire of hospitality in the hall, but the genial flame of charity in the heart: the scene of early love again rises green to memory beyond the sterile waste of years." But did you ever try, as an exercise of Memory, to recall the successive "festive seasons" which you have spent? Did you ever strive to count your Christmases?

I am afraid that I know what the answer to this question, in many cases, will be. "I don't wish to make myself miserable," A. may reply. B. may quote Byron, and decline to call up-

The spectres whom no exorciam can bind,
The cold, the changed—perchance the dead—anew;
The mourn'd, the lov'd, the lost,—too many! yet how few!

C. may say, with Goldsmith-

Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train, Swells at my heart, and turns the past to pain

D. may remind me that Longfellow writes that "The leaves of memory seem to make a mournful rustling in the dark; "while E. may warn me Heraud passionately inveighs against "the hungry vultures of memory." Never mind the poets. Never mind even the sublime "Nessun maggior dolore." Exercise your memory in the last week in December, and strive to summon up the Christases of the Past.
Young folks should experience but little difficulty in this respect;

Young folks should experience but little difficulty in this respect; although some trifling confusion of mind may possibly arise as to the precise dates of the grand comic Christmas pantomimes which have been witnessed at the Theatres Royal. Still, as a rule, the Christmas roll can be easily recited. There was the Christmas when the Mysterious Magician supplied by Mr. Cremer, junior, performed such astounding conjuring tricks in the back drawing-room; the very merry Christmas night when it was so extremely difficult to procure cabs, and when four ladies, tive children, and one gentleman (on the box) had to go home in one four-wheeler. There was the Christmas when Uncle Lionel, who had quarrelled with papa ever so long ago, made his appearance on Christmas Eve, beaming with smiles and laden with drums, clockwork steamers, boxes of bonbons, and a rocking horse. There was the Christmas when, papa and mamma being in India, we were left at Dr. Betula's Classical Academy at Harrow-on-the-Heart, or at Miss Piminy's Establishment for Young Ladies at Starch Green. There was the Christmas when we were sick; and the Christmas when young Mr. Poplar said such remarkably soft things to Aunt Louisa behind the window-curtain. There was the Christmas when a baby was born, and the Christmas when another baby died.

But, when you have become eldely, the remembering of one's Christmases is a task of no small deleur.

But, when you have become elderly, the remembering of one's Christmases is a task of no small dolour. You may not be so old as to be constrained to say, with Spenser—

The care full cold hath nipt my rugged rind, And in my face deep furrows eld hath plight; My head besprent with hoary frost I find, And by mine eye the crow his claw doth wright. Delight is laid abed, and pleasure past; No sun now shines, clouds have all overcast.

No sun now shines, clouds have all overcast.

Still; you are not "as young as you were." The image of the dentist fills far too prominent a place in your mind to be pleasant. You take a lively albeit furtive interest in the advertisements about Hair Restorers; and from time to time you are cognizant of dark and distant rumours in your household touching romebody—it cannot, surely, be you—who is a "Disagreeable Old Thing." Never mind the dentist and the Hair Restorer advertisements; never mind the growing need for spectacles, and the inclination to go to sleep after dinner. Be of good heart and count your Christmases.

I have a tolerable memory; but I am sure that, without referring to scattered and irregularly kept diaries, I cannot recollect half my own Yules. Some of them were very merry, and others

ferring to scattered and irregularly kept disries, I cannot recollect half my own Yules. Some of them were very merry, and others extremely miserable; but as to many more my mind is a blank. Perhaps the unremembered Christmases were moderately felicitous ones. "The boundary of Man," says Owen Feltham, "is Moderation. When once we pass that pale, our Guardian Angel quits his charge of us." Perhaps, after all, the moderate and forgotten Christmases were the pleasantest ones. Happy are the people who have no history.

Out of a dim and chaotic vision of the Christmases of my

Out of a dim and chaotic vision of the Christmases of my nonage—a jumble of snap-dragon, mince-pies, plum-pudding, crackers, Astley's Amphitheatre, oranges, sawdust, Mr. Duerow, and Mr. Widdicombe, the riding-master; Children's parties, the apothecary—he called on the morrow of Boxing Day—rhubarb and maguesia, forfeits, the Adelaide Gallery, Mr. Perkins's steam gun, and a hopeless attachment for somebody with very large blue eyes, pink cheeks, and flaxen ringlets (perhaps it was my sister's doll), in a white muslin frock, a pink sash, and frilled trousers—there arises a distinct image of a Christmas in Paris when I was a boy at school, A.D. 1840. My sister and I dined with an English family domiciled in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, directly opposite the British Embassy. Ay de mi! Out of a dim and chaotic vision of the Christmases of my

the British Embassy. Ay de mi!

I have an acute remembrance of that Christmas Day; because we had no plum-pudding. A mighty one had been made by the lady of the house; but she had an Irish cook. Ay de mi! No pudding made its appearance after the turkey and the roast beef; and the clustrated hostess, proceeding to the kitchen found the nd the alarmed ostess, proceeding to the kitchen, found th cook sitting on the floor surrounded by broken crockeryware and the debris of an utterly ruined and uneatable plum-pudding. The sedent cook was brandishing a rolling-pin, or a dripping-ladle, I forget which; and as she flourished this strange wand she sang a song, of which the burden was—

Hooroar, up she rises! Hooroar, up she rises!
What shall we do with the drunken sailor?

They knew very well what to do with the tipsy cook, who was very summarily turned out of doors. She had loved, not wisely, but too well. A pompier, I believe; and in a fit of amorous despondency had taken a little more than was good for her. Ay de mi.?

There was very nearly being another plum-pudding catastrophe on a Christmas Day which I spent (very delightfully indeed), in 1876, at Buyukderé, on the Bosphorus. Our genial hostess had a female cook, a Greek. This descendant of Fair Helen of Troy had a weakness, I think, for bottled stout. Perhaps it was for raki. Otherwise she was an ornament to her sex, and a capital But the bottled stout or the raki got the better of μαγείρισσα. But the bottled stout or the raki got the better of her on Christmas Eve; and her mistress was fain to discharge her. She was a lady with a temper; and, prior to her departure per steam-boat for Constantinople, she discharged a whole volley of anathemas on the entire household. She cursed the dogs and

cats; she cursed the carriages and horses; she cursed the baby; and, in particular, she cursed the plum-pudding which she had made, but had not been permitted to boil. Her malisons were fortunately unavailing; and the pudding turned out splendidly.

1 can remember two American Christmasses. One I spent, in 1863, as Montreal, in Canada, with a very dear English friend, who is yet flourishing, and who will live, I hope, to enjoy many more and jovial Christmasses, at home. On Boxing Day we were bidden to dine with a certain gallant General, whose name will ever be associated (as his patent of beronetcy is) with the heroic defence of Kars; but on Christmas Day itself we dined at an excellent hotel called the St. Lawrence Hall. It was a stirring time, in Canada. The Scots Fusilier Guards (not Scots Guards then) held their meas at the St. Lawrence. The Coldstreams (or the Grenadiers?) and the Sixtieth Rifles were also in garrison in the city; and society was enlivened by the presence of a large number of Confederate ladies, exiles from the Southern States. "The Bonny Blue Flag!" "I wish I was in Dixie," "The Homespun Dress," and "Maryland, my Maryland," were more favourite ditties at the St. Lawrence than "John Brown!" or "The Sky Blue coat."

Mem.: Do yeu collect (with discrimination) visiting cards? I do; together with bills of fare. I always steal the menu when I go out to a notable dinner; and have sometimes found the butler's eve fixed sternly upon me, as though he dou'ted whether a spoon might not be the next article which I should appropriate. But these trifles awaken, oft times, the strangest of memories. I was looking, the other day, through a book full of cards gathered in Canada in '63-4. Mr. D'Arcy Magee. Poor fellow. He was, you may remember, foully murdered. Mr. John A. Macdonald. He is now a baronet. John Wilkes Booth. His end we all know. Major Wolseley. Ah! He is to be Lord Wolseley of Cairo, I hear, not Lord Wolseley of Egypt.

Egypt.

A Christmas in New York. That was in 1878. I think that we had eleven invitations to dinner. I know that I had no dinner at all, and sate all day in an anm-chair before a huge fire at the Brevoort and sate all day in an aim-chair before a flux what a merry time we

had eleven invitations to dinner. I know that I had no dinner at all, and sate all day in an aim-chair before a huge fire at the Brevoort House, half choking with bronchitis. But what a merry time we had on New-Year's Day at Delmonico's, and on Twelfth Day at Wormley's Hotel, Washington! "Home again!" after a long absence, has a pleasant sound; but I prefer that of "well again," after a short, sharp fit of sickness.

A Christmas in Berlin. When was that? I think in 1865. We did not know anybody in that enormous, splendid, and intensely disagreeable city. We dined at five o'clock, at the table d'hôte of the Hôtel d'Angleterre, by the Schlossbrücke, and I think we went to the Opera afterwards. There was plum-pudding at dinner. I do not like Berlin.

You see that I have abandoned anything approaching chronological order; for I have miserably failed in the attempt to remember my Christmase, categorically. For example, memory leaps back to two Christmas Days spent, not at home, but behind the scenes of a theatre. The first was in 1846, the second in 1851. On both occasions it was a matter of business. The pantomime was to be produced on Boxing Day; and we had to work very hard to give the finishing touches to the grand entertainment. I had nothing to do with acting in these pantomimes; but I had something to do with "getting up" the first one and writing the other. In the firstnamed year I was very poor; and my Christmas dinner (cost me nine-pence) came from a coffee-shop in Castle-street, East. But about nine o'clock in the evening I went down to a soup-kitchen somewhere near Leicester-square, where Alexis Soyer, the famous chef, had heen superintending the orenartion of a substantial Christmas

pence) came from a coffee-shop in Castle-street, East. But about nine o'clock in the evening I went down to a soup-kitchen somewhere near Leicester-square, where Alexis Soyer, the famous chef, had been superintending the preparation of a substantial Christmas dinner for a multitude of poor folk. The friendly Alexis gave me a huge slab of plum-pudding. I had to go back to the theatre to work; and I made a present of the pudding to the young ladies of the corps de ballet. They told me, the next morning, that it was very nice; but some of them looked very pale and thoughtful.

I must have spent at least half a dozen Christmases in Paris during the past five-and-twenty years; and they were passed under all kinds of circumstances. Nearly every one of the good fellows with whom I dined, say, twenty years ago are dead; so I will not endeavour to count those Christmases.

There was a Christmas Day at sea. I forget the year. It was in the Mediterranean. There were sixty-four passengers on board; and about twenty sate down to dinner. It was blowing a "capful of wind" (it never seems to blow a hat full), and we had the "fiddler" on the table. The ship pitched fearfully; and "then there were ten." Subsequently she rolled; "and then there were ten." Subsequently she rolled; "and then there were five." It was an agreeable Christmas Day; but it lacked repose.

Did you ever spend a Christmas Day in Whitecross-street Prison? I have had such an experience. Probably, you do not even remember where the old jail for debtors was situated. The Sheriff of Middlesex on the occasion to which I refer (it was about 1849) had not been honoured with instructions from the Superior Courts at Westminster to capture my body wheresoever I might be found "running up and down in a bailiwick"; (as if any sane person desired to run up and down in a bailiwick!); and I went to Whitecross-street, not as a prisoner, but as a visitor to a friend who was the publisher of a weekly paper, and was incarcerated at the suit of Her Majesty's Commissioners of In

Government. There were cumulative penalties for non-payment; and I think that, nominally, my friend owed the Revenue about a quarter of a million sterling.

We took this luckless publisher some beef and pudding and a basinfull of that peculiar "stodgy" mock-turtle soup which you see resolved into a thick jelly in the windows of the ham and beef shops. It was a royal entertainment. The jail was full of prisoners, and every one, down to the very poorest, were feasting plentifully. Those who had no money and no friends were comforted with beef, pudding, bread, and beer at the charges of certain endowments, many of them of very ancient origin, called "Prison Charities." These endowments have since, I believe, been diverted to educational purposes, on the ground that Imprisonment for Debt is abolished, and that there are no poor prisoners to relieve. As a matter of fact, I believe that between six and seven thousand debtors are annually flung into jail under the provisions of the County Courts Acts; but these persons (the majority of whom are as poor as Job) are only imprisoned for "Contempt of Court," you know.

I mind the old coffee-room at Whitecross-street well. There was a roaring fire at one extremity of the room: and above the mantelpiece was emblazoned (by some captive herald painter, possibly) a gorgeous achievement of the Royal arms. Beneath this was the inscription "Dum Spiro, Spero." The flow of beer seemed to be unlimited; and the air was thick with the fumes of tobacco. Songs, comic, pathetic, and patriotic, concluded the festival. It was an English version of "Hans Breitmann's Barty"—behind walls neatly surmounted by chevaux de frise. "Fere is dat barty, now?" Gone away into the very dimmest of the evigkeit, I fear. The dietary of all prisoners, I suppose, is augmented on Christmas Day; but the roaring coffee-room, the smoking, the singing, all belong to a state of manners long since passed away.

Only one more Christmas, and I have done gossiping. It was

Daly one more Christmas, and I have done gossiping. It was in 1866. I had heard the cannon of Custozza, and had been out Oaly one more Christmas, and I have done gossiping. It was in 1866. I had heard the cannon of Custozza, and had been out with Garibaldi in the Tyrol; I had seen Venice surrendered to General Le Bœuf (a name to recall at Christmas time) by the Austrians, and by the General handed over in the name of France to Italy. So, after a rather exciting year, we came down to Rome, Mother of Cities, to winter at the clean, comfortable, and joyous Hôtel d'Angleterre in the Via Bocca di Leone, near the Via Condotti: reasonable prices; one of the best table d'hôtes in Italy; and at that table d'hôte, and after it in the smoking-room, the very best "talk" in Europe. A worthy Frenchman, M. Antoine Gondre, was the landlord; but he should have been Mine Host of the Garter, or that famous purveyor Master Harry Bailly, who "personally conducted" the Canterbury Pilgrims, so merry did Monsieur Gondre make us all at Christmas, 1866.

This excellent Boniface is dead; but I was at the Angleterme again last winter, and found the house, in the hands of M. Silenzi, as comfortable and cheerful as ever. And Christmas, 1882, will, I hope, be added to the Christmases which I have spent in Rome; for I have no kindred, now, to gather round my board; and if I am to pass the Great Festival in a foreign land, I judge it best to pass it in the beloved city whence my grandsire came, a Roman citizen, more than a hundred years ago.



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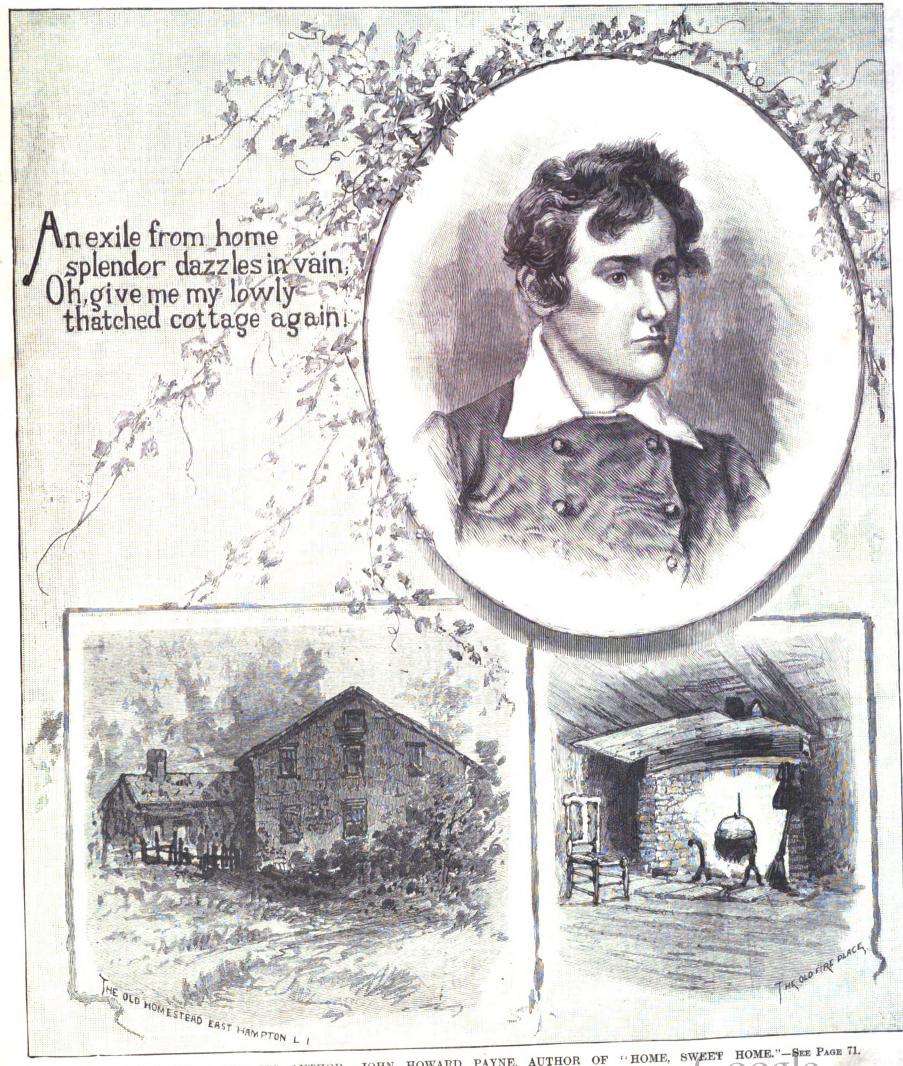
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NEW YORK—FOR THE WEEK ENDING MARCH 24, 1883.

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AN UNDYING POEM AND ITS AUTHOR. JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, AUTHOR OF "HOME, SWEET HOME." - SEE PAGE 71. Digitized by GO

FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, 68, 65 & 57 PARE PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, MARCH 24, 1881.

THE ANARCHISTS IN EUROPE.

HETHER or not the fateful year of 1848 is soon to be repeated as between the reigning dynastice and the people, the recent outbreaks scarcely determine. Yet it is certain that the social problem is a grave one—the gravity, too, of which few who do not closely study European affairs can scarcely imagine. The outbreaks in France and Spain, the turbulent condition and revengeful feeling of the Irish people towards England, the deepseated dissatisfaction of the conservative Germans, and the seemingly mad expedients employed by the Russian Nihilists, do not speak well for the long continued supremacy of the governing class, or the stability of the Executive centres of power. Curiously enough, too, the revolutionary movement in each European State differs in its origin, in its methods of evolution, and the uitimate result proposed to be achieved. The Paris Commune of 1871—the bloodiest episode of the century -was, and is, the incarnation of French anarchy founded on an idea. It was the resident of the city against the cuitivator, the artisan against the peasant. The great cities of France have, since 1789, been the hotbeds of the drapeau rouge, and in one moment or another they have resolved every possible absurdity. Under the Commune of 1871, for instance, Sunday was abolished, orthography was declared an obsolete sciencethe signal of aristocracy—and a carnival of assassination was ordered and executed such as made the civilized world shudder. This was all done in the name of municipal government—the meaning of the Commune and Paris was to be an independent entity -- free from the national restraint. Had not Thiers and MacMahon been on the exterior of the capital with a large body of regulars (150,000), the leading cities of France would have revolted, and the sympathetic Latin cities of Spain and Italy would have followed in their train. The wholesale debarkation of the Communists for New Caledonia, their subsequent employment in penal servitude—which only a French commandant knows how to make oppressive-sowed a deep feeling of resentment among the sufferers against orderly government, and these former prisoners are the anarchists who a few days ago made the significant demonstration in Paris, and which temporarily became a city of threatened danger to timid pleasure-seekers. Said a prudent and thrifty girl, the keeper of a small shop on the Boulevard, when the standard of revolt was at its height in 1871: 'My father was a victim of the Empire of 1851. Now for revenge!" and she rushed forth with a gun and joined in the carnage. This is the epirit which animates the anarchist of to-day. In the face of such a state of feeling, it is no wonder that some, at least, of the ruling class are seized with trepidation bordering on despair.

In Spain, while the subjects of the Crown are neither as noisy, dangerous, or intelligent as the French citoyens, the King is more stable on his throne than is M. Grévy in the Presidency of the Republic. But Alfonso is a weak man, and the frequent change of rulers in the kingdom during the past few years does not give any permanent hope that his monarchy will endure in the face of an energetic revolution.

But probably the most important social and political changes are slowly going on in Germany, where the universal law is to read and write, and the general experience is to be poor. The people are beginning to revolt against the military budget and declaim against military service. advices from various parts of the Empire coming from high and conservative functionaries present a condition of things that will eventually surprise the public when there is a thorough knowledge of the internal affairs of the several States. Germans are beginning to believe that they may be governed in the Fatherland without the necessity of looking for comfortable asylum in the wilds of North America; and they ascribe their present impoverished condition to the policy of Bismarck, which has been to make a strong military Power, whatever becomes of the people. The Germans are not swift to move, but should the wave of revolution roll over their country, it will not surely be with an ordinary velo-city. It will not be like the revolution of a single night in Berlin in 1848, which had small consequences; it might change the destiny of Europe.

Of course these speculations, founded upon the bloody events of the revolutionary year of 1848, which gave to Europe many years of enlightened progress, may be wide of the mark; but, certainly, never in history has there been so much widespread disorganization of society, so much fear of killing on the part of the rulers-dynastic or otherwise - and so much power of the

political equality, and ultimate independence It is too early now to remark upon the influence of these movements upon the social fabile of the United States, yet their potency will soon be apparent, and call for closest study.

TRADE AND THE NEW TARIFF.

A LREADY there are indications of a revival of business activity following long agitation of the tariff question the and its final settlement. The prolonged discussion in Congress had the effect of paralyzing operations in not a few branches of commerce; the suspense pending the final action on this most important subject was considered far worse than any change in the duties that was likely to be made. The feeling at present in almost all the avenues of trade is one of relief.

In the woolen industry the signs are distinctly favorable. No marked improve-ment can at once be expected, but there is a better demand for woolen goods; and it is eignificant, moreover, that at Bradford, the seat of England's woolen industry. great disappointment is expressed at the new tariff laws enacted by this country. That is to say, there is no chance for the English to crowd American manufacturers out of their own markets. The iron trade, too, is reviving. Our bar iron is preferred even at a higher price to the foreign, and prices are not now high enough to encourage importations. Pig iron has been selling more freely of late at Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, and manufactured iron, not only in Eastern Pennsylvania but at the West, is likewise selling to a larger extent than was recently the case. It is worthy of note that our production of pig iron is now over 5,000,000 tons annually; that the industry employs 40,000 persons, to whom \$12,000,000 is annually paid in wages. We are thus next to Great Britain in this department of trade, while the actual consumption in this country is probably larger than anywhere else.

rails, too, notwithstanding the marked reduction in the duty, will continue to be an important item of our manufactures; the effects of the reduction have been anticipated, and there was a demand here a few days ago for at least 50,000 tons. It is impossible for English manufacturers to export steel rails to this country at the present prices, and the Eastern mills have now enough orders on hand to keep them busy for several months. Indeed, little competition from English manufacturers is anticipated at any time, except perhaps at some remote point in the coun-The immediate effect will be rather to increase the competition at the West and Southwest.

There has been a somewhat larger traffic in Sumatra tobacco since the adoption of the new tariff. It will be excluded from our ports hereafter, for the benefit of the tobacco growers in Connecticut, Pennsylvania and other States. As to the reduction of internal revenue taxes on tobacco, the manufacturers, wholesale dealers and retailers will derive the most benefit from it at first; later, the cost will be reduced to the public. Southern products, such as rice and molasses, have met with a larger trade here since the tariff question was settled; East India rice and West India molasses will not interfere with the native industries. And, not to particularize further. it may be reiterated that the general effect of the Congressional decision touching the tariff has been to impart greater activity to traffic, and thus to produce a more cheerful feeling in the business community.

IOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

THE expected arrival at this port during the present week of the remains of John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," will be an event of more than ordinary interest. As is generally known, the expense of their transfer from their resting-place in Tunis to this country. is borne by the distinguished philanthropist, W. W. Corcoran, of Washington, who has also arranged for their interment, under a suitable monument, in the beautiful and romantic Oak Hill Cometery, which was presented by him to the capital city a number of years ago. It is certainly a little remarkable that it should have been left to a citizen of Washington to interest himself in removing the remains of the poet and dramatist to a final sepulture in his native country, for Payne was essentially a New Yorker, identified in all his earlier life with the metropolis. It was here that his first successes were gained, and it is here that his monument should be reared. But the generation that knew Payne is wellnigh dead and gone, and there are few who see John McCullough in the play of "Brutus; Or, The Fall of Tarwho know that the author of the play was the author of "Home, Sweet Home. Mr. Corcoran, however, can remember how, as a mere boy, in the year 1809, he was delighted with Payne's acting. He says: "Whenever I could get twenty-five cents to pay for a seat, I went to see and hear the Kremin in Moscow. In all kindness, it

lower orders of the people crying for bread, | tragedian, and my memory of his appearance and action is now fresh and clear, after a lapse of seventy three years." And so the venerable gentleman is showing his regard for the memory of Payne in a most appropriate way.

At the time when Mr. Corcoran saw Payne on the stage, the latter was only a boy himself, having just made his debut as Young Norval at the Park Theatre, New York (on February 24th, 1809), being then only sixteen years of age. But even some years earlier than this he had courted public favor as editor of the Thespian Mirror, a weekly paper. At this time he was only thirteen years old, and a clerk in a counting house. Afterwards, in 1807, while a student in Union College, he published twenty five numbers of a periodical, the Pastime. In fact, he was a genuine "infant phenomenon," and it is only a question whether more moderate success in his youthful attempts would not have insured more permanent results in maturer years.

After his successful début at the Park Theatre, he appeared in leading parts in Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore. was within a few days of his twenty first birthday that he made his first appearance in London at the Drury Lane Theatre, and he afterwards made tours to the provincial theatres and Ireland. During the succeeding twenty years which Payne spent in Europe he experienced all the ups and downs incident to the life of a talented actor, playwright and manager, who had ability for anything but taking care of his own interests. His tragedy of "Brutus," already mentioned, was first produced in 1818, with Edmund Kean in the principal part. The chief character in his comedy "Charles the Second," was a favorite part of Charles Kemble. Either one of these plays would have made the fortune of an ordinary writer, but money would not etick to Payne. The song "Home, Sweet Home," contained in "Clari; Or, The Maid of Milan," which was produced as an opera, and it made the fortunes of all who were connected with it, excepting the author. But if his talents did not gain him money. they brought him friends, and he numbered among his correspondents Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Charles Lamb.

The original manuscript of "Home. Sweet Home," is now in the possession of an old lady of Athens. Ga., to whom Payne was strongly attached. The words, as first written, are all interlined, with here and there an expression of endearment to the lady mentioned. It was in 1841 that the poet was appointed United States Consul at Tunis, and here he died in 1852. The marble slab which for over thirty years marked his grave in the cemetery of St. George's contained this inscription:

"Sure, when thy gentle spirit fied,
To realms beyond the azure dome,
With arms outstretched, God's angels said:
'Welcome to heaven, Home, Sweet Home.'

The monument soon to be reared at the nation's capital will testify to coming generations that the memory of the poet is precious to his native land; but no such memorial is needed to perpetuate his name wherever, the wide world over, human hearts find life's supremest joy in the influences and associations of Home.

OUR ARCHITECTURAL DEVELOP-MENT.

NOT the least interesting feature of the building activity in New York is a etudy of the architectural development. From the dead level of the commonplace, from an uncompromising severity of simplicity, only exceeded by the Philadelphia style of putting architecture in uniform, and a monotonous, if not dreary, sameness in the exteriors of the very proper and scarcely less uninviting brown-stone fronts of up town New York residences, there has come a reaction. The homebuilders have gone from one extreme to the other. It is only about two years since the Queen Anne, with a little feeling of the Renaissance, first came in vogue. To catalogue the architectural sins since committed in the name of that unhappy woman would be an unpleasant duty; these sins are perpetuated in brick and stone and enduring timbers that might, unchallenged, set themselves up as "frightful examples." Now the property owners demand of their architects something in the ultra Renaiscance line-it matters little what, so it be Renaissance. As the natural result, there is a crowding together in one building, perhaps, of all that is florid, from the poetic Italian Renaissance; from the more virile and robust, but no less attractive. French Renaissance; and from other styles and eras too numerous and too confusing to classify. From downright plainness, the architects, working according to the instructions or desires of their clients, have gone to overloading the fronts of single dwellings with decorations and ornamentations that should be spread over a facade of not less than a block in extent. As to the roofs and sky-lines, many of them simply baffle description, and for downright grotesquery and picturesque barbariem, may be said to fairly rival St. Basil in the

may be recalled as a friendly warning that the architect of the fearfully and wonder. fully made St. Basil had his eyes thrust out by order of Ivan the Terrible, for whom the church was built.

The result of the underdone and overdone architecture of this city is almost equally unsatisfactory to the educated eye; but the more recent departure is certainly an outreaching in the right direction, and for that reason full of hope. Between the two extremes lies the happy medium which can never be reached till the pendulum of public taste has swung as far one way as the other.

One of the more recent problems for solution by the architects and builders is that presented by the sky-scraping edifices, both for residence and business uses. These involve modifications of methods in construction, and at the same time present an enlarged scope and fascinating field for experiment in the treatment of exterior designs. In a short time these tall buildings are destined to as radically change the appearance of the city as they will affect its business. Of the highest importance in their construction are the considerations of adequate protection for property and security for life. Primarily these considerations involve, as vitally essential, that buildings of double the former conventional height shall be, first, as absolutely fireproof as possible; second, that ample fire escapes shall be provided; and, third, that the elevators shall be so equipped as to prevent the possibilities of accidents. These points being properly settled, and taking for granted durability in construction, convenience of plan, plenty of light, perfect ventilation and sanitary plumbing. there still remains for the architects the problem of how to give the mo-t attractive appearance to the exterior of the building as a complement to the practical perfection of the interior; and in the solution of this problem lie the possibilities of architectural development, if not of absolute creation, which may result in what shall deservedly be known as distinctively the American style.

THE LOVE OF THE MYSTERIOUS.

GREAT and victorious is humbug. The human mind longs to doubt that which is demonstrated and believe that which is impossible. To the average intellect there is something extremely fascinating in the thought that events do not happen in a regular and orderly manner, in obedience to known law, but that they occur capriclously, or in response to the waving of some magical wand.

We delight in prophecies and prodicies, in wonder-workers or marvelous happeninge, in events that we can manage to assign to the shadowy border-land, where the sequences of nature are suspended and gnomes and goblins dwell. Probably threequarters of those who read this are in the habit of careasing some puerile superatition that, if matured, would make them food for Wiggins-they shudder to see the moon over their left shoulder, or to step into a friendly house with the right foot first, or to sit with thirteen at a table, or to go up one pair of stairs and down another, or to have a picture fall, or to have a bird fly into a window, or to break a looking-glass, or to hear an insect ticking in the wall, or to see a flock of geese go by in a long drawn procession, or to have a hearse pauce in front of the window. There are thousands of homes of intelligent people in these States where the mirrors are always corered up when there is a death in the family. for fear the corpse will arise in the night and look in the glass; though it does not clearly appear why the deceased should be denied such a harmiess gratification. Byron was superstitious about cats; and the great explorer and antiquarian, Schliemann, affirms that he never had any luck in life till he began to give precedence to his left side in dressing himself, and he a cribes his great success to the fact that for years he has put his left leg first into his panta-

Professor Wiggins has succeeded prophet. That is to say, his predictions have failed, but he has impressed himself on the imaginations of the superstitious as being possessed of mysterious powers of divination. Multitudes regard him with awe. All he now needs to do is to predict amazing things in a high tone of voice at short intervals, and at very long range : he should keep at least a dozen balls of splendid prophecy in the air at once, and if he can throw in a comet of the first magnitude to strike the earth about two years from now, and make a hole a hundred miles deep and a thousand miles in diameter in the vicinity of Kalamazoo, there will be a first class sensation, and he will get hundreds of invitations to lecture. It makes no difference whether his prophecies come true or not; he can keep enough alarm in the air to prevent his mere fallures from attracting any attention. He should predict a blight of the rice crop of India next year, and starvation among the Hindoos: that is their notati He should foretell

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the American Indians—they are always to interfere for the protection of the latter. starving. He should predict the sinking of Manhattan Island, the destruction of London by an earthquake, and the outbreak of a volcano in the mountains over Montreal. This will keep public attention pleasantly riveted on him, and afford a gentle stimulus all around. Public credulity must be appeased, and he is not, perhaps, the most useless of men who ministers to its gratification.

TOO MUCH READING.

T is no doubt true that the mental habits which are necessarily fostered by much newspaper reading—the cursory skimming of paragraph after paragraph, reading with the eyes rather than the mind—have much to do with a certain lowering of the mental keynote which is observable in nearly all classes of society at the present day. The reports of public libraries all over the country show the reading habit to be rapidly gaining ground. To a certain extent, this is doubtless a good thing, and yet it is quite possible that there may be too much Whatever tends to stifle thought of it. cannot but be harmful, and certain it is that a great deal of our current literature not only does not stimulate thought, but rather acts as a narcotic, dulling the memory and stupefying the reflective powers. A little of it might do no harm, but even good; yet most of those who read at all, in these days of free libraries and cheap books, read not a little. To be for ever acted upon instead of acting, to be always in an attitude of receptivity which leads to no activity, to have one's thinking always in the passive voice, so to speak, must tend not only to dwarf, but almost to paralyze, the intellect. A habit of rapid skimming over even good books leaves no room for reflection; thought after thought is dropped into the mind only to die there, instead of springing up and bearing fruit a hundred-fold; and the more precious the thought the heavier the loss. The memory, hopeless of retaining all that is forced upon it, with no aid from the re flecting, combining, associating faculties, ends by retaining nothing. Books are read for the mere pleasure of the moment, and are forgoiten as easily as they were read. If only their substance had been assimilated by the mind, this had been matter of less consequence. They would have nourished and built up the intelligence, and so far have done their work. But this the majority of books of the present day are scarcely calculated to do, without more careful study than they are likely to get. It is not with them as with the books of two or three generations ago; then the lightest of them were somewhat hard nute to crack ; they were perforce worked over, nibbled at here and there, returned to again and again; to get at their sweetness was not so easy a matter, but once gotten, it passed into the very fibre and texture of the mind. Hence there were fewer readers, and they who read, read to purpose. Glant thinkers are rate enough in any age, but in the former time, with far less of culture, people in general were thinking as they do not now.

To learn to think—that is the great problem, the aim of all our education, the true object of all our reading. The noblest employment of the cultivated mind, how great the pity that it should be so often lost in the craving for a pleasurable sensation which lasts but for the moment!

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE excitement in England over the disclosures as to the Irish murder conspiracy has scarcely subsided, when a fresh sensation is produced by an attempt to blow up the Local Government Board offices in London, which is, of course, attributed to the Fenians. The explosion occurred on the evening of March 15th, and was so severe as to shake the galleries of the House of Commons, some distance away. Dynamite was used, and the building looked as though it had been bombarded; but, happily, nobody was injured. This first outbreak of the dynamite party in London naturally made a protound impression, and strong guards were placed about the offices and the residences of the Ministers. The evening before the explosion in the Government offices, an attempt was made to blow up the London Times office, but no serious damage was done.

The explosion occurred on the day next succeeding that on which the House of Commons had rejected, by the decisive vote of 250 to 63, Mr. Parnell's Bill amending the Land Act. Mr. Gladstone said the Bill amounted to a virtual remodeling of the Act, eliciting hearty cheers from the Tory benches by declaring that it would be in violation of the duty of the Government to demand further sacrifices from landlords. Mr. Gladstone also expressed the hope that Mr. Parnell would give assurance that the new crusade would be conducted in a strictly legal manner-a remark which derives new emphasis from the work of the dynamite party on the following day. The trial of the murder conspiracy prisoners has been set for April 9th.

The Transvaal problem is again demanding attention. The Boers have been making many attacks upon the native chiefs, and many Englishmen feel that it is the duty of their country The Government, however, is very much disinclined to assume new obligations in that quarter, Lord Derby saying that the use of force would only tend to create an African

The various phases of anarchism in different European countries continue to engage atten-The Socialists in Paris are very active, and a "Black Hand" society has been discovered in Northern Portugal, while no less than 1,200 persons have been arrested in the Spanish province of Audalusia alone for complicity in the anarchist movement. The Russian Government has proposed to the other Powers that an international detective force be organized to cope with Anarchists, Nihilists, Fenians and Socialists. France, Switzerland and Austria

have acquiesced in the proposal.

The suspicion that Prince Gortschakoff was poisoned is sustained by his physician, and it appears that the Prince himself knew of the eory, for in his will, made on his deathbed, he requested the authorities to suppress any inquiry as to whether or not he had been poisoned.—The Spanish Dynastic Left have appointed a committee to manage the party, as Marshal Serrano desires to resign the leadership.—It is announced that all the preliminaries for placing a bust of Longfellow in Westminater Abbey are now arranged, sufficient capital having been subscribed, the sculptor engaged, and the position for the bust selected. The latter is a column standing between the memorial niche of Chaucer and the bust of Dryden, with a full and uninterrupted stream of light falling on the position, so that the bust will occupy a central and most conspicuous place in the Poets' Corner.

THE apparent revival of public sentiment in favor of the lash as a means of punishment is one of the curious signs of the times. The one of the curious signs of the times. The latest manifestation is the passage of a Bill, in the lower branch of the Illinois Legislature, to punish wife-beaters by whipping. Illinois is one of the most intelligent and progressive States in the West, and the fact that such a Bill meets favor in her Legislature is one of the meets favor in her Legislature is one of no small significance.

THE tide of immigration still pours in upon us, but with somewhat diminished volume. The official statistics show that the total number of emigrants who have reached our shores from the principal foriegn countries during the months of February and March is 17,065, against 28,247 for the same month last year. For the eight months ending February 28th the number arrived is 300, 484, being 74,609 less than during the same period of the preceding year. The immigration to Canada, meanwhile, is increasing, and is likely to grow still more rapidly under the stimulus of the efforts now making to divert Irish and English emigrants to that quarter.

"ALL the world loves a lover," and even age and obesity do not avail to break the charm. Seldom has this been more strikingly illustrated than in the interest manifested throughout the country in the marriage of ex-Senator David Davis to a North Carolina bride last week. The public has smiled at the old ast week. Ine public has smiled at the old gentleman's transparent denials of wedding in-tentions, and had its joke at the idea of the ponderous statesman indulging in the soft nothings appropriate to the affianced, but it has also been hearty in its congratulations and has also been nearty in its congratulations and good wishes to the happy pair. Now that he has retired from his long service in the Supreme Court and the Senate, the integrity and patriotism of the Illinois Independent are warmly recognized, and the whole country will join in the hope that he may find all the happiness he could desire in his rile of bride-

THE last New York Legislature investigated the receivership scandal, but very little good seems to have come of the exposures made. A recent statement shows that no less than sixteen bankrupt savings banks in this State are in the hands of receivers, and that the depositors are being defrauded of their just dues by tedious litigation protracted in the interest of the receivers and their friends. Some of these cases are simply outrageous, as one where over eleven years have been spent in paying two dividends of \$152,000 at an expense of nearly \$76,000, and another where over eight years and \$90,000 have been consumed in paying a single dividend. It is disgraceful that legalized stealing of this sort can be committed in a civilized State, and the Legislature ought to be shamed into effective action to stop the

ONE of the coming reforms in this coun is the adoption of a Constitutional Amendment allowing the Executive to veto separate items of an appropriation Bill. Governor Butler has called attention to the necessity of such a provision in Massachusetts in a recent veto of a Bill making appropriations for various expenditures connected with charitable and reformatory institutions in that State. Some of these appropriations he approves; but he can only arrest others which he condemns by vetoing the Bill as a whole. New York has set an excellent example to the country by a constitutional provision allowing the Governor in such cases to pass judgment upon any item without endangering the fate of the rest. The system works admirably, and other States as well as The system the National Congress could not do a better thing in the interest of good legislation than to apply it in their respective spheres.

THERE is something touching in the tone of the reply which the chief of the Malagassy envoys addressed, the other day, to a delegation of Washington clergymen. These clergymen had adopted resolutions expressing their

deep interest in the progress of Madagascar under the present sovereign, and their regret at the threatened war arising from the aggressive policy of France. The ambassado sive policy of France. The ambassador responded heartily to the sympathetic feeling evinced by the resolutions, and then sadly added: "We frankly confess that our present prospects almost discourage us entirely in the paths of enlightenment. If the policy of France be the outcome of the white men's civilization than it were better for us to re-France be the outcome of the white men's civilization, then it were better for us to remain in ignorance." A whole volume could not depict the situation more forcibly than these two sentences, and they ought to be carefully conned by French statesmen. Should opportunity offer, it is to be hoped that the good offices of this Government and that of Great offices of this Government and that of Great Britain may be interposed to allay the existing exasperations and avert the calamity of a war in which the highest interests of civil order, religion and education would suffer incalculable damage.

THE investigation by a citizens' committee of the Washington police department has disclosed a most extraordinary state of affairs. This committee has been at work for three months, and it has discovered proofs of the existence of a widespread conspiracy between the detectives and the thieves, whereby the former even went so far as to plan robberies, send for criminals to commit them and divide the profits with them. The committee has secured the indictment of thirty-four persons, most of whom were detectives, and the abolition also of the abolit tion also of the whole detective force by Congress. The investigation has a national interest, inasmuch as the unlawful combination which it has disclosed operated in the interest of more prominent criminals than ordinary thieves, and has seriously impeded the administration of justice in the courts.

THE unexpected appearance of Patrick Egan, the Land League treasurer, in New York, last week, has revived the controversy as to the disposition of the great amount of money which has passed through his hands. There is one very easy and simple way of ending it, and that is by a full publication of the accounts; but Mr. Egan still fails to avail himself of it. He has come over, he says, to defend Sharidan in case the Dilith of the says, to defend Sheridan, in case the British Government pushes proceedings for his extradition, and will attend the convention of Irish societies in will attend the convention or irish societies in Philadelphia, April 25th, at which he also promises Parnell's attendance. Mr. Egan's coming was enveloped in considerable mystery, the British authorities supposing that he had fled to the Continent, but whether there was any reason for it beyond the Celtic love of mystery does not clearly appear. It is scarcely necessary to say that he has been warmly welcomed by his countrymen here.

THE reappearance in political life of ex-Governor Sprague, of Rhode Island, is an ineident of some significance. It is apparent that, notwithstanding his business misfortunes and his somewhat erratic personal career, he still has the confidence of "the common peo-ple," and is regarded as peculiarly the representative of their aspirations and purposes as regards the internal policy of the State. His nomination for Governor by a convention of Independents is the outcome of this preference and of the feeling of discontent which pervades the ranks of both the Republican and Democratic parties; and while it is scarcely probable that the movement will prove sucess ful, it certainly should convince the party leaders of the necessity of conforming themselves more nearly to the popular demands than they have latterly done. To the country at large the coming campaign in that State will have an interest which has not attached to any contest there for a considerable period

THE Missouri Legislature has been discussing the liquor question, and has finally decided in favor of high licenses. A Bill has been passed which levies a tax of from \$25 to \$200 for State purposes, and another of from \$20 to \$200 to \$400 for county purposes, upon each license every six months, while no license is to be granted unless the applicant secures the signatures of two-thirds of the taxpayers in his neighborhood and follows. neighborhood and files a bond of \$2,000 to keep an orderly house and refuse liquor to minors. The law provides a heavy penalty for selling liquor to habitual drunkards, and has other stringent features. The enactment of such a measure only emphasizes the present drift of opinion regarding the repression of drunkenness, which is distinctly in favor of trying a system of high license tees and other restrictions upon the liquor traffic, rather than to pass prohibitory laws which public opinion will not enforce.

NEW ORLEANS is a good deal worried over a threatened danger of the most serious character, being nothing less than the loss of the Mississippi River. For several years a larger part of the Father of Waters has been deflected into the Atchafalaya River, and reaches the Gulf by that channel. The Mississippi River Commission estimated that in 1881 onesixth of the flood discharge had been diverted to the smaller streams, and the increase has been so extraordinary since then that Captain Eads, of Fads jetties fame, declares that, if left to itself, the great river will within two or three years change its course entirely and down the Atchafalaya to the sea. As this would close the Lower Mississippi to naviga-tion and leave New Orleans on a small and tributary stream, it is not strange that the people of that thriving city should be alarmed. To add to the seriousness of the situation, the failure of the River and Harbor Bill in the last Congress has put an embargo on the proposed works for arresting tl c deflection of the Mississippi, and the New Or eans papers fear that this delay will prove disastrous.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

The health of Secretary Folger is somewhat

THE mining town of Forest City, California, was destroyed by fire on the 16th inst.

It is authoritatively denied that the Prince of Wales will visit this country during the present year.

Assistant United States Treasurer Wyman has been appointed Treasurer to succeed Mr. Gilalian, re-THE President has suspended Judge Hoover, of

upreme Court of Arizona, who is charged with ac epting bribes. Good order has been entirely restored in Alaska. he native tribes unite in asking that school-teachers be sent to them.

Counsel for Polk, the defaulting State Treasurer of Tennessee, have offered to compromise by paying the full amount of his defaication.

BOTH Houses of the Tennessee Legislature have passed the Bill to settle the State debt at fifty cents on the dollar, and with three per cent, interest.

THE Republican State Committee of Georgia have referred to a sub-committee the question of the nomination of a candidate for Governor. MR. L. L. SADLER, for seven years a conspicu-

ous member of the Board of Councilmen, has been nominated by the Republicans for Mayor of Cincinnati. THE position of Chief of the Bureau of Engrav-

ing and Printing has been tendered to John W. Cornis, of Geneva, Sorgeant-at-Arms of the New York Senate.

THE New Jersey Assembly has rejected a joint resolution providing for an Amendment to the Constitution touching senatorial representation on a basis of

SECRETARY CHANDLER has authorized Lieutenant Harber to continue the search for Lieutenant Chipp and his party during the coming Summer if be thinks it advisable.

Another sanguinary war is threatened in the Creek Nation, consequent upon the resewal of outrages by the adherents of Spreche, one of the aspirants for the supreme authority.

THE Connecticut Legislature has passed a bill placing the funerals of executed criminals under the control of the Sheriff, who may cause them to be buried at the expense of the State.

Tun treaty with Madagascar has been ratified by the State Department. The curveys were received in Philadelphia, last week, with public honors, being the guests of the city during their stay.

IT is expected that the Northern Pacific Railroad will be completed in its entire extent by the lat of September next. A branch road to the Yellowstone Park, sixty miles in length, will be finished by the let THE national convention of the Land League

will be held at Philadelphia, April 25th and 26th. On the evening of the second day a grand reception will be tendered to Parnell, Davitt, Egan, and other distinguished In the Star Route trials last week, General

Brady testified for the defense, putting in a general denial of the charges laid against him. The crossexamination brought out many inconsistencies in his estimony. THE Continental Guards of New Orleans, one

THE COntinental Guards of New Orleans, one of the crack corps of the city, will visit Boston in June next. They also have invitations from military companies at Chicago, Toledo, Syracuse, Elizabeth, New York, Albany, Portland, and other cities. THE Republicans of Rhode Island have nomi-

THE Kepublicans of Knode Island have nominated Augustus O. Bourn for Governor and Ozorr J. Rathbun for Lieutenant-governor. The ticket was completed by renominating Joshua M. Addeman for Secretary of State, S. P. Colt for Attorney-general, and Samuel Clark for General Treasurer.

On account of the lack of appropriations for the ON account of the fack of appropriations for the current fiscal year, General Hazen of the Signal Service Bureau has closed twenty-eight cautionary display stations on the Atlantic Coat, has discontinued telegraphic weather reports from three stations, and has closed thirteen observing stations.

THE Herald fund for the relief of sufferers by the Ohlo floods has reached an aggregate of \$50,000. The fund is disbursed by special agents of the Herald, who investigate each case of need as a proliminary to the bestowal of aid. The floods in the Mississ:pp. Valley are subsiding, but there is still great distress among the people of the inundated districts

THE Netherlands Chamber has authorized the Government to negotiate a loan of 60,000,000 floring.

CHARLES WITTS, the German lawyer and writer, is dead, and M. Edouard Luboulaye, French jurist, is reported to be dying. M. Edouard Luboulaye, the distinguished

THE French Government has resolved to expel all the foreigners convicted of implication in the riots at Paris upon the expiration of their sentences.

Ir is stated that a British magistrate has unearthed astounding evidence connecting O'Do Rossa with the Patriotic Brotherhood conspiracy. An International Exhibition will be opened at

Calcutta next December. Two thousand square feet of space have been reserved for American exhibitors. THE emigration to Canada from Great Britain

THE emigration to Canada from Great Distant is expected to be unusually extensive during the ensuing year. One steamer, sating from Liverpool for Halifax last week, took 450 emigrants. MR. PARNELL'S friends have resolved to take

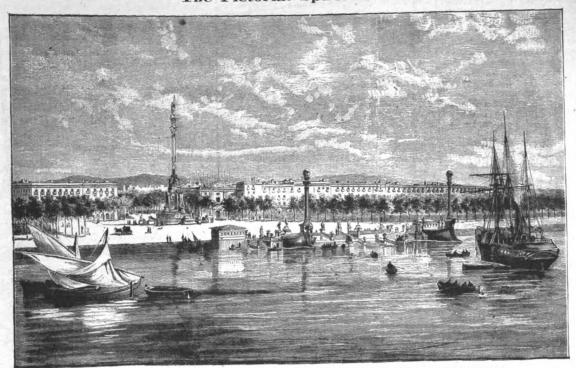
the question of the proposed test-monial out of his hands. A national movement in its favor is shout to be started under the auspices of Archbishop Croke and THE Catholic clergy of the diocese of Swineford, County Mayo, have passed a resolution charging the Government with neglecting the distressed people, and

condemning the remedies offered of the workhouse Oxpord defeated Cambridge again in the annual University race on the Thames, March 15th. The Cambridges were the favorites at great odds, but Oxford won

easily by three lengths This gives Oxford 22 of the 40 races that have been rowed, to 17 for Cambridge and GENERAL BARRIOS, President of Guatemala, has published a proclamation in which he strongly altrocates the establishment of the confederation of the five republics, and declares that he does not aspire to the Presidency of it. Indications point to trouble being caused in the event of the confederation scheme being

warmly pushed. Digitized by GOGIC

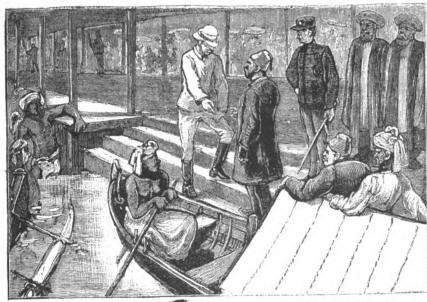
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press. - See Page 71.



SPAIN. - THE LANDING STAGE AND MONUMENT IN HONOR OF COLUMBUS, AT BARCELONA.



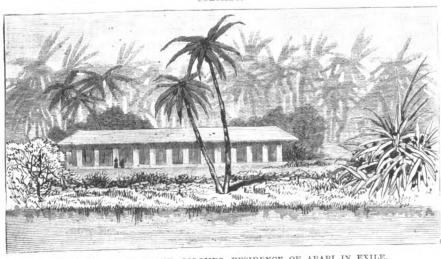
SWITZERLAND. - LOUIS RUCHONNET, PRESIDENT FOR 1883.



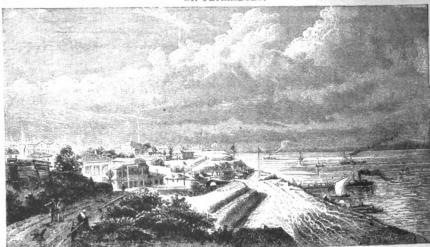
CEYLON, -THE CHIEF OF POLICE RECEIVING ARABI ON HIS LANDING AT COLOMBO.



RUSSIA. — SUPPLYING HOT TEA TO STREET RAILWAY EMPLOYÉS IN ST. PETERSBURG.



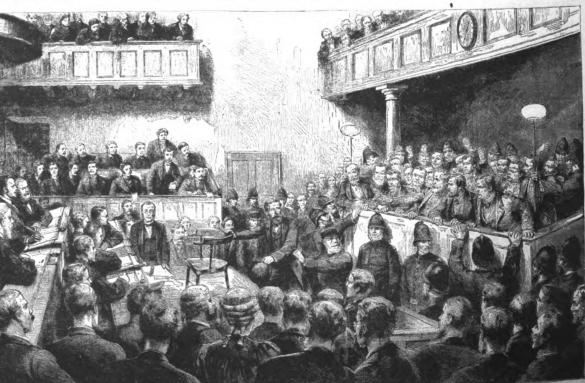
CEYLON .- LAKE HOUSE, COLOMBO, RESIDENCE OF ARABI IN EXILE.



BULGARIA. — THE FORTIFIED CITY OF RUSTCHUK, RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL



VENEZUELA. - MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF BOLIVAR.



IRELAND, - THE CONSPIRACY TRIALS IN DUBLIN - FIRST APPEARANCE OF JAMES CAREY AS A WITNESS.





MISSISSIPPI.—BEAUVOIR, THE RESIDENCE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS—INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR VIEWS.

FROM SKETCHES BY C. UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 75.

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BARRIER-REEFS.

BEAUTIFUL skies and a sapphire son, . Whose kiss on the saud falls lovingly, While soft airs hover o'er you and me, And the sun shines brave on the barrier.

A leaden line where the sea grows cold. Tears of protest-a tale half-told-As the shadows creep o'er the barrier.

Storms sweep over the headlands gray: Miserere!" the wild winds say, The cry of a hunted soul at bay! And the sea moans by the barrier! *

Midnight skies with their blotted stars. Tempest and rack-then lurid bars, Of sunrise crimson the last frail spars, Of a life boat-wrecked on the barrier

"49":

The Gold-seeker of the Sierras.

By JOAQUIN MILLER.

CHAPTER IX .- (CONTINUED.)

S she speaks, Colonel Billy, the blazing A comet, comes upon the scene. But he has taken a vaster orbit now. The "Vigilantes," or rather a set of sleek villains, under shelter of that honored appellation, have taken possession of the camp and banished all idlers, also including such persons as were hostile to

Banished! Banished by the Vigilantes at

last!" gasps the comet.
"What! driven out?" says Gully, with affected pity, and then, chuckling, adds to himself: "My work. He is not for me, and is, therefore, against me. He must go."

"Yes, new people come, call themselves Vigilantes, and drives us old ones out. It's rough, it's tough. Total wreck: total wreck."
"Well, Colonel Billy," says Gully, "shake hands and part friends. But it's too late to set out on a journey with your blankets tonight. What! Won't shake hands?"

"Not with you, I reckon. Not with you. Pretty low down; total wreck; but never shook hands with a man that shook his friends, and never will."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean you are a Vigilante. Yes. I know you by-by-the pure cussedness that's in

"Why, I-I am not a Vigilante. I am-

"You are a liar."

"What?" "Stick to it, Billy I" cries Carrie, as she hands him a knife with which she has been cutting flowers. "He is a Vigilante, and the worst of the lot." And the girl's face is a

flame.

"You are!" shouts the colonel, flourishing his knife. "And you are the man that's been sending off all ''49's' friends one by one, one by one. And at last you'll send him off, and then Dandy. Oh, you've got devilment in you bigger than a mule. But I'll go. Total wreck; total wreck. I'll see old ''19' just once more and go. Played out, played out. An old miner that never did any harm. That An old miner that never did any harm. That An old miner that never did any narm. That for twenty-five years dug out gold from the Sierras to make the world rich. But now—never mind. I'll go. I'll go. Total wreck."

And he drops the knife on the table and stumbles down the rocky trail.

"Now, do you see what kind of a critter you are?" sobs Carrie. "Poor, poor old Colonel Billy. Why, if he owned the whole Sierras, and you come and wanted it, he'd give it to you. And here you come," she adds, indignantly, "and he must go. You won't let him have even a place to lie down and die in." And she sits and again is busied with her

"Carrots, don't be too hard. The man is sent away because he has no visible means of All such men must leave the camp. I am going to get married and settle down, and I want a respectable neighborhood.

"Well, we can't have that while you're

"No! Guess you'll go after ''49' and Charley next. But if you do, look out for lightnin."
"No, I won't; all such honest and industrious fellows like them will remain, and I will make friends with them."

"Bet you a forty-dollar hoss you don't make

friends with them."
"Oh, but I will! I am going now to the tunnel to find Charley and '49,' and I'll bet you a new silk dress they both come to my

"I don't want any of your silk dresses. But

they won't come. They are square, they are not two-faced and triangular."

"Why, Carrots, what do you mean? Come, let's be friends."

As he attempts to embrace her, Carrie starts up, raises her knife and cries: "Look here! Do you see that California thistle on the rocks in the warm Autumn sun?"

· Well ? "Well! But yesterday it was only a weak, helpless plant, and you could have crushed it in your hand, like that. But now it is strong and sharp, and able to take care of itself! Sabe? Well, I'm just like that. Sabe John?"

"Curse her!" mutters the man, aside, then, turning, he says: "Good-by for a few minutes. I will see Charley and '49,' and you will all come to my wedding to-night. Yes, you will."

"To-night!" muses Carrots to herself, as she still arranges the flowers for Charley. "To-night! And that vicious Belle is to be married to-night. Well, it's about a match, I guess." and as she settles the flowers, she sits at the table singing an old negro melody, the

same that Black Sam sometimes sings. She arranges the leaves in the basket, and makes her bouquet very picturesque and sets it in an old can on the table. "That bread's for her dinner. Wonder where I got that song. Think I knowed it always, she mutters, as she recommences it.

The flaming comet returns, poking its fiery nose in the little girl's face. He is drunk and

"That ain't ''49's' Christmas song (hic), that ain t.

"What! Not gone, Colonel Billy? I'm glad of that."

"I got a drink (hic), a farewell drink, down at the forks of the trail; a real, genuine, good, farewell drink (hic). Feel better. Won't go

"Good. You stay right here. This is the centre of the earth."
"It is. Why, I couldn't leave this place now (hic). I should go round and round, and round, like the sun around the world, and never never git away. No! I guess I've dug holes enough in the Sierras to entitle me to a grave. And I'll stay (hic), go right back to town and stay. It they want to hang, let 'em hang. Don't care anything to be (hic) hanged!" And the poor old colonel totters down the trail.

A few moments pass when young Devine suddenly dashes in, holding a scroll of papers with a big red seal; he is fearfully excited, and looks back over his shoulder, like one that

is pursued.
"Why, Charley! how excited you are."
"No, no; never mind that; where is '49'?" "Why, he was to town, and I heard him ask the store man for credit, and the store man said he couldn't have even a cracker any more. So he went off with his gun to get somethin' good for our dinner, 1 guess. But what's the matter, Charley ?"

"Nothing; nothing, my child - my darling. But, can you keep a secret? Oh. I do wish (249) was here. Can you keep this for me? Keep it as you would keep gold." And he gives her the marked package of papers. "You will keep it and the secret."

Silently the girl hides the papers in her bosom.
"Keep it! As the stars of heaven keep the

secrets of the better world, I will keep it," she devoutly says.

"Thank you! Thank you my-my-my-love, my lite. Yes, yes, I love you, poor, beautiful little waif of the camp, with all my heart. But there, I must back to the tunnel neart. But there, I must back to the tunnel to my work. Tell no one I was here. Do not even whisper it to '49.' There! and eagerly, wildly, he kisses her. Good by; I will be back soon, soon. Soon. And the excited man dashes away as he came.

"He kissed me! And he loves me! Oh my patience! Kissed me, and kissed me, and kissed me! Kissed me three times at onct. It took my breath away. Oh, I'm so happy. He gave me this to keep. I wonder what it is? And I wonder what the secret is? And what the trouble is? Trouble? Trouble? No; there is no trouble now. There can never be any trouble any more now, for Charley loves me.

As she thus talks to herself, "'49" comes down the trail with a hairy ring-tailed coon, his gun on his shoulder. "Hello, Carrots!" his gun on his shoulder. "Hello. Carrots!" And he throws down the coon; then he hobbles to her, laughing. "Goin to sing the old song for me?"

"Yes, and I won't never go to old Mississip

"That's right. You stay right here, and when I strike it—ha, ha!—but, won't you kiss me?"

The girl is a long time arranging her mouth: she shrugs up her shoulders: she is laughing as she remembers ('harley's kiss.

"Yes; oh, yes. There! I wanted to—to—to—kiss somebody again!" "'49" starts surprised. "Does it? Do you? Did it—did it do you as much good to -to - Do you like as well to be kissed as—as—Do you feel as splendid as I did when—when—Does it make you tingle all over, and feel comfortable and warm, and summery, when —" And here the girl hid her face, and then whirls about and laughs in the old man's face till she cries.

"Why, what do you mean?"
"He-he-he-he kissed me; he-Charley."

"Go-go-go-long."

"Yes, he did. And he said he loved me, and he has gone back—". Then, suddenly, and very seriously, she says, "No, he -he—he wasn't here to-day; it was yesterday—to-

Well, I don't care when it was, or where it was. He's an honest, square boy; and, when

such times since '49."
""49,' tell me something. Didn't you never love anybody?"

"Why, why, yes, my girl. I—I loved my mother."

"I wish I'd a had a mother. But, I reckon, I never had. No, I guess I never had a mother, '49,' " she earnestly says.

Never had a mother to love?"

"No; guess that's why I love Charley, ain't it? But, now, come, ''49,' didn't you never have anything to love besides your "My child, don't ask me that -don't."

"Why I won't, then. ''49,' if it hurts your feelings. But I kind o'like to talk about such things now.

"Well, what is it I can tell you?"

"Why, about yourself. You are always shut up just as tight as a bear in Winter time. Weren't you never young? And didn't you never love no girl like me?"
"Yes, yes, yes."

"And she didn't love you back?" "She did! God bless her!"

The girl leaves her flowers and crosses over

"And why didn't you marry her, then ?" "Now, Carrots, you're lifting up the water

gates and you'll flood the whole mine," he

replies, in a dreary, yet half-menacing, tone.
"Well, I'm so sorry, '49.' I'm so sorry.
But I want to know. I've got no mother to
talk to, '49,' and I—I want to know how these
things come out. Tell me about it, please tell

me about her."
"I will tell you, my honest child, just blushing into womanhood, I'll tell you."
"Well, sit down on this rock here. Tell me,

now won't you?" As if not heeding her, the man looks at the

flowers and caresses her tenderly. "And you like those lowly little Winter flowers you have gathered from the rocks for Charley and me? The lowly little flowers?"

"Yes, yes, they are so lowly; and they ain't big. But they're so sweet, "49."
"True, true! My child, in this cold, hard world, the sweetest flowers are lowly. The

sweetest flowers grow closest to the ground."

"And you did love her? Tell me, ''49,' tell

me. Still, in an evasive mood, the old man tries

Still, in an evasive mood, the old man tries to escape the curious little maid.

"And Charley's got a sweetheart."

"Yes, he's got a sweetheart, and I've got a sweetheart. Now, didn't you never have a sweetheart, "49"?"

"No, no, no—shoo! Do you—you think it will rain this evening?"

"I don't know, and I don't care. I know

"I don't know, and I don't care. I know l've got a sweetheart, and Charley's got a sweetheart. And didn't you really never have

a sweetheart, '49'?'

"My child, I-I-yes, I'll tell you. I never told anybody. But I'll tell you, and tell you now; and never, never do you mention it any more, for I can't bear to think about it," and his voice quivers.

"Why, poor. dear ''49 '- why I didn't know

you ever could cry."

"No, no. I don't often cry. You see, when it took half a year to come here, and half of us died gettin here; why, the cowardly didn't start, and the weak died on the way; and so it was that a race of giants came here in '49—

men that could die, but not weep."

"Yes, I know, ''49." The old boys were the best ones. But there ain't many of 'em now."

"Not many now. They're up there on the hill—up above the trouble of the world nearer the pure white snow-nearer the great white throne."

"()h, ''49'1 But her. And don't, please don't cry."

The old man's rugged cheeks are bedewed with tears.
"Well, you see that poor wife leaning her

head on the mantel there—she stands before me all the time when I turn back to think, and it makes me cry."

"But she; she was good and true?"
"Good and true? Good and true; and pure as the gold I'm to find in the tunnel and make you and Charley rich with, my girl "-this en-

thusiastically.

"And you will never see her any more? "Yes, yes, when I strike it in the tunnel. But, then, you see, it was so long, so long, so long! When I began that tunnel I was certain I'd strike it in a month—then I said in a year. And all the time the little boy baby crowin' in its cradle, and its sweet mother bendin' over by the mantel waitin', waitin'

"Dear, dear old "49."

"You see, we forty-niners never knew much of books, or were much for writin' letters And then, you know, we wanted to surprise 'em at home. And so we didn't write, but kept waitin' to strike it, and go back and surprise 'em. A year slipped through my fingers and another, and another, and another, and another. And all the time these mountains, ifted like an eternal wall of snow, and the mighty plains, bald and bleak, and vast, rolled like a sea between. But I'll strike it yet. I'll strike it yet."

"Oh. I'm so sorry! I wonder if Charley—

well. I'd never let Charley go off like that-no,

sir'ee! "But there, there; never mind. I'll see her yet. Yes, I will. And you are going to be rich, too, some day. I will strike it yet. You will be a great lady some day, see if you don't. But we must get dinner now.' And here he puts the girl from before him as he rises and picks up the coon. "It is going to be a glorious good dinner, too."

"What are you going to have?"
"This - coon!"

"What's Charley going to have? He's been working in the tunnel all day.'

"lle's goin' to have coon, too." "But he won't like coon."

it was. He's an honest square boy; and when we strike it in the tunnel, I'll make you rich, rich. But it's rough times now. Hain't seen here since '49, and I reckon I ought to know; coon is the best thing, for this season of the year, in the world. I have just been yearnin' for coon, just been pinin' for coon. Set the table, Carrots." Then, hobbling away and holding it up, and talking to himself and the coon, he says: "Oh, why did you cross my path Why wasn't you a deer, or a grouse, or a rabbit, or a squirrel, or anything in this world, but a horrible, greasy, ring-tailed coon?"
"Poor old ''49,' and he loves her and he left

her, too. If Charley should leave me like that, I'd —" As Carrie muses Devine comes up. "You'd what, my pretty pet?" says the young man, as he throws down his pick and

"Oh, Charley! Didn't think you was in a thousand miles of here, or I wouldn't have been thinkin' about you at all."

"And really you ought not to think about

me. I'm not worth thinking about; so much trouble - so much trouble," he adds, sadly.

"Why, what trouble can there be, Charley, if you love me. and - and I love you, and all this beautiful world is ours to love in? But I must set the table now.

Devine kisses his hand to her, and sits on the

Then suddenly she stops, and, looking up archly, says: "Oh, Charley, did you hear the news? Belle and—stop a minute! Will you take the news a little at a time, or all in a heap? Well, then, here goes, all at once! They are to be married to night!"

It is old news to the young miner.
"Belle to be married," he muses, "to that
man! And what will Snowe think of me? He must have heard it somehow, and that is why he comes, post-haste." And he again refers to the letter just received.

"And you used to like her, didn't you! You used to try to get close to her, and say things, didn't you? You liked her and she liked the other feller. That's just always the way. Nobody never likes anybody that anybody likes."

"I never loved Belle."
"You never loved her?"

"I did, and I did not. Listen: a man with a heart must love something. Love-the love of woman - is as necessary to the existence of a real man as the sunlight to the life and perfection of a flower. But until a man meets his deatiny, reaches his ideal, he must of needs lean out to that which is nearest; as the vine climbing feebly up to the sun lays hold with its tendril on whatever it can, be it foul or fair, the heart of man takes hold of the highest nature that comes near his, and then awaits its destiny. Jealousy is born of an instinctive knowledge of this truth."

The girl starts away and then comes back. "Hey?

"You don't understand?"
"No: that's all Modoc to me."

"Well, you will understand some time. So run along now. I am sad, and must sit and

"All right! Just so, you don't think of Belle."

"Hello, Charley !" says "'49," with a cheer and tenderness that means much, as he comes hobbling out from the cabin where he has been preparing the coon for dinner. "Them flowers smell so, Carrots?"

"I don't smell nothin', except Lucky Tom."
"I do! Whew! Coon without ingerns,
without crackers. I ain't seen such times,
Carrots. since '49."

"I am as bungry as a wolf, ''49.' What have you to day for dinner?" asks Devine.

Here Carrots catches up and hands her flowers to Charley. She thrusts them in his face for fear he will smell the coon.

"I brung 'em-I brunged-I bringed-Ibrought 'em-from the mountains-away up against God's white snow."

"And you are His angel, sent down from the shining gates. California flowers! Silent orators of a voiceless world. How beautiful! How perfect and how pure! When my-what is that I smell?"

"Flowers!"

"No! That's the coon," says "'49," grimly, when he finds he can no longer conceal the truth. "We will have coon for dinner. It is

a dinner fit for a king—coon straight."

The young man sees their embarrassment, and tries to laugh as he says: "If it tastes as it smells, I am afraid I don't want any coon straight."

"les, guess it is the coon, Charley; I thought at first it was the flowers. It smells strong enough. Smells stronger than Lucky "Now, look here, both of you. Just listen to me. There's a certain time in the year, in this peculiar, glorious climate, when you re-

quire a change of diet. When you require coon. I have been here since '49. I reckon I'd ought to know.' "Of course, he knows. He's right. He's always right. I know that coon—is—well, coon

is coon, Charley," adds Carrie.

"Yes, that's a fact. Why, you couldn't get such a dinner as coon straight in New York for love or money. No, not even in London."

Carrots is busy all the time setting the table.

"There's the salt and the mustard, and where's the pepper? ''49,'" she cries, "where's the black pepper? Oh, here's the black pepper. And here's the red pepper. And here's the gray pepper." And with stately and graceful ceremony she sets each in the pipper. its place on the rickety old table, singing

anatches of old negro songs as she does so. "Black pepper and red pepper and white pepper and gray pepper. Anything else ?"

laughs Devine.
"Yes-yes! There's the toothpicks. What magnificent toothpicks for this season of the year! Ding dong, ding dong. First bell." Here "49" enters with the coon.

"Yes, little Sunshine, let's make the best of it."

"Will you allow me?" says Devine, and bending down he crooks his elbow and conducts her to the table, at which they all ait with much mirthful ceremony. "It's a grand thing to live in a country

where you can get coon whenever your health requires it," says "49." "It is a delicious coon, Charley," replies the girl, as she pretends to eat greedily, holding her head aside, pretending to be afraid less

the pepper will get into her eyes.
"It is a grand dinner." says "'49."
"Some bread, please?" asks Devine.

"You forgot the bread." "I didn't forget the bread Charley. You never eat bread with coon. Coon and bread don't go together. Injins never eat bread with their coon. I've been here since '49, and I ought to know."

"But I am not an Indian, and I can'teat this coon without bread.

"You don't expect to get everything-coon and bread and everything at once, do you ?" cries Carrots. "But I can't eat this without bread!" ex-

claims Devine. "Look here; be a good boy and eat your coon, Charley," urges the old man. rocks reading a letter just come in from Lawyer Snowe, as she sets the table and sings | 1 | 2 0 |

The old man lays down his knife and fork. He is very serious and full of trouble. Rising slowly and sadly, he says, from the bottom of his brave old heart:

"Well, then, listen to me I have done the best I could. I tried to hide it all from you, but I can't any more. A good many times, lately, I have said I was sick, and I didn't eat. It was because there was not enough for both of us. I wanted you to eat and be strong, so that you could strike it in the old tunnel. Now, there is nothing more to eat. Nothing more for any one. Charley, more than twenty years I worked on in that old tunnel thereall alone—till you came. I believed every day that I would strike it. All my companions are dead, or have made their piles and gone away. All along the long and lonely road of my hard life, I see, as I look back, little grassy mounds—they are the brave miners' graves. I am the last man left. The grass every year steals closer and closer down about my cabin door. In a few years more the grass will grow over that door-sill, and long, strong and untrodden it will grow in my trail there; the squirrels will chatter in these boughs, and none will frighten them away—for ''49' will be no more! And yet, for all that. I have never complained. I did believe, and I do still believe, we will strike it yet. But now—but now! If you love me, eat your coon!? There are tears in Charley's eyes as he cries :

"My dear old partner, forgive me. didn't you tell me of this before?"

"If you love me, eat your coon—"
"Take a toothpick, then," laughs the girl.
"I didn't mean that, Charley. You sha'n't be without bread. Here!" and she takes the loaf from the basket under the table.

"Why, where did you get this?"
"Up there, of her - old Mississip."

"Then it's her bread, and I won't eat it,"

"It ain't her bread. It was her bread, but I stole it, and it ain't her bread any more. My poor child, what have you done

"Nothin.' I knowed, ''49,' you had no bread. They've got lots of bread, and I don't care that"—and loudly she snaps her fingers—"for the whole lot. Why, it wasn't nothin', was it, Charley? If it was, I won't never, never ateal any more."

ateal any more."

"It was very wicked—a crime," he gravely replies. "Yet, if you, a mere child, hungry, knowing neither right from wrong, are guilty for taking bread, how much more guilty am I? '49,' hear me!" cries the young man, starting to his feet. "That man, Gully, canne to me to day to write his good fortune and to-day, taunting me with his good fortune and my misery. He came in that tunnel to ask me to his wedding. And there, deep in the dark earth, face to face, man to man, I fought him, overthrew him, weak as I was, and took from him a package of papers. I gave it to her to keep. I am a robber."

1371

keep. I am a robber."
"Why, niy boy—what? What do you say,

"I knocked him down and took a package of papers from him."

es. and I'll keep 'em, too!" shouts the

girl, as she strikes her breast.
"Charley, Charley!" cries "'49." "Beware
of the Vigilantes! The conscience of Califor-

hia! The Vigilantes!"
"Well. I'll keep 'em till the cows come home. Vigilantes or no Vigilantes," answers

"My poor, poor boy!" says "'49."
"Gully is one of the Vigilantes, ''49,'" says

the girl.

Yes, and so merciless! Give me that package, girl. I, old ''49,' will keep it."

The girl hands him the package, while the

young man timidly asks :

"Why what will you do with it?"
"When they come for it, boy, as they will, I "When they come for it, boy, as they will, I will give it up. Yes, that's right, Charley. That's squar! They wont, you know—they won't dare to hurt me. Why, I've been here since '49. They won't hurt me, boy. I'm old '49.' (th, they won't hurt me." His affected cheerfulness as he speaks is pitiful to see.

"You take a great load off my shoulders."
"49.' Let me tell you that I was reblad of

149. Let me tell you that I was robbed of those very papers, which made my mission here worse than useless. I wrote back to the bard old lawyer, and he has answered gruffly that he will come on and 'tend to the business himself. He may be here at any moment, and he will find me a robber when he comes."

"There, there, my poor pard," cries "'49."
"It's all right, it's all right. Now, Carrots, a little song—one of your pretty little negro melodies that you say you was born a singin." Just as Carrie is about to sing she pauses, her eyes opened to their widest extent

"The Vigilantes!" cries the girl, as she looks down the trail over her shoulder. All start to their feet as they hear the sullen tread of armed men. The Vigilantes stride into the yard, Gully at their head.

"There" he should be should be suited by the stride into the yard.

"There!" he shouts, as he points at Devine. "That's the man that robbed me."

"You are the prisoner of the Vigilantes!" says the captain of the company. "Iron him,

Here the old miner's voice rang out:

"Stop! One word! You all know me. I've been here since '49. This boy—what do you want?" "The man who robbed me of my papers,"

shouts Gully. "We want the robber," says the captain,

1.

respectfully.
"Yes, we want the robber. I want my papers," roars Gully.

The old man snatches the papers from his bosom, and as he holds them alott cries: "Here they are, and—I am the robber!"
"What! You, old '49'?"
"Yes, I! Old '49.?"

Two men seize him roughly from behind, while Devine and Carrots throw themselves on their knees and grasp his hands, as if to save them from the cruel manacles of the merciless Vigilantes.

(To be continued)

THE AUTHOR OF "HOME, SWEET HOME "

DEN years ago the Faust Club, of Brooklyn, un vailed in Prospect Park a colossal bust of John Howard Payne, which they had presented to the city. In his address upon that occasion Mr. Thomas Kinsella, the President of the Club, expressed the hope that the dust of Payne might be deposited in hope that the dust or Payne might be deposited in his native soil and a suitable monument erected above it. This hope is at last, over thirty years after the poot's death, to be realized, through the liberality of W. W. Corcoran, the Washington millionaire, who made provision some time ago for the removal of the poet's remains from the grave in Tunis to a more appropriate resting place in a cemetery near the national capital. The author of "Home, Sweet Home" died at the American Con-"Home, Sweet Home" died at the American Consula'e in Tunis, April 1st, 1852, and was burled in the cemetery there. A broad marble slab bore an appropriate inscription, and in the little Protestant church is a chancel window to his memory, placed there by a few English speaking residents of Tunis, whose admiration and respect for Payne were decided and sincere. The disinterment of the remains took place one evening a few weeks ago in the presence of a dozen Europeans and several Arab gentlemen. The body was carried into the church, while an English gentleman at the little American-made organ played the air, and a sweetwoleed American lady sang the immerial song of the dead poet. A spectator draws this graphic picture of the scene: "As the tender words tremulously floated through and filled the holy place, hearts swelled, eyes were suffused, and

'A charm from the sky seemed to hallow us there.' Tongue cannot tell nor pen describe the effect of that song under the circumstances stated. The gloaming of the coming evening had crept into the charel, and the 'dim religious light' that Payne's poetle temperament could have understood and absorbed, bathed all, both living and dead, in its meliow radiance. The twilight went on apace, and the poor remains were left to lie there until the next morning, guarded by the faithful dragoman, who in life, as in death, was stanch and faithful to the last." Next day the body was put on board the French steamer bound for Marseilles, and from that port it was taken early in March by a vessel bound to New York.

These late honors to the immortal poet have drawn fresh attention to the history of his check ered career, and lend a new interest to everything connected with his life. Some of the principal incidents of that life are referred to on our editorial page. Our illustrations include sketches of the old homestead at Easthampton, L. I., where he spent the larger part of his early childhood, and the memory of which ever remained fresh in his mind, and a portrait of the poet as he appeared when a young man. A charm from the sky seemed to hallow us there.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Monument to Christopher Columbus.

Monument to Christopher Columbus.

The cultured and patriotic City of Barcelona is about to erect a superb monument in honor of the memory of Christopher Columbus. This monument, after the design of Señer Don Cayetano Burgas, will be as unique as it will be typical. A statue of the discoverer of America will be placed on a pedestal 140 feet high, and the base of the pillars ornamented with illustrations in bronze commemorating the signal services rendered to the world by this truly intrepld and skillful explorer. Within one hundred yards of this monument, and forming part and parcel of it, will be a quay, at which small boats can embark and disembark their passengers. This quay will be divided into three sections—a central and two lateral; the latter in the form of the prows of the boats Pinta and Nina, in which the valiant navigator did and dared so much. The central section will be ornamented with a magnificent balustrade, enriched by statues of the most celebrated explorers of all nations. This monument will, indeed, be worthy of the City of the Catalans.

The Swiss President.

The Swiss nation have selected their President for 1883, and their choice would seem to have fallen upon the right man for the right place. M. Louis Ruchennet was born in England in the year 1834, where his father and mother were then residing. In the year 1838, having completed his studies, which had been prosecuted both in England and France, M. Louis Ruchennet rejaired to Lausanne, and entered the Academy of Jurisprudence. In 1863 he plunged into political life, and was elected to the Great Council of his canton. In 1868, so marked were his abilities, that he was elected President of the Council of his canton, and in 1873 he was honored with a seat in the National Council and the Presidency of the Principal Committee. In 1882 he was elected Vice-President, and we now find him nominated for the Presidency of 1883. No man has worked harder at his profession, and no man stands higher in the picturesque country of William Tell. The Swiss nation have selected their President for

Arabi in Exile.

Arabi In Exile.

Arabi Pasha reached Ceylon, whither he was sent in exile, on the 10th of January, and on the following day landed at Colombo, in the presence of a dense crowd. He was received by the Chief of the Ceylon Police, and escorted to Lake House, his appointed residence. This, as shown in our illustration, is a spacious long two-story building, standing in extensive park-like grounds. The clump of palms on the left of the house is a cocon nut plantation; the bushes on the right of the picture are firs. Arabi is said to be perfectly contented with his lot, and he appears to have been kindly, if not enthusiantically, received by the people among whom he is to live.

Hot Tea for Railway Employes.

Hot Tea for Railway Employes.

Tea is the favorite beverage of all classes in Russia. Our illustration presents a scene at a street railway station in St. Petersburg, in which the conductors and drivers are being refreshed by copious draughts of hot tea in the pauses of their labors. The drink is at least safer and more healthful than the cheap intoxicants which are so common in that country. In Philadelphia and some other cities of the United States railway employes are supplied, in Winter, with hot codiec, which is quite as refreshing, no doubt, as the beverage provided for their Russian brothers.

A Historic Bulgarian City.

A Historic Bulgarian City.

Rustchuk, a fortified town of Bulgaria, iles on the right bank of the Danube, nearly opposite Gurgevo, and has a population of some 30,000. It is the seat of a Greek Archbishop, and contains nine mosques, Greek and Armenian churches, and several syngogues. Silk, wool, cotton, leather and other goods are manufactured, and the trade is steadily growing. The city has been the scene during the past century of many engagements between the Turks and the Russians. In 1810 it surrendered to the latter after a long siege, and after holding it for two years the captors burned it, but it was soon rebuilt. Our illustration shows the fortifications which were constructed in 1853.

The Centenary of Bolivar.

It is proposed to celebrate the Bolivar Centennial, which comes off on the 24th of July next, with beniting ceremonics. Bolivar being recognized as the liberator of Venezuela, the suggestion that a statue be erected in his honor on this occasion has been halled with acclamation. The design represents Bolivar aloft, upheld by four allegorical statues,

representing respectively Patriotism, Liberty, South America, and an Emancipated Stave. In Bolivar's hand will wave the flag which he triumphantly carried from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The principal figure will be in Fonze, richly gill; the supporting statues will be of white marble or transparent onlyx. Fame and History will form bas-rellefs, Around the monument will be a small square, tastefully laid out and planted with trees, blooming shrubs and rare flowers. Fountains and small statues will be dotted here and there. This monument promises to be worthy of Bolivar—worthy of Venezuela.

The Conspiracy Triats.

We have already given the substance of James.

We have already given the substance of James Carey's testimony in the Irish conspiracy examinations at Dubin. Our picture illustrates the scene when he first appeared in Klimalham Court House as an approver, and which was thus described by the London Ntandard of February 19th: "The prisoners did not appear to have lost the smallest degree of their wonted good spirits. They justled each other about in the most good-humored manner in order to get a position in front of the dock, or at least close to some particular 'chium' or companion. Their greetings were apparently as effusive and hearty as ever. They had, however, scarcely settled in their places and looked round the court, before their self-possession gave place to very different feelings. Treading almost on their heels, and walking in a hurried and excited manner, came James Carey, representative for Trinity Ward in the Municipal Council of Dublin, masterbuilder, and self-constituted exponent of the rights and wrings of workingmen, now about to appear in the character of an approver. Surprise, indignation, scorn and disgust, swept over the prisoners' faces as they glared with indignant scorn at the man who had once been their guide and leader."

AN AMERICAN ARTIST ABROAD.

MR. H. HUMPHREY MOORE, the artist, upon whose shoulders the glowing mantle of Fortuny has, by right, descended, is now the centre of that illustrious inner circle in Paris, to belong to which is in itself a diploma that no yellow gold can buy. Surrounded by Gerome, Madrazo, Constant, Bastien le Page, Besnard, Baudry, de Neuville, and others of that bright particular hemisphere, Mr. Moore's atriler is a veritable Knaba in the Mecca of Art, and, alded by his beautiful and accomplished Spanish wife, his entertainments are such as "some of kings" beseech invitations to. Mr. Moore has painted his way to name and fame and fortune. A master of color, he uses it with deft and wondrous skill. He illuminates everything, from the Japanese Joss House to the glittering interior of a Moorish Harem. He weaves a gorgeous web after a fashion all his own. He handles a pleture with extraordinary care, exquisite finish and fineness of touch. Mr. Moore since his residence in this city and in Japan, whither he hied him to prise the Japanese secret of vivid colorings, has made giant strides in his art. His "Almeh," exhibited here, gave promise of rich, luscious fruit. The elegant poising of the body, the rosy and diaphanous draperies so admirably designed to set off her swaying movements and ripo contours, the marvelous flesh thus, the symphonies in rose, azure and gray, told that this highly refined scheme of color was but a prelude to richer combinations. Mr. Moore has of late been painting Japanese subjects, not after the mode of the Japa, but in his own glittering methods. The "orders" for these "bits of Japanad," especially from Americans, are as numerous as they are generous and untrammeled. Sir Sidney Waterlow is among the list of Mr. Moore's admirers, the worthy ex-Lord Mayor of London having ordered a "teahouse" Mr. Charles Croker, of California, following suit. Whether Mr. Moore is justified in straying for subjects into the Land of the Rising Sun is a question for flerce disputation; but of one inling we are certain: that the brilliant effects produced by his sun-dipped brush are just as sparking, whether the scene right, descended, is now the centre of that illustrious inner circle in Paris, to belong to which is

A Fever-proof Costume.

THE British National Health Association has recently given its sanction to a novel dress intended for the protection of sanitary visitors, nurses tended for the protection of sanitary visitors, nurses and others, who have to enter the rooms of persons suffering from infectious diseases. The garment is of mackintosh, giazed inside and out, and made completely to envelope the wearer and with a hood to cover the head. Thus only the hands and face remain exposed—a matter considered of comparatively little importance, as these can be easily washed with disinfectants. A not less important object proposed to be effected by the use of this dress is that by its removal when the wearer leaves the sick-room the clothes which have been protected need not be changed, and the danger of the disease being carried from house to house or communicated to susceptible persons in public vehicles is obviated. A tight case for the fever dress to be inclosed in is part of the invention. At the end of the day, or as often as may be convenient, the dress can be cleansed with disinfectants. Further protection is given by a simple form of respirator. This is made of two felds of thin washing net, between which is piaced a layer of medicated cottonwool, through which the wearer can breathe, though no germs can pass. The respirator has tape strings which the round the ears. After use the wool is burnt and the net washed. and others, who have to enter the rooms of persons

Horrible Death of Two Aeronauts.

INFORMATION has been received of the frightful death of two over-daring aeronauts in Madrid. Cap-tain Mayit and an assistant ascended in a balloon tain Mayit and an assistant ascended in a balloon in that city before an immense concourse of people on January 28th. When the balloon was 1,000 feet up Captain Mayit gotout upon a trapeze suspended from the basket and began his performances. Suddenly cries of horror were heard, the trapeze rope was seen to part, and the intreplic captain fell from the fearful height, turning over and over till he struck the stone pavement. A moment later another shout went up from the people. The balloon, containing the other occupant, was seen descending with meteoric rapidity. It crashed against the projecting cave of a house, hurling the occupant to the ground. He died in a low moments.

The Increase of Animal Life.

In discussing the subject of the possible increase of animal life, Dr. Darwin says: "There is no exception to the rule that every organic being naturally increases at so high a rate that, if not destroyed, the earth would soon be covered by the progeny of a single pair. Even slow-breeding man has doubled in twenty five yoars, and at this rate in a few thousand years there would literally not be standing room for his progeny. Linnaus has calculated that if an animal plant producted only two seeds—and there is no plant so unproductive as this—and their seedlines next year produced two, and so on, then in twenty years there would be \$1000,000 plants. The elephant is reckoned to be the slowest breeder of all known animals, and I have taken some pains to estimate its probable minimum rate of natural icrease. It will be under the mark to assume that it breeds when thirty years old and goes on breeding till interty years old, bringing ferth three pair of young in this interval. If this be so, at the end of the fifth century there would be alive 15,000,000 elephants, descended from the first pair." of animal life, Dr. Datwin says: "There is no

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THERE thousand weavers are on a strike in the Huddersueld district in England

-A DECREE has been published in Germany prohibiting the importation of American hog products

THE medical department of the University of the City of New York graduated a class of 164 M D s last week.

-Admiral Von Stosch, of Germany, has regued on account of a difference of opinion with Prince

-DE LESSEPS has sailed to Africa to begin surreys in connection with the project to turn the Desert of Sahara into a zes. -Two NEGRO women died in New York and

Brooklyn last week, one of whom was 103 years old and the other 106 -GREMANY has purchased 1,000 acres of land in Mex co and is negotiating for 9,000,000 more for colonization purposes.

- West Point has made a new departure in seading her professors to study the methods of instruction in other institutes of learning.

-Two Chinamen who were expelled from Waynesboro, Ga, by a mob have commend damages in the United States Circu t Court. menced suits for

—A MEMORIAL hall is to be erected at Bristol, I. I., in honor of General Burnside and the soldiers of the town who perished in the war for the Union.

—The Congress of Colombia was formally opened on the 1st inst. In the election of officers a black man named Ruiz became Vice President of the Senate.

—A SNAKE was found frozen in a solid block of that was out recently from a millpond in Roslyn, Long Island. On being thawed out and warmed, it was found to be alive.

- Much sickness prevails in the territory south of Evansville, Ind., inundated by the recent overflow of the Obio River, the prevailing diseases being typhoid fever and dysentery.

— A BILL prohibiting cremation under penalty of a fine of from \$500 to \$1.000 and imprisonment of from one to three years has been introduced in the Pennsylvania Leg slature.

-Louis Blanc's cat, which awaited him every night on the state on his return from the Chamber of Deputies, died of grief a few days after his death, baving refused to eat or drink.

—Sir Alexander Campbell has introduced into the Canadian Senate an Amendment to the Post Office Act, forbidding any communication respecting lotteries from being seat by mail.

—The American Peace Society which has now invested funds to the amount of about \$60,000, has lately come into possession of a legacy of \$40,000 from the late Rev. Dr. George C Beckwith. - A DISPATCH from Calcutta says that it is intended to reduce the railway rutes in order to enable the growers of wheat in India to compete on more

equal terms with American producers, THREE hundred clerks have been dismissed I HREE GUIDFIEL CIERKS DAVE DEED GISTINSSEC from the Consus Office. Further discharges will be made at the beginning of the next fiscal year in order to keep the expenses with n the appropriation.

-Тнв Town Council of Vienna has resolved to THE ADMIT COUNTY OF THE HEAD RESOLVED ON THE ADMIT OF THE

-A FORMER coiner of the New Orleans mint is working on a contract with the Mexican Government for the coinage of 190.000,000 pieces of clokel money. The French Government is also about to oegin the issue of

-IT is reported that the chief sovereigns and -- IT is reported that the chief sovereigns and princes who were at Berlin during the celebration of the silver wedding of the Crown Princes and Crown Princes have agreed to be represented by ambassadors only at the coronation of the Czar.

-GREAT interest is taken by the Canadian pro-— Great interest is taken by the Canadian provinces in the coming fishery exhibition next May in London, England. Some of the exhibits are already forwarded and others go the month. All have contributed save Manitoba and the Northwest Territories.

-M. CHARLES DE LESSETS and a number of —Al. CHARLES DE LESSEI'S and a number of onglocers have arrived at Panama from France. A powerful dredger is shortly expected from the United States, and then work on the mouth of the causi on the Alantic will be formally commenced. A "boom" in canal matters is promised by those interested.

—PLATTSBURG, N. Y., has an "Anti-Bribery Chilzens' Unlon," and the necess ty for the organization is shown by a circular issued by it, which declares that in years past one third of the voters have openly sold their ballots for cash, and that one-half of these have in addition committed perjury upon being challenged.

-Ostrich-farming seems likely to become established in California. One of the female birds which were taken to San Francisco a few weeks ago has begun to lay eggs, and a company has been formed, with a capital of \$30,000, called the California Ostricb Farming Company, which will at once commence active operations.

-News has been received at the Paris Geographical Society that the French had reached the banks of the Niger, Colonel Desborde having been obliged to out his way through the Beledegou region. He fough a battle with the Ch ef of Daba, after having crossed stream called Basule. The victory was won by artiliery, and the Chief of Daba was killed, as well as a large number of his followers.

-THE New York Assembly has passed the Bill, which had previously gone through the Senate, for the preservation of Nisgara Falls. It provides for the appointment of an unpaid commission to select certain lands around the Falls which shall benceforth be reserved by the State in order to preserve the scenery at the Falls, and to repair, as much as may be, the deface ments made by seifish landowners.

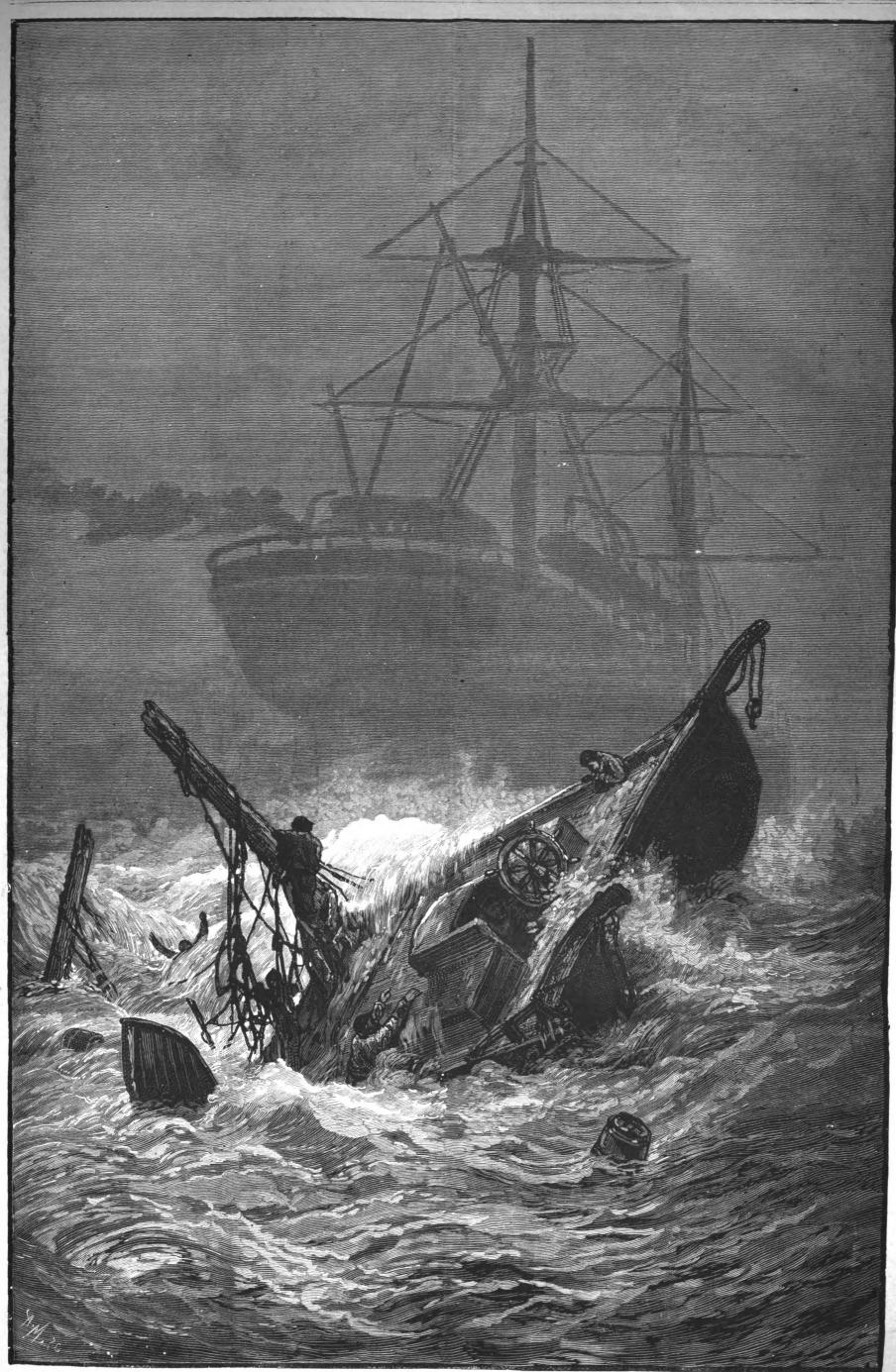
-By order of the Municipality of Rome this in-DY order of the Municipality of Rome this inscription will be placed on the house where Samuel F. B. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, lived while in that city: "S P P. B. Questa crea abito Dal XX Febbraro, MDCCCXXXX, Al V Gennato, MDCCCXXXI, Samuel Finley Breese Murse, Inventore del Telegrafo electro-magnetico scrivente. Nato a Charlestown, il 27 Aprile, 1791. Murte a New York il 2 Aprile, 1792. scrivente. Nato a Charlestown, il 27 Apr le, 1791. Morte a New York, il 2 Apr le, 1872 MDCCCLXXXIII''

-GOVERNOR SHERMAN, of Iown, has refused to accede to the request of the Probibitionists in that State to call an extra session of the Legislature in order to resubmit the Temperance Amendment to the people. An examination has convinced him that Constitutional Amendments can be proposed only at regular sessions. As such a one does not meet until next January, the Iowa people will have a Prohibition can sea and a Presidential can ses to contest in 1884.



"Now lilies white we bring In the Joyous Easter morning—foretelling an eternal Spring."

EASTER MORNING.



RUN DOWN-A SCENE ON ST. GEORGE'S BANKS.—SEE PAGE 75.

Digitized by GOOSIC

THE DEATH OF RICHARD WAGNER. MOURNING on earth as when dark hours descend,

Wide-winged with plagues from heaven; when hope and mirth

Wane, and no lips rebuke nor reprehend Mourning on earth.

The sour wherein her songs of death and birth, Darkhass and light, were wont to sound and blend,

Now silent, leaves the whole world less in worth; Winds that make moan and triumph, skies that bend.

Thunders and sounds of tides in gulf or firth, Spake through his spirit of speech, whose death should send

> Mourning on earth. A. C. SWINBURNE.

ONLY A DREAM.

By MRS. M. A. DENISON.

RICHLY furnished room in one of the principal streets of London, West End. Its inmates were a beautiful woman, a

handsome but somewhat haggard-looking man. The latter stood opposite the mirror, and, though his face was turned towards it, he seemed to experience no great satisfaction at the countenance that met his gaze.

The two had evidently been arguing some point, for the woman's cheeks were flushed and her eves were humid.

"Do you think I would forego my engagements for a foolish dream?" he asked.
"To please me, dear Ralph. You seldom

do anything to please me, of late," she pleaded.

"Bah! Look at your wardrobe," was his response.

"Oh! dresses and money - yes; but I counted upon more than that when I left my father's home. Consider, I gave up every-

thing."
"Yes; and when will you cease to taunt me about it?"

"Oh, Ralph, I never taunt you-at least, I never mean to. Forgive me—I am thought-less at times. You know I love you; but don't you suppose I see "— and the charming face grew more eloquent as the dark eyes were brimmed with tears—"that you never cared for me as I care for you? There, don't look that way. Only listen to me this oncestay home only to-day! Lisetta is coming, and the poor girl will think it so strange if you are not here to welcome her. To morrow the danger will be passed - to morrow I shall be happy again."

woman's whim," he responded, slowly drawing on his gloves. "The thing is simply impossible. I made the engagement. Besides, I'm out of funds, and you know what that means to me -I may say to us -while in these very expensive apartments."

Ralph, you know I would willingly go into the meanest-

"()h, stop—stop! No more of that. I know that you don't know anything about it. You never lived in a mean place in your life. You never had a wish ungratified, even since you have known me, I am proud to say, and you never shall. That is why I must go out to-

Oh, Ralph, stop this way of living! I will be poor with you-live in lodgings, leave these splendid miseries, go anywhere-and love you to the end, if you will give it up."

"You talk to the winds, woman-I might say to the whirlwinds. If you continue in this strain much longer-

"We might go back home," continued the woman, in a broken voice. "My father cannot have cherished anger all this time."

Ha, ha!" he laughed, sonorously. think I see the old patrician standing on the rug with both hands extended; methinks I hear rug with both namus extended; methinks I hear him say, 'I forgive you; bless you, my chil-dren.' Fancy! the son of an ordinary actor, whose family were mountebanks from the beginning—the man he cursed. But"—his voice grew low and hard -"I was not the only one he cursed. Don't you see it is working out?"

Don't talk that way, Ralph, for heaven's sake, or I shall lose my reason," and with a half smothered moan, the woman sank into a "Why not go back upon the stage? I am willing; anything for an honest living.

"You forget that I am prejudiced against hard work," he said, turning half-aside. "I need a fortune at my back, with my luxurious tastes and my beggarly experience. I thought I should have one," he added, bitterly, "but there I was mistaken."

wno knows v t may nappen My father loved me once—there is no one to take my place; let us try—" Then, frightened at the forbidding expression of his face as he turned upon her, she shrank back, only adding, "If you would only stay home to-day—to-night! Oh, if you knew how fearfully real that dream was!"

"Why, did I shoot you, or myself?" he asked, coolly. "Did I scatter my brains (quite an unnecessary commodity in my business) all over the floor? Bah! what weak things over the floor what weak things women are! I have lad occasion to remark that before."

Then you will go! You will not heed

"I will go. I will not heed you."
"Then, Ralph, good-by; I shall never see
you slive."

He burst into a low, musical laugh. How well she would look in tragedy!" he said, posing his head one side, contemplating her with half closed eyes. "My dear, you her with half closed eyes. would have made your fortune on the stage Why didn't we go at once into legitimate busi-

Will you go now?" she asked, her face ghtening. "I will do my best; come, try brightening. "I will do my best; come, tr me; see what an apt scholar I shall make-

"Ah, but, my dear, there's an easier way to fill my purse. When that is full of the hard, yellow rocks—"

She made a gesture of despair, and hid her face in her hands.

If this is to be our last interview, hadn't we better play a little at the sentimental? Shall I kiss you at parting?"

She sprang up and flung her arms about his

neck. bursting into a passion of tears.

"No nonsense!" he said, almost angrily, as he disengaged himself from her embra

You will never speak to me that way again," she said, with an emphasis so mournful that it startled even him.

"What was the dream?" he asked, almost in spite of himself. "I can at least hear it; but

I shall not heed it, remember."

"It is not much to tell, only "—and she looked up with a shudder—"the horror of it the horror that never leaves me! I dreamed you were in a room that seemed to me to be the apartments of a palace, it was so exquisitely turnished. It was an oblong room, and pictures and statuary, and hangings that glittered with gold, and panels painted in the most exquisite colors, met my sight every-where. I did not stop to look at these things, however. My attention was riveted on a long table richly draped in red. It did not seem a dinner, and yet there were men and women seated along both sides, and you were in the centre. Suddenly I saw at your back a tall, thin, evil looking man, whose face held a terrible fascination. He seemed to be full of power, and his eyes gleamed and darted tire. like the eyes of a basilisk. The awful eyes were fixed on you, following your every movement. I tried to warn you, but my tongue seemed powerless to move, and my limbs were palsied. Oh. how those evil eyes followed you! And presently 1 saw what broke the spell of my silence—that in one hand he held a shining dagger, and was only waiting his opportunity to strike you to the heart!

"At last"-she rose from the chair, white as death-"at last the blow fell, and at that moment the clock struck—it was striking when I waked up—but the hands seemed to stand at a quarter of three. I screamed, but you neither heard me nor saw me-and then

"And whose was the face?" he asked. in a low voice.

If he felt any emotion as he listened to her description of a place he only knew too well, he gave token of none.

"How can I tell, except to describe it? A narrow, high forehead; black, curling hair; eyes brighter than diamonds; a look of assured power; thin but handsome lips; tall, sinuous. Ah, I shall never forget that man-never!"

"No. He don't let people forget him, once they have seen him," her husband said; and then looked up with a keen, almost frightened, glance, as he still stood smoothing his hat with his gloved hand.

"Oh! then you know him? My dream means something. Now you will stay—oh, Ralph, you will stay?" she added, with supplicating voice and eyes.

"Indeed, I will not stay," he made answer, impassively. "I'll go if only to show you of what intangible stuff dreams are made. So farewell, and torget—all you can," he added, in a lower voice, and somewhat impressively. "If you don't see me again, why, farewell. and meet your fate as bravely as you met me.

He went out, humming and laughing, leaving his wife sitting motionless, a nameless horror in her eyes, a faintness at her heart that she could not conquer.

How much she had dared, how much she had done for that handsome, wayward man! How dearly she had loved him, how fervently believed in him! And even yet it seemed to her that if only once she could compel that better self of his to come out into the light, she might vet save him from the curse that seemed hovering over him.

She believed in her dream, rather vision, she called it; and now he had gone to his doom, leaving her to suffer alone.

There was nothing to be done but to endure her loneliness. It she could but have followed him, as a strange yearning possessed her to do now! But how? He had taken a cab at the door, and she was not hardy enough to ven-ture out, particularly as a thick fog had suddenly sprang up, obscuring the streets.

For some moments she walked the room her hands clasped, her breast heaving with

anything - anything but this terrible uncer- | rooms!" said the young girl. looking about her.

"Do you make tea yourself?"
"Oh, yes, always," was the reply, as the woman set a table daintily for the visitor;
"Ralph likes the tea I make better than any other.

"I should think he would." said the young girl. admiringly; she was herself very pretty, a blonde, with soft, shining eyes and flufly, golden hair. "Do you know I was so surprised when I got your letter, saying I must come here?

"Pray, why ?" asked her hostess, looking up with a smile.

"Well, because I am going to play in London, and came on with a troups," was the candid answer. "Don't you see, we all thought you married beneath you."
"Oh, don't say that!" and Mrs. Forester

drew her breath hard.
"Yes, of course we knew you did, for you

were rich and of an old family—and besides, it was foretold."
"What was foretold?" queried her hostess,

growing pale. "Everything as it has happened, so far," as the reply. "One night there was a dreadwas the reply. "One night there was a dread-ful storm-1 shall never forget it-thunder, hail, lightning, and rain and snow. Father came home in the midst of it, leading a halfblind old gypsy who had lost her way, and told us to be kind to her. She seemed very grateful, and in return for food and shelter told all our fortunes. Ours-I mean we girls-were only commonplace, but Ralph's was wonderful. He was to marry a great beauty and an heiress—to be fortune's favorite in every way—but in a certain year to meet with an accident, unless very careful, which would change his whole career.

The woman listened with a smothered cry.
"Do I frighten you?" asked the young girl.
"No, no—go on. I was thinking," was the

response.
"Well, sure enough, he married a beauty and an heiress—so that part of it came true. The other—well, if he is very careful, he will avoid that, perhaps."

"And he would go out to night," groaned her listener.

"Why shouldn't he?" asked the girl Lisetta, glancing up in surprise. "Do you know you trighten me, you look so ill."
"I feel ill. I have had a dreadful dream

that worries me; but come, let us talk of other things. "Tell me about yourself."

"Oh. there's nothing to tell, scarcely. I came on with a troupe, and it gave me some import-ance to have a brother living in London," said Lisetta, setting her cup down. "It's so nice to come here and be welcome. I know all the others are envying me because they have to go into common lodgings. And then I haven't seen Ralph for three long years, and he was always my favorite. I suppose he don't have to play now."

Her hostess smiled bitterly at the double significance of the word as she answered that he had given up the stage.

"And is he as handsome as ever ?" the girl went on. "I used to think him as beautiful as an angel."

"I still think him handsome," was the answer. 'changed." "You will find him very little

"But you're not happy," thought the girl. "I'm afraid you're neither of you happy. Shall I sing for you?" she asked, aloud. "I do nearly all the singing parts. They say have a very good voice," she added, naively. They say I

"Above all things I should like to hear you sing, if you will not mind my walking about. I am restless to-night."

"Of course, walk all you please; and I will see if I am in good voice. It was such a dreadful voyage, and I am to make my appearance in public to morrow night."

The evening passed wearily away to Mrs. Forester. Hour after hour she looked for her husband, who sometimes, if he had a run of luck, came home early. An indefinable anxiety weighed her down.

As for Lisetta, the girl used all her efforts to amuse her. There were so many beautiful nings to see and talk about, that she would not

listen to any excuses for retiring.
"I don't usually go to bed till twelve," she said. "and sometimes a good deal later, I go through a play. Do you think Ralph has gone to the theatre?"
"I am quite sure he has not."

There came a knock at the door. Lisetta opened it, hoping to see her brother; then looked back with a white, scared face, as she said, in a hoarse whisper

He says-they've-brought-him-home." "Dead!" shricked the wife, and mercifully

She went slowly into the room beyond. How still and stark and white, that figure under the

Two men sat by the open bay-window, keep. ing cach other's spirits up. They were smok ing and that pungent odor seemed to offend her.

" How little they care!" she sighed.

Lisetta had followed her only to the door, then shrank back, leaving the woman alone. "Oh, my darling! if you had only listened to me!" she moaned, as she turned down the covering. "Why wouldn't you!"

She leaned over, fixing her eyes upon the pallid face.

Long and steadily she gazed, holding her breath, both hands pressed over her breast as if to restrain the rapid pulsations of her heart. The momenta passed. Once she looked up at the clock. It wanted a quarter to three, and then, throwing herself on her knees, she her position close to the body, and

watched and watched with strained eyes.
What did she see? The men had flung their cigars out of the window and changed their places, looking in awe at the strange tableau.

The man seemed marble on the bed, the woman seemed marble at his side.

" Hush!" she said, with uplifted finger.

Then one cry rang through the brought everybody in the house to the door.

"There is life here!—life! I tell you!"

hoarsely and rapidly. "Run cried the wife, hoarsely and rapidly. "Run one of you for help. He is not dead! Go quickly!—waste no time!—for who knows—

who knows? Oh, fly, fly, for help!" Both watchers left the room precipitately. Others came in, and with careless, pitying words mocked her hopes.

"I care not it he is cold, rigid, senseless— there is life there—I saw it! Bring me fire, a coal, anything that burns, and see if his flesh does not blister!

And still they did not believe her. Two surgeons came—by that time they had applied the tests, and behold the dead man opened his

Terrible was the story he told, when at last they roused him from that death like trance. He had been conscious every moment from the time they pronounced him dead. When his wife came, he felt the deadly

torpor stealing over his senses, but her voice her lamentation, her close watch revived and heartened him, and he made almost superhuman efforts to show her that he was not

That close watching saved him, and made him another man. To the wife he had slighted, wronged, insulted, he owed his life, and he had

manliness enough to remember and confess it. His wound healed rapidly, and when, a month later, they were recalled to America, on the death of Mrs. Forester's father, he was able to accompany her.

A late repentance has resulted in the alteration of the will in their favor, and Forester found himself in possession of the wealth he had so long coveted.

But more to him than all the riches that now poured in upon him was the love that had so guarded and restored him, and of which he found himself unworthy.

The gambler, who had been accused more than once of unfair dealing by Ralph Forester, and whose losses had kindled an animosity long cherished against his victim. till it resulted in a blow from the dagger of an assassin, was never heard from, though a reward was offered for his arrest.

Lisetta was sent by her brother to Italy. where she is still pursuing her studies and bids fair to astonish the world with her marvelous voice.

MEXICO FIGHTING THE SAVAGE APACHES.

OUR correspondent at Chihuahua, Mexico, writes as follows: "The Apaches of Arizona and the State of Sonora some time ago established themselves in the Sierra Madre Mountains, in the western part of Chihuahua, where, by their ravages, the; soon became a terror to the white population. In this section, under the stimulus of American enterprise, many mines were being opened and the work of development was going forward with great suc-, cess until the Indians, coming upon the scene compelled the miners to flee for their lives, many escaping only after great perils and privations. In consequence of the repeated raids of the savages, both the Federal and State troops were sent out in pursuit of them; but, either from the cowardice of troops or the wilmess of the Indians, the expeditions in every case proved fruitless. t becoming apparent that other and more efficient measures must be resorted to, a farmer or granger "To be in this great city alone!" she murmured; "and he leaves me so often alone!" She went to the grand pino and struck a few chords wildly: they seemed only to recoil in sound against her heart. She took up a dainty violin, but the tones held no melody for her.

Suddenly the door was thrown open.

"A lady," said the ponpous servant, with a doubtful glance at the valled figure.

Any one would have been welcome in that surpreme hour—how welcome then his sister, whom she had never seen before!

"I thought Ralph would be at the depot," said the young girl, after her wraps had been taken off. "You don't know what a time I had finding you. I am afraid he is by no means a model husband," she added, laughing, little knowing what pain she gave. "He used to think we girls never needed him, but, indeed, I think he should have nergagement that called him away," said Mrs. Forester, a "He would, I think be should have nergagement that called him away," said Mrs. Forester, a "How pretty you are! and what lovely

"How pretty you are! and what lovely

"How pretty you are! and what lovely

"I to be in this great city alone!" ahe murmor the decision of the state that the decision of the that the save often and the decision of the that the land in the surgeon who was called in, that the mark the decision of the pursue, capture and still the savage of the was a weep-ing over her, and the landlady deploring that shatly burden, nor hear the decision of the pursue, capture and still the savage of the was a way on the pursue, capture and still the savage of the was a way on the pursue, capture and still the savage of the was a surgeon who was called in, that the abeciaion of the shad him had bary or each lodies. It had for the landlady deploring that shad had have happened to her respectable mansion."

"How one would have been welcome in that a time of where the landlady deploring that the save of the trail shad for the save of the trail shad for the save of the trail shad for the save of the save of the save of the save of the save company of 196 men was organized in the western part of Chihuahua, and, being well armed and equipped by the State authorities, was sent out to

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apeeches of welcome were made and the victors were greeted with every form of cordial salutation. Subsequently the little band proceeded to the plaza and city Hail, where they were formally received by the Mayor and city officials, after which they marched to their place of rendezvous carrying their twelve Indian scalps on poles, and escorting the Indian prisoners to their quarters. The Indians are to be sent to the City of Mexico, and from thence to the Indian Reservation in the southern part of the Republic, where they will be put to work and compelled not only to earn their living, but contribute something to the benefit of the Stale. The Indians encountered as well as those captured are Apaches from the San Carlos Reservation, Arizona, and were well armed with Henri rifles, etc., once the property of the United States. The people in Chihuahua manifest great interest in the externination of the Indians, and another granger company of 600 men is soon to be formed to go in pursuit of the savages. There are about 3,000 Indians, Apaches, in this State on the war-path, and about an equal number of State and Federal troops, but the latter have thus far failed to either encounter or kill a single Indian, and the people have no faith in their utility or efficiency."

Our illustration shows the captured Indians, with the captain of the Mexican company standing on the right.

THE HOME OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

THE Sunny South! How little can those whose lives have fallen even in pleasant places "due North" realize the indefinable charm of the Sunny South; its soft and caressing climate; its vivid and wondrous vegetation; its peculiar and attractive scenery; its winsome and gracious people So new is it, yet so old, so much of the polish of the ancies régime, with just enough leaven of the rush of the Nineteenth Century to add a special and pungent piquancy. That the South was dear, very dear to me, goes without saying; that I longed with a "precious yearning" to revisit it, an abiding desire; and when the hour in my busy life arrived that set me free for a brief holiday, I realized how delightful was the respite, even though its dole of days was of niggard and paltry measure. With the

delightful was the respite, even though its dole of days was of niggard and paltry measure. With the glamour of the Bunny South upon me, its sunshine in my yeas, its voices in my ears, its charm in my heart—with the recollection of my gracious and all too flattering reception fragrant as sweet blossoms in my mind—I feel how little my pen can do, even in describing something of what I have seen during the days that passed with such inexorable swiftness, and can but jot down the flotsam and jetaam eddying upon the now full tide of my memory. Among my most pleasurable reminiscences a visit to Beauvoir, the stately home of Jefferson Davis, is cut in boidest relief.

It was a balmy March morning—the idea of a balmy morning in this monster month!—that we loft the Creecent City—a party of a dozen or more envoite to Mississippi City, close to which lies the Davis domain and mansion. The "special" was provided by the Louisville and Nashville Rallway Company, and special indeed it proved to be, for the car was a veritable club-room on wheels, lofty as to coiling, longer and broader than any car I have hitherto traveled in, with easy chairs—oh, so easy the capable of being moved to form circles for gossip, for causerie à dux, or for the isolation necessary to reading, or gazing out on dainty bits of sub-tropical scenery, or in the blue waters of the Guif of Mexico throbbing on Lake Borgne and in Mississippi Sound. The motion of the trail on this road was so smooth, aibeit at times going at sixty miles an hour, that the staff artist who accompanied me was enabled to make flying sketches with as much ease as though he were at his desk in the Art Department at Park Piace. Our first stop was at Bay St. Louis, whither the swells of New Orleans flit for the hot Summer months, but which has a resident population of four or five thousand souls.

It is a most picturesque little place—all coquettish villas, each with its grove; jetty, and bathing-box. It is Frenchy as though it had been lifted bodily of the coast of Normandy and dr

the coast of Normandy and dropped on the Guif of Mexico.

Shortly after quitting the town we crossed the Bay of St. Louis, which is spanned by the fine bridge of the Louisville and Nashville Railway Company, and is two miles in extent. The plies upon which the bridge is built and also the railway ties are submitted to a process of medication by the injection of crossote, which is forced into the bark and fibre of the wood to prevent the ravages of a minute parasite worm peculiar to the waters of this locality. It is known as the "Toredo," and is so rapid and insidious in its work, that without the use of crossote the hardest timber becomes honeycombed and severed in a single half-year. This chemical anti-dote has proven a factor of incalculable value in railway enterprise, and has extensive works midway between New Orleans and Mobile, where huge heaps of timber may constantly be seen awaiting the protecting process.

way between New Orleans and Mobile, where huge heaps of timber may constantly be seen awaiting the protecting process.

Our next stop was at Pass Christian. Here an elegant hotel is being erected that bids fair to filing down the gage of defiance to many a pretentious hostelry over the length and breacht of the land. Here is a quaint old church peeping from out a grove of tutted foliage. Here are villas and cottages larger and more pretentious than those at Bay St. Louis, surrounded by shrubberies of luminous green, and picturesque bathing boxes on the tawny sands, caimly confronting the feam-edged wavelets. During the high tide of the season there is often a floating population of six or eight thousand persons. Having done ample justice to a tempting collation, provided by the railway company, the menubeing worthy of Delmonico, the train ran into the station at Mississippi City, where we found carriages, sent from Beauvoir, awaiting us.

Beauvoir is a stately mausion, reminding one of an old English home. It is approached by an avenue of superb and venerable trees. At the gate, in a spirit of true Southern courtesy, Mrs. Jefferson Davis awaited us. Mrs. Davis is statuesque and stately. Her elegantly shaped head sits upon her shoulders as though chiseled by Phidias. It is so exquisitely poised that one cannot refrain from gazing, while her every movement is the impersonification of dignity and grace. A rich mass of hair, whitemed alset not by the hand of time is wound in

exquisitely poised that one cannot refrain from gazing, while her every movement is the impersonification of dignity and grace. A rich mass of hair, whitened, alas! not by the hand of time, is wound in a massive coil at the back of the beautiful head. Her figure is stately, and the close-fitting black dress, with its Watteau plaits, clung to her form as though to caress it. She wore no ornaments whatever, save the circle of gold on her fine and shapely aborb one, and as we walked up to the old manorhouse, beneath the arching boughs of lordly trees that stood like sentinels presenting arms as we passed, I felt its fascination to the full. Ascending a steep flight of steps, we were ushered into the reception-room, an apartment at once as elegant as it scozy. A bright log fire smiled at us, and greateasychairs received us with open arms. Miniatures of many generations gazed at us from the walls, and books, old and new, were at our beck. Pictures and portfolios, dainty bits of work, and all the costy knick-knackeries that bespeak refinement and culture blossomed in this charming old room, and, as knick knackeries that bespeak refinement and culture blossomed in this charming old room, and, as it to complete the picture, a huge singgy Newfoundland dog before the fire sprawled, who even in sleep ever and anon wagged his bushy tail for very hospitality. Mr. Davis's married daughter is on a visit to Beauvoir—the electric lights in the household, her two beautiful children.

After a delightful chat, Mrs. Davis volunteered to show us her husband's study—the workshop in which he turned out the "History of the War"—and in which he passes so much of his waking hours. This sunctum is a verandaed building with a conical roof, standing apart from the manor-house and in the midst of the most magnificent trees. The in-

ever imparts, and is lined with two tiers of books. Everywhere are evidences of Jeff Davis's individuality in the form of pictures and statuettes. Mr. Davis will not permit any profane hands here, and everything must remain as he leaves it. While he is closeted in his sanctum no one may disturb him. This law is Draconian. Mrs. Davis almost apologized for the condition of the grounds, which were quite en déshabille, owing to the difficulty of procuring labor Beauvoir, as is known, was the glit to Jefferson Davis from an ardent admirer, and a right lordly glit it was. Of my reception at Beauvoir I may not speak more. The sweetest and gracious words Mrs. Davis spoke to me, when claiming me as a Southerner, found their abiding-place. They dwell in my heart with the recollections of this queenly lady and of beautiful Beauvoir.

THE EASTER FESTIVAL.

EASTER—the queen of festivals—is again close at hand, and all round the world human hearts are coming under the spirit of joy and devotion which distinguishes it. The Shadow of the Cross is fading; the glories of the Resurrection are coming into view. The voice of lamentation is hushed, and soon songs of exultation and triumph will break from every lip. Youth and Age alike welcome this feetival of hope and joy with a tumuit of rejoicing. The children—

"who look with smiling grace, Without a shade of doubt or fear into the future's face."

bring lilies for the altar and chant their Easter melodies in church and home. The middle-aged, and those who are passing down life's declining slopes, hall the day exultantly, because it tells that "Death is Life, and God is good, and all things shall be well"

beyond the Sunrise which this festival foretells. Our illustrations breathe the very spirit of the Easter time, and constitute in themselves a poem full of delicacy and feeling.

E. STONE WIGGINS, LL.D.

PROFESSOR E. STONE WIGGINS, whose weather predictions have given him such wide celebrity, was born in the County of Queens, Province of New Brunswick, Canada, December 4th, 1839. He was educated in United States and Canadian universities, having taken his degree of Doctor of Medicine in Philadelphia in 1868, and his Bachelor of Arts at Albert University. Ontario, the following year. For two years, from 1868 to 1870, he distinguished himself as Principal of the High School at Ingersoll, when he was also appointed by the Ontario Govern ment a member of the Board of Examiners for the

when he was also appointed by the Ontario Govern ment a member of the Board of Examiners for the examination of teachers for the province. In 1871 he was appointed Superintendent of the new Institution for the Education of the Blind at Bradford, and to fit himself more fully for his special work and employ skilled teachers, was sent by his Government to visit various Bilind Institutes in this country. This position he admirably filled for four years. At the general election to the Canadian House of Commons in 1878, he was chosen as the Conservative caudidate for his native county, a strong Liberal constituency, and was defeated, but was immediately appointed to a position in the Finance Department by Str Leonard Tilley, the new Finance Minister in the Government of Sir John Macdonald, which then rose to power.

Professor Wiggins is the author of several works on scientific subjects; his "English Grammar for Dominion High Schools" being a superior work. Two years ago he was a competitor for the Warner prize, offered for the best essay on comets, and in the struggle took second place, though no less than one hundred and twenty astronomers competed. He is a direct descendant of Captain Thomas Wiggins, who was sent out in the year 1630 to this country by Lords Saye and Brook as Governor of one of the Massachusetts districts. As is known to our historians, this family were among the first to resist the arrogance of the Colonial Governors, and are credited with having been among the chief actors who prepared the way for the Revolution of 1775. The late Stephen Wiggins, Esq., of St. John, great uncle of Professor Wiggins, was one of the merchant princes of Canada, and, having won his millions on the sea, left a large bequest for the education and support of the children of saliors lost at sea. In 1843 he invested the sum of forty-five thousand pounds in the purchase of New York city bonds, and out of the interest of this fund has recently been erected in St. John's one of the finest charities in America, known as the

cently been erected in St. John's one of the finest charities in America, known as the Wiggins Male Orphan Institution.

In 1872 Professor Wiggins was married to his cousin, Miss Susie A. Wirgins, third daughter of Captain Vincent W. Wiggins, of Queens, New Brunswick. This is the lady to whose zeal and talent is due the passage through the Canadian Senate, two years ago, of the well-known Bill to legalize marriage with a deceased wife's sister. Fearing a second defeat of the measure, she bravely entered the Senate, and by her pleasant manner and persuasive arguments, converted her minority into a majority. Her letters, signed "Gunhilda," and addressed to the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Ontario, to whose unwise interposition she attributed the defeat of the Bill in the first instance, were read with great interest both in Canadia and this country. A number of ladies interested in the passage of this Bill have employed Mr. F. Dunbar, the Dominion sculptor, to execute a bust of this lady, which is to be placed in the Dominion Library at the capital. Already it is said to be a striking likeness.

A FISHING-BOAT RUN DOWN

MHAT silent and terrible enemy of the mariner. fog—has been holding murky revel off the fishing-banks of Newfoundland, to the ruin and dismay of the hardy and gallant fisher folk. Many a brave fellow who has laid him down to sleep, perbrave fellow who has laid him down to sleep, perchance to dream of the loved wife and the household darlings, has been awakened by a dull and hideous crashing, the roar of leaping, seething waters, and then—the struggle for dear life. Our fillustration represents the running down of a fishing-boat by an ocean steamer. In one brief moment desolation so complete has failen upon the taut little craft that the imagination can but faintly outline such instant destruction. Crashi and the oaken timbers are split like matchwood. Crashi and away go masts and shrouds. Crashi and the mad waters come roaring, death on their feaming crests. A wild cry of despair uttered in unison by the drowning crew, and the once saucy schooner sinks "full fathoms five" a dismantled wreck, while the giant steamer slowly disappears in the enshrouding vail of fog.

How Forrest Regained his Property.

A SINGULAR fact has lately come to light in connection with the late Edwin Forrest, which pos more than ordinary juterest. Pending the divorce proceedings between Mr. and Mrs. Forrest, the great actor deeded all of his estate to his three sisters, giving each an equal share. Subsequently, one of them died without issue, and her share of the estate reverted to her two sisters and Edwin. The second sister died shortly afterwards without issue and her share of the esta e, with what had been left her by the first sister dead, reverted to Edwin and the remaining sister. Not long after this the

third sister died, and, as Edwin was the only heir, he, by her death, again became possessed of the property he had deeded away. This fact was discovered when the administrators sold the Broad and Master Streets property. The purchasers, in hunting over the records in the Register's office, discovered that Forrest had come into possession of his property the second time by inheritance, and through the Auditor-General's office, at Harrisburg, learned that by calculation, after the department had been placed in possession of the facts, the estate was indebted to the State about \$4,300 collateral inheritance tux, which was paid.

Grant's Escape from Assassination.

GENERAL GRANT, in a recent conversation, said "The darkest day of my life was the day I heard of Lincoln's assassination. I did not know what it meant. Here was the Rebellion put down in the of Lincoln's assassination. I did not know what it meant. Here was the Rebellion put down in the field, and starting up again in the gutters; we had fought it as a war, now we had to fight it as assassination. Lincoln was killed on the evening of the lath of April. I was busy sending out orders to stop recruiting, the purchase of supplies, and to muster out the army. Lincoln had promised to go to the theatre, and wanted me to go with him. While I was with the President a note came from Mrs. Grant, saying that she must leave Washington that night. She wanted to go to Burlington to see her children. Some incident of a trifling muture had made her resolve to leave that evening I was glad to have it so, as I did not want to go to the theatre. So I made my excuses to Lincoln, and at the proper hour we started for the train. As we were driving along Pennsylvania Avenue a horseman drove past us on a gallop, and back again around our carriage, looking into it. Mrs. Grant said: "There is the man who sat near us at lunch to-day, with other men, and tried to overhear our conversation. He was so rude that we let the dining-room. Here he is now riding after us." I thought it was only curiosity, but learned afterwards that the horseman was Booth. It seems that I was to have been attacked, and Mrs. Grant's sudden resolve to leave changed the plan. A few days after I received an anonymous letter from a man, saying that he had been detailed to kill me, that he rode on my train as far as Havre de Grace, and as my car was locked he failed to get in. He thanked God that he had oven detailed to kill me, that he rode on my train as far as Havre de Grace, and as my car was locked he failed to get in. He thanked God that he had failed. I remembered that the conductor had locked our car, but how true the letter was I cannot say. I learned of the assassination as I was passing through Philadelphia. I turned around, took a special train and came on to Washington. It was the gloomlest day of my life."

Cost of Living in Paris.

THE great increase in the cost of living in Paris, occasioned by the enormous and exceptional amount of the municipal debts and consequent local taxation in that city, appears to be seriously affecting the rate of increase of its inhabitants. According the rate of increase of its inhabitants. According to the last quinquennial census, while the increase of population in St. Pierre-Calais was over thirty per cent., and that of Nice over twenty-four per cent., in Paris it was only fitteen per cent. In a list of the twenty-two largest towns and cities the capital occupies a tenth place only, and it would probably have stood lower but for the fact that the census happened to be taken in December, when the passage of strangers through Paris is considerable, and when rich strangers who live in Paris only for pleasure are mostly in town.

How Bismarck Saved a Solder.

A GOOD Bismarck anecdote, showing the Prince to have been a good comrade from his youth up, is the following: "In 1838 he entered the Potsdam battailon of 'Garde Jaegers' as a one-year volunteer, and six months later, at his request, he was transand six months later, at his request, he was transferred to the 'Second Jaegers' at Greifswald, in order to be able to profit by the lectures in the agricultural school of Eldena. One of his comrades in the battallon was a young man, who at the present day atill counts among the great landed proprietors of the province of Pomerania. He then stood in the second rank immediately behind Bismarck. In spite of siringent orders to the contrary, the Jaegers persisted in frequently firing a shot at the numerous storks on the meadows near Greifswald while out on march, drilling, or exercising. One day on the march home to the barracks Bismarck's hindman brought down, with a bullet, a bird. The officers, although marching a good way shead, heard the report, saw the stork fall down, ordered the battalion to halt, and forthwith began to examine the guns. Everything was as it should be in the first rank. The culprit in the second rank began to tremble all the more for his safety, inasmuch as his promotion to a lieutenancy was at stake in case he should be found out. This Bismarck realized, and while his friend was on the point of voluntarily denouncing himself in order to clear the rest of the should be found out. This Bismarck realized, and while his friend was on the point of voluntarily denouncing himself in order to clear the rest of the men from an unjust suspicion, he whispered to him: 'Look sharp, take your gun in the left arm, I'll throw you mine.' No sooner said than done; so quickly, in fact, that the inspecting officer did not notice it, and the case of the killed stork remained an unexplained mystery. an unexplained mystery.

The Society of Friends.

THE latest' official statistics of the Society of Friends, or Quakers, for 1882 show that in Great Britain and Ireland the total number of members is 17,977. About 25,000 scholars, adult and junior, is 17,977. About 25,000 scholars, adult and junior, are regularly under instruction by the Friends in their Sabbath-schools, but very few of these become members of the Society. This little church of 18,000 members is, however, represented in Parliament by about ten members, including Mr. John Bright, Sir J. W. Pease, Mr. Arthur Pease, Mr. Lowis Fry, Mr. Theodore Fry, Mr. George Palmer, Mr. J. N. Richardson, Mr. J. F. B. Firth, and Mr William Fowler. There are also several ex members of the Society in the House of Commons, including Mr. William Exercic Addams in the Society of the Society Addams of Commons, including Mr. William E. Forster, Alderman R. N. Fowler, and Mr. W. F. Ecroyd. The Society includes one baronet (Sir J. W. Pease), and one knight (Sir John Barring-

Death-roll of the Week.

Death-roll of the Week.

MARCH 10TH - At Lancaster, Pa., Major Edward D. Muhlenberg, a well-known civil engineer, aged 51; at Philadelphia, Pa., Isaac E. Waterman, a leading business man: at Baden-Baden, Germany, Prince Alexander Michaelowitsch Gortschakoff, the Russian statesman, aged 84; at Athens, Greece, Alexandros Coumoundouros, the Greek statesman, aged 64. Morch 11/k—In New York city, George W. Rathbone, formerly a leading Western banker, aged 69; at Bridgeton, N. J., Lucius Q. C. Elmer, formerly a leading lawyer and politician, aged 90. March 12/h—At Covington, Ga., J. J. Floyd, a prominent lawyer; at San Francisco, Cal., William H. King, Chief Engineer United States Navy; at Springfield, O. William White, Judge of the United States District Court, aged 60. March 13th—In New York city, Charles C. Pearson, proprietor of the Concord (N. H.) Pairiol, aged 40: at Danville, Va., Thomas S. Flournoy, formerly member of Congress. March 14th—In New York city, Rev. Charles J. Warren, a Congregational clergyman, aged 86: at Washington, D. C. F. S. West, formerly a well-known journalist, aged 59; at Princeton, N. J., Rev Dr. J. F. McLaren, a voteran Presbyterian clergyman; at Manila, Henry G. Chapman, a New York banker, aged 50. March 1'th—In London, Karl Marx, the well known Socialist and founder of the International Association, accd 64.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Ex-MAYOR KALLOCH, of San Francisco, has settled down on a cattle ranch at Santa Cruz.

MUNKACSY is at work in his studio in Paris on a large painting...the largest he has ever attempted. "The Crucifixion."

CHARLES A. DANA, editor of the New York Sun, has bought a \$150,000 house now going up on Mad son Avenue.

PERE HYACINTHE, accompanied by his wife, will spend the coming Summer in this country and will lecture in various cities.

CHIEF JUSTICE APPLETON, of the Maine Supreme Court, will retire next September, after having tilled that position for twenty-one years.

A COMMITTEE of New York merchants and bankers has decided to erect a states of the late William E. Dodge in some prominent part of the city.

JUDAH P. BRNJAMIN, the ex-Confederate, who has just retired from practice in London, after winning fame and fortune, will accept a judgeship if his health

GENERAL C. P. STONE—Stone Pasha, as he has been called of late years—has returned to this country, having wholly severed his connection with the Khéd.ve's Government

GILBERT STUART'S celebrated painting of General Washington has been replaced in the Connect cut State Senate Chamber, at Hartford, after being thoroughly cleaned.

Loo Chin Goon, the most popular actor that ever delighted a Chinese audience in San Francisco, has come to New York, where he th: ake of starting a Chinese theatre next Fall.

MR. HENRY IRVING will be tendered a public banquet in London on the eve of his departure for America, at which Lord Coleridge, who is also coming hither, will preside.

Ross Winans, the American millionaire, now holds in the counties of Ross and Inverness, Scotland, 750 square miles of land exclusively devoted to deer, and desires to extend his preserve.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, in declining a recent invitation to a meeting in Boston, wrote that Mrs. Phillips's illness is such that he is obliged to forego all such pleasures, all visits and meetings.

The birthplace of Thomas Carlyle, at Eccle-fechan, in Scotland, has been purchased by his nicce, Mra. Alexander Aitken Carlyle, who will take steps for the permanent preservation of the edifice.

Miss Anna Oliver has resigned the pastorate of the Methodist church in Brooklyn, for which she has been preaching the past four years, because the Conference will not recognize the church so long as it has a woman preacher.

THE Prince of Wales writes the manager of the proposed Louisville (Ky.) Cotton Exposition, acknow-ledging the receipt of an invitation to attend it (should be come to America this year), but says he has no intention of coming over.

MR. JAMES S. GIBBENS, of Charleston, S. C., has given to that city a fine plot of ground, centrally located, for the speedy erection thereon of a building devoted to the purposes of an Art School and Gallery and Ladies' Free L brary.

Daniel Woods, who died at Indianapolis a few days ago at the age of 106, served in the British army early in the century, and was one of the guard who accompanied Napoleon to St. Heiens, and one of the squad who fired over his grave.

REV. FATHER O'MALLEY, of Oshkosh, Wis., bas published a card in which he declares that ex-Senator Tabor's marriage with M as Elizabeth McCourt is illicit, and without the sanction of the Church, be-cause in 1877 the lady was married to Mr Doe, who is atill living.

The fifty-second birthday of Lieutenant-general Phil. H. Sheridan, on March 6th, was celebrated by a grand d nner given him by the Union League Club of Chicago, which also celebrated the occas on by presenting him with a splendid equestrian painting of himself by the art'st Earlie.

DR. EBEN TOURGER, who sixteen years ago founded the New Eugland Conservatory of Music at Boston, which is now the largest music-school in the world, has presented the institution to the Board of Trustees, who have accepted the gift and will take pos-session as soon as the necessary legal forms are complied

DR. CLEMENCEAU, the distinguished leader of The Extreme Left in the French Chamber of Deputies, was not only teacher of French diterature in a Stumiord (Conn.) boarding school between the Fail of 1867 and the Summer of 1868, but he won as a wife one of the pupis, Miss Plummer, of Durand, Wis. He returned from France to marry her in 1869.

THE wife of Minister Lowell has but just recovered from the long illness contracted while her hus-band represented this country at Madrid, and was pre-sented to Queen Victora at a recent Drawing Room, The Queen, who had offered to receive her privately if she were unable otherwise to attend, greeted her cor-dially, and afterwards sent for Mr. Lowell to express to him her pleasure at seeing his wife at Court. him her pleasure at seeing his wife at Court,

The "International Baby," as the son of General Trevino and his wife, the daughter of General Ord, is called, was christened at Monterey, Mexico, a few days ago, by Mons gnor Montez de Oca, Bishop of Nuevo Leon, receiving his father's name, Geronimo. General Diaz, ex-President of Mexico, and his wife, were godfather and godmother. In the evening a ball was given by the citizens to General Diaz, which was one of the most brilliant affairs of its kind in the social history of Monterey.

MR. MORRISON HEADY, the blind and deaf Kentucky poet, has been visiting New Orienns and as-tonishing his acquaintances there by his extraordinary skill as a chess player. He plays upon a board so con-trived that the pieces fit into sockets, and by the aid of touch alone he plans ingen:ous campaigns, repulses attacks, and analyzes the most intricate situations. A love upon his hand with the alphabet printed upon it giove upon his hand with the apparent printed upon it is the medium by which he receives communications. To converse with him one must spell out his words by touching the letters on the glove.

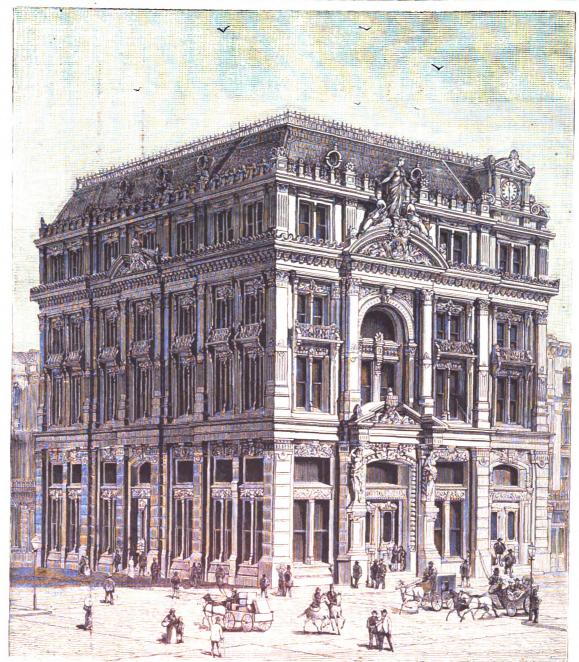
STENATS YAMAKAWA, the talented young Jepunese girl, who was president of her Class at Vassar, has returned to her native land and is becoming again accustomed to the ways of twing there. She writes that she can eat and dress in Japanese style easily, but she can one set and crease in Japanese with the probability and the probability and the proper carrying out it needs a great deal of pomatum, and then, as the Japanese ladies do not arrange their hair oftener than once in two or three days, this practice necessitates their sleeping upon wooden pllows, an uncomfortable arrangement to one union hited by UOO

AN IMPOSING STRUCTURE.

THE NEW COTTON EXCHANGE IN NEW ORLEANS.

THE City of New Orleans is leaving nothing undone to maintain her preëminence as the commercial metropolis of the South. Her merchants and capitalists, appreciating the great advantages of their position, are in all directions rising to the height of their great opportunity, and, in a spirit of the largest enterprise, are preparing to gather tribute from the vast region of the Mississippi Valley and of the Southwest, Mexico and California, with which their city has direct communication by water and rail.

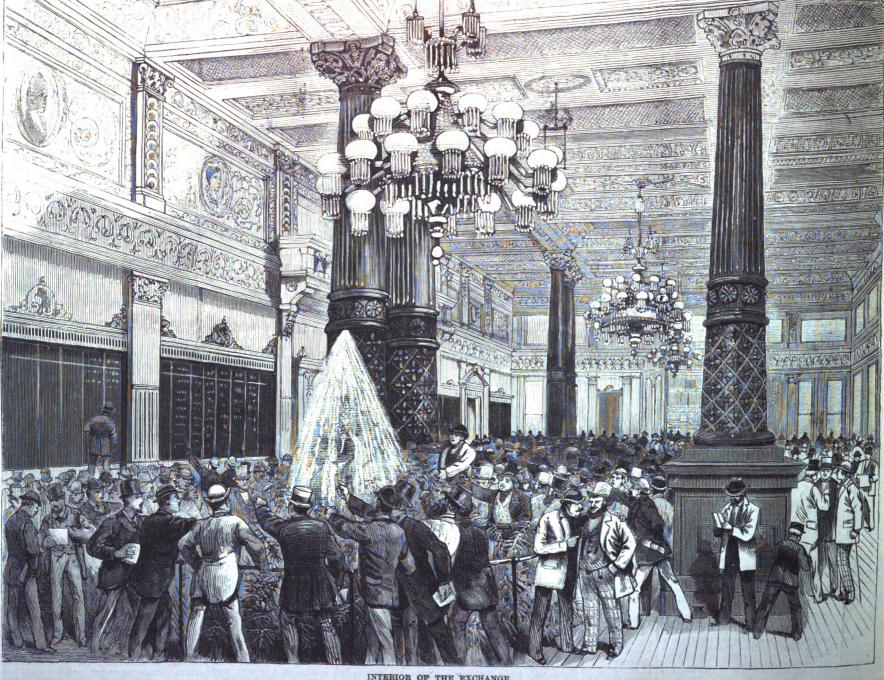
One of the grandest and most imposing of the many enterprises which have been undertaken in the interest of trade and Southern development, is the new Cotton Exchange, now approaching completion. Of this magnificent structure every citizen of New Orleans is justly proud. For it the community is indebted to the enterprise of the New Orleans Cotton Exchange, which was organized early in 1871 for the purpose of combining the scattered elements of the cotton trade, so as to secure the enforcement of such rules and regulations as were required for the protection of all dealers in the staple, and to procure information respecting the condition of the traffic throughout the world. The institution has more than justified the anticipations of its projectors. One of its greatest achievements was the establishment of a system of cotton supervision, which put an effectual stop to the many and gross frauds formerly perpetrated in the transportation of the staple, and now insures to the planter a just return for every pound of cotton which he ships to the city. Another important reform was the inauguration of a system of levee inspection, for the protection of cotton on the landing in course of shipment abroad through officers of the Exchange, commissioned as special policemen, who are stationed on the landing and in every cition-press. The arrangements for securing information regarding cotton are of the most comprehensive character. Daily telegrams are posted, giving the number of balca received, shipped, or sold, with th



EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE BUILDING.

the institution is shown by the fact that it has an income from its various departments of about \$125,000 which leaves a handsome surplus every year. This surplus had reached about a quarter of amillion dollars in 1881, and it was resolved to devote it to the construction of a building worthy of the Exchange and of the city. A fine site was selected at the corner of Carondelet and Gravier Streets, with a front of 76 feet on the former and a depth of 120 feet. The building has four stories, and the extreme height is 56 feet. The architecture is of the modern French style, and is strikingly in harmony in all tis parts. The ground floor will be chiefly occupied by the Exchange, fity feet wide, while the second floor is mainly devoted to the grand hall, which extends the entire length of the building. All necessary offices and committee rooms are provided on the first floor, and the facilities for the transaction of business are all that could be asked. The third and fourth floors will be rented as offices. The building is constructed of stone furnished by the Hallowell Granite Company, and the interior is finished in hard woods.

One of the attractive features of the building is the rich decorations. The style is pure Renaissance. The drawing is fauitiess, and the coloring grand, producing a warm glow and harmony which call forth the spectator's admiration. Several leading artists submitted designs for this work, and, after a critical inspection by the committee on decoration, the committee on decoration, the committee on decoration, the conflict of the committee of the firm of J. B. Sullivan & Bros., of Chicago. These well-known decorators have done full credit to the good judgment of the committee of the firm of J. B. Sullivan & Bros., of Chicago. These well-known decorators, have done full credit to the good judgment of the committee of the firm of J. B. Sullivan & Bros., of Chicago. These well-known decoration, the conflicts of the committee in the firm of J. B. Sullivan & Bros., of Chicago. These ment of the



INTERIOR OF THE EXCHANGE.

LOUISIANA. - THE NEW BUILDING OF THE NEW ORLEANS COTTON EXCHANGE. NOW APPROACHING COMPLETION. FROM SKETCHES BY C. UPHAM.

MARCE 14, In

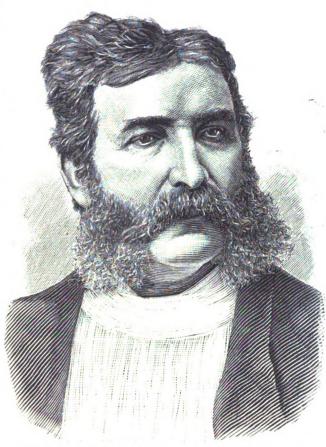


NEW YORK .- JOHN FOORD, EDITOR OF THE BROOKLYN "UNION-ARGUS. PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.

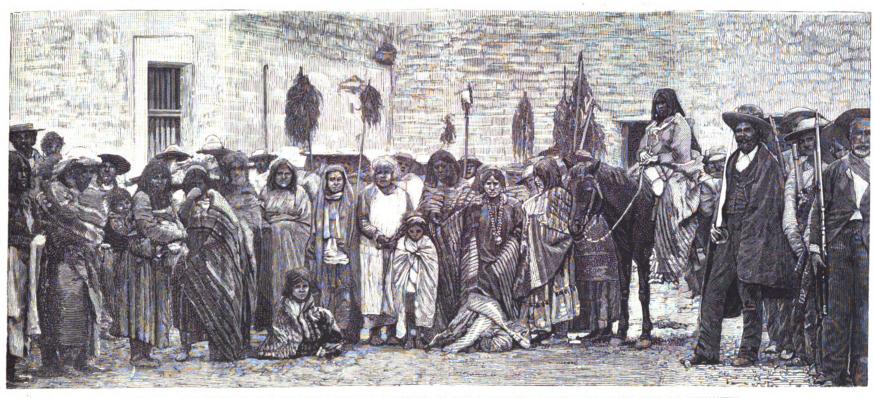
the convenience of its arrangements, the tastefulness of its finish, and the completeness of its appointments. Should the accomplished architect, Mr. Walters, never plan or erect another structure, this will constitute a sufficient and enduring monument of his superior ability and taste.

MR. JOHN FOORD, JOURNALIST.

MR. JOHN FOORD, the new editor of the Brookland, in 1842. He began his journalistic career while yet a very young man, being employed on several Scotch and North of England newspapers. As a traveling correspondent he visited Belgium, France and Gormany, and his letters are said to have attracted great attention by their freshness of view and original observations on a well trodden field. In 1868 he went to London, where he had a brief connection, as editorial contributor, with one or two newspapers; but his heart was set on the new republic beyond the seas, and early in 1869 he embarked for New York. His first work in the United States was the contribution of editorial matter to the columns of the New York Times and the Tribune. In the latter part of 1869 he was appointed to the post of Brooklyn reporter for the Times, which place he held until he was called to an editorial position on the regular staff of the paper, Mr. L. J. Jennings being then the editor-in-chief. During the struggle against the Tweed Ring, in which the Times soon after became engaged, Mr. Foord did dis tinguished and telling work. His accurate knowledge of municipal affairs and his tenacity of purpose served him in good stead, and his share of the labor, although necessarily confined to the privacy of the editorial room, was of the greatest value. It may be claimed for Mr. Foord that he contributed handsomely to the campaign which brought the Tweed Ring down to ruin. In 1876 Mr. Jennings withdrew from the management of the Times, and was succeeded by Mr. Foord, then the senior editorial writer on the staff, many changes having meantime occurred. As a newspaper editor Mr. Foord has won the respect and cordial regard of his associates, both by his gentle manners and his firm grasp of the details of the complex duties devolving upon the chief of agreat journal. Under his direction the Times has won an enviable name for fearlessness, courage, honesty, fairness and a billity. Its editorial columns have been absolutely free from everything that w



REV. HUGH MILLER THOMPSON, D.D., ASSISTANT BISHOP OF THE P. E. DIOCESE OF MISSISSIPPI. PHOTO. BY WASHBURN.



MEXICO. — APACHE INDIAN PRISONERS RECENTLY CAPTURED IN THE SIERRA MADRE MOUNTAINS, AND NOW AT CHIHUAHUA. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MIQUEL WHALING. -- SEE PAGE 74.

Paul Schwarz, John W. Labouisse; Chief Supervisor, T. O. Sully; Chief Levee Inspector. J. H. McCartney.

There is no building in the South which at all comprises with this new Exchange, and, indeed, there are few in the country which are superior to it in its substantial, imposing proportions,



CANADA. - E. STONE WIGGINS, LL. D. PHOTO. BY SPARKS .- SEE PAGE 75,

REV. HUGH MILLER THOMPSON, D.D.,

ASSISTANT BISHOP OF THE DIOCESE OF MISSISSIPPI.

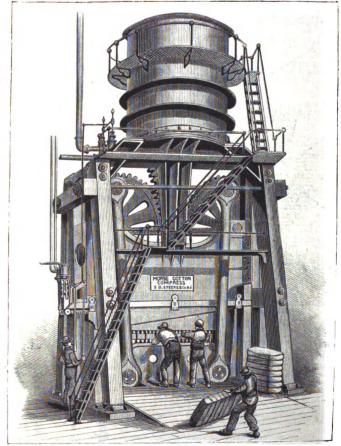
Assistant Bishop of the Diocese of Mississippi.

Rev. Hugh Miller Thompson, D.D., who has recently been elected Assistant Bishop of the Diocese of Mississippi, has ranked for years as one of the most conspicuous divines of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. Born in Londonderry, Ireland, in June, 1830, and coming to this country when only six years old, he for a time pursued his studies privately. In 1852 he was graduated in theology at the Seminary at Nashotah, Wis., and, having been made a deacon in the Episcopal Church, four years later became a priest, and located at Portage City as rector of St. John's Church. Subsequently he was located at Kenosha, Wis., and Galena, Ill., and in 1860 accepted the Professorship of Church History at Nashotah, where he remained until 1871, when he became rector of St. James's, Chicago, remaining there until January, 1872, when he removed to New York city to accept the rectorship of Christ Church. In this field he at once became prominent on account of his ability and eloquence as a pulpit orator, and his gifts as a man of learning and of large and catholic views. Preaching extemporaneously, his discourses displayed all the power and fluish of the most carefully elaborated essay, joined to a sparkle and freshness which held the attention of the listener with a sort of fascination, Dr. Thompson's influence while rector of Christ Church was widely felt throughout the metropolis, and very general regret was manifested when, in obedience to a sense of duty, he, some years ago, accepted the rectorship of Trinity Church, New Orleans. His labors in that city have been marked by the same earnestness and devotion which distinguished his services in New York, and his acceptance of the office of Assistant Bishop of Mississippi has occasioned the same profound regret among the people of Trinity as was shown by his parishloners in New York upon his removal to that parish. Dr. Thompson's consecration occurred on the 24th ult., and was attended by imposing ceremonies.

Dr. Thompson was for many years connected with the Church Press, and has published several volumes which have attracted wide attention.

A WONDERFUL COMPRESSOR.

THE Morse Cotton-compressor, of which we give an illustration on this page, is undoubtedly one of the most wonderful, as it is one of the most useful, inventions of the age. Being capable of exerting a net pressure on the bale of five million pounds, it contributes directly to an economy of space and freight charges, and thus adds to the value of every crop sent to market. Those only who have witnessed its operations can realize the tremendous and resistless power of this marvelous machine.



A WONDERFUL INVENTION. -THE NEW MORSE COTTON-COMPRESSOR Digitized by

G. M. D.

A MEDLEY, A MYSTERY, A MARVEL AND A MIRACLE.

THE STORY OF A DREAM.

Get money, was a foolish father's advice to money, was a foolish father's advice to money of Bet money, if you can honestly, makes but a wider and interaction in the order of the words, but a wider and interaction in the order of the words. Used rightly it is a power for good, and there is money enoughin the world to form a lever by which the mass of humanity could be lifted, to a certain you out of its depths of sorrow and despair, of the country of t

contents seemed to suit him. It spoke of almost every disease that flesh is heir to, but oh, joy! as he read, a (dimpse Most Delightful of light stole in upon him. "Eureka! Eureka!" he cried. "Wife, Ihave it, I have it." He cried. "Wife, Ihave it, I have it." Eureka is not to hear what he had found. All expected to see some Great Miracle Dore, and tuen came the explanation. Simple of sourse, but why had he not thought of it before? Oit, what a revelation! Here was hope for him and for all consumptives. Here, hope for suffering friends and neighbors. That night he scarce could sleep, but when he did, he again saw a bright vision of golden letters, in fact, a Gilttering Monogram Deciphered readily, and reading G. M. D.: and again P. P. P., and yet again F. P., and one huge P. around which these others were entwined, and then W. D. M. A. All the letters blended, yet each was distinct. All he had seen in the book, all he nation saw in his vision.

Dream Most Glorious. D. M. G.—G. M. D.—Again he rang the changes; backward, forward, every way. Gold Medal Deserved. M. G. D.—Misery's Great Deliverer—till time would fail to tell thou all. P. P. stood for Perfect Peace Promise I for sufferers, and sweet release from Prostrating Purgatorial Pains. And again F. P. was Freedon Promised, and backward P. F. it became Pain Flees. Now he could get well, and once well, he would be a missionary, a Glad Missionary Devoted to the work of telling others how they might get deliverance. He went through the list of diseases among those of his own acquaintance, from John Robinson, whose torpid liver gave him constant headache and severe billious attacks, on through the list of hose suffering from uloers, coughs, weak and diseased lungs, to his friend, General B——, who was as near the grave as he. And for all these, as well as for himself, the Grave May Disappear from present vision, end each may be Given More Decades of life than they had hoped to have years. Against the milder gases he marked P. P. P. Against the serious cases

he marked G. M. D., not the Grizzly Monster Death, which he so long had dreaded, but something—oh, so much better, as we shall presently see.

In a short while our hero was well, and went everywhere among his friends and neighbors telling of his good fortune and showing the sick and the suffering how they might be healed. Some laughed and continued to suffer, refusing to be healed. More were wise, took his counsel and proved his vision of the night as he had done.

"A vision, less beguiling far,
Than waking dreams by daylight are."
Can anything be more delightful than health after sicknessy To be a well man, to feel pure blood coursing through your veins, to know that lungs, liver, kidneys, and all the Grand Machinery, Does its duty perfectly in one's body; to carry health's ruddy mark on the cheeks. Ah, this is Good Most Decidedly. This was our hero's case, and thousands can tell the same story. The good angel has come to them. They have seen the letters Gleam Most Distinctly before their eyes, and Going Most Definitely to work in pursuing the instructions given, they have recovered that great blessing—Health. G. M. D. has been to them a channel of good, Good Mysteriously Done, and they have bid their sick friends do what all the sick should do, namely, put themselves in communication with the W. D. M. A., Which Done Most Anxiously.

A las, that human nature is so slow to believe—A alas, that men and women are bowed down with the burden of complaints, of which they might be rid—consumption, bronchitis, dyspepsia, heart disease, kidney disease, malarial complaints, scrofulous diseases, skin diseases, tumors, ulcers, and many more. It would seem as though some ill deity had given every letter of the alphabet as many diseases as it could possibly desire, thus forming an alphabet of sorrow, suffering and woe. Happy they who the Great Mystery Discerning, have escaped the clutches of sad diseases.

Looking back upon his past experience, Mr. Jones many more is the has had the pleasure of seeing, as he says, Good Mira

Initials of words that stand for all that is sorrowful and sad, letters, the self-same letters, are often initials of words that breathe of hope and enediction.

Search but a while and you will find the boon, the blessing and the benefit. The mystery of the three P's, of the F. P., of the G. M. D., and of the W. D. M. A., Will Dawn Most Auspiciously upon

Columbus discovered America and won high honor and immortal fame, and they who have learned the secrets of the wonder before your eyes, good reader, Give Most Delightful testimonials of

good reader. Give Most Delightful testimonials of their gratifude.

of all sad words of tongue and pen, the saddest are these—it might have been: so sayeth the poet. When we think of the myriads that might have been saved from untimely graves had they seen Mr. Jones's vision and sought his way to health, we feel sad. Yet we cannot but rejoice at the Great Many Delivered from death's door by G. M. D., and that Pain's Positive Persecution has been escaped again and again by P. P. P. Virnes unnumbered serve to make G. M. D. the Greatest Mercy Deigned by favoring providences for the relief of sufferers, and its discoverer feels P. P. P.—Perfectly Pardonable Pride in telling of the Growing Multitude Delivered from the Grasp Most Dreadful of Greedy Mournful Death.

coverer feels P. P. P. Perfectly Pardonable Pride in telling of the Growing Multitude Delivered from the Grasp Most Dreadful of Greedy Mournful Death.

Every sick person is interested in the theme before us, and every well person, too, for who does not know some one who is sick and needs, therefore, the good news of health that is Given Many Dally.

Reader, mystified reader, we will detain you no longer. Perhaps you have Guessed Most Deftly the hidden meaning. P. P., you know, stands for Pleasant Purgative Pellets, curing constipation, torpidity of the liver, headache, and many other complaints. F. P., of course, is Dr. Pierce's Favoritz Prescription that has proved such a P. F., Pame Favoritz and Precious Friend to ladies; safe, easy to take, working like a charm—curing the peculiar weaknesses incident to their sex. The letters W. D. M. A. stand for the World's Dispensary Medical men, specialists all of them, and its President, Dr. R. V. Pierce (the large and central P. of Mr. Jones's second vision), all at the service of the sick and suffering, everywhere; while G. M. D. is—well, read the initials of the paragraphs of this article and you will see that G. M. D. is Golden Medical Discovery, the boon of the diseased. This wonderful medicine cures all humors, from the worst scrofula to a common blotch, pimple, or eruption. Erysipelas, salt-rheum feversores, scaly or rough skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood, are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great eating ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influences. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing tetter, hoils, carbuncles, scrofulous soves and swellings, white swellings, goitre or thick neck, and enlarged glands. Consumption, which is scrofulous disease of the lungs, is promptly and positively arrested and cured by this sovereign and Godgiven remedy, if taken before the last stages are reached. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, consumption might-sweats, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. For

nature.

CENERAL IMPROVEMENT.

"I AM feeling quite well. No cough: appetite good; regular in my habits; and I am very much encouraged. * * * I do not feel that difficulty in breathing; nor do I feel so nervous." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, its nature, action and results, with reports of cases and full information, sent free. Drs. Starkey & Palen 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

"Yes, sir," says the Deadwood man, "Parson Rounder is a saint. He's always ready to sacrifice himself. He threw down a straight flush hand the other night to go and pray with a dying man who sent for him. I call that true martyrdom."

"BE candid, doctor," said the patient, when found with a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.
"You know it is a good medicine." and the M. D. left in disgust.

DEBILITY AND NERVOU'SNE PREVENTS CONSUMPTION A PREVENTS CONSUMPTION A PREVENTS CHARLES SCRIBED 600,000 PACKAGES left in disgust.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE. Indigestion from Overwork.

Dr. Daniel T. Nelson, Chicago, says: "I find it a pleasant and valuable remedy in indigestion, particularly in overworked men."

Tourist's returning North from a sojourn South, and visiting New York city, should not forget a visit to Syphen's famous warerooms for bric-d-brac and rare articles of house adornment. Strangers are especially invited without feeling it a necessity to buy.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE

PROMOTES THE GROWTH OF THE HAIR.

And renders it dark and glossy. It holds, in a liquid form, a large proportion of deodorized Co-coangr Out, prepared expressly for this purpose. No other compound possesses the peculiar properties which so exactly suit the various conditions of the burner heir.

CASWELL, MASSEY & Co.'s EFFERVESCENT GRAPF SALINE purifies the blood, regulates the bowels 1,121 Broadway and 578 5th Ave. 75c. per bottle.

IF your complaint is want of appetite, try half a wine-glass of Andostura Bitters half an hour before dinner. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY promises to be the most popular outdoor recreation this season. Ladies, the youth and the gray-haired man of business find equal interest in the sport. Descriptive circulars sent free upon application to the Scovill Mir's Co., Broome Street, New York.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

The An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noves, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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A Specific for Dyspepsia.

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" Use Redding's Russia Salve."

A RELIABLE LINIMENT.

A RELIABLE LINIMENT.

There is nothing more serviceable or oftener needed in the family than a reliable liniment for sprains, bruises, etc. The Journal does not puffgan unreliable liniment for the sake of an advertise ment. We do not believe in that kind of practice But the Journal does take pleasure in calling attention to an article that has been advertised for many months in its columns, and which we personally in dorse as reliable and unsurpassed as a liniment. We do this the more readily from our personal knowledge of its beneficial results when used. We refer to DR. Toblas's Venetian Liniment. It is pronounced by thousands the best "PAIN DESTROYER" in the market for CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, MUSQUITO BITES, CUTS, BRUISES, SPRAINS, OLD SORES, PAINS IN THE LIMBS, BACK and CHEST, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, FRECKLES, STIFFNESS in the JOINTS and contraction of the muscles. Taken internally in cases of DYSENTERY, DIARRHIGA, SEA SICKNESS, CHOLERA, CROUP, COLIC, CRAMP and SICK HEADACHE, its SOOTHING and EVENETRATING qualities are immediately felt. It is a perfectly harmless medicine. We have been led to speak in what may seem extravagant terms of its effects and reliability; but we assure our readers that it is JUST WHAT WE HAVE REPRESENTED IT.

Its fame has been established for nearly forty years, and it is one of the STANDARD PREPARA-

SENTED IT.

Its fame has been established for nearly forty years, and it is one of the STANDARD PREPARATIONS of pharmacy, and is widely used. For horses, DR, TOBLAS'S HORSE LINIMENT is put up in plnt bottles, and he also prepares the celebrated DERBY POWDERS. The price of the Family Linment is 25 and 50 cents per bottle, and is for sale by all druggists. The Horse Liniment costs 90 cents per pint bottle; the Derby Powders, 25 cents per box.—Lafayette Journal, March 11.

GOLDEN HAIR WASH.

This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hae so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world, \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods,

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PHYSICIANS acquainted with Dr. Elmore's Rheumatine-Goutaline pronounce it the only real or radical remedy in use or ever discovered for rheumatic disorders; also best remedy for dyspepsia, kidney and liver diseases. Hundreds of references. Send for circulars. Elmore, Adams & Co., 105 William St., N.Y., and 96 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn.

ONE FOOL AMONG

Wrecked by his Untempered Ambition Lighthouse on the Shoals.

"I ought to have stopped five years before I did: but I thought it wouldn't amount to anything, so I kept on. I was a fool, of course; but who isn't, when ambition and the chance of making money spurs him on? I only hope I shall get well enough to digest another square meal some time without a rebellion in my stomach."

The speaker was one of the best known civil engineers and mining experts in this country, hardy by nature as a buffalo, but broken down by hard study and the merciless lashing administered to his nind and body by his own hand during the earlier art of his career. At fifty he is prematurely gray, bent in form, and dispirited. Dyspepsia did it yspepsia, the self-inflicted curse of the American

yspepsia, the seir-inniced curse of the American in every department of toil.

"I am thirty-five years old," writes Mr. Charles H. Watts, of West Somers, Putnam County, N. Y. and had suffered from dyspepsia for fifteen years, Tried everything. At last gave PARKER'S GINGER Tonic a chance to show what it could do for me. It proved its ability by curing me. I recommend it to all who are suffering from this dreadful disease." Mr. G. R. Cole, druggist, of Carmel, N. Y., certifies to the truth of Mr. Watts's statement.

Gloom, despondency, hopelessness, disgust with all labor, sleeplessness, horrid dreams to render bedtime like the hour of execution to the criminal—these are some of Dyspepsia's footprints. The dyspeptic knows what Coleridge meant when he said "Night is my hell." Parker's Ginger Tonic cures Dyspepsia, purifies the Blood, disperses Rheumatism and all chronic ailments. Prices, 50 cents and \$1 a bottle. Hiscox & Co., New York.

W ANTED.—Information of Joseph Odom, a native of Milton, Vt. Address, Charles C. Odon, Havelock, Vicars P. O., Province of Quebec, Canada.

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An absolutely complete list of the ruling New York retail prices in every department of house-keeping requirement; showing the comparative cost of numerous different styles of the same articles.

A choice variety of entertaining and instructive literature, of special interest to ladies; including tales, sketches, poems, household receipts, instruc-tions in home decoration and fancy work, etc., etc.

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Gentlemen's Gai ments cleaned or dyed whole.

Curtains, Window-shades, Table-covers, Carpets, etc., cleaned or dyed.

Employing the best attainable skill and most improved appliances, and having systematized anew every department of our business, we can confidently promise the best results and unusually prompt return of goods. Goods received and returned by express or by mail.

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IT RESTORES TO THE ACTIVE BRAIN OF MAN OR WOMAN THE ENERGY THAT HAS BEEN LOST BY DISEASE, WORRY OR OVER-WORK. IT REPARIS VITALITY WHERE THERE HAS BEEN DEBILITY AND NERVOUNNESS, AND PREVENTS LOSS OF MEMORY AND BRAIN FATIGUE. IT PREVENTS CONSUMPTION AND DISEASES OF DEBILITY, AND RESTORES TO THE SYSTEM THE PREVENTS THAT HAVE BEEN WASTED IN EXCITEMENT AND ABUSES. PHYSICIANS HAVE PRESCRIBED 600,000 PACKAGES. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS OR MAIL, \$1.

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Ministers, Doctors, Lawyers, Bankers, Brokers, Merchants, Bookkeepers, Mechanics, Clerks, Housekeepers, Sewing-girls, and every one who feels languid, depressed and exhausted, should use it. It eradicates all diseases of the Scalp and Skin, removes Dandruff, and keeps the hair soft and silken. We ask you to try it, and after using one-third of a bottle, if not satisfied, return it to the dealer, and your money shall be refunded.

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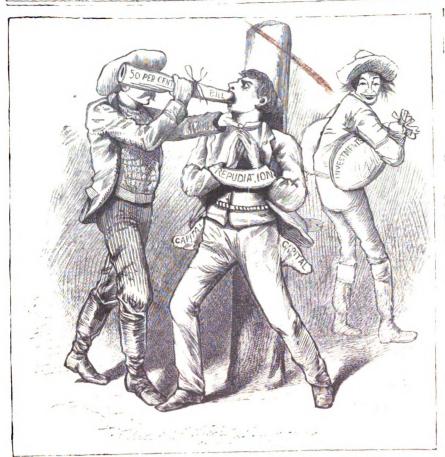
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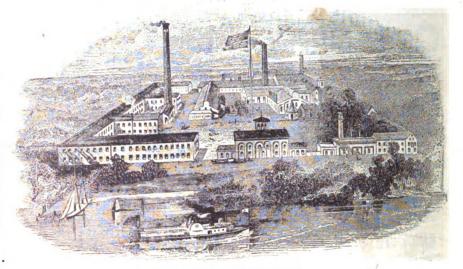
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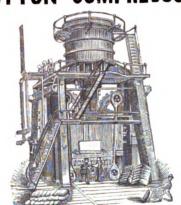


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A drawing may be very carefully made on the wood, but it has to run the gantlet of the engraver's kulfe, and by it many an admirable sketch is ruthlessly masacred. Frank Lesile has a staff of the best engravers in the United States—the very cream of the profession; and following the block from the Art bepartment, we ascend to the apartment immediately overhead, where we find the gravers eating their way into the hard boxwood, and reproducing, in wondrous cuts and cross-cuts, the effects of light and shade which the artist has just rendered with his pencil. The block, as a whole picture, ascends to the Engraving Department, the chief of which, after examination, unboits it, and then distributes the small blocks throughout the staff according to the especial talent of each engraver. In this large room—opposite benches close to the light, on the bench a leather cushion, on the cushion the block, with shades over the eyes, and 'gravers' picks and knives and tools of every sort, shape, size and description in their right hands—sit the silent engravers, absorbed in their work, which demands the closest attention, for one false cut, one slip of the tool, and the injured portion of the drawing has to be remade, the block plugge I and re-engraved. As each engraver finishes his task, he brings the section of the block on which he has been engaged to the chief, who, when all the blocks are collected, rebotts the picture, and sends it again up-stairs to the A drawing may be very carefully made on the wood,

the trough, the copper shell is separated from the mold by the use of boiling water (which melts the wax), and by using a solution of potash, the shell is theroughly cleaned, and after being washed off with clear water a solution of chloride of zinc is put on the back, so as to solder the copper shell to the metal; it is then ready for the metal back to bring it up to the regular thickness, or height, of a plate for printing from. The shell—about the thickness of cardboard paper—is laid upon its face on a smooth slab and soldering fluid brushed over it; then it is laid in the backing-pan, face downwards, where it receives the thifoil and the moiten type metal, till the back is of proper thickness. The pages are then sawed apart, shaven, dressed, straightened, given the finishing touches, and then sont to the press-room.

The process of stereotyping is more simple and better known than electrotyping, as most of the leading papers in the country are printed from stereotyped plates. Mr. Crane, the skilfful chief of this department, has made many improvements in this latter process, but in electrotyping he is the acknowledged leader in the country. Mr. Crane makes curved electro-plates for rotary presses, and holds a patent upon this process. He expects in a few months' time to produce electrotype in a quicker time than stereotyping is done to-day.

From the Electrotyping Room the plate—we have oldden adieu to the boxwood block—is sent down to the

PRESS ROOM.

PRESS ROOM,

where it is adjusted to the press in waiting to receive it in a remorsoless embrace. The engine that is the first great cause of the whirring, and quivering, and rumbling, so important a factor in imparting instruction and amusement to millions, is of 150 horse-power. There are two press rooms, the number of presses being sixteen, six of which are perfecting presses—that is, presses with capacity to print both sides of a sheet of paper at the same instant, tossing off with the most sublime case 3,000 sheets an hour, illustrations and all. From 5,000 to 8,0 0 tokens, of 250 impressions each, are printed each week, bringing the quantity of paper used in each year, if stretched lengthwise, to the breath-taking-away figure of 8,371 miles, and if printed on both sides, to 16,742 miles.

The head of this department is Mr. Joseph L. Firm, whose Anti-Ofiset Press has given him a reputation as an inventor. The use of these "set-off" sheets in the old style of presses very materially increased the cost of printing illustrated papers, because it involved, practically, the feeding and handling of twice as many sheets as were printed. The Anti-Ofiset Press occupies much less room on the floor than the old style, and it requires only one person to feed it. Indeed, the feeding itself may be done automatically, if desired, by the employment of a web or continuous roll of white paper. The device can also be readily attached to any form of cylinder press.

MRS, LESLIE'S PRIVATE OFFICE.

MRS. LESLIE'S PRIVATE OFFICE.

MRS. LESLIE'S PRIVATE OFFICE.

Returning to the starting-point of our tour of inspection, the visitor will not fail to notice the large, well-lighted and ventilated editorial room occupying nearly the entire Park Place front of the building, one of the most convenient, bright and cheery of all the numerous editorial rooms of the metropolis. Opening out of the main editorial room and still along the Park Place front, is the private office of Mrs. Leslie, the living head and presiding genius of the entire establishment. A peep within its walls will discover a rare and attractive combination of the surroundings of a woman of refined and cultured taste, and of active business habits. A bronze and life tike medallion of the late Mr. Frank Leslie, founder of the house which perpetuates his name, tured taste, and of active business habits. A bronze and life tike medallion of the late Mr. Frank Leslie, founder of the house which perpetuates his name, occupies the post of honor, and upon the walls are pictures and sketches by artists formerly upon the staff, now famed and entinent. Upon the desk before Mrs. Leslie are, however, all the evidences of business. Manuscripts, sketches, contracts, cheques, postal orders, and the hundreds of details which are involved in the many departments of the great enterprise, all pass under her hands, and it is her personal signature which concludes every contract and appears upon every cheque. The reception of many callers who come upon all sort of errands, and frequent conferences with the heads of the various departments with whom Mrs. Leslie is all ways in immediate communication, and through whom she personally directs the details of the establishment, occupy every moment of an extremely busy day. Every employe of the establishment, however humble, is conscious that true mertiwill gain the personal approval of the head of the house, and it would be difficult to find in any establishment greater respect and loyalty than her pattent and earnest example of application to business duties has developed among all her employes and subordinates of every grade.

EDITORIAL ROOM.

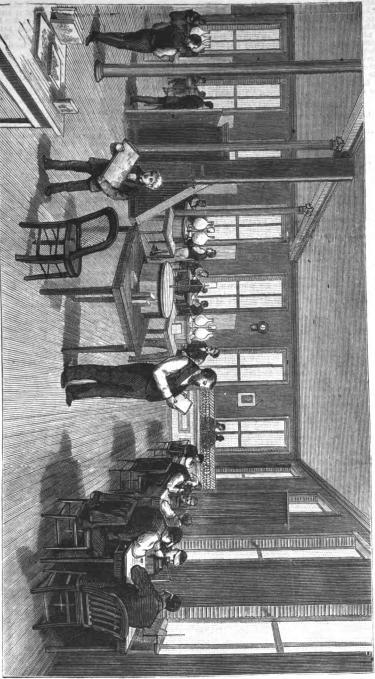
Adjoining Mrs Leslie's sanctum, and connected immediately with it is the main editorial room, occupied by the regular office-staff of the establishment. Each publication is in special charge of a separate editor, to whom all ordinary deals are intrusted, though of each Mrs. Leslie retains general supervision. A system of "give and take" prevails throughout the entire office, so that the full resources of all the publications are ever at the handsessit the silent engravers, absorbed in their work, which demands the closest attention, for one false cut, one slip of the tool, and the injured portion of the drawing has to be remade, the block properties of the drawing has to be remade, the block of the drawing has to be remade, the block of the drawing has to be remade, the block of the drawing has to be remade, the block of the drawing has to be remade, the block of the drawing has the remade, the block of the drawing has to be remade, the block of the drawing has to be remade, the block of the drawing has the remaining the drawing has the remaining the drawing has the closest the drawing has the drawing has the following the drawing has the drawing has been dead to be drawing the drawing has been drawing the drawing the drawing has been drawing the drawing the drawing the drawing has been drawing the drawing

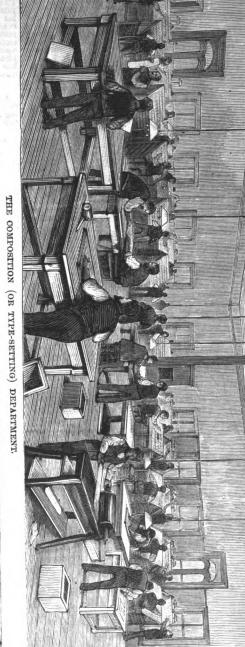
in any of the Frank Leslie publications. Here are the blocks from which No. 1 of the first volume of Frank Leslie's Illiustrated Newspaper was printed, and in nothing does the progress in popular pictorial art appear more clearly than in the contrast in the pictures of that day and those of the present. The total number of cuts now safely stored here exceeds 175,000, and their value can scarcely be computed in dollars and cents. Complete and simple indexes enable the custodian, who has filled his position for seventeen years, to produce any desired cut at almost a moment's notice.

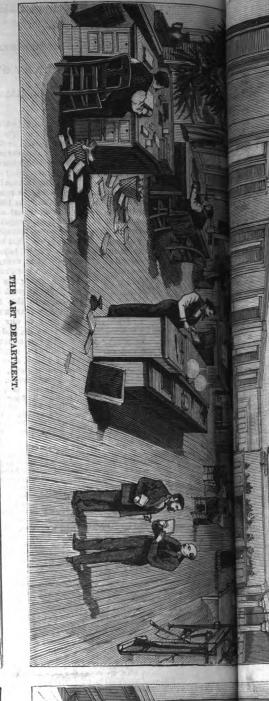
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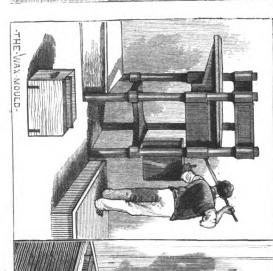
berless homes throughout the Union. Its merit has been steadily recognized, and it has ever been kept to the same plan on which it was begun, that of a high-class, undenominational family magazine for Christians of all creeds. Some of the most eninent writers in our land have contributed to its pages

tributed to its pages.
Of Chatterhar, Pleasant Hours, the Budget and the Almanaes it is unnecessary to speak. Each of these publications is unique and commands the success that it so deservedly merits.

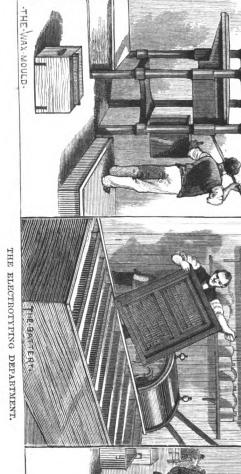


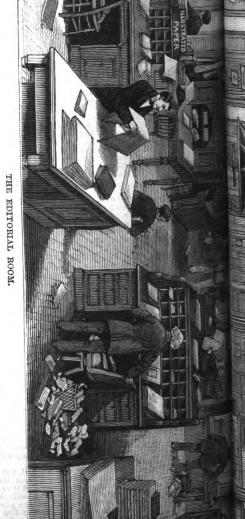


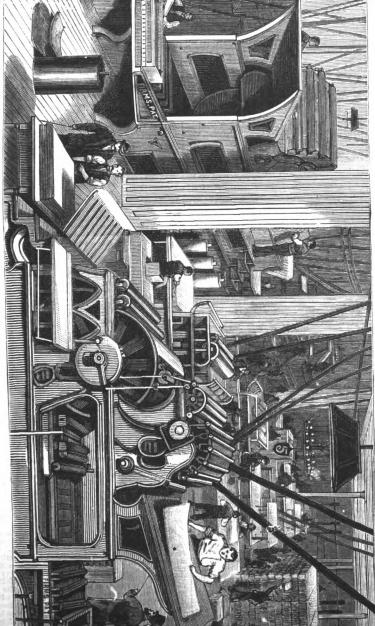


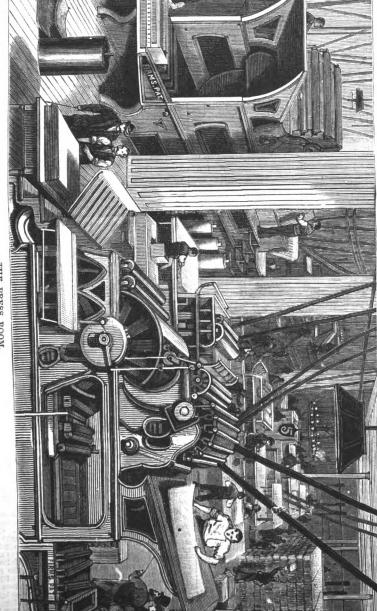






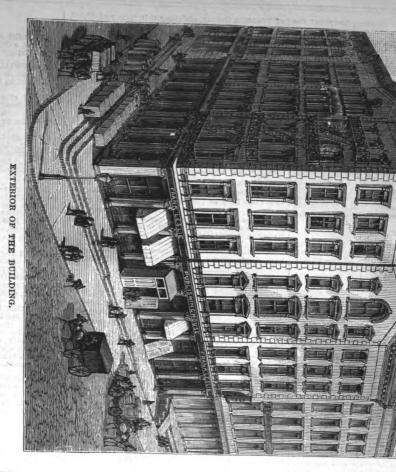


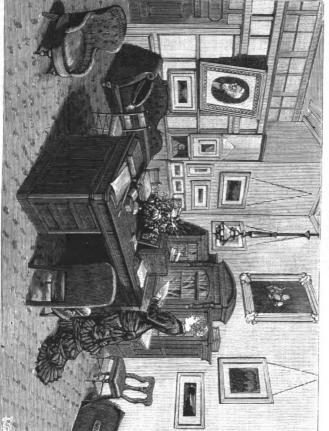




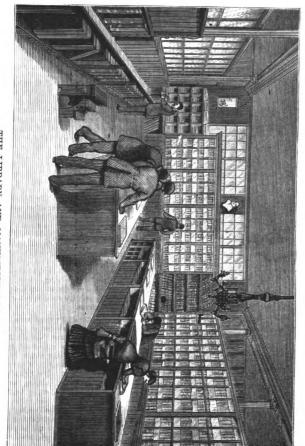
THE ENGRAVING DEPARTMENT.

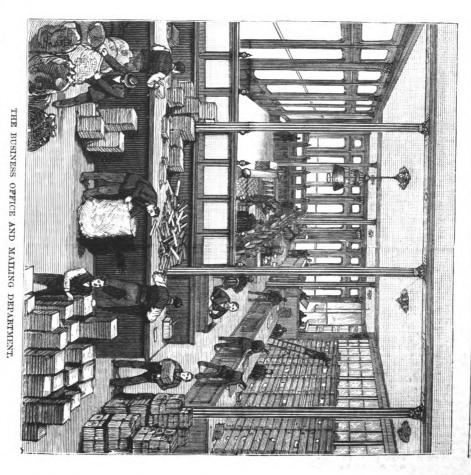












diately ordered the presses stopped, destroyed the part of the edition aiready published set the whole force of the establishment at work preparing a new edition with engravings of the sketches sent over early Tuesday morning by the artists at Elberon, and before Welnesday night had on saie a paper full of illustrations of the deathbed scene. A week later she selzed another opportunity. The dead President's body was to be conveyed to Washington on the Wednesday after his death and funceral services were to be held in the Capitol on Friday, before the removal of the remains to Cieveland for the final ceremonies. Mrs. Lestie resolved to anticipate the usual day of publication the following week, and deposit in Cieveland, on Monday morning. 30,000 copies of Fiaank Libile's lillistrated NewSchaper, containing full illustrations of the ever memorable scenes at Washington. She sent for the President of the Amolican NewS Company, and communicated her purpose. He was incredulous and doubtful, but she insisted that it could be done, and it was, for 30,000 copies of Fiaank Libile's Libilstrated NewSpaper were sent to Cleveland, where they sold so readily that it is believed as many more could have been easily disposed of."

STATISTICS.

A few statistics for those misguided mortals who delight in them may now be in order. The aggregate direulation of a single edition of the weekly and monthly periodicals exceeds considerably a quarter of a million copies, and to satisfy the insatiable presses, during the past year, required 24.100 reams of paper, making 12.054,500 sheets, 1.75-2.47 lbs. These sheets measure in surface 17.503,651,852 square inches—equal to 2.790 acres, or a sheet the width of this paper equal to 8.37 miles long. It would make a solid pile eight fect square and 678 feet high, or 339 cords. The weekly consumption of paper is about 17 tons, and Frank Leslie's ranks third on the list of ink consumers in the United States, using a miniature lake of that useful and potent liquid. The publications go to every State and Territory in the Union, and are as widely circulated in foreign countries. Over three thousand square inches of boxwood are required each week, and a million and a half "oms" of type are set every week in the composing room. In the mailing department, 1.500 wrappers wrapped every minute by some of the swiftest of the mailing clerks.

THE FUTURE.

As to the future, it need only be said that no effort or expenditure necessary to maintain and improve the character and interest of the Frank Leslie publications will be spared. Arrangements are now making which look to the introduction of some important features in both FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED

ant tentures in both FRANK LESLIES ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER and the magazines, and others will be added as the spirit of enterprise and the popular demand may seem to require.

In concluding this sketch we desire to extend a cordial invitation to any of our friends, whenever in the metropolis, to visit and inspect the Frank Leslie Publishing House in full tide of operation.

Moody and Sankey in England.

An English paper regards it as really astonishing how Messrs. Moody and Sankey, the now wellknown American evangelists, retain their popularity. Their present visit to England has been oulte as acceptable and has been attended with scarcely less enthusiasm than the first. Wherever they have appeared they have been there by formal invitation, and the most elaborate preparations have been made for their reception and conveinvitation, and the most elaborate prejarations have been made for their reception and convenience, as well as for the accommodation of the public. They have had hearty welcomes from the clergy of all denominations, the Non-conformist clergy—as is Latural enough—identifying themselves with them. At Birmingham they have had immense success, if success is to be at all measured by multitudes of patient and attentive hearers, or by the recognition and co-operative aid of the best people in the city and neighborhood. This month they have pitched their tent in Manchester, whither they went at the invitation of 520 ministers of the Gospel, including several eleggymen of the Established Church; and during their stay in that city they have had placed at their disposal several of the largest halls. On leaving Manchester they go to Leeds, also by invitation, and there a public building to be placed at their service is being expressly enlarged with a view to accommodate some five or six thousand persons. These facts are very segnificant. They speak volumes for the continued power and attractiveness of the evangelists, and seem to imply something like a reflection on the churches and their methods. It is not conceivable that the American evangelists are not doing good work—work which the Church organizations do not so well succeed in accomplishing. so well succeed in accomplishing.

Strange Indian Ethics.

THE Sherman (Texas) Courier has the following "A citizen of Sherman was over at Tishimingo, in the Indian Territory, last week, and saw the con-demned murderer. Willie Brown, going about the place without any restraint whatever. Brown was pointed out to him as the full-blood Indian who was convicted for killing his brother some time ago, and he was told that it was a custom among the Chickhe was told that it was a custom among the Chick-asaws to let such convicts out on parole of honor until the day of execution. It is a tradition among the indians that no one under such circumstances has ever failed to appear at the time and place appointed for the execution, and in compliance with this established custom of these people, Brown came to meet his death like a true Indian on last Friday, and was hung by the neck until he was dead. Such abnegation at such a time, seems so unlike the rule of seif-preservation practiced among the white race, that it appears to us unnatural, and we raise the question, how much white blood must an Indian have in him before he has sense enough to skip the country rather than die like a dog?"

"Who Struck Billy Patterson?"

THE Franklin Register has settled a great historical problem by dis overlng "Who struck Billy Patter-son." Mr. Patterson, the father of Mme. Bonaparte, was a wealthy Baltimorean. Upon one occasion. while Mr. Patterson was in Franklin, looking after his property, a general row occurred among the boys, in which he became involved. In the confu-sion, indeed, some one struck Mr. Patterson a tremendous blow, and this so angered him that he walked through the crowd, inquiring in stentorian of Franklin County, claiming this legacy of \$1,000. She states that she is an invalid, aged and infirm, and in great need of the money. In 1783 her f-ther was quite a young man, and being in great fear of Mr. Patterson field the country at once, and never heard of the reward or legacy. She says she has often heard her father speak of the fight and the blow he gave Mr. Patterson, and the fierce anger of the latter. The thumb of Tillerton's hand was disjointed by the blow, and was so severely injured that it remained a useless member to the day of his death. As the facts she gives correspond so exactly with the facts of the case, the correspondent presumes that Mrs. Covely will receive the legacy with out delay. of Franklin County, claiming this legacy of \$1,000. She states that she is an invalid, aged and infirm,

The Coming War-ships.

THE Naval Advisory Board has submitted to Secretary Chandler specifications for the 3,000-ton steel cruisers which are to be built. They suggest that each hull be 270 feet long and 42 feet wide; the battery to consist of nine six-inch rifles; the bow to be of modified ram shape; a steel deck to cover the space by lodlers and machinery; ships to have double bottoms and to be divided into as many water-tight compartments as possible; storage room to be provided for 230 men for ninety days; to have single screws, seventeen feet in diameter.

Pardoned Six Months after Death.

GABE GAFFNEY, a colored man, was sentenced to the South Carolina Penitentlary for a term of years from Spartanburg County. After a long period of imprisonment the poor fellow's friends made a strong and earnest appeal to Governor Hagood for a pardon, and brought forward after discovered evipardon, and brought forward after-discovered evidence which tended to greatly mitigate the offense, but Governor Hagood was not easily moved in the matter of granting pardons, and the petition for elemency was refused. The matter remained thus until in the revolution of weeks and months a new Governor came into power. Last month the friends of the criminal, backed by the attorney who had defended him, made an appeal to Governor Thompson for a pardon on the grounds presented to Governor Hagood. His Excellency became convinced of the injustice which had been done Gaffney, and he readily granted the pardon. The document was sent to the officials at the State Prison, properly authenticated, when the messenger was told that the pardon had come too late, as Gabe had been released six months before by a power higher than the Executive of South Carolina.

Origin of the Name "Texas."

A WRITER in a Philadelphia paper relates the legend of the origin of the name "Texas," as told to her by General Sam Houston when she was a little girl. General Houston had it from an Indian chief, as follows: "A long time ago, when the Spanlards overran and plundered Mexico, some of the red men left them and came towards the rising sun. They crossed the Rio Grande, and not knowing what lay before them, entered upon the great sait marshes. They traveled many days and found ing what lay before them, entered upon the great sait marshes. They traveled many days and found but little sweet water or game. The weather grew hot, and the little streams dried up, and the grass withered, and many old mon and women and children died of thirst. One day, after many weeks of weary walking, a party of young braves, who had been sent ahead to reconnoitive, came running back and said: 'We have found water; come on!' This good news put new life into their veins, and although nothing could be seen but a dry, flat, baid prairle, the scouts were standing still, calling and beckoning to them and pointing towards something apparently at their feet. At length they reached tho spot where the braves were standing. Fifty feet below them the limplit waters of the Colorado sang a melody to heaven. Beyond, far as even an Indian vision could reach, stretched a green expanse. The tall mesquite grass, yielding to the breath of the gentle south wind, rolled in vast billows of verdure under the ardent Summer sun. Little 'Islands' of mesquite trees dotted this grassy sea, and herds of buffao and deer grazed in peace ful ignorance of an enemy's approach. Forgetting hunger, fatigue and even thirst, in this delicious vision, the red men fall upon their knees and cried out. 'Tehas!' 'Tehas!' 'Tehas' is the nearest approach in English to the correct pronunciation of Texas, and it means—so the narrator explains—Paradise.

An Important Biblical Discovery.

M. NAVILLE writes from Tel-el-Maschuta to an nounce that the excavations undertaken by him on that site for the Egyptian Exploration Fund have already yielded a result of the first historical and geographical importance. This site (Telel Maschuta), roughly midway between Ismailia and Telchuta, roughly minway between ismatia and Telcl-Kebir, is proved by an inscription dug up by M.
Naville to be at once the Pithom and the Succoth of
the Bible. Pithom was the sacred name descriptive of the Temple, and Succoth (Tuku) the civic
appellation. We read of Pithom as one of the cities
built by the Israelites during the oppression. (Ex.
1., 11.) and Succoth was their first station in the
march of the exodus. (Ex. xil., 37; xiil., 20.) The
discovery not only places Pithom-Succoth on the
map, but in doing so gives us at last a fixed point
in the route of the Israelites out of Egypt. A full
discussion of the results of this discovery would be
prema'ure, but it may be remarked that it greatly
modifies Dr. Brugsch's attempt to reconstruct the
primitive geographical puzzle, will now be put together. It must not, however, be forgotten that
with the help of his collection of literary documents
the labor is comparatively easy. It is to be hoped
that the work to which M. Naville has devoted his
great knowledge will not languish for want of funds.
Hitherto it has been supported single-handed by
Sir Erasmus Wilson. el-Kebir, is proved by an inscription dug up by M.

Arabi and his Faith.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Ceylon Times has been interviewing Arabi Pasha. After a time the con versation turned on the education of the children. Arabi and his companions were most anxious that the children, girls as well as boys, should have all the advantages of an English education. When told that there was a good school under the auspices of walked through the crowd, inquiring in stentorian tones, "Who struck Billy Patterson?" Mr. Patterson was a large and powerful man, and under the circumstances no one among the fighters appeared desirous of holding himself responsible. The inquiry passed into a by-word, and even to this day the inquiry can be heard. "Who struck Billy Patterson?" The original Billy pursued the inquiry with astonishing vigor, but without avail, and at his death, curiously enough, inserted a clause in his will setting apart \$1,000 to be paid to the person who should give to his heirs or executor the name of the man who struck him. The fight in which Billy Patterson was struck occurred in 1783, and it is passing strange that just 100 years after a claim should be put in for the reward. And yet a corns and should be. The prisoners seem to be well satisfied with all the arrangements which have been made for them. The arrangements which have been deforted in the Kegister says that such is the case. A Mrs. Jennie G. Covely, of Athol., N.Y., daughter of George W. Tillerton, has written to the Ordinary the bishop, they said they would like to send their

Facts of Interest.

THE Polish novelist, J. J. Kraszewski, is probably be most voluminous of living writers, he having published 490 novels.

A MEMORIAL tablet is to be placed on the front of the house in which Wagner died, on the Palazzo Ven-Gramin, Venice.

A MAN ninety-three years old, living in Unity, N.H., without using spectacles, recently shot four squirrels with an old musket which once belonged to a soldier in the Revolutionary war.

A MEMORIAL tablet has been erected in the Church of Bretby, the family seat of the Chesterfield, by the Countess of Chesterfield, to the late Lord Beaconsfield. Lady Chesterfield is the lady to whom Lord Beaconsfield was at one time reported to be engaged.

IN a lecture recently delivered in Philadelphia the Rev. Sheldon Jackson, who has lived five years in Alaska, stated that, according to the record of temperature kept by the Russians for forty years, the mercury had gone below zero only twice during that period. Dr. Jackson compares the Winter climate of Alaska to that of Kentucky.

DURING the year 1882 Bayfield (Wis.) fish firms packed and shipped 1,973,756 pounds of take fish, to do which required the expenditure of \$49,278, the manufacture of 17,993 fish barrels, and the employment of 180 men. The town of Bayfield is on Lake Superior, eighteen miles north of Ashland.

ALTHOUGH Kansas has for eleven years had a ALTHOUGH Kaneas has for eleven years had a capital punishment law, nobody has been hanged except by lynchers. Under the statute a person sentenced to death is first imprisoned a year in the penitentiary, and if, at the expiration of that time, the death-warrant is signed by the Governor, the the dealth-warrant is signed by the determine the execution takes place, but otherwise the imprisonment continues.

The physicians in one of the hospitals of Vienna have made the remarkable discovery, in dissecting the body of one of their patients, that he had carried about in his brain an iron nail covered with rust, that to all appearances must have held its singular lodgment since early childhood. The man was forty-five years of age, a bookbinder, and always passed for a thoroughly intelligent person. The nail in he brain did not seem to affect his mental powers in any particular. There is probably no case on record to parallel this.

Marked preference is shown by various royal lades in Europe for particular kinds of fur. The Empress of Russia, of course, always wears sable. The Empress of Austro-Hungary will have nothing but Astrachan, while her daughter-in law, the Archaches Stephanic, wears only ofter. The Queen of Roumania cares little what fur she wears, so it be gray in color, while the Queen of Holland prefers marten, and her Majesty of Spain bestows her patronage upon the beaver.

DURING the year 1882 in Florida forty-three rail-road companies filed articles of association.

THE Boston and Providence Railroad is appropri THE Boston and Providence Railroad is appropri-ating to its switch engines a number of names which Dickens made immortal. Among them are the "Dick Swiveller," "Sam Weller," "Micawber," and "Pancks." The newest switcher, just received from the locomotive works, is called "Jack Bunsby."

The haulage of American railways now employs over 17,000 locomotives, and the aggregate cost to run them, fuel, water, oil, repairs and labor, is about \$90,000,000, or not far from \$5,000 a year for each machine. The item of fuel alone is \$33,000,100, each machine. The nem of fuel alone is \$33,000,000, but the greater portion of this fuel is practically wasted.

THE King of Spain has received from Prince Charles of Hohenzollern an urn containing the ashes and bones of the Cld, the greatest here of Spanish romance. The vessel, which is of marble, has long been preserved at Sigmaringen, and the gift was received with solemn coromonies and sent to Burgos.

It is stated that since the death of Charles Dickens, thirteen years ago, 4.230,000 volumes of h works have been sold in England alone. At the her of the list stands "Pickwick"; second, is "Day Copperfield," and third, is "Dombey and Son

THE garrison of Berlin numbers 17,813 men; Metz, 14,411; Strasburg, 8,965; Mayence, 7,712; Cologne, 7,655; Potsdam, 6,590. Seventy other towns have garrisons over 2,000—three of these being over 6,000 and three over 5,000—and there are 266 garrisoned with less than 2,000. And this is a peace establishment!

AT the present time there are on the books of the Pension Office no fewer than 117 different grades of pensioners, and some of them are numbered by scores of thousands each.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S desk—the one which he used during his custom-house service at Salem—is preserved in the venerable First church of that town. It is a tail desk and was evidently used by the novelist in a standing position.

THE Cressage oak of England is probably not less than fourteen centuries old. The circumference of the trank was about thirty feet, measured at a height of five feet from the ground; but only about one-half of the shell of the hollow trunk now remains. It still bears fifteen living branches, each fifteen or sixteen feet in length. A young oak grows from the centre of the hollow.

ONE of the many strange episodes of the recent Western floods was the finding of an infant near Louisville floating in a cradie in the river. A man who was rowing around in search of wreckage saw the cradic, and on rowing up to it was surprised to find a beautiful infant, about three months old gazing up at the sky in open-mouthed wonder. The little waif was comfortably and warmly dressed and had not received the slightest harm. Its parents have not yet been found.

The famous Walled Lake in the State of Iowa, 150 miles west of Dubuque, has recently attracted much attention. It is in the midst of prairie land, and is two or three feet above the earth's surface. It is inclosed by a wall of stones in some places ten feet high, fifteen feet wide at the bottom, and five feet wide at the top. The stones vary in weight from three tons to 100 pounds. There are no sones on the surface of the ground within ten miles of the lake. A few years ago the ice on the lake broke the wall in soveral places, and the farmers were obliged to repair it to prevent inundation.

A Boston ice company which has furnished Havana with ice for the last twenty-three years, has decided to relinquish the business, owing to competition offered by companies there now providing artificial ice

A SINGULAR circumstance occurred in connection with the recent defaication of State Treasurer Polk, of Tennessee, six years ago. H. L. Goslin was nominated by Judge Freeman, then a member of the State Legislature, as the Republican candidate for the office of Treasurer, but was defeated by Polk, the Democratic nominee. Just six years later Goslin, now a United States Marshal, arrested and brought back to Teanessee his old opponent, Polk.

THE old building at the corner of Tremont and Court Streets, Boston, with which many historical events are associated, is to be razed and another erected on the site. General Washington occupied a portion of it in October, 1789; Harrison Gray Otis, the celebrated lawyer, was one of its first occupants; and Daniel Websier and many other noted members of the Bar have had rooms in it.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Sulphate of Copper (blue vitriol) is recommended by an English scientist as a cheap and efficient domes

Bronze Torpedoes are being introduced into the German and the British naval service. They are said to be very formidable.

An English Inventor has patented a process of making straw incombustible, and now proposes to build cheap straw cottages for the poor.

Mr. Dennis, the British antiquerian, has bought the site of the Temple of Cybele, at Sardis, Asia Minor, and great hopes are entertained of the discoveries among the

A Chemist in Germany has introduced a new system of preserving butter by covering it with a layer an inch in thickness of a strong solution of sulphite of lime which he also used to preserve cider.

A French Inventor says he is to construct a balloon which will be elliptical in form and 131 feet long. Its capacity will exceed 100,000 cubic feet, giving a litting power ail told of 3½ tons. The means of propulsion is to be a dynamo-electric machine and a secondary battery. Mr. Frank Moffat has described to the Edinburgh

Photographic Society a process for obtaining photographs by moonlight, which he has successfully treed. A pleture exhibited shows a house and trees very distinctly, while the differences in level on a grassy lawn may be clearly seen. Wine shows a tendency to remain liquid below its

where shows a tendency to remain liquid below its true freez ng point. The point at which it becomes sold is determined by the percentage of sloubol is contains. The higher the percentage the lower will be that points, rauging from 3.30° to 5.9° for as sloubolic strength of 7.8 to 12.5 by volume.

A Spring of Mineral Oil was recently discovered in a colliery at Finishire, Wales, which gave a brilliant light, and at the same time produced less smoke than average oils. Another spring was discovered on the same level on a subsequent day. The supply from the wells is not copious, but it is sufficient to inspire the hope that a new industry will spring up in North Wales.

Herr Stefan has shown that if a hollow sphere of tron be magnetized by external force, the magnetism of the interior is the opposite to that of the exterior. A magnet in the interior of the shell is screened from the action of external magnets, and thus protected from any influence but that of the earth. Snow Harris's protecting rings must have operated as Stefan's iron spheres appear to do.

Dr. Schliemann is desirous of commencing a new series of excavations in the northwest of Athena. In the neighborhood of the old Academy was the site of the official burial ground, and there were buried the ancient Athenians who had fallen in battle. Dr. Schliemann hopes in this spot to find the grave of Pericles. At a subsequent period it is his intention to begin Iresh excavations in Creta. cavations in Crete.

So Vast is the weight of the aimosphere resting upon the surface of the earth that it is not surprising if the considerable local fluctuations of its pressure, as shown by the barometer, produce some effect upon the earth's crust. It has been found by Mr. Latham that the streams flowing through chalk yield an increased supply of water when the pressure upon the overlying earth is decreasing, and a dimin shed supply when the pressure is becoming greater - or, in other words, when the barometer is rising.

Senor Felipe Pocy, a famous ichthvologist of Cuba, has recently brought out an exhaust ve work upon the fishes of Cuban waters, in which he describes and de-poirs no fewer than 782 distinct varieties, although he admits some doubts about 105 kinds, concerning which he has to get yet more exact information. There case no question, however, he claims, about the 677 spec es remaining, more than half of which he first described in previous works upon this subject, which has been the study of his life.

Under the leadership of Sir William Thompson steps Under the leadership of Sir William Infompaon steps bare been taken to establish an observatory on Ben Nevia. At a meeting recently held in Giasgow, and over which Sir William presided, it was decided that an observatory be set up there, and that it be made perment and efficient. It is estimated that the necessary building would cost \$10,000, the instruments \$5,000, and other matters \$10,000 more. Of this \$25,000, there already heap a wheer; held the sum of \$6,000. At has already been subscribed the sum of \$6,600. Ad rom the Government has been sought in vain.

Another Plaster Cast of a human form has lately been taken from the mold left in the ashes of Pompeit. From taken from the mold left in the ashes of Fompoil. From the place and posture it is evident that the man was overtaken by the ashes while cadeavoring to escape, and was sufficiented. The figure is lying on its back, the head is bent backwards, and the skull is pericully preserved. The open lips disclose five upper and five lower teeth, white and even. The left arm is half raised and the fingers one half shut; the right arm is pressed against the backward and the closed first raise on the stomach. Two body and the closed fist rests on the stomach. Two rather small keys were found near the body.

In the "Medical and Surgical Reporter," Dr. C. L. Dana gives a record of experiments which disprove the current notions that raw oysters digest themselves, that they are always more digestible than the cooked, and that termented liquors dissolve or digest them. He found that the cyster's large liver cannot even digest itself, much less the rest of the cyster; that half a dozen roasted in a shell or simply bolied will be digested nearly, if not quite, as rapidly as the same number raw, sithough a larger stew with butter, mik, etc., of course takes a longer time; and that oysters grow hard in ale or beer, instead of dissolving.

An Interesting Scientific Discovery was recently made in one of the "pockets" of sand which are scattered along the Missouri River bluffs near Council Bluffs, Iowa large amount of foss I remains have been found hav ing the appearance of belonging to the mastodon sloth.

The skull-bones were periect perifactions, but the skull cavities were found to contain large quintities of a calcareous aubstance resembling carbonate of lime. teeth are in an excellent state of preservation, and are about three inches long. It is the first discovery yell made in this region of animal remains of that geo-logical age. Where rock appears in these bluffs it is the oolitic i:mestone

A New Method of recognizing blood-stains where they have been partly washed out or altered by decay, is recommended by Signor Filippi. It depends on the tron in the blood. The suspected parts of the tusue are macerated twenty-four hours in sleohol of ninesy-five per cent, strength to which one twentieth of sulphur. macerated twenty-four hours in alcohol of sizely-ave per cant. strength, to which one twentieth of sulphur-a soid has been added. The I quid is poured off, and made strongly alkaline by adding an alcohole solution of ammonia; then it is heated to boiling in a water bath, and filtered. On the filter remains a precipitate of ammonia, which is washed with slocholic ammoniacal liquid. The liquid is vaporized sed the revidue calcined. If hismatin is present, red spots appear on both sides of the porcelain dish, and these, dissolved in a drop of nutro-muristic acid, give the well known iron reactions with form or sulpho symide of potsesium. It is advisable to make a testing experiment with a It is advisable to make a testing experiment with a stainless part of the same tissue.



of *The Graphic*, so continuous and constant as been their kind assistance and help, for on referring to our books we find that, besides our actual professional artists, we have no less than Two Thousand Seven Hundred and Thirty good friends scattered over the world, constantly sending us sketches or elaborate drawings of different subjects, nearly always of public interest.



C. Green H. Herkomer, A.R.A.

Sydney P. Hall

E. J. Gregory G. Durand

H. Woods, A.R.A. F. Holl, A.R.A.

Luke Fildes, A.R.A. W. Small

J. Nash

SOME "GRAPHIC" ARTISTS FROM AN ENGRAVING IN "HARPER'S MAGAZINE"



"THE GRAPHIC" SCHOOL OF ENGRAVING

It is a common remark made to us, "How can you find fresh subjects to fill so many pages week after week?" But so far from there being any difficulty on that score, our greatest trouble is the constant rejection of valuable material for want of room. Of all the duties of the Director none is more painful or repugnant to his feelings than returning to the artist or amateur an interesting sketch which he has been at much trouble to make for us, and which we are reluctantly obliged to decline for want of space.

Thanks, however, to two great factors, we hope to be able to lessen this. The first is the large and constantly increasing support of the public, secondly, the powers of Electricity now called to our aid. Although aspiring to have some influence for good on the advancement of Art, we do not forget we have always been, and wish to continue, a News Paper.

Only ten years ago, if an event suitable for pictorial illustration occurred on the Saturday, it was considered sharp work to sketch, draw on the wood, engrave, electrotype, and print the subject to be illustrated for the issue of the following Saturday. By improved machinery it has become possible to illustrate an event happening on the Tuesday of the same week, and now we propose, by the aid of the new electro-dynamo machines, to save many hours in electrotyping, and so be able to give our latest news-pictures up to Wednesday evening.

We propose, therefore, frequently to give with *The Graphic* an extra *sketch sheet*, thus bringing up our news to the latest moment, largely increasing the number of our engravings, and, consequently, rejecting fewer of the many subjects of interest sent us by our kind correspondents.

Our object, however, in making this announcement is to ask for the indulgence of the critical when they look on this sketch sheet; and should they find this Prince's nose a little too long, or that man in the crowd even without a nose at all, they will condone the offence, if they bear in mind the speed with which artist, engraver, electrotyper, and printer have been working day and night.

In giving this slight account of the progress of *The Graphic*, and our intentions for the future, we must mention as a matter of some pride and satisfaction our constantly increasing number of supporters in the United States.

We have our corn, pork, apples from America, and goodness !knows what besides, and not satisfied with that, our ever alert cousins are determined to supply us with Art. All honour to the Scribners and Harpers for their admirable work, and the gallant stand they make here. Thanks, however, to the support of the Britisher, we are now enabled to reciprocate. We sell an edition of Fifty Thousand copies of this Number in the United States, although we are heavily handicapped by a duty of 25 per cent., and the American retailer charges half-adollar, that is, Two Shillings each copy.

Gentle reader, before this Christmas Number is laid on one side, let us try and convey to you the amount of trouble, and labour, and anxiety it has caused, and the number of busy hands it has occupied. More than twelve months ago Mr. Millais, Mr. Yeames, Mr. Caldecott, Mr. Boughton, and many other artists had already

placed in our hands their pictures, and our task is to deliver to you for a shilling faithful

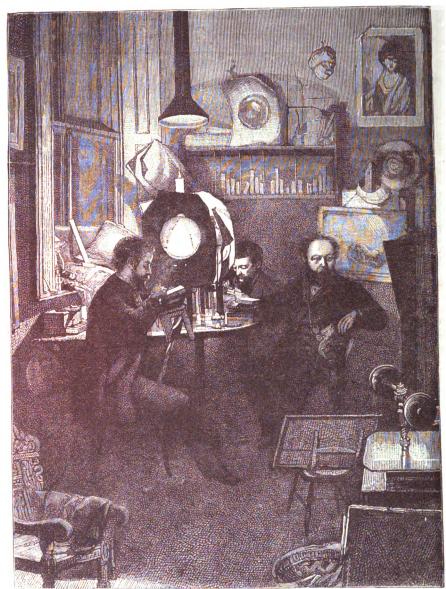
copies of works that have cost many thousand pounds.

First, then, take "Little Mrs. Gamp." The picture is photographed on to box-wood, and engraved. This is called the key, or black block. Then has to be produced each colour-plate in relief like the engraved block, only in metal—buff, yellow, pink, brown, blue, crimson, and so on, altogether fourteen colour plates.

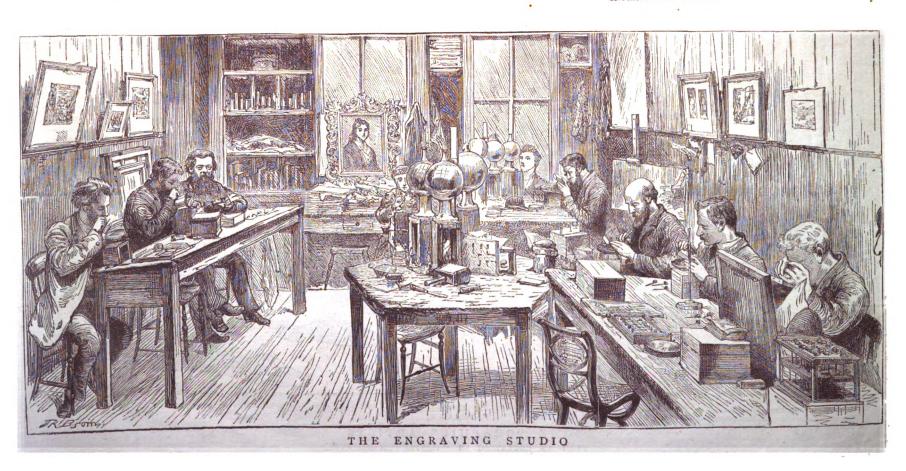
There are no less than nine separate printings on the child's face, two yellow tints, three flesh, two grey, besides a brown and blue—the effect and gradation required being produced by the action of acid on copper plates, the acid being allowed to bite or eat away the lighter parts, leaving the darks in relief.

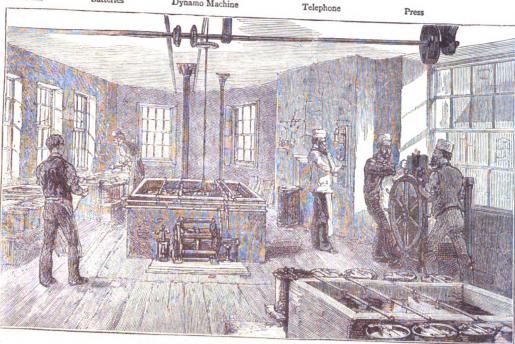
Each plate has then an impression taken by a hand press, one on the top of another. The result when finished is appalling; and although Mr. Millais is well known as the most good-tempered and genial artist, it would be dangerous to show him the proof. This colour must be altered, that plate thrown away, and another redone, this colour softened, that strengthened. At last another proof is reprinted, with better result. The fourteen plates are now ready for the machine; but to enable the number to be printed by Christmas (we may suppose ourselves now starting about April) each plate must be duplicated by electrotyping.

The process of electrotyping may be briefly described as follows. The wood block or colour plate is placed in a bed of wax, which has been melted, and allowed to cool until it has arrived at the proper consistency. It is then submitted to a great pressure in a press of hydraulic or other construction, and in this way a fac-simile of the original is reproduced, but with every detail



ENGRAVING AT NIGHT





FINISHING THE ELECTROTYPES

THE BATTERIES AND DYNAMO MACHINE AT WORK

"THE GRAPHIC" ELECTROTYPING ROOM

reversed. This wax impression is then covered with a thin coating of black lead, such being a good conductor of electricity, and is hung by means of a brass rod in a large bath filled with a solution of sulphate of copper, sulphuric acid, &c. Side by side with this bath is a powerful battery of Smee's construction, that is to say zinc, and platinised silver in dilute sulphuric acid. The current generated by this battery is put into connection with the wax mould hung in the bath, and also with a sheet of copper also hung there side by side with the mould. The effect of the electricity is in the first place to decompose

the copper, and in the second place to attract the particles of copper to the mould. In a short time a thin coating of copper has formed upon the mould, of which it is again the reverse, and consequently the exact facsimile of the original block. The shell, as it is called, is then filled up at the back with metal in order to make the surface perfectly hard and suitable for printing, and after being made smooth and uniform in thickness by means of lathes and planing machines, it is mounted upon wood and is ready for the machine.

In place of the battery above mentioned, the current of electricity is now largely obtained

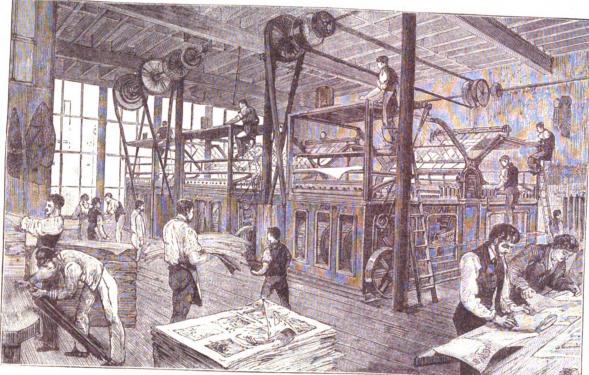
from a dynamo-electric machine, such as may be seen in one of our engravings. It is simply a modification of the machine by which the electric light is produced, and in which the current is obtained by the rapid revolution of a ring of soft iron bound round with coils of wire in front of the poles of a series of powerful magnets.

A machine now starts on its task of printing over half-a-million impressions. One printer has charge of the machine, and is responsible for the excellence of the work. He has under his command two youths who lay on, and one who takes off. The layers-on have to adjust each sheet by pin-holes on to little pins to get the exact register, otherwise we might have the pink of "Little Mrs. Gamp's" check slip on to her nose, and other strange pranks.

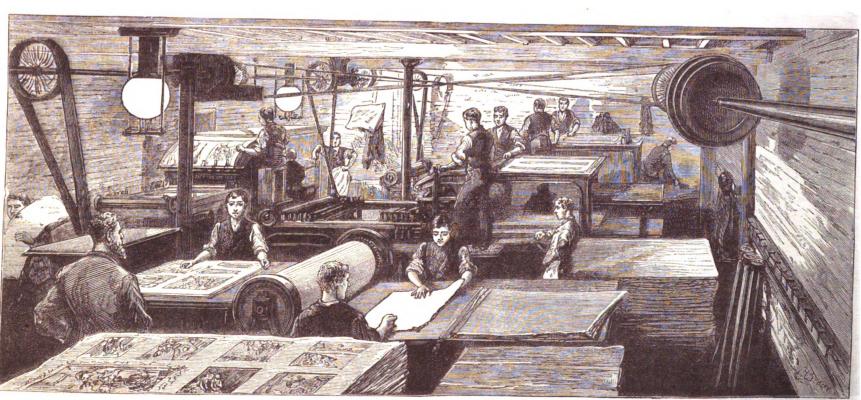
Here let the reader dismiss any preconceived notions of rattling off thousands per hour, as is ordinarily done with printing from type. Engravings, either in black or colour, must have a fair time to get a good clean impression, and the machine has yet to be made that can print well at a speed above eight or nine hundred an hour. The printer has to watch each sheet with the eye of an artist, see that it is printed the proper strength, and to throw out any faulty impressions.

At length the impression is taken to another machine, exactly the same routine goes on as for the first colour, again to the third, and so on to the fourteenth.

In the mean time authors and compositors have not been idle; and other machines are now in readiness to receive the sheets of coloured pictures which require printing at the back. This printing of the letter-press

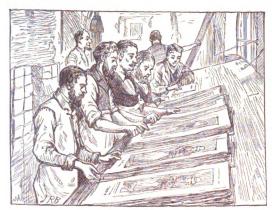


FRINTING THE ORDINARY WEEKLY ISSUE OF "THE GRAPHIC"



PRINTING BY ELECTRIC LIGHT

can be done at a quicker speed, and the sheets are then taken to the folding-



THE STORE ROOM

instrument, that once you set eyes rooted to the spot, and there remain open-mouthed until some kind friend leads you away. Though small, it has an enorone side by a man with an another side by another sheet, or wrapper. Nothing daunted, cover, and delivers them as fast as your pulse beats.

We are naturally rather proud of these machines, as The Graphic was the first to apply them to a newspaper, and so deliver clean copies in a cover to the newsagents, who before had papers delivered to them in open quires, and had to fold them at home, in the streets, or wherever they could find space; much to the disfigurement and soiling of the paper.

The Christmas Number having been printed, packed in quires, and handed over to the publisher, his troubles now begin. He has over half-a-million copies, representing a total cost of about Twenty-one Thousand pounds, and he does not quite know whether public favour will leave him with forty or fifty thousand on his hands, or whether the demand will so largely exceed his supply that he will lay himself open to numbers of actions at law and claims for damages (as happened on a former occasion) from exasperated newsagents, who have taken orders which, through no fault of theirs, they cannot supply.

On the morning of publication—the whole trade having previously paid for the quantities they require—the publishing office is besieged by eager messengers from wholesale houses, and by the retail dealer, anxious for the stroke of the clock announcing the opening of the "list." The roadway and adjacent streets are closely packed with vehicles of every description, from the two-horse van to the common costermonger's barrow, and the services of the police are needed to regulate the traffic without, and to keep in check the more turbulent spirits within. The "list" having been opened. each house is taken in its alphabetical order, and their collectors served, whether it be with the modest single quire, or four thousand quires. Hastening with their burdens at full speed to their respective offices, all is hurry and bustle to catch the first train with the parcels, which they in turn distribute to their country customers, and they again to the public, every one's anxiety being to be first. As our American cousins display the same impatience, arrangements are now made by which The Graphic Christmas Number is published at the same hour both in England and in every American State, and most of the Colonies. Thus the continuous labour of nearly twelve months is dispersed in a few hours, and we begin to think of Christmas, 1883.

It has been the fashion for the Press writer to preserve strictly his incognito, but the public take a keen interest in Art and artists, and like to peep behind the curtain, for the "Interviewer" nowadays cannot be long denied.

The folding machine is such a dear little winning, fascinating on it in motion, you will be mous appetite, and it is fed on open sheet of the number, on and, as if this were not enough at once, a third man artfully contrives to introduce the cover the machine snatches at all three, folds them into four or two as wanted, puts each of them into their proper place in the

The portrait group on the first page of this Supplement was drawn for an American magazine.

"The two principal objects of the originator of The Graphic were, not to confine the

illustrations, as had hitherto largely been the case in illustrated papers, to a special staff of

draughtsmen on wood, but to welcome any artist of talent, no matter what medium he used, the

result being that he obtained the assistance of such accomplished painters as Luke Fildes,

Herkomer, Frank Holl, Mrs. Butler (Miss Elizabeth Thompson), Miss Paterson (now Mrs. Alling-

ham), E. J. Gregory, W. Small, Charles Green, Henry Woods, Sydney Hall, and many others of

note. Secondly, the conductors were not satisfied to fill their pages with mere news and sub-editorial

work; they arranged with eminent literary men of the day to write original essays and stories,

Anthony Trollope, Victor Hugo, Wilkie Collins, Tom Taylor, Charles Reade, Mrs. Oliphant,

James Payn, Messrs. Besant and Rice, the late Grenville Murray, George Macdonald, Edwin

Arnold, George Meredith, and Mrs. Frances Eleanor Trollope having been among the contributors."

with six machines. Now there are three large buildings, containing twenty printing machines,

invented by our master printer (besides ten machines constantly employed by us outside), illumi-

nated with the electric light by the Metropolitan Brush Company's lamps of 2,000 candle power

(nominal), worked by means of a dynamo-machine on their premises near the Victoria Embankment.

There are also telephonic communication with four departments, another building devoted to

electrotyping and stereotyping, and one now in course of erection to contain the new dynamo-

of a year (there being a great scarcity of good engravers), the students showing much promise. A few plain figures may be considered interesting. Counting artists, authors, papermakers, printers, &c., we calculate that *The Graphic* employs about a thousand people, that the annual

outlay is over one hundred and twenty thousand pounds, the weight of paper used a thousand tons, and

if you were to lay it down in sheets, and walk on it, at the rate of three miles an hour, and start on

Christmas day, you would come to an end of your Graphic walk on the 22nd of November, that is

if you were to walk for twelve hours daily; or, to put the matter in another way, the sheets of paper

used by The Graphic in one year, if laid side by side, would reach just half round the world.

We may also mention that we have a School of Wood Engraving, now established for upwards

electric machine, and two more printing machines driven by gas engines.

The Graphic, when strong enough to walk alone, rented one house, and began to print

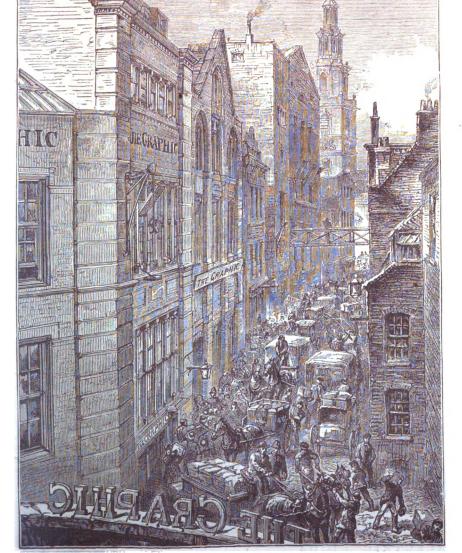
and we quote from the article accompanying it, entitled "Journalistic London:"-

THE FOLDING ROOM

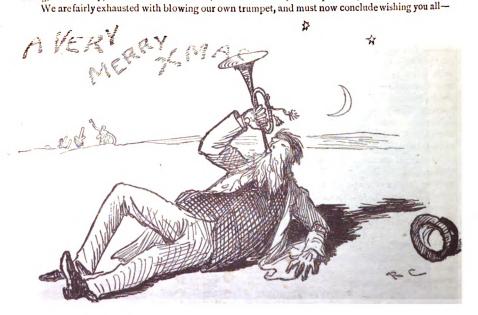
We should like to whisper before parting our intentions for the coming year. Your steadily increasing appreciation of our efforts will enable us to increase the quantity and quality of our illustrations and articles. Among our illustrations we propose to continue The Graphic Types of Beauty, and, by the way, to those who have not tried it, we recommend nothing prettier for a room, hall, or staircase than these engravings after such accomplished artists as Sir F. Leighton, Alma Tadema, Frank Dicksee, and others, neatly framed in inexpensive black and gold frames. We intend also to issue a series of engravings, some in colour, others in black and white, from pictures specially painted for us by the foremost animal painters. Each artist has chosen his own subject, and the exhibition will comprise works by Briton Rivière, R.A., Mrs. Butler (Miss E. Thompson), S. E. Waller, R. Caton Woodville, C. Green, A. De Neuville, Paul Meyerheim, in fact all the leading artists here and abroad who paint animal life, or are in the habit of introducing animals effectively in their pictures. (This Exhibition is now open to the public at the Fine Art Society's Gallery, 148, New Bond Street, W.)

We have also in course of execution a series of portraits in colours of the leading living celebrities of the day. These will be printed separately, and finished very highly, so that they can be bound together and made into a handsome useful volume of reference. Our readers will be pleased to hear that our old friend Randolph Caldecott has in contemplation for us a series of sketches entitled "Passing Facts and Flying Fancies." Facsimiles will be produced in our pages every few weeks.

Our Editor has many new plans which cannot now be divulged, but to those who approve our series of stories it will be welcome news that we have made arrangements with the following authors, who have works in preparation :- Mrs. F. A. Trollope, W. E. Norris, author of "No New Thing," F. Anstey, author of "Vice Versa," Walter Besant, Hawley Smart, and Thomas Hardy.



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3

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Imitators have followed our lead, but still are far in the rear. All sorts of Folios have been pushed upon the market by various houses willing to divide with us the credit and profits of our enterprise. Each has published a book or two and awaited results, while the success of our undertaking has already necessitated the completion of EIGHT BOOKS, EACH CONTAINING TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY PAGES, and a number more now in hand to be issued shortly.

All of our Books at fifty cents, in the new editions, are large quarto in size, containing more pages of Music than any book ever issued at the price, either in Europe or America. They are printed on good paper, and, in contrast to others, are firmly bound and meant for service. We have spared no necessary expense in producing a useful set of volumes at a small cost to the public, and which will, like old wine, become more valuable with age.

For further convenience and to enable all to procure these books we have issued each in two parts at twenty-five cents. Parts One and Two, therefore, complete each Volume, and a Table of Contents will be found in each Part—on the fourth page of Part One, and on the 256th page of Part Two.

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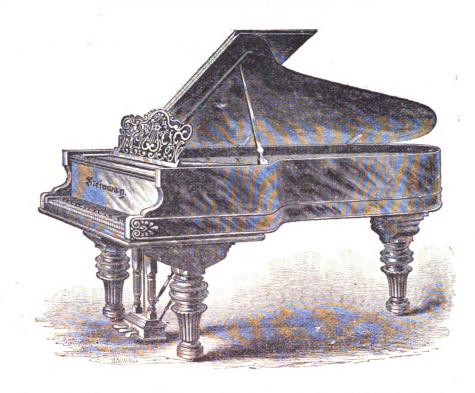
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A Top Tragedy A STORY FOR CHILDREN

BY F. ANSTEY

HIS story is mostly about dolls, and I am afraid that all boys and a good many girls who have tried hard to forget that they ever had dolls may not care about hearing it. Still, if they do care to listen, I hope they will not go away afterwards and complain that I have been wasting their time, because I have been careful to warn them from the very beginning.

It was after dark, and the criss-cross shadows of the high wire fender were starting in and out on the walls and ceiling of Winifred's nursery in the flickering firelight. Winifred's last new doll, Ethelinda, was on the top of a chest of drawers, leaning back languidly against the wall. Ethelinda was a particularly handsome doll; she had soft thick golden hair arranged in the latest fashion, full blue eyes, with rather more expression in them than dolls' eyes generally have, a roseleaf complexion, the least little haughty curl on her red lips, and a costume that came direct from Paris.

And yet, with all these advantages, she was plainly dissatisfied; she looked disgustedly all round her, at the coloured pictures from the illustrated papers on the walls, the staring red dolls' house, the big Noah's ark on the shelf, and the dingy dappled rocking-horse in the corner—she despised them all.

"I wish I was back in Regent Street again!" she sighed aloud. HIS story is mostly about dolls, and I am afraid that

g Moan's ark on the shen, and the dingy dappied rocking-norse in ie corner—she despised them all. "I wish I was back in Regent Street again!" she sighed aloud. Quite close to her was another doll, a male one, but Ethelinda



A lively brown-faced boy put his head in at the door.

had not meant to speak to him, as he did not seem a sort of person to be encouraged.

He certainly was not good-looking; he had a pale meaningless face, with a small nose of no particular shape, and little dull black

Still, even without the cymbals, his appearance was hardly respectable, and Ethelinda was a little annoyed to find him so near her, though he never guessed her feelings, which was fortunate for him, for he had fallen in love with her. His nursery life, in which



"I wish I was back in Regent Street again!"

he had had a good deal of knocking about, had begun to seem easier to put up with from the moment she formed a part of it.

He had never dared to speak to her before—she had never given him the chance, but now he thought she seemed inclined to begin a conversation, so he began rather nervously. "Are you very dull here then?" he asked.

Ethelinda stared at first; no one had introduced him, and she felt much inclined to take no notice—however, she thought it might amuse her to talk to somebody after her long silence, if it was only a shabby common creature like this jester.

So she said, "Dull? You never were in Regent Street, or you wouldn't ask such a question!"

"I came from the Lowther Arcade," he said.

"Oh, really," drawled Ethelinda; "then you must find this quite a pleasant change?"

"Oh, really," drawled Ethelinda; "then you must find this quite a pleasant change?"

"I don't know," he said. "I liked the Arcade—it was so lively; a little noisy, perhaps, too much popping and squeaking and mouth-organ playing all round one, but very cheerful."

"Very mixed the society there, isn't it?" she asked. "Don't they expect you to associate with penny things?"

asked. "Don't they expect you to penny things?"
"Well, there were a good many penny things there," he owned, "but they were very amusing."
"I wonder how much he cost?" thought Ethelinda.
"Not very much, I can see, from his manner. I "Not very much, I can see, from his manner. I daresay I can get him to tell me. —Do you remember," she said aloud, "what was the—a—the premium they asked for introducing you here—did you happen

to catch the amount?" "Do you mean my price?" he said; "elevenpence three-farthings—it was on the ticket."

" What a vulgar creature thought Ethelinda. "I shall
really have to
drop him."
"That was
very moderate."

very moderate, she said aloud. young man at Regent Street a most charming person by the way—posi-tively wouldn't part with me under thirty-five shillings, and he said so many delightful things about me that I feel quite sorry for him some times when I think must be missing But very

likely he's say-

ing the same things about some other doll

now!"
"I daresay he is," said the Jester; "it's his business, you know."
"I don't see how you can possibly tell," said Ethelinda,

who had not expected him to agree with her. "The Lowther Arcade is not Regent Street.

The Jester did not care about disputing it. "And were you very happy at Regent Street?"

"Happy?" she repeated: "I don't know-at least one was

not bored there. I was in the best society, you see, the two-guinea set; and they were always getting up something in the window to amuse us—either a review, or a sham-fight, or a garden party, or something. Last winter they gave a fancy-dress ball—I was a

'Folly.' I was very much admired. But here —" and she finished her sentence with a disdainful little shrug.

"I don't think you'll find it so very bad here, when you get a little more used to it," he said. "Our mistress—"

"Pray don't use that very unpleasant word," she said sharply; "did you never hear of 'dolls'rights?" We call these people 'patronesses."

"Well, our patroness, then, Winifred; she's not unkind. She doesn't care about me much; and that cousin of hers, Master Archie, gives me a bad time of it when I come in his way; but really she's very polite and attentive to you."

"Polite and attentive!" sneered Ethelinda (and if you have never seen a doll sneer, you can have no idea how alarming it is); "I don't call it an attention to be treated like a baby by a little chit of a girl, who can't dress herself properly yet—no elegance, no style, and actually going about all the morning in a pinafore!"

This is the way some of these costly lady dolls talk about their benefactresses, when the gas is out, and they think no one is listening to them. I don't know whether the plain old-fashioned ones, who are not so carefully treated, but often more tenderly loved, are as bad; it is impossible to be sure, for dolls are exceedingly artful, and there are some persons quite clever in other things, who do not pretend to understand them in the least.

"Then the society here." she went on. without much considera-

exceedingly artful, and there are some persons quite clever in other things, who do not pretend to understand them in the least.

"Then the society here," she went on, without much consideration for the other's feelings—perhaps she thought he was too chcap to have any—"it's really too dreadful! Why, those people in the poky little house over there, with only four rooms and a door they can't open, have never had the decency to call. I shouldn't return the call. of course, if they came: but it just shows what

they can't open, have never had the decency to call. I shouldn't return the call, of course, if they came; but it just shows what they are. And the other day I actually overheard a frightful creature in a print dress, with a big nail in the back of her head, ask another horror, 'which she liked best, make-believe tea or orange juice."

"I can't get orange juice down myself," said the Jester; "for I find it rather bad for the dress and complexion."

"Possibly," said she scornfully. "I'm thankful to say I've not been called upon to try it myself—even Miss Winifred knows better than that. But anyhow, it's horribly insipid here; and I suppose it will be like this always now. I did hope once that when I went out into the world I should be a heroine, and have a romance all to myself."

"What is a romance?" he asked.

"I thought you wouldn't understand me," said she. "A

"What is a romance?" he asked.

"I thought you wouldn't understand me," said she. "A romance is all champagne and cigarettes."

"What is champagne?" he interrupted;" is it orange juice?"

"Orange juice!" she cried contemptuously (she didn't know herself what it was, but of course she was not going to confess that to him); "really you're very ignorant. I couldn't explain it to you without too much trouble; but there's a good deal of it in romances. And dukes and guardsmen, and being very beautiful and delightfully miserable till just before the end—that's a romance. My milliner used to have it read out to her while she was dressing me for the ball I told you about."



"Please, your gracious Majesty, may I go out for a little while?"

"Do you mind telling me what a heroine is?" he asked; "I know I'm very ignorant.

"A heroine—any doll can be a heroine. I felt all the time the heroines were all just like me. They were either very good or very wicked; and I'm sure I could be one or the other if I got the wicked; and I'm sure I could be one or the other if I got the wicked; and I'm sure I could be one or the other if I got the wind the latter with the wind the latter with the wind the latter with the wind the latter with the wind the latter with the wind the latter with the wind the latter with the wind the latter with the wind the latter with the wind the latter with the wind chance—it would be more amusing to be a little wicked; but it's not quite so easy, you know."

"I should this it may be a little wicked; but it's

I should think it was more uncomfortable, though," he said. "Ah, but then you see you've no romance about you," she said

disparagingly. No, I'm afraid I haven't," he admitted. "I suppose they

"I suppose they couldn't put it in for elevenpence three-farthings!"

"I should think not," said Ethelinda, "it's very expensive."

And then after a short silence she said more confidentially, "You were talking of Master Archie just now—I rather like that boy, do you know? I believe I could make something of him if he'd let me!"

let me!"

"He's a mischievous boy," said the Jester, "and is ill-natured too."
"Yes, isn't he?" she agreed admiringly. "I fancy a duke or a



He caught hold of the Jester.

beads of eyes; he wore a tawdry jester's costume, half red and half blue, and once he had even carried a cymbal in each hand—but he had contrived somehow to get rid of these instruments, as he was of a quiet and retiring nature, and found them decidedly in his way.

guardsman must be something like him—they all had the same wicked black eyes and long restless fingers—it wouldn't be so dull if he would notice me a little, but he won't!"

"He's going back to school next week," the Jester said rather characterists

"So soon!" Ethelinda sighed; "there's hardly time for him to make a real heroine of me before that. How I wish he would! I shouldn't care how or what came of it. I should enjoy it so, and it would be something to dream of all my life!"

"Say that again, my dainty little lady, say it again!" cried a harsh jeering voice from beside them; "if you really mean it, the old Sausage Glutton can manage it for you—he's done more wonderful things than that in his time, I can tell you!"

The voice came from an old German clock which stood on the mantelpiece, or rather from a strange painted wooden figure which was part of it—an ugly old man who sat on the top with a plate of sausages on his knees and a fork in one hand; every minute he slowly forked up a sausage from the plate to his mouth, and swallowed it suddenly, while his lower jaw wagged and his narrow eyes rolled as it went down in a truly horrible manner.

The children had long since given him the name of "Sausage Glutton," which he richly deserved; he was a sort of magician in Glutton, which he richly deserved; he was a sort of magician in his way, having so much clockwork inside him, and he was spiteful and malicious because of the quantity of wooden sausages he bolted, which would have been bad for any one's digestion and temper. "Good gracious!" cried Ethelinda, "who is that person?"

"Somebody who can be a good kind friend to you, pretty lady, if you say the word. And so you want some excitement here, do you? You want to be wicked, and interesting, and all the rest of it, eh? And you'd like my young Archibald—a nice boy that, by the way—you'd like him to give you a little romance? Well, then, he shall, and to-morrow, too—hot and strong, if you like to say the west!" the word!

Ethelinda was too much fluttered to speak, and she was a little

afraid of the old man too, for he lecred about him in such an odd way, and ate so fast and jerkily.

"Don't, oh please don't!" cried a squeaky little voice above him. It came from a queer little angular doll with gold-paper wings, a spangled muslin dress, and a wand with a tinsel star at the

wings, a spanged musin cress, and a wand with a tinser star at the end of it, who was fastened up on the wall above a picture. "You won't like it, you won't, really!"

"Don't trust him," whispered the Jester anxiously, "he's a bad old man; he ruined a very promising young dancing nigger the other day—unhinged him so that he couldn't be hooked on again."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the Sausage Glutton, as he got rid of another sausage, "that young fellow in the peculiar coat is jealous, you know: he can't make a hervine of you and so he doesn't

you know; he can't make a heroine of you, and so he you know; he can't make a heroine of you, and so he doesn't want any one else to. I shouldn't care what he said. And as for our little wooden friend up there, I should hope a dainty duchess like you would not let herself be dictated to by a low-jointed creature who sets up for a fairy, when she knows her relations dance round white hats on a Derby Day!"

"They're only second cousins!" squeaked the poor Dutch doll, very much hurt, "and whatever you say, I'm a fairy. I've kept my own Christmas-tree once on a time, till I had to cut it down with my other expenses. Now take my advice, my dear, do, don't you listen to him; he'd like to see you in trouble, he would, but he can't do anything unless you give him leave."

he can't do anything unless you give him leave."

But of course it was a little too absurd for Ethelinda to take advice from a bullet-headed twopenny doll and a flabby Jester from the Lowther Arcade. "My good creatures," she said to them, the Lowther Arcade. "My good creatures," she said to them, "you mean well, no doubt, but pray leave this old gentleman and me to settle our own affairs.—Can you really make Master Archie take some notice of me, sir?" she said to the figure on the clock.

"I can, my loveliest," he said.

"And will it be exciting!" she asked; "and romantic, and—and—a little bit wicked, too?"

You shall be the wickedest heroine in any nursery in the world!" said he. "Oh, dear me, how you will enjoy yourself!"
"Then I accept!" said Ethelinda. "I put myself in your hands,

I leave everything to you."

"That's right!" cried the Sausage Glutton; "that's a brave little beauty. It's settled, then. To-morrow afternoon the fun will begin, and then, my springs and wheels, what a time you will have of it! Ife, he!—look out for Archibald."

And then he trembled all over as the clock underneath him struck twelve, and went on eating his sausages without another word, while Ethelinda gave herself up to delightful dreams of the wonder-

ful adventures that were really to come to her at last.

But the Jester felt very uneasy about it all; he felt so sure that the old Sausage Glutton's kindness had some trickery underneath it. "You are a fairy, aren't you?" he said to the Dutch doll; "can't you do anything to help her?"
"No," she said, sulkily, "and I wouldn't if I could. She's put

"No," she said, sulkily, "and I wouldn't if I could. She's put herself in his power now, and she must go through with it. I don't know what he means to do, and I can't stop him. But if I can't help her, I can help you, and you may want it—because he is sure to be angry with you for trying to warn her."

"But I haven't given him leave to meddle with me!" said the

Jester.
"Have you got sawdust or bran inside you, or what?" asked the fairy. "Horschair, or wool, or something, I believe," he answered.

"But why?"
"I was afraid so. It's only the dolls with bran or sawdust inside them he can't do what he likes with against their consent. He can do anything he likes with you, but he shan't hurt you this time, if you're only careful. I'll grant you the next thing you wish. Only be careful about wishing. Don't be in a hurry and waste the wish. Wait till things are at their very worst."

"Thank you very much," he said; "I don't care so much for myself, but I should like to prevent any harm from coming to her. Lyill remember."

I will remember."

Then he bent towards Ethelinda and whispered, "You didn't I men he bent towards Ethermaa and Whispered, Tou didn't believe what the old man in the clock told you about me, did you? I'm not jealous—you're a great lady, and I'm only a poor jester. But you'll let me sit by you, and you'll talk to me sometimes in the evenings, won't you?"

But Ethelinda pretended to be fast asleep—it was of no consequence to her whether he was jealous or not.

Winifred was sitting the next afternoon alone in her nursery, trying to play. She was a dear little girl about nine years old, with a pale creamy complexion, long soft brown hair, a straight little nose, and brown eyes which had a wistful, dissatisfied look in them just then, for the fact was she found herself unable to get on with

The Jester was not good-looking enough for her; they had put his eyes in so carelessly, and his face was pasty, and he was altogether a limp, unmanageable person. She always said to herself that she liked him "for the sake of the giver"—poor clumsy, that she fixed him for the sake of the giver 2-poor clumsy, good-hearted Martha, the housemaid, who had left in disgrace, and presented him as a parting gift, but one might as well not be cared for at all as be liked in that roundabout way.

Then Ethelinda, beautiful and fashionable as she was, was not

Then Ethelman, beautiful and lashionable as she was, was not friendly, and Winifred could not get intimate with her; she felt afraid to treat her as a little child younger than herself, who required nursing and petting and teaching. Ethelinda seemed to be much older and to know far more than she did herself.

She sat looking at Ethelinda, who stared back at her in a cold distant way, as if she half-remembered meeting her somewhere before, with a fixed smile on her lips, which seemed false and even a little contemptuous to poor lonely little Winifred—she thought it was hard that her own doll should despise her.

The Jester's smile was amiable enough, though it was rather meaningless, but then no one cared about him, or how he smiled,

and he lay on his back unnoticed in the corner. Though you would not have guessed it from their faces, both dolls were really very much excited; each thought about the Sausage Glutton and his vague promises, and wondered if and how

those promises were to be carried out.

The wooden Magician himself was bolting his sausage a minute on the top of the clock just as usual, only the Jester fancied his cunning eyes leered at them with a peculiar meaning as a cheerful

whistle was heard coming up the stairs.

A moment afterwards a lively brown-faced boy, in sailor's costume, put his head in at the door. "Hullo, Winnie," he said;

"are you all alone?"
"I've got the dolls; but it's dull here, somehow," said Winifred

plaintively; "can't you come and help me to play, Archie?"

Archie had been skating all the morning, and could not settle down just then to any of his favourite books, so he had come up to see Winnie, with some idea of finding something there to amuse him; for, though he was a boy, he did unbend at times so far as to help her in her games, out of which he managed to get a good deal of amusement in his own peculiar way.

But of course he had to make a favour of it, and not let Winifred But of course he had to make a layour of it, and not let winned see that it was anything but a sacrifice to him to consent. "I've got other things to do," he said; "and you know you always make a fuss when I do play with you—look at last time."

"Ah, but then you played at being a slave-driver, Archie; and you made me sell you my old black Dinah for a slave, and then you tied her up and whipped her! I didn't like that

But if you'll stay with me this time, I won't mind what else

For Archie had a way of making the dolls go through exciting adventures, at which Winifred assisted with a fearful wonder that had a fascination about it.

and a lascination about it.

"Girls don't know how to play with dolls, that's a fact," said Archie. "I could get more fun out of that dolls' house than a dozen girls could" (he would have set fire to it); "but I tell you what, if you let me do exactly what I like, and don't go interfering, except when I tell you, perhaps I will stay a little while-I can't

stay long, you know."
"I promise," cried Winifred, "if you won't break anything —I'll do just what you tell me.'

"Very well, then, here goes—let's see who you've got. I say, who's this in the swell dress?"

He was pointing to Ethelinda, whose bran began to tingle with a delicious excitement. "He has noticed me already," she thought. "I wonder if I could make him desperately in love with me;" and she turned her big blue eyes full on him. "Ah, if I could only speak-but perhaps I shall presently-the romance is going

"That's Ethelinda, Archie; isn't she lovely?"

"Not bad—like that Eve de Something we saw at Drury Lane—we'll have her; and there's that fellow in the fool's dress—we may want him. Now we're ready.'

"What are you going to do, Archie?"
"You leave that to me—it's something much better than your

silly tea-parties."
"Why doesn't he tell that child to go?" thought Ethelinda; "we don't want her."

'Now listen, Winifred; this is the game. You're a beautiful Queen (sit up and take that finger out of your mouth—Queens don't do that). Well, and I'm the King; and this is your maid of honour, the Lady Ethelinda. See?"

"I think I ought to have been the Queen," thought Ethelinda.

"Go on, Archie; I see," cried Winifred.

"Well, now I'll tell you something. This maid of honour of yours doesn't like you (don't say she does, now; I'm telling this, and I say she doesn't). You watch her carefully. Can't you see a sort of look in her face, as if she didn't think much of you?"
"How clever he is," thought Ethelinda; "he knows exactly how

I feel."
"Do you think it is really that, Archie?" said Winifred-"it's just what I was afraid of before you came in."

"That's it. Look out for a kind of glare in her eye when I pay you any attention—there, didn't you see it?—that's jealousy, that is—she hates you like anything!"
"I'm sure she doesn't, then," protested Winifred.

"Oh well, if you know all about it—finish it yourself. I'm going."

"Oh well, if you know all about it—hinsh it yourself. I'm going."
"No, no—do stay. I like it. I'll be good after this."
"Don't you interrupt again, then. Now the real truth is, she'd like to be Queen instead of you—she's ambitious, you know—that's what's the matter with her. And so she's got it into her head that if you were only out of the way, I should make her

my Queen."
Winifred could not say a word, she was so overcome by the idea of her doll's perfidy; and Archie took Ethelinda by the waist and brought her near her Royal mistress, as he said, "Now you'll see how artful she is; she's coming to ask you if she may go out—listen. 'Please, your gracious Majesty, may I go out for a listen. 'Please, your gracious Majesty, may I go out for a little while?"

"This is better than if I spoke myself," thought Ethelinda; "he can talk for me; and I do believe I'm going to be wicked

presently."
"Am I to speak to her, Archie?" asked Winifred rather

nervously.

"Of course you are—go on, give her leave."

"Certainly, Ethelinda, if you wish it," said Winifred, with a happy recollection of her mother's manner on somewhat similar occasions; "but I should like you to be back to prayers."

"A maid of honour's not the same as a housemaid, you know," said Archie; "but never mind, she's off; you don't see where she goes, of course."
"Yes I do," said Winifred.

"Ah, but not in the game—nobody does. She goes to the Apothecary's (here's the Apothecary)," and he caught hold of the Jester, who thought helplessly, "I'm being brought into it now—I don't like it"). "Well," so she says, 'Oh, if you please, sir, I want some arsenic to kill blackbeetles—not much, a pound or two will be plenty.' So he takes down a jar" (here Archie got up to get a big bottle of citrate of magnesia from the cupboard) "and he weighs it out and wraps it up and gives it to he and he says. 'V."! it out, and wraps it up and gives it to her, and he says, 'You'll mind and be careful with it, my lady; the dose is one pinch in a teaspoonful of treacle to each beetle; but it mustn't be left about in places.' And so she takes it home and hides it."

"I've bought some poison now," thought Ethelinda. "I am wicked—how nice it is to have it all done for one like this! I hope he'll make me give Winiferd some of that stiff to get her get a few and the same of the stiff to get her get a few and the same of the stiff to get her get a few and the same of the stiff to get her get a few and the same of the stiff to get her get a few and the same of the sa

he'll make me give Winifred some of that stuff to get her out of the way, and have the romance all to ourselves."

"Now you and I," continued Archie, "don't know anything

Now you and 1," continued Archie, "don't know anything about this, tillone day the Court Jester" ('why, I was an Apothecary just now,' thought the Jester, 'this is very confusing') "the Court Jester comes up and sneaks of her; you see he's angry with her because she won't have anything to do with him; he says he's seen her folding up a powder in a paper, and writing on it; and he thinks I ought to be told,"

"This is awful!" thought the Jester. "What will Ethelinda think of me; and what has come to Ethelinda? This is all that

miserable Sausage Glutton's doing, and I can't help myself,"
"Well, then, I wait," Archie went on, "till she goes out, and
then the Jester and I go to her desk and break it open."

then the Jester and I go to ner desk and break it open—"
"Oh, Archie," objected the poor little Queen in despair; "but
isn't that rather mean?"
"Now look here, Winnie, I can't have this sort of thing every
minute. For a gentleman it might be a little mean, perhaps; but
I'm a King, not a gentleman, and I've got a right to do it; and it's all for your sake, too—don't be ungrateful, now. I don't do it myself either—the Jester does. Well, and by and by," said Archie, laboriously scribbling on a piece of paper, "by and by we

And with dramatic gravity he handed Winisred a folded paper, in which she read, with real terror and grief, the terrible words, "Poisin for the Queene!"

"There, what do you say to that?" he asked triumphantly; "looks bad, doesn't it?"

"Perhaps," suggested the Queen feebly, "perhaps it was only

"Fun! there's not much fun about her. Now the guard" (here he used the bewildered Jester once more) "arrests her. Do you want to ask her any questions?—you can if you like—here

she is."

"You—you didn't really mean to poison me, did you, Ethelinda?" said Winifred, who was taking it all (as she took most things) quite seriously. "Archie, do make her say something."

"I can't make her talk if she doesn't want to—see, she's seriously.

"I can't make her talk if she doesn't want to—see, she's grinning at you, doesn't care a rap—there's only one thing that would make her confess," he said, aware that he was on rather dangerous ground, "and that's the torture. I could make a splendid rack, Winnie, if you didn't mind?"

"Whatever she's done," said the Queen, "I won't have her tortured! And I believe she is sorry inside, and wants me to forgive her."

"Then why doesn't she say so?" said Archie. "No pe

Then why doesn't she say so?" said Archie. "No, no, Winnie, look here, this is a serious thing, you know—we can't let it pass by—it's high treason, and she'll have to be tried."

"But I don't want her tried," objected Winifred.

"Oh, very well then, just as you like, I'll go down again and

read. The best part was all coming, but I don't care if you don't."

"Little idiot!" thought Ethe!inda, angrily, "she'll spoil the

whole thing—*covery* heroine has to be tried?"

But Winnie gave in, as she generally did, to Archie. "Well then, she shall be tried, if you really think she ought to be, Λrchie—it won't hart her though will it?

-it won't hurt her though, will it?"

"Of course it won't—it's all right. Now for the trial—here's the Court, here's a place for the Judge" (and he built it all up with books and bricks as he spoke), "here's the dock—stick What's her name in there, that's it—we must do without a jury, but I suppose we ought to have a Judge—oh, this fellow will do for Judge."

And he caught hold of the Jester and raised him to the Bench. The Jester was more puzzled than ever. "Now I'm a Judge," he thought. "I shall have to try her, but I'm glad of it—I'll let her

thought. "I shall have to try her, but I'm glad of it—I'll let her off!" Unluckily he soon found that he had no voice at all in the matter, except what Archie chose to lend him.

"Oh, but, Archie," said Winifred, who was trying to defeat the ends of justice if she possibly could, "can a Jester be a Judge?"

"Of course he can. Papa says the Judges make jokes sometimes, and he's a barrister, and ought to know."

"But this one can't make real jokes," persisted Winifred.

"Who asked him to? Judges are not obliged to make them, Winnie. I believe you are trying to get her out of it, but I'm going to see justice done, I tell you. Now then, Lady Ethelinda, you are charged with high treason, and trying to poison Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Winifred Gladys Robertson, by putting arsenic in Her Majesty's tea. 'Guilty' or 'Not Guilty?' Speak up!"

"Not Guilty!" put in Winifred hastily, thinking that would end the whole trial comfortably. "There, Archie, she spoke that time!"

"Now you have done it!" said Archie, triumphantly. "If she'd confessed, we might have shown mercy. Now we'll have to prove it, and if we do I'm sorry for her, that's all!"

"If she says 'Guilty,' and she won't do it again?" suggested

Winifred.

"It's too late for that now," said Archie, who was not going to have his trial cut short in that way. "No; we must prove it."
"But how are you going to prove it?"
"You wait—I've been in Court with papa once, and I remember

how he proved things. First, we must have in the fellow who sold the poison—the apothecary, you know. Oh, I say though, I forgot—he's the Judge—that'll never do."

forgot—he's the Judge—that'll never do.
"Then you can't prove it—I'm so glad!" cried the Queen, with her eyes sparkling.
"I suppose you rather like being poisoned," said Archie, in an

offended tone. "I like magnesia—it isn't poison, either—it's medicine."
"It isn't magnesia now, it's arsenic, and she shan't get off like

-I'll call the apothecary's young man, he'll prove it (this brick is the apothecary's young man). There, he says it's all right—she did it right enough. Now for the sentence. We must have a black cap (just put a penwiper on the Judge's head, will you, Winnie?)"

"What's a sentence?" asked Winifred, much disturbed at these ill-omened arrangements.

"You'll see presently—this is the Judge talking now (hear how his voice shakes—that's his emotion)."

his voice shakes—that's his emotion)."

"Lady Ethelinda, you've been found guilty of very bad conduct—you've put arsenic in your Queen's tea" ("I haven't had tea yet!" protested the Sovereign). "Her Majesty is respectfully asked not to interrupt the Judge when he's summing-up—it puts him out. Lady Ethelinda, I'm sorry to say we shall have to cut you head off."

"What have I done?" thought the Jester. "She'll never forgive me for this, she can't!"

But Ethelinda was delighted: not one of her heroines had ever

But Ethelinda was delighted; not one of her heroines had ever

she thought, "it will all come right in the end—it always does!"

"Oh!" cried Winifred with horror, "she mustn't have her head cut off."

"You leave it to me. Winnie, it will be all right—vou've promised

You leave it to me, Winnie, it will be all right -you've promised

Archie had his head quite full of executions just then, for he had been reading "The Tower of London," and an execution was just what he had been artfully leading up to all the time, and he meant to have his way.

But first he amused himself by working upon Winifred's feelings, which was a bad habit of his, though, to do him justice, he did not guess how very real was the pain he gave her, and it flattered him to see how easily he could make Winifred cry about nothing. "She's languishing in her prison cell now, Winnie,"he began very dolefully; "do you know, I think her heart's beginning to soften a little—she wants you to come and see her—it's her last request, Winnie, you won't refuse it, will you?"

"As if I could!" cried Winnie, full of the tenderest compassion.
"Very well; this is the last meeting, you know. 'My dear kind mistress' (it's Ethelinda speaking now) 'that I once loved so dearly in the happy days when I was good and innocent, I couldn't die till I had asked you to forgive me. Let your poor wicked maid of (Concluded on fage 34) But first he amused himself by working upon Winifred's feelings,

(Concluded on page 34)

honour kiss your hand just once more, as she used to do; tell her you forgive her for what she tried to do!' Now then, Winnie?"
"I—I can't, Archie," sobbed Winifred, quite melted by this

So that presently Ethelinda found herself lying helpless, with her hands tied behind her, her close-cropped head on a thick book, while Archie was standing over her, with a cruel gleam in his eyes, flourishing a flashing sword.



He handed Winifred a folded paper.

"Won't you say you forgive her?" Archie went on. "She'll think you're angry with her still—listen!

"'Not one little word, your Majesty! When I am gone and mouldering away in a felon's grave, you'll be sorry you refused the last thing I ever asked!"

last thing I ever asked!"

"Oh, Ethelinda, darling, don't!" implored her Queen, "don't talk in that dreadful way. I can't bear it, Archie, I must forgive her now."

"That's right," said Archie. "Queens shouldn't bear malice."

"And now," said Winifred briskly, as she dried her eyes, "let's play at something not quite so horrid."

"When we've done this we will, but it isn't over yet; there's all the execution to come.

the execution to come.

the execution to come.

"It's the fatal day now; the scaffold is crected" (here he made a platform and a neat little block with the books), "the Sheriff is standing guard over it" (and Archie propped up the unfortunate Lester against a work-hox, so that Jester against a work-box, so that he overlooked the scaffold), "the trembling criminal is brought out, the mob groans at her (groan, Winnie)."

Winnie)."

"I shan't groan," said Winifred, rebelliously. "I'm a Queen, not a mob. Archie, you won't really cut her head off, will you?"

"Don't be silly," said he, "the end is to be a surprise—didn't you ever hear of a pardon coming just in

ever hear of a pardon coming just in time? Very well then! I don't say it will come, you know—I only say,

"I'm not the King just now— I'm the Headsman—and, and I say, Winnie, perhaps you'd better hide your face—a Queen wouldn't look on at the execution really."

So Winifred obediently hid her

face in her hands, very glad to be spared even the pretence of an execution, and dismally wishing it

was all over.
"Now," continued Archie, beginning to enjoy himself, "the wretched woman is led tottering to the block, and the Headsman respectfully cuts off some of her beautiful golden hair, so that it shouldn't get in his way." At this point I am sorry to say that Archie point I am sorry to say that Archie, in the wish to have everything as real as possible, actually did snip off a good part of Ethelinda's flossy curls. Luckily for him, his cousin was too conscientious and unsuspecting to peep through her fingers, and never imagined the scissors were really clipping anything. She kept her eyes shut even while **A**rchie had left the room to return almost directly with a sword in a red tin scabbard.

Now, even then, Archie had not been quite sure what he really meant to do. At first he had fancied that it would be enough for him just to touch Ethelinda lightly with the sword, but now—whether the idea had been in his head somewhere all the time, or whether the Sausage put it there at that moment, he began to think how easily the sharp blade would crash through Ethel-

inda's soft wax neck, and how he could hold up the severed head, just like the execution in the pictures, and say, "This is the head of a traitress!" He knew, of course, that it would get him into terrible disgrace, and he might have thought, too, of the grief he would cause his poor little cousin, who trusted him so blindly, and who would be so cruelly deceived.

But at all events he did not think of all this enough to share.

But, at all events, he did not think of all this enough to change his purpose. He had gone rather far in cutting off her hair, and now he might just as well cut her head off too.

"I ought to be masked, though," he said suddenly, "they always were, in case any one should know them. I'll tie a handkerchief over my eyes loosely, and that will have to do."

And then he began to measure the distance, and make some trial cuts to be sure of his aim, for he wanted to get all the enjoyment he could out of it.

As for Ethelinda, she

As for Ethelinda, she began to be terribly fright-ened at last. Being a heroine was not so pleasant as she had expected. It had cost her most of her beautiful hair already. What if it cost her head as well! Too late she began to see how foolish she had been, and longed to be safe again in tender-hearted little Winifred's arms. Even make-believe tea parties were better than this! But Winifred's eyes were tightly shut, and would not be opened till —till all was over. Ethelinda could not move or cry out to her—she was helpless, and all the time the wicked old man on the clock went on swallowing sausages as if he had nothing at all to do with it.

with it.

The Jester was still more alarmed for Ethelinda than she was herself; he had seen the dreadful purpose in Archie's eyes, and he guessed that the pardon so cunningly suggested would never come.

deceived. In another minute this dainty little lady, with the sweet blue eyes and disdainful smile, would be lost to him for ever—and there was no hope for her.

The wars no hope for her.

The worst of it was, too, that although he was a great deal confused, as he might very well be, as to how it had all come about, he knew that, in some way, he himself had helped to bring this shameful end upon her; and he fancied that her big eyes had a calm scorn and reproach in them as she looked up at him from the block

"I ought to be there—not she," he thought. "What shall I do without her? Oh, I wish I could take her place."

Archie was lingering all this time—he lingered so long that Winifred lost patience. "Do make haste, Archie," she said, with

another; you know you said Ethelinda didn't seem to can

another; you know you said Edicinial and for you."

for you."

"Stop, Archie; what do you mean? Did you think you'd cu
Ethelinda's head off really?"

"Haven't I?" said Archie stupidly.

cut somebody's head off—I saw it go!"

"Then you meant to do it! And—oh, it's the Jester—I shouldn
mind that so much, if you hadn't meant it for Ethelinda. And of



"Lady Ethelinda, we shall have to cut your head off."

Archie, you've cut—cut all her beautiful hair off! and I let you do it—and you tried to cut her head off, too, I know you did—you cruel, bad boy!"

This is how it happened: -The Jester had been so anxious about

So the little shake which Winifred had given the table was enough to make Ethelinda roll quietly over the edge of the platform, and the Jester, who was never very firm on his legs, fall forward on his face the next moment and other than the platform and other than the same are held lain; and other than the same are

where she had lain; and either the fairy, or the handkerchief before his eyes, prevented Archie from finding this out in time.

Archie tried to make excuses "It's fashionable to wear the hair like that. And don't you see how if was, Winnie? it was the Jester who got it all up. Ethelinda was in nocent all the time. That—that? the surprise!

"I don't believe you a bit," wailed Winifred; "you oughtn't to have cut even the Jester's head off—bu you meant to do much worse. I won't play any more; and I shan' forgive you till the day you go back to school."

"But, Winnie," Archie began.

looking rather sheepish and ashamed of himself.

"Go away," said Winnie, stamping her foot; "I don't want to listen—leave me alone."

listen—leave me alone."

So Archie went, not sorry now that chance had prevented him from doing his worst, and feeling pretty certain that he would be able to make his cousin relent long befor the appointed time; while Winifred was so absorbed in sobbing over the disfigurement of Ethelinde that she did not even pick up the split halves of the Jester's head which were lying on the nursery floor. were lying on the nursery floor.

That night Ethelinda was alon on the chest of drawers, and the old Sausage Glutton grinned at he savagely from the mantelpiece, for he was disappointed at the way in this base. which his plans had turned out "Good evening," he sneered; began to be afraid I shouldn't hav the pleasure of seeing you anothen night. Master Archie very nearl had your pretty little empty head off! Still, I hope you enjoyed yourself?"

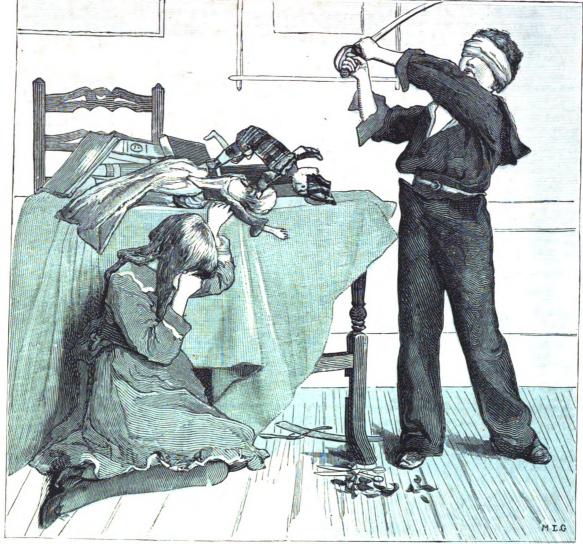
"I liked it at first," said Ethelinda!
"I think it would have been vernice, if that dreadful Jester had no plotted against me. I really didn! think he was so clever; but he!"

think he was so clever; but he been terribly punished for it!—alto gether, it has upset me very muc indeed. I don't want any more ro mance—it's so bad for the hair."

The Dutch fairy doll heard what she said, and was angry—s/4

knew, of course, why the Jester had come to a tragic ending "Shall I tell her?" she thought; "I'm afraid I could never mak her understand; but I will try some night—when the clock ha stopped. I can't bear to hear her talk about that poor Jester if this way."

But it really did not matter to the Jester, who could hear or fee nothing any more, for they had thrown him into the dustbin, where unless the dust cart has called since, he is lying still.



"Now I'm ready-One, two, three!"

a little shudder which shook the table. "I can't bear this much longer. I shall have to open my eyes."
"The mask got in my way," he said.
"Now I'm ready—One,

And then there was a whistling, swishing sound, followed by a dull heavy thud—and a flop. After that Archie began to be afraid

of what he had done, and made for the door.

"I—I couldn't help it, really, Winnie," he stammered, as Winnie put down her hands with relief. "I'll save up and buy you

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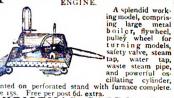
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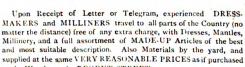
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